







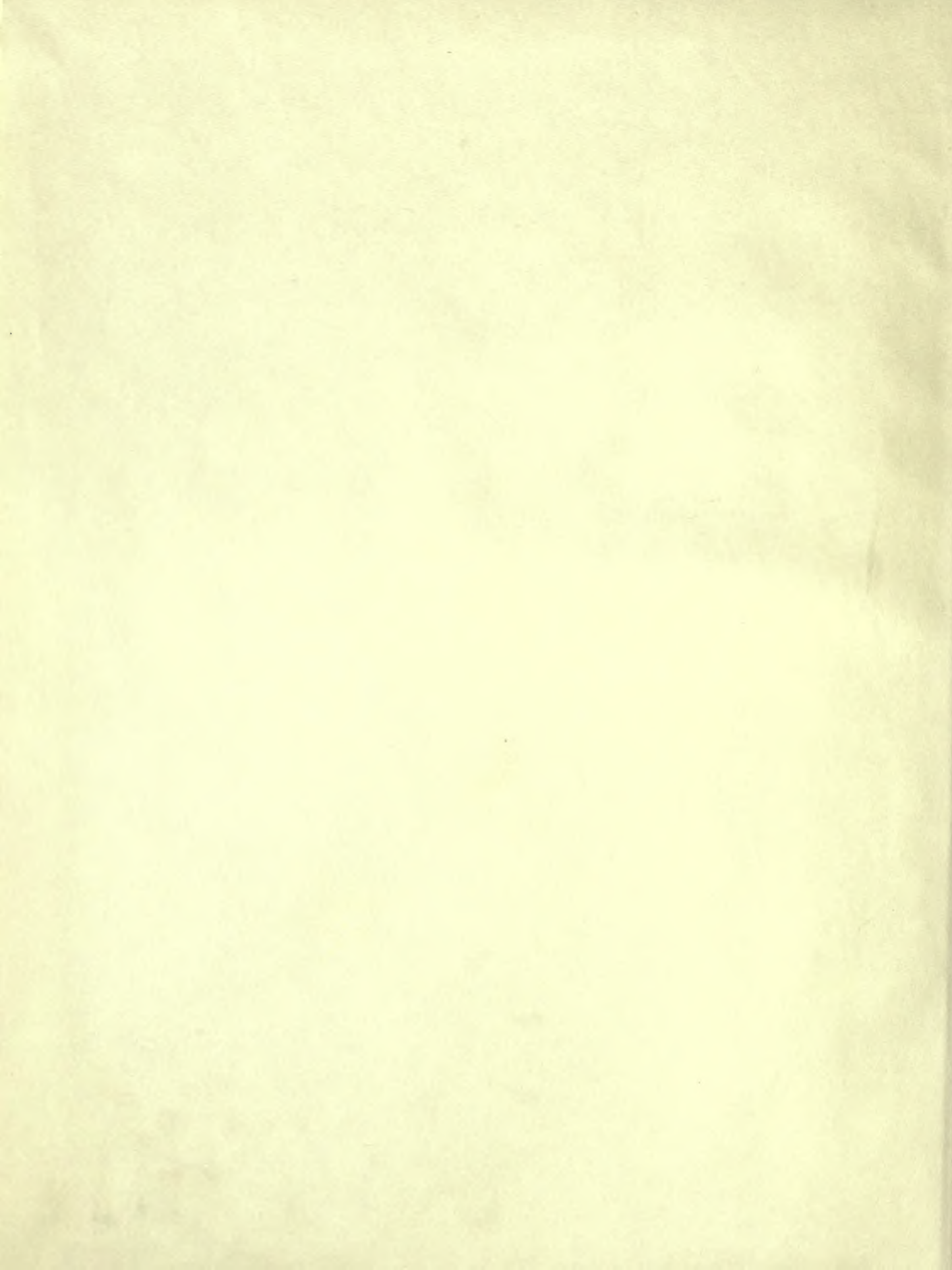


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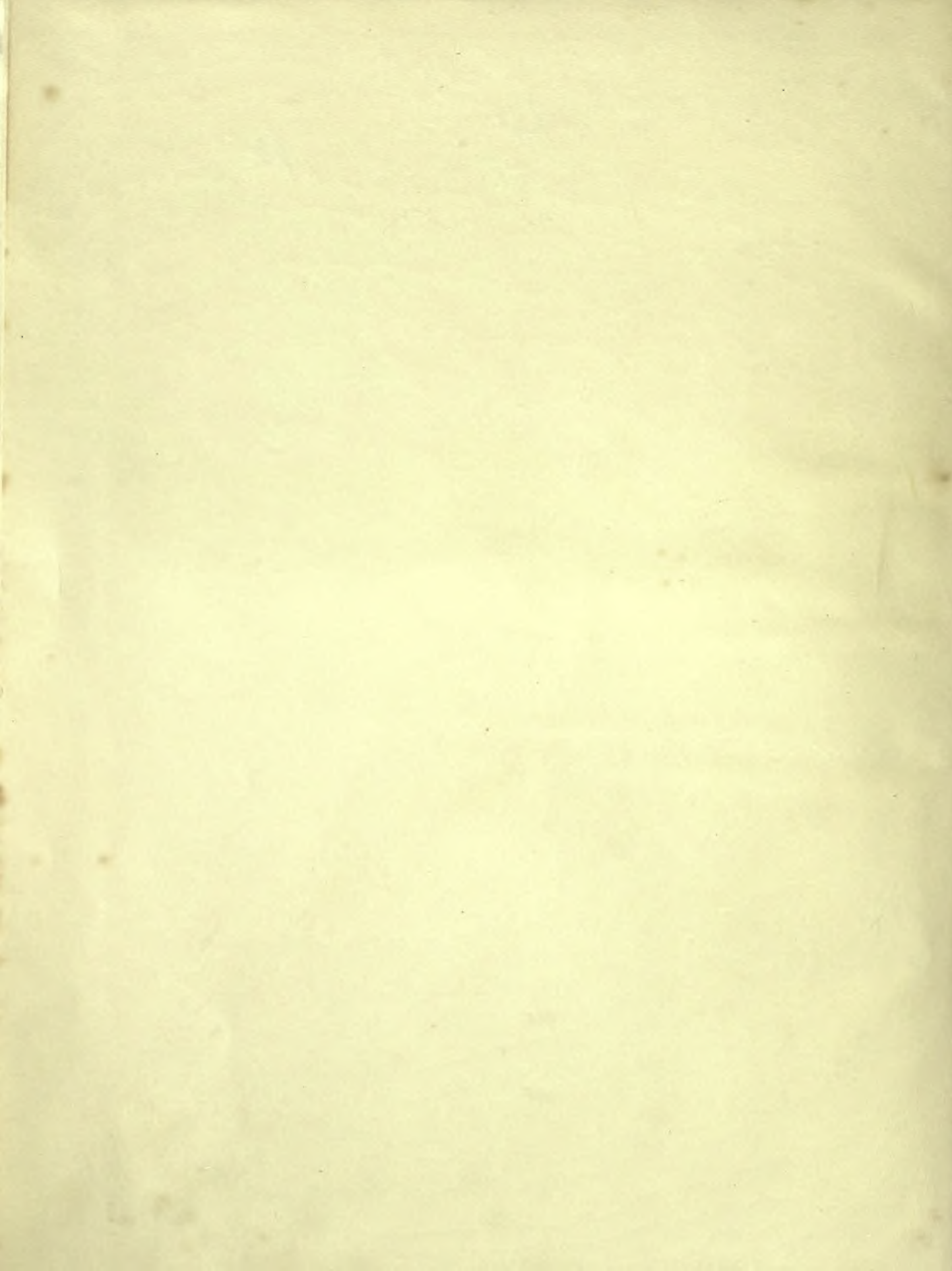


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LONDON :  
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1889





AP  
101  
P8  
1889





SCENE—A Glade in the New Forest. Mr. PUNCH discovered seated under the spreading boughs of a tree, with only TOBY and a tankard for "the best of all good companies."

Mr. Punch (sings). "Under the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,

"Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather."

A Voice. More, more, I pr'ythee, more!

Mr. Punch. What, my fine, fantastical, forest-haunting moraliser, my BURTON in trunk-hose, my well-beloved Melancholy JAKES, is it you? Welcome, I say, welcome! Though surely you have lost your way, like other rambling ruminants, for this is the New Forest, not the Forest of Arden, and it is—or was lately—haunted, not by the gentle Duke and his comrades, but by the fat Knight—him of Malwood, not of Windsor or Eastcheap—and his Grand Old Guest.

Jakes. 'Tis a far cry from Arden to Hawarden, and he who would devote holiday hours in mid-June to railways, not ruminating, to perorating, not placidity, is scarce a man to my mind. "He is too disputable for my company."

Mr. Punch. Why, verily, your maxim, "'Tis good to be sad and say nothing," would hardly commend itself to WILLIAM the un-Silent. Now I am taking it easy, under the shade of boughs not melancholy in their beautiful June leafiness, but "far from the madding crowd," and from Parliament, Morning Papers, the Special Commission, Portland Weddings, and all other forms of modish plaguiness and palaver.

Jakes. The wiser you. You are the latter-day TOUCHSTONE of this bosky wilderness, "a rare fellow, good at anything, who uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and, under the presentation of that, shoots his wit."

Mr. Punch. Well, well, you need not be shot standing. Pr'ythee be seated, JAKES, if—if you are not hindered, like MARLEY's spectre, by circumstances beyond your control; and drink—if there's a passage in your ghostly throat.

Jakes. For this cool tippie—yes. Iced Champagne Cup was not known in Arden; 'tis one thing in which you have the better of us. Could the hungry and angry ORLANDO now rush in upon our feast, he might almost be excused for some "strong enforcement" in his resolve to share it.

Mr. Punch. We have our Orlandos yet, JAKES.

"The thorny point  
Of bare distress hath ta'en from them the show  
Of smooth civility."

But they are to be found in City slums rather than in woodland glades, and would muster menacingly in Trafalgar Square rather than in a forest opening. Poor souls! they need my genial ministrations.

"Invest me in my motley; give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine."

Dost remember the words, JAKES?



*Jagues.* Ay, and the chiding which they earned me from the good Duke. Dukes do not chide *you*, meseems.

*Mr. Punch.* They durst not; though sometimes I chide them, when, *par exemple*, they snub our young Volunteers, block our City ways, or make mere impassable middens of our markets.

*Jagues.* Happy autocrat! You have that for which I yearned when I said—

“I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please.”

*Mr. Punch.* Nay, not so happy either—always. I was thinking, when you appeared, of the myriads of misery-stricken creatures, “in populous city pent,” to whom one peep of this green, purple-pied glade would be as a glimpse of heaven, yet to whom callous capitalists, harpy-landlords, jerry-builders, and sweaters, aided half-consciously by selfish swells and lax legislators, would deny the breathing-room of a few “open spaces.”

*Jagues.* Is't so, indeed? There is matter in that for much musing.

*Mr. Punch.* And more action. You, mine ancient Motley-wearer, mused too much, and too much moralised. The fool in the forest, who sat and railed on Lady Fortune in good set terms, was perhaps hardly less wise, or less useful, than the mock-melancholy Court-Gentleman who flouted him.

*Jagues.* Well chidden, in faith. I hope the Dukes, and other peccant personages, relish the style of your chastening!

*Mr. Punch.* Sir, I am but lately back from the huge Paris Show, the sky-soaring Tower, the square miles of marvels, the ant-like myriads of swarming sight-seers. And now I am—save for your presence and my faithful TOBY—alone in the forest. And there as here, here as there, my thoughts are with the toil-tied millions for whose bleared eyes are no “sights” whether of sweet Nature or wonder-working Art. The pent-up forces of grinding poverty are as the unseen lava underlying all this glad world of greenery, and all that social world of grandeur. There, *JAQUES*, is a theme after your own heart,—but which I must treat after mine own manner.

*Jagues.* Proceed! proceed! I do love melancholy better than laughing.

*Mr. Punch.* So do not I. Like *ROSALIND*, “I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad”—moonily and purposelessly sad. 'Tis not melancholy mooniness or aimless mordancy that will make the World patiently receive the medicine of the Motley Moralist, my *JAQUES*.

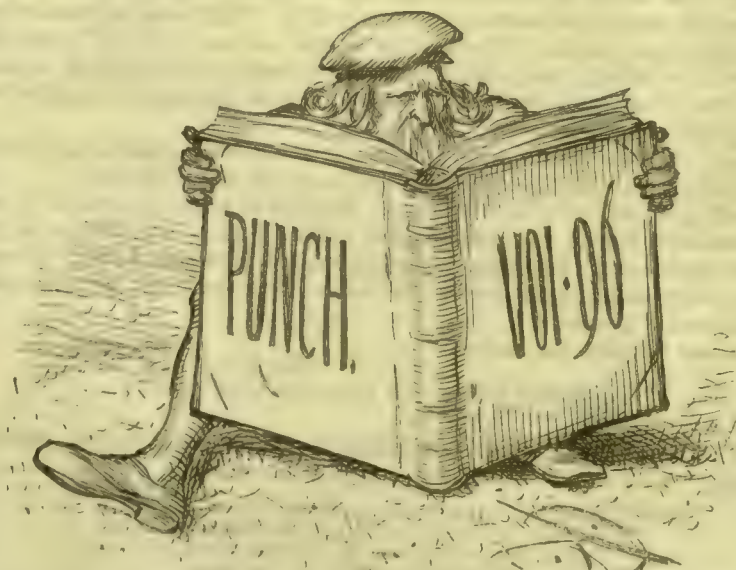
*Jagues.* How then, O rarer fellow than *TOUCHSTONE*, commend you the chalice of your wisdom to the lips of folly?

*Mr. Punch.* Not with infusion of rue or savour of sorrel. Like this “Cup,” which you seem so to appreciate, the tonic draught of the Motley teacher should be cool, not fiery, piquant indeed, but not all tarts and bitters.

*Jagues.* “I prythee, pretty youth (for, in faith, despite years, you are both youthful and pretty), let me be better acquainted with thee,” I would know more of the greatest of Motley Moralists and his mode.

*Mr. Punch.* Verily? Then 'twere churlish to refuse you. I must now be off to London instanter. But I'll leave you my quintessential self for society in these sweet forest ways. You'll find it better worth ruminating upon than the dial-bearing fool, or even the poor wounded deer. It contains my wisdom and illustrates its modus. If ever you're tempted again into town ways, and care to turn up at my Fleet Street Sanctum, you shall be welcomed. Meanwhile, for cheering and edifying companionship, I leave you my

## Ninety-Sixth Volume!







## JANUARY xxxi Days.

1 Tu N. Van's D.	17 Th Franklin I.
2 W. A. J. 18	18 Fri. Wait b.
3 Th. Hunt b.	19 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
4 F. Samboorne	20 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
5 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	21 M. S. S. S. S. S.
6 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	22 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
7 M. S. S. S. S. S.	23 W. S. S. S. S. S.
8 Tu. P. A. Viet. b.	24 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
9 W. S. S. S. S. S.	25 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
10 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	26 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
11 F. S. S. S. S. S.	27 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
12 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	28 M. S. S. S. S. S.
13 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	29 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
14 M. S. S. S. S. S.	30 W. S. S. S. S. S.
15 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	31 Th. S. S. S. S. S.

## FEBRUARY xxviii Days.

1 F. H. G. 17	17 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
2 W. S. S. S. S. S.	18 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
3 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	19 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
4 F. S. S. S. S. S.	20 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
5 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	21 M. S. S. S. S. S.
6 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	22 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
7 M. S. S. S. S. S.	23 W. S. S. S. S. S.
8 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	24 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
9 W. S. S. S. S. S.	25 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
10 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	26 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
11 F. S. S. S. S. S.	27 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
12 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	28 M. S. S. S. S. S.
13 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	29 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
14 M. S. S. S. S. S.	30 W. S. S. S. S. S.
15 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	31 Th. S. S. S. S. S.

## MARCH xxxi Days.

1 F. H. G. 17	17 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
2 W. S. S. S. S. S.	18 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
3 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	19 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
4 F. S. S. S. S. S.	20 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
5 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	21 M. S. S. S. S. S.
6 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	22 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
7 M. S. S. S. S. S.	23 W. S. S. S. S. S.
8 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	24 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
9 W. S. S. S. S. S.	25 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
10 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	26 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
11 F. S. S. S. S. S.	27 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
12 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	28 M. S. S. S. S. S.
13 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	29 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
14 M. S. S. S. S. S.	30 W. S. S. S. S. S.
15 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	31 Th. S. S. S. S. S.

## APRIL xxx Days.

1 M. A. J. 16	16 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
2 W. S. S. S. S. S.	17 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
3 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	18 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
4 F. S. S. S. S. S.	19 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
5 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	20 M. S. S. S. S. S.
6 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	21 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
7 M. S. S. S. S. S.	22 W. S. S. S. S. S.
8 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	23 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
9 W. S. S. S. S. S.	24 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
10 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	25 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
11 F. S. S. S. S. S.	26 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
12 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	27 M. S. S. S. S. S.
13 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	28 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
14 M. S. S. S. S. S.	29 W. S. S. S. S. S.
15 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	30 Th. S. S. S. S. S.

## MAY xxxi Days.

1 W. May Day 17	17 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
2 W. S. S. S. S. S.	18 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
3 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	19 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
4 F. S. S. S. S. S.	20 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
5 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	21 M. S. S. S. S. S.
6 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	22 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
7 M. S. S. S. S. S.	23 W. S. S. S. S. S.
8 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	24 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
9 W. S. S. S. S. S.	25 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
10 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	26 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
11 F. S. S. S. S. S.	27 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
12 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	28 M. S. S. S. S. S.
13 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	29 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
14 M. S. S. S. S. S.	30 W. S. S. S. S. S.
15 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	31 Th. S. S. S. S. S.

## JUNE xxx Days.

1 S. N. 16	16 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
2 W. S. S. S. S. S.	17 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
3 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	18 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
4 F. S. S. S. S. S.	19 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
5 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	20 M. S. S. S. S. S.
6 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	21 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
7 M. S. S. S. S. S.	22 W. S. S. S. S. S.
8 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	23 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
9 W. S. S. S. S. S.	24 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
10 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	25 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
11 F. S. S. S. S. S.	26 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
12 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	27 M. S. S. S. S. S.
13 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	28 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
14 M. S. S. S. S. S.	29 W. S. S. S. S. S.
15 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	30 Th. S. S. S. S. S.

1889

LINLEY SAMBOURNE, INV. & DEL.

TIME AND TUNE.

(By the Monster Zodiac Band.)

## AUGUST xxxi Days.

1 Th. Lammie	17 M. S. S. S. S. S.
2 F. S. S. S. S. S.	18 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
3 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	19 W. S. S. S. S. S.
4 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	20 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
5 M. S. S. S. S. S.	21 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
6 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	22 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
7 W. S. S. S. S. S.	23 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
8 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	24 M. S. S. S. S. S.
9 F. S. S. S. S. S.	25 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
10 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	26 W. S. S. S. S. S.
11 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	27 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
12 M. S. S. S. S. S.	28 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
13 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	29 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
14 W. S. S. S. S. S.	30 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
15 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	31 M. S. S. S. S. S.

## SEPTEMBER xxx Days.

1 M. S. S. S. S. S.	16 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
2 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	17 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
3 W. S. S. S. S. S.	18 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
4 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	19 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
5 F. S. S. S. S. S.	20 M. S. S. S. S. S.
6 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	21 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
7 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	22 W. S. S. S. S. S.
8 M. S. S. S. S. S.	23 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
9 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	24 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
10 W. S. S. S. S. S.	25 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
11 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	26 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
12 F. S. S. S. S. S.	27 M. S. S. S. S. S.
13 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	28 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
14 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	29 W. S. S. S. S. S.
15 M. S. S. S. S. S.	30 Th. S. S. S. S. S.

## OCTOBER xxxi Days.

1 Tu. C. M. T. 17	17 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
2 W. S. S. S. S. S.	18 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
3 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	19 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
4 F. S. S. S. S. S.	20 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
5 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	21 M. S. S. S. S. S.
6 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	22 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
7 M. S. S. S. S. S.	23 W. S. S. S. S. S.
8 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	24 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
9 W. S. S. S. S. S.	25 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
10 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	26 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
11 F. S. S. S. S. S.	27 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
12 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	28 M. S. S. S. S. S.
13 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	29 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
14 M. S. S. S. S. S.	30 W. S. S. S. S. S.
15 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	31 Th. S. S. S. S. S.

## NOVEMBER xxx Days.

1 F. All Saints 16	16 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
2 W. S. S. S. S. S.	17 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
3 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	18 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
4 F. S. S. S. S. S.	19 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
5 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	20 M. S. S. S. S. S.
6 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	21 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
7 M. S. S. S. S. S.	22 W. S. S. S. S. S.
8 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	23 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
9 W. S. S. S. S. S.	24 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
10 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	25 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
11 F. S. S. S. S. S.	26 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
12 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	27 M. S. S. S. S. S.
13 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	28 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
14 M. S. S. S. S. S.	29 W. S. S. S. S. S.
15 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	30 Th. S. S. S. S. S.

## DECEMBER xxxi Days.

1 S. A. S. 17	17 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
2 W. S. S. S. S. S.	18 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
3 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	19 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
4 F. S. S. S. S. S.	20 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
5 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	21 M. S. S. S. S. S.
6 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	22 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
7 M. S. S. S. S. S.	23 W. S. S. S. S. S.
8 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	24 Th. S. S. S. S. S.
9 W. S. S. S. S. S.	25 Fri. S. S. S. S. S.
10 Th. S. S. S. S. S.	26 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.
11 F. S. S. S. S. S.	27 Su. S. S. S. S. S.
12 Sa. S. S. S. S. S.	28 M. S. S. S. S. S.
13 Su. S. S. S. S. S.	29 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.
14 M. S. S. S. S. S.	30 W. S. S. S. S. S.
15 Tu. S. S. S. S. S.	31 Th. S. S. S. S. S.





The Mayberds enjoyed their Trip on the Continent immensely this Summer, the only drawback being their ignorance of the Language.  
 Mrs. Mayberd (to her Sister). "I WISH ALICE WOULD TRY AND PICK UP A LITTLE GERMAN. SHE'S VERY CLEVER, AND IT WOULD BE SO PLEASANT TO—"  
 Aunt Jemima (single). "GOOD GRACIOUS, JANE! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF!! I HOPE TO GOODNESS SHE WON'T. A NICE RESPECTABLE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN'S WORTH A DOZEN OF 'EM!"  
 [Shows what she was thinking of.]

#### MASTER TOMMYS DOMESTIC ECONOMIES.

How to Supply the House with a Cheap Hydraulic Lift. — It being understood that the house is provided with a well staircase, fasten a pulley to the skylight, and over this pass a stout two-inch rope, to one end of which you have fastened a five-foot bath, and to the other the butler's tray, taking care that it is long enough to reach from the top to the bottom. Having landed your bath on the fifth story, proceed to fill it from the adjacent cistern. Now make the page-boy, who is about to take five o'clock tea to the drawing-room, take his place in the butler's tray in the hall, and your



AT A SMOKING CONCERT.—Basso. "YES; I'VE JUST BOUGHT A CAPITAL ESTATE IN SURREY. JOIN OUR PARTY? SHOOTING OVER A THOUSAND ACRES!" Flute (modestly). "A THOUSAND ACRES? OH, I SHOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO HIT AT THAT DISTANCE!"

bath by this time being fully weighted with water, suddenly detach it from its position. It will rapidly descend, and, emptying itself with a crash on the pavement beneath, jerk the page-boy up to the fifth floor, where, letting go his tea-things, he will find himself clinging for safety to the outside of the balusters. Your Uncle, entering the house at this moment, and finding the water in his hall over his ankles, upon your briefly explaining the apparatus to him, will not fail to admit that, though it is not quite in satisfactory working order, you have at least supplied his premises with a cheap hydraulic lift.

DIES NON.—Night.





LIKA JOKO'S PANTOMIME.—The Haunt of the Demon Sweater.



JANVARY.  
JANUS & FATHER-CHRONOS



MARCH. AEOLUS

A CLASSIC CALENDAR; OR, MYTHS FOR THE MONTHS.



APRIL  
DANAE & GOLDEN SHOWERS



JUNE

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

A CLASSIC CALENDAR; OR, MYTHS FOR THE MONTHS.



ANECDOTAGE FOR THE MONTHS.

**JANUARY.**—On the 27th, in 1859, the present German Emperor was born. Consequently he is thirty years old. So many anecdotes have been told of His Majesty, that it is difficult to find a new one. However, it may be interesting to note that the Emperor, about ten years ago, when he was staying in Sydney, New South Wales, during his honeymoon, was presented by the German residents of that place with a musical box, which played only one tune. On learning this, he turned round, and smilingly observed to a courtier, "This may be well called a musical box, as we can never visit it for a *change of air!*" The German residents of Sydney laughed at the witticism, but never forgave the sarcasm.

**HOW TO TAKE AN EGG.**—*Cum grano salis.*

ODE BY AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

(An Apology to an Omnibus Conductor.)

THE Omnibus is crammed,  
We passengers are jammed  
Extremely close together.  
One more it can't contain.  
'Tis coming on to rain;  
Raw chill and cold the weather;  
Or may be or may not,  
Theroof is broiling hot,  
Whereas the interior's shady.  
Room? None, Conductor; no.  
"Will any Gentleman go  
Outside to oblige a Lady?"  
Oblige her? Wish I could,  
How willingly I would  
Accept your invitation;



Though I don't see the way  
How she could e'er repay  
That weighty obligation.  
A Lady in the case,  
Of course I should give place,  
With pleasure, were I stronger.  
Once I could scale a cliff,  
But, now my limbs are stiff,  
Can climb a 'bus no longer.

So, be the damsel fair,  
Stout matron, old maid spare,  
Or beauty past her heyday,  
I must decline to ride  
Your Omnibus outside,  
Although "to oblige a Lady."

ANECDOTAGE FOR THE MONTHS.

**FEBRUARY.**—On the 18th of the month, the late CHARLES LAMB was born as long ago as 1775. Had he lived until now, he would have reached the ripe old age of 114, which would have certainly been a prolonged life for a Lamb, or, if it comes to that (to quote Dr. JOHNSON), for a sheep either. On the 9th (in 1567) DARNLEY was murdered, and just twenty years afterwards (on the 8th, in 1587) poor MARY, Queen of Scots, was beheaded. It is only just to the memory of Queen ELIZABETH, to assert that the cruel jest ascribed to Her Majesty that "she had cut off her cousin's head to prove to the world that she had one," is supposed to have been invented some years before either Queen's birth, by WILL SOMERS, King HENRY VIII.'s reputed jester.



A VESTED INTEREST.

*Bystander (to excited Scot, whose Friend had been run over). "NOT A NEAR RELATIVE, I HOPE, SIR."*  
*Scot. "NA—BUT—HE HAS ON A PAIR O' MA BREEKS!"*

MASTER TOMMY'S DOMESTIC ECONOMIES.

*How to save your friends the expense of a visit to the Dentist's.*—Get your aunt to ask some young people to tea, and having looked out an old pair of pincers, a corkscrew, some hairpins, a pair of nutcrackers, some charcoal tongs, and other useful odds and ends of the same kind, place them on a little table in the back-study, facing the window of which you have arranged a roomy arm chair. Having everything prepared, get the young people into the room, and locking the door, make one of the ROBINSON girls sit down and open her mouth. As soon as she has done this, seize upon one of her teeth with the pincers. Now tug. You will probably be rewarded with an extraction. Having operated on all the company in turns, with more or less success, you can now let them out, to return to their respec-

tive Mammias, who, though you may have not taken out the right teeth, will be bound to admit that, as you have done it for nothing, you have certainly saved them the expense of a visit to the Dentist's.



Over the "Left."

ANECDOTAGE FOR THE MONTHS.

**MARCH.**—On the 3rd of the month, in 1848, LOUIS PHILIPPE fled to England, where at first he was treated with some discourtesy. On learning that the name of his landing-place was Dover, he observed, "I am not surprised to find that this is Dover, as I do not admire its Folks' tone!" As LOUIS PHILIPPE did not speak a word of English, this ingenious and agreeable sally is worthy of recollection.

**A CANVAS-BACKED DUCK.**—The likeliest candidate to gain an election.





LIKA JOKO'S PANTOMIME.—The Home of the Fairy Queen.



# EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A DYSPEPTIC.

*January 1.*—Another dreary weary year to be lived through! Oh, to be done with it all! Got as far as Club in afternoon. Walked home despairing of Humanity. Considerable pain in epigastrium. *Query—internal!*

*February 14.*—Pairing time. No one pairs with Me! My doom to drag through the melancholy days unloved, uncared-for, alone!

Remember passage in some poet—forget whom and exact lines—but to effect that the entire animal creation, down to the very rabbits, had a mate, with the single exception of the poet himself. Pathetic idea, and my own case exactly. Fortunately, I hold all women in secret contempt. Too depressed for regular luncheon, but snatched a Bath bun and some ginger ale at Confectioner's. Wished I was dead several times on way home.

28.—Dined with the GREENS. Took in SABINA. Was it fancy—or did she betray a passing emotion when I mentioned incidentally that I did not think I should live to see the Spring? SABINA distinctly a nice girl. Pretty, too—when she has that shy sympathetic look. But what is all that to me? Very fair dinner—oyster-patties especially good, but unwell all night.

*March.*—East winds. Blight in the air—and in my heart! What offensive worms are the majority of the people one meets—in the streets, nothing but hideous and malignant faces—nowhere a kindly look meets mine—how I hate the world! Call on the GREENS. Long talk with SABINA. Described my lonely lot, the singular fact that no woman's lips have ever yet murmured in my ears the confession that I was beloved. Had not intended to lead up to it—but somehow find myself engaged on coming away. She is a charming girl—but it is rather sudden. An engagement must make some difference in a man's life, and I hate changes. Melancholy presentiment, which I can't shake off, that Love will bring no happiness to Me. Possibly weather. Who can be blithe and hopeful without blue sky, and warmth, and the blessed sunshine?

*April.*—Still engaged to SABINA. The mockery of cloudless skies, and soft breezes, when there is no Spring in the heart. Cucumbers in season again. Uneasy about self. Pimple on left cheek—is it the precursor of some disfiguring eruption? Horrible to be unsightly to all the world, and to SABINA! Now I shall test her affection. Consult Doctor—prescribes "exercise and green food."

*May.*—Really affecting interview with SABINA. Begged her to visit my tomb at least once a day, suggested that she might stay in town for purpose, this year, at all events. Have an idea that she did not acquiesce with entire cheerfulness. Can she be selfish? New and curious symptoms after meals. Incipient—*what?*

*June.*—In better spirits all day. Composing my epitaph, and rather pleased with it. Took it to show SABINA, who wept. I quite composed and resigned. No regret (except for others) at the summons.

Queer shooting-pangs about region of heart. Doctor's Prescription—"eat more slowly and less." And this is all that their boasted Science can do for me!

*July 15.*—I knew it! Always felt my happiness was not destined to endure. *Sabina is weary of me!* Would not see me in Row today—unmistakable cut. Met her at dance in evening, and would not see her. What Tragedies lie below the surface of Life! Sat attable in supper-room with my back to her, eating lobster-salad, while my heart was breaking.

16.—Letter from SABINA, imploring explanation, pretending ignorance of how she has offended me, &c., &c.; the unspeakable duplicity of Woman! Shall leave it unanswered,—the breach between us has gone too far to be mended now.

17.—Meet SABINA unexpectedly at picnic. All explained. She had no idea I was in the Row that day. How infinitely petty seem even the deepest injuries when Life is ebbing fast. Feel I can forgive and understand. We ate strawberries and cream together in silent harmony. Severe spasms in boat coming home.

*August 8.*—Down at the GREENS' Country house. Wish SABINA would be a little more lively. Hint to her that I do not break down—so why should she? Lawn-tennis. Prepare her, delicately, for my dropping a corpse on any violent exertion—won every sett easily.

26.—SABINA's Cousin CHARLES staying here—a beast. I believe he would chaff me while I lay in my coffin!

*September.*—In town again. Had to make excuses before they would let me go. Left, ostensibly, to see my doctor; really, because I couldn't stand that confounded prig of a cousin. Wander disconsolate about empty squares, visit Her house, now all silent and shut up. She is enjoying her life away in the country, while I—oh, the heartlessness of healthy girlhood! No letter for last twenty-four hours, and I write regularly once a week.

*October.*—The fall of the leaf. Soon I too shall shed my leaves! (Mem. for letter to SABINA.) Find I have not lost my old relish for



## "IN TERROREM."

*Street Boy (to Old Lady).* "THE BOARD O' WORKS IS A COMIN' UP THE NEX' STREET, AN' IF THEY SEES YOUR DOOR AIN'T SWEEP'—YOU 'LL KETCH IT!"





December 6, 1888.]

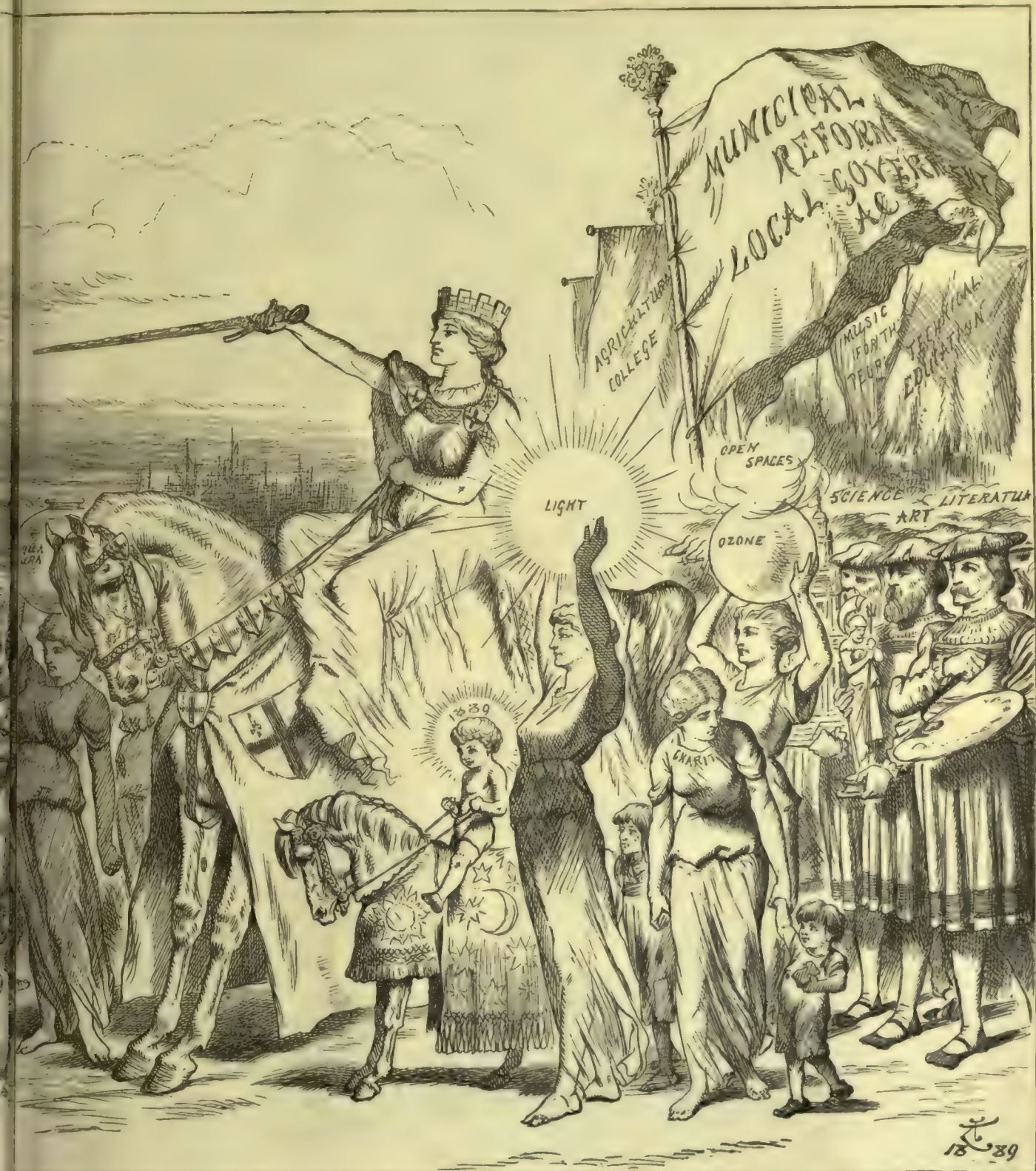


NEW

(Mr. Punch's Design for a Grand Hi

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH"





LONDON.

(Allegorical-Almaniacal Picture for 1889.)

"GIVING PLACE TO NEW."—TENNYSON.









"WHERE THERE'S A WILL," &c.

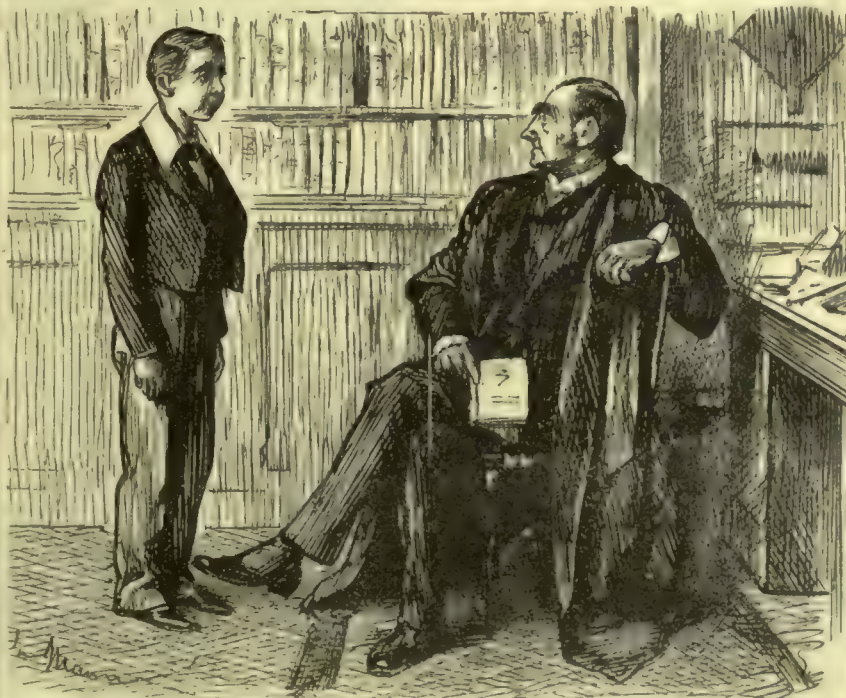
"Hi! Hi, Sir! WHERE ARE YOU COMING TO? THERE'S NO ROAD THROUGH HERE!"

"PRAY DON'T APOLOGISE, SIR. QUITE GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, I ASSURE YOU!"

walnuts. Excruciating pain all day. Write to SABINA; tried to appear in my ordinary spirits, but could not refrain at end from warning her that if she wished to see me *alive*, she must lose no time.

November.—Life still flickering. Actually almost enjoyed stewed eels and venison last night at dinner. To day the inevitable reaction has overtaken me. The GREENS back in town. Explain to SABINA that I wish her to consider herself free to marry when I am no more. Make one exception—CHARLES.

December. — SABINA neither so pretty nor so sympathetic as she used to be. Less upset at any reference to mourning. Told her to-day not to send a wreath; she said (*dry-eyed, too!*) that she thought it "a senseless custom." How use habituates us to impending sorrow. I myself was almost gay last night, helping her to roast and eat chestnuts (ever a weakness of mine). Alas! since, im-



AN AWKWARD REPARTEE TO DEAL WITH.

Head Master. "IT'S DISGRACEFUL, SIR! WHY, YOUR BROTHER, WHO IS TWO YEARS YOUNGER THAN YOURSELF, KNOWS HIS GREEK GRAMMAR BETTER THAN YOU DO!"

Dunce. "AH, BUT MY BROTHER'S NOT BEEN HERE SO LONG AS I HAVE, SIR. IT'S ONLY HIS FIRST TERM!"

pressive reminder that my state will bear no trifling.

25.—Dined with the GREENS. "My last plum-pudding in *THIS* world," as I said, in a solemn whisper, to SABINA. Think her laugh may have been only hysterical. If not—calculus in extreme. She will think of my words next Christmas, perhaps!

31.—A Chapter closed in my life, not unwillingly. SABINA's shallow insensibility has revolted me at last! She actually told me to my face this morning that she "could not see there was so very much the matter with me!" If she could see *within!* But I have done with her. The shock almost seems to have revived in me the Will to Live. If I can only get rid of these swellings in the head, after eating, I may live yet to witness her remorse. Off to Monte Carlo to-morrow.

CALCULATION OF AGE.—If nonage is minority, how old is a Non-agenarian?





LIKA JOKO'S PANTOMIME.—The Grand Procession.





## AN OFFENSIVE WEAPON.

Careful Sportsman (whose gun has gone off, as he declares, "of its own accord"). "HULLO! BAILEY! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THE CHARGE WENT THRO' YOUR HAT?" Keeper. "YES, SIR—NEARLY BLEW MY 'ED OFF!"  
 Careful Sportsman. "BY GEORGE!—I'LL NEVER SHOOT WITH THIS GUN AGAIN!"

MAXIM BY A MARTYR TO THE MULTITUDE OF (VOLUNTEER) COUNSELLORS.—Advice gratis is never worth what it costs.  
 CORRUPTIO OPTIMI PESSIMA.—Haunch of Venison too "high."

MOTTO OF THE FASHIONABLE FEMALE OF THE DAY (MORE SHAME FOR HER!).—A bird in the hat is worth two in the bush.  
 APOLOGY FOR SPIRITUALISM.—There's a Medium in all things.

## MASTER TOMMY'S

DOMESTIC

## ECONOMIES.

How to Procure a Wild Turkey at a Moderate Outlay.—Having purchased a tame turkey, bring it home, and shut it up in the coal-cellar. Now proceed to drive it wild. This you will do by bursting in upon it at odd times, now frightening it by beating a drum, and sprinzng a large rattle, or by pelting it with squibs, crackers, and other detonating fireworks. Alternate this with waking it up suddenly at the dead of night, and jumping about it, enveloped in a sheet, with a dark lantern, and giving it an occasional chase



## EXPENDED!

Guest. "WILL YOU GIVE ME A LITTLE CHAMPAGNE?"  
 Hibernian Waiter. "SHUMPANE, SOR? BEDAD, I'VE HAD NONE MESELF THIS TWO HOURS!"

round the back garden, pursuing it with a cab-whistle, and an open Japanese umbrella. After a fortnight of this, it will show signs of dementia; and when it has flown at the cook, and bitten the butler in the calf of the leg, may confidently be regarded as fit for table. Should it, however, not possess a distinctly gamey flavour, or eat "delicious," you may certainly point with triumph to the fact that the turkey with which, at a moderate outlay, you have provided the household, is, to all intents and purposes, undeniably quite "wild."

THE LOGIC OF AGRICULTURE.—  
 A Silogism.



JULY  
HYLAS & THE RIVER NYMPHS



SEPTEMBER DIANA



OCTOBER  
SILENVS



DECEMBER.

CIRCE.

A CLASSIC CALENDAR; OR, MYTHS FOR THE MONTHS.





**RESIGNATION.**

*Sympathetic Old Gentleman.* "I'M SORRY TO SEE YOUR HUSBAND SUFFER SO, MA'AM. HE SEEMS VERY——"

*Lady Passenger (faintly).* "OH DEAR! HE ISN'T MY HUSBAND. 'SURE I DON'T KNOW WHO THE GENTLEMAN IS!"

**THE SWITCHBACK.**

HERE we go up,  
up, up!  
And there we go  
down, down,  
down!  
I feel as I do when  
on pork-chops  
I sup,  
And I can't keep  
my hat on my  
crown.  
My children have  
gammoned me  
in it;  
I feel very fright-  
ened and hot.  
Eh? Get in again,  
Pa! No, not for  
a minute!  
Or may I be in-  
stantly shot.  
Phough! *They*  
would beat it all  
day.  
A wonderful  
thing is this  
youth!  
For me, all my  
clothes seem to  
set the wrong  
way.  
And I fear I have  
loosened a tooth.  
There they go up,  
up, up!  
And there they  
go down, down,  
down!



**FROM THE "OTHER SIDE."**

"A—DO YOU PLAY, MISS VAN TROMP?"—"I GUESS NOT." "A—DO YOU SING?"—"WELL, NO,  
DUKE. I'VE BEEN TAUGHT NO PARLOUR TRICKS!"

I'd almost as soon  
be shot out of a  
Krupp,  
Or ride a wild  
horse. Not for  
BROWN!

**ANECDOTAGE  
FOR THE  
MONTHS.**

APRIL.—On the  
10th the Battle of  
Toulouse was  
fought in 1814,  
when the Duke of  
WELLINGTON ex-  
claimed, "Tou-  
louse!—no, I mean  
to win!" On the  
16th another me-  
morable battle has  
its commemora-  
tion day—Cullo-  
den. It was here  
that the Butcher  
Duke of CUMBER-  
LAND, in 1746, was  
informed by the  
then Duke of  
MARLBOROUGH of  
the death of his  
connection by mar-  
riage, QUEEN ANNE.  
Many aged females  
are wont to obtain  
their dividends on  
the 6th; it is con-  
sequently called  
"Old Lady Day."





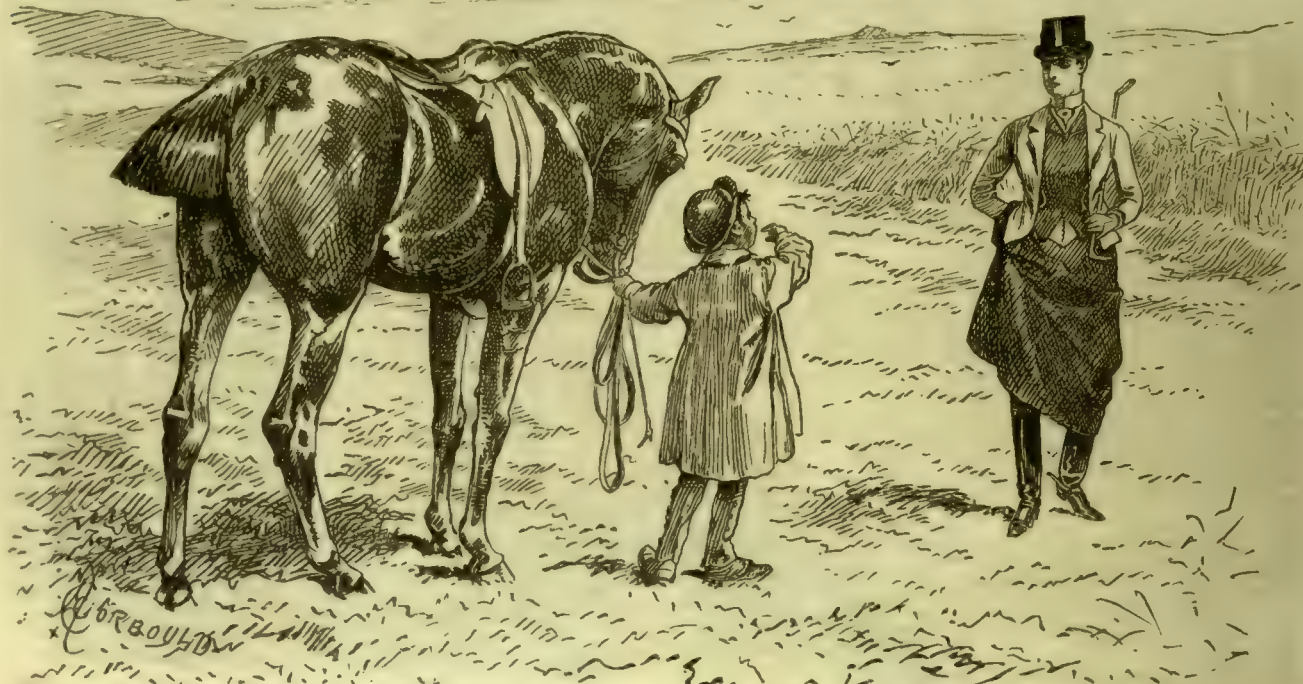
**A QUESTION OF SOCIAL PRECEDENCE.**

*Scrubby (the gifted but diminutive Author of "Lip to Lip under the Linden Trees," &c., &c.). "FIRST LOW COMEDIAN AT THE PARTHENON, IS HE? I SEE! AN ACTOR!! THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE SQUIRE'S GIVING HIM THE BIG BED AND THE BIG BED-ROOM, INSTEAD OF ME!"*



**HAPPY THOUGHT.**—Billy. "OH!—LOOK AT GRANDMAMMA, DOTTIE! WHAT A CAPITAL SWITCHBACK SHE'D MAKE!"





Rustic (to dismounted Hersey Equestrienne, who is on the Runaway's trail, in hope of his having been stopped). "BE THIS YOURN, MEASTER?"



#### A SOCIAL DIAGNOSIS.

Fair Visitor. "THERE'S THAT LOVELY WOMAN AGAIN. I WONDER WHO SHE IS?"  
 M. le Baron (an experienced observer). "MADAM, I THINK SHE MUST BE AN ENGLISH DUCHESS, BECAUSE SHE IS VER PRETTY, SHE DRESS VELL, SHE SPEAK SROO HER NOSE, SHE SAY, 'YOU BET,' AND SHE TALK ABOUT DOLLARS AND CARS!"





LIKA JOKO'S PANTOMIME.—Joko's Harlequinade. (Lika Joko Clown.)



## ANECDOTAGE FOR THE MONTHS.

**MAY.**—On the 10th, in 1796, occurred the Battle of Lodi, memorable for the only recorded attempt of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE at an English witticism. Referring to the use he made of his artillery, after the engagement, he said, "Good named for fighter - firee, firee, after Lodi, Lodi!"

**JUNE.**—On the 4th, in 1859, the Battle of Magenta was fought, and appropriately gave its name to a popular dye. On the 15th, in 1215, Magna Charta was sealed, when, according to MACAULAY (in his unpublished MS.), King JOHN produced the wax. On the 18th the Battle of Waterloo was fought, in 1815, when WELLINGTON, meeting BLUCHER at the end of the engagement, is reported to have observed, "My Lord, this will be a great day for our boots!"—a prophecy verified by the subsequent popularity of Bluchers and Wellingtons.

## MASTER TOMMY'S DOMESTIC ECONOMIES.

*How to utilise the Family Portraits for the purpose of Christmas Amusement and Recreation.*—Get a ladder, and having taken a sharp pen-knife, cut out the eyes from all the family portraits in the dining room. Now fix behind the vacant spaces thus left a sliding slip of cardboard on which you have already made a large black spot as big as a threepenny piece to represent the pupil, and attaching a lever and string to this, bring it down at the back of the picture, so that when you pull it, the eyes will shift. The family being assembled on Christmas Day, work your string and call attention to the fact that all their ancestors are winking at them. Though he may deplore the cutting of the canvas, your Uncle, as head of the family, will be bound to admit that the effect is most grotesque, and has caused him no little Christmas amusement and recreation.



“‘APPY ‘AMPSTEAD!’”

“IN THE SPRING”—(AND LIKEWISE IN THE SUMMER, AND IN THE AUTUMN ALSO; AND EVEN IN THE WINTER TOO)—“A YOUNG MAN’S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF LOVE!”

## ANECDOTAGE FOR THE MONTHS.

**JULY.**—On the 4th the Independence of the United States was declared, in 1776, since when the day has been observed by Americans in commemorating their escape from (everything British save the Irish Vote. On the 30th, in 1689, Derry was relieved, to the great surprise of WILLIAM THE THIRD, who, in his quaint Anglo-Dutch, observed, with a smile, that “at first he was Derryified!”

**AUGUST.**—On the 1st, in 1798, the Battle of the Nile was fought, when NELSON produced (after years of patient preparation) his celebrated classical witticism. “Can you tell me, my Lord,” said Lady HAMILTON, “anything about your latest victory?” “Oh, Madam,” returned the hero, “it was just nothing. *Nihil*—nothing—*Nile*!”

**SEPTEMBER.**—The 1st is usually known as the feast of St. Partridge, although it is really the *fête* day of St. Giles, and, equally popular, (as once sportively observed by WILBERFORCE, the philanthropist and jester) of St. James. This is a great month with accountants, who devote an entire day to the Leger with a running account. On the 20th the anniversary of the Battle of the Alma recalls the now half-forgotten *jeu d’esprit* of the present head of the British Army. Pointing to the officers of the Guards, Lord RAGLAN observed, “Our victory is attributable to their gallantry in a great degree,” “A great degree?” repeated H.R.H. with emphasis, “certainly—this is neither Oxford nor Cambridge, and yet here is their *Alma mater*!”

**OCTOBER.**—On the 16th, in 1834, the Houses of Parliament were burnt, ending appropriately, however (as was observed by JOSEPH

MILLER, wit and centenarian) in smoke. On the 20th, in 1873, the Deanery of Chichester went off the (P.) Hook. On the 25th, the Battle of Agincourt (or as it was anciently pronounced, A-gin-court) was fought, according to contemporary writers, most appropriately, with much spirit. On the same day, nearly four and a half centuries later, the Battle of Balaclava was contested, giving rise, as everyone knows, to a number of serious charges.

**NOVEMBER.**—The 5th and the 9th have for the last three hundred years been devoted, in London, to the processions of Guys. At the Mansion House the reign of Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD will expire on the latter date, if, like a torpedo, he does not go off sooner. On the 28th, in 1814, the *Times* was first printed by vapour-worked machinery. “How is it going?” hiccupped Lord BYRON, who took an interest in all literary matters. “Like steam,” replied the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, as he assisted the noble bard to rise from the gutter. The remainder of the anecdote for November is lost in fog.

**DECEMBER.**—On the 10th, in 1768, the Royal Academy of Painting was instituted, a date which may be given for the commencement of the decay in the pavement pastel industry. Yule brings professional anecdote to an end, as, at that joyous season of the year, everyone tells his own stories, the biggest of which is sometimes the wish that an objectionable acquaintance may enjoy “A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!”

**CON FOR THE RACE-COURSE.**—If a rascally “prophet” adapted a motto from the cricket-field what would it be?—“Tip and run!”





## THEME WITH VARIATIONS.

SEATED to-day at the organ,  
Ready to play what you please,  
I gaze like an infinite Gorgon,  
Till you feel hardly at ease.  
Hark to the sough of the bellows  
Storing harmonious gales,  
When the pipes speak to their fellows—  
Well, I will play you the Scales.

Out of this simple material  
Music's vast multitude throngs,  
Festal and plagal and ferial,  
Operas, dirges, and songs.  
Here is a clue to unravel,  
Here is a theme never fails;  
A Switchback unending to travel  
Over the smooth-running Scales.

Hark, how we rush up the gamut,  
A ladder in fieriest need;  
And now, like a hind who says, "Dam ut!"  
We play very low down indeed.  
Up, like a storm-beaten packet,  
Down, and the passenger pales:  
Here comes the steward, thro' the racket—  
Gaily I play you the Scales.

Off goes the right hand, convulsively,  
Up to the manual's end;  
Left hand pursues it impulsively,  
Like an unauthorised friend.  
Fashion's caprices may criticise  
Aught of its standard that fails;  
Fearing scorn's finger nor pity's eyes,  
Boldly I practise the Scales.

This is a wedding march—trousseau,  
Presents, and favours, and rice;  
Now 'tis the Dream of a ROUSSEAU  
Changed to a waltz in a trice.  
Thus, unencumber'd, indefinite,  
Each his own melody hails,  
Each sees the hand of a *chef* in it,  
Safe in the haven of Scales.

Some may interpret them leatherly,  
Thunder of fort and of fleet;  
Others will warble them weatherly,  
Milkmaid and ferry complete;  
Vesperish, cloister'd, and choirsome,  
*Heimweh* with mill-wheels and dales,  
Frankly unmeaning and tiresome,  
All are embraced by the Scales.

Trade, with its spacious surroundings,  
Spices, and bullion, and bales,  
Argosies, sinkings, and soundings,  
Postage for far-away mails;  
Justice with eyes in a bandage,  
Fish who are chivied by whales—  
Ah, you might live to a grand age  
Ere you could play out the Scales.

BRENNUS and Rome, and its history,  
Alpenstocks, axes, and veils,  
Dragons and creatures of mystery  
Swingeing their horrible tails.  
Jockey, and boxer, and rower,  
Men who climb walls out of gaols,  
Butterflies—bother that blower!  
He's let the wind out of the Scales!

## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

*Lord Salisbury.*—To be more cautious in my expressions, more temperate in my judgments, and generally more reticent all round.

*Mr. Gladstone.*—To fire away at Home Rule, hammer and tongs, as hard as ever, and keep it up red-hot till an unexpected flare-up somewhere gives me a chance of outting in, and, by hook or crook, carrying my point.

*Mr. W. H. Smith.*—To let myself be quietly effaced, and imperceptibly yield my position as Leader of the House to my bland and amiable friend GOSCHEN.

*Mr. Goschen.*—To gracefully and stealthily

eclipse and supplant my revered and respected colleague, Mr. W. H. SMITH.

*Mr. Stanhope.*—To hit upon some scheme by which, with or without the aid of the Department, I may, within the next ten years, hope to make good the deficiency of guns at the present moment experienced keenly by both the Services.

*Lord George Hamilton.*—To calm and appease public opinion by a further flourish over fresh "Manœuvres," and to lull Lord CHARLES into quietude by showing him (on paper), what gigantic efforts I am making to put the Navy into proper condition.

*M. de Lesseps.*—To save my own vanity from disastrous defeat by appealing to the vanity of my fellow countrymen to bolster it up by contributing £20,000,000 for the purpose.

*General Boulanger.*—To get into the Dictator's chair, somehow, and then watch to see which way the National Cat means to jump.

*Prince Bismarck.*—To take care that not a halfpenny out of the Imperial Exchequer is wasted over this East African Business, but to see that it is nevertheless backed up by the assistance of my pliant and accommodating friend, SALISBURY.

*Mr. Balfour.*—To keep the whip-hand of that rascally pack of bloodhounds, the Irish Party in the House of Commons.

*The Irish Party in the House of Commons.*—To lose no opportunity for yelping, growling, and snarling at that miserable cur, the Irish Secretary.

*The Chief Commissioner of Police.*—To take care that, now I've got fairly into WARREN's boots, I don't manage to "put my foot in it" quite so often as he did.

*Mr. Irving.*—Not to cut short the run of my newly-mounted "*Macbeth*" at the Lyceum, till the public shout to me, "Hold! Enough!"



## GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR 1889.



*Lindsey Sambrook. Del.*

Mr. Punch (to John Bull.) "Now, JOHN, YOUR FIRST MEM—AN EFFICIENT NAVY."

WHAT! opening your new Diary, dear BULL?  
Well, at this special season "we all do it."  
Strange things may happen ere that book is full!  
One "resolution" make, or you will rue it.  
Mems: many will, no doubt, fill the first page;  
Things to be done, avoided, altered, mended;

But whatso'er to settle you engage,  
Whatever's to be saved or be expended,  
Take Mr. Punch's most particular "tip,"—  
That 'tis a wise one you may take your davy—  
The first resolve, never to be let slip,  
Should be *this*:—"Mem:—GET AN EFFICIENT NAVY!!!"

"HASHIN."—Instead of going to the Handoub district, our cavalry have gone on an aimless skirmish in the direction of Hashin, a name of ill omen, for we're always hashin' our Egyptian business.

WHO SAID IT?—I don't know, but it is worth recording here. My

authority was EDMUNDUS ED. MUNDI. An old stager, *laudator temporis Macreadi*, remarked that HENRY IRVING did not possess the physique necessary for the part of *Macbeth*. "He has SHAKSPEARE" authority for doing without it," was Somebody's reply: "for doesn't he make *Macbeth* himself exclaim, 'Throw physique to the dogs, I' none of it!" Lovely! says JACK OUT OF THE BOX.



## MEMS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

## FOR A DINER OUT.

NEVER to tell *that* story again.

Not to accept an invitation which will involve the necessity of drinking Mr. SKIMPINGTON's "Champagne."

Not to be tempted to take two helpings of — (*Here let each Epicure insert the name of his own "particular poison."*)

Not—if I can help it—to sit next to that elderly ogler, Miss FLORENCE DE FRYSCHE, again.

If I do, not to be drawn into discussing the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?"

Never to mention Mr. GLADSTONE's name until after the *entrées*, at least.

Not to allow that persistent monologuist and much-overrated raconteur, BOLAIRE, to rile me into rivalry, and so spoil both my temper and my digestion.

Never to dine out at all—or, at least, "hardly ever."

## FOR A LITERARY MAN.

On no account to be drawn into a Press quarrel.

Never to review a friend's book.

Never to review the book of an enemy.

Decline *all* applications for my autograph, and every request to write my name "and a few lines of any sort" in Birthday Books.

Abstain from even looking at "tall copies," and on no account be beguiled into buying a "first edition" of *anybody*.

Read a little—that is something besides the papers and magazines, French Novels, and Shilling Shockers.

Shun the temptations to "smartness" and "slating."

Resolutely avoid making the most distant reference to *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde*.

## FOR AN ARTIST.

Paint no more profitable Pot-boilers.

Make a real start in that long-meditated *Magnum opus* of mine.

Limit my contributions to the Academy "line" to four.

Decline to paint old Mrs. HARRIDAN's portrait at *any* price.

Shirk Show Sunday.

Refuse to write rambling and egotistical "Reminiscences," for *any* magazine on *any* consideration.

Never be "interviewed" by anybody.

Never write to the papers about anything.

Cut Swelldom and Show Houses, and go in for *painting* once more.

## FOR A PRETTY GIRL.

Avoid fishing for compliments.

Appreciate *other* pretty girls, and especially endeavour to see the much-vaunted loveliness of "that Miss DIMPLER."

Never kiss another girl except in spontaneous kindness, or for any "bye end," such as looking sweet or aggravating CHARLIE.

Never sneer at "elderly girls," or snub "wall-flowers."

Dance a square dance occasionally, just for the sake of the many who are not "in it" at waltzing.

Avoid "tantrums," even when Papa is stingy with cheques, or my ball-dress is ten minutes late.

Give up tight-lacing, and *never, never* touch chloral again.

Throw away that private box of cigarettes.

Read some good books, and think of the poor occasionally.

Forget sometimes—at any rate for a few minutes—that I *am* a Pretty Girl.

## FOR A POLITICAL SPEAKER.

Never say two words when one will suffice.

Get up my facts and figures more carefully.

Sedulously examine my impromptu epigrams before delivery, to see if they are not two-edged.

Avoid verbal missiles of the boomerang sort.

Never mock to-day what may be uppermost to-morrow.

Never sneer, save at persons who are powerless or sentiments that do not influence votes.

Get up geographical compliments and local flatteries suited to all places and peoples. Take care not to get them *mixed*.

## FOR A MIDDLE-AGED PERSON INCLINED TO PORTLINESS.

Get up earlier, and never breakfast in bed.

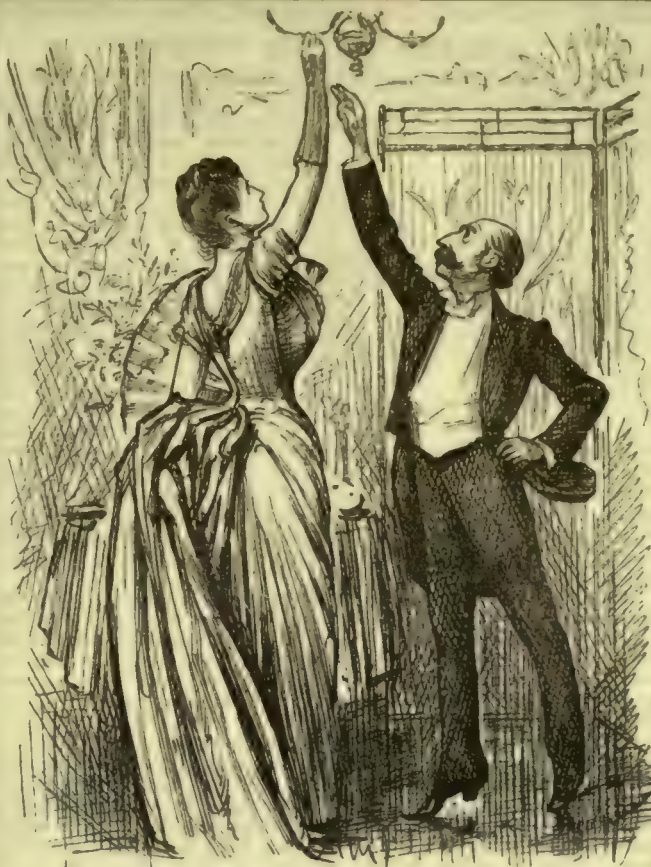
Go to bed in better time, and never read after getting between the sheets.

Cut cabs, or at any rate limit myself to two Hansoms *per diem*.

Buy a tricycle, and *ride* it.

Always mow my own lawn, weather permitting, and when at my country crib, make a point of chopping a certain quantity of wood before breakfast, like my friend LUCAS.

Always make a point of passing *one* dish at dinner, never indulge in a heavy lunch unless I have had a comparatively light breakfast, and, if I dine after eight, avoid eating a solid supper until after twelve.



## A GALLANT ATTEMPT.

"HOW THIS HORRID GAS IS FLARING!"

"PRAY ALLOW ME, MRS. JONES!"

Never have more than two helpings of turtle soup, lobster salad, or *pâté de foies gras*.

Avoid bulgy shirt-fronts and buttoned-up frock coats.

## FOR A WIFE.

Avoid bothering GEORGE for cheques when I see him scowling over his "*Times*" at breakfast.

Never miss a chance of doing so when I notice him smiling in a self-satisfied way after dinner.

Try and minimise my too plaintive references to "the dear children" and their sumptuary deficiencies.

Endeavour *not* to fall asleep when GEORGE reads aloud to me one of GOSCHEN's "capital" speeches.

Take advantage of any success in this difficult act of self-denial to fix him on the subject of GERTIE's new set of furs, or our trip on the Continent.

Try and prevent Mamma from putting his back up needlessly, or too often.

Coax him at an opportune moment into cutting that confound—ahem!—really very needless and expensive "Mutton Chop Club" which he is so fond of.

Make *dear* GEORGE so comfortable and happy all this year—by above and other means—that next New Year's cheques may be—well, one never knows *what* may happen if good resolutions are really adhered to.

## FOR A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

Cut down my Cab fares, and Sodas and Brandies, by Jove.

Cut TOTTIE—if she'll let me.

Try and take the GUV'NOR's tip about horse-racing. (*Forty to one I don't succeed in this, though; his tip being "Never bet at all." Great Scott!!*)

Drop the Blue 'Un. (*Only, hang it all, what else is there for a fellow to read?*)

Slacken off a bit with some of the Johnnies I know. (*First-rate Sportsmen, but jolly expensive at close quarters somehow.*)

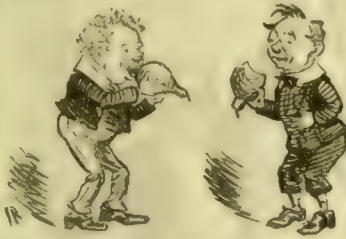
Try and manage with ten suits a year, and fifty cigarettes a day.

Sell my black hack "Beelzebub," and take shares in a Building Society, as Uncle HUNKS wants me to do. (*Uncle H. has the oof, but what is a Building Society, I wonder?*)



## ANGLERS TO THE FRONT!

PASSING the other day down Cheapside, I saw the LORD MAYOR in his handsome State Carriage, with his two protecting outriders, in the shape of mounted Policemen, looking as if they had him in charge. He was accompanied by a gentleman wearing a bearskin



"Ripe-pear-ian Owners."

hat, and armed with a remarkably long Sword, which, I was afterwards informed, was never drawn except in the presence of Royalty, and which, being of English manufacture, was never known to bend under any amount of pressure that its somewhat stalwart Bearer could bring to bear upon it. His Lordship's other companion was a tall young gentleman, of somewhat aristocratic appearance, who carried what is called a gold Mace, which I learned was the very identical weapon with which the Lord Mayor of Walworth slew WAT TYLER, several years ago. Having a leisure hour or two, I followed his Lordship into Guildhall, and found a seat in the gallery of the exceedingly beautiful Council Chamber that the Common Councilmen have lately built for themselves, or possibly for their successors. *Absit omen!*

The first thing that arrested my attention was the appearance of His Grace the Duke of WESTMINSTER, and some three or four other illustrious swells, who came to ask the City to assist them in securing "North Woolwich Gardens"—well, but not favourably, known, when under the management of "the People's Caterer"—as an open space for the enjoyment of the natives of what was described as the dreariest and most dismal portion of the whole Metropolis. His Grace, with his illustrious friends, were allowed to sit on the dais among the Aldermen, at which they all seemed much pleased, and listened with much apparent respect to all the proceedings. A Member, apparently of the Hebrew persuasion, cross-questioned his Grace as to the probable cost of maintaining the said Gardens when secured as proposed, and which duty the Corporation was requested to undertake, to which his Grace replied "a mere trifle." But his questioner was not satisfied with that reply, observing, as I thought, with great intelligence, as well as courage, that what might be considered a trifle to a Noble Duke, "rich beyond the dreams of avarice," might be a considerable annual expenditure to a Corporation somewhat impoverished by the suspending of the Coal Dues; but his Grace, smilingly observing that a few hundreds a year would be all that would be required, the bold Hebrew sat down satisfied.

After His Grace's departure, a well-dressed young fellow appeared at the Bar of the Court and presented a Petition to which I listened with as much surprise as admiration. It appeared that the Petitioner was, like myself, a lover of the "Gentle Art," and after having for some years past been accustomed to devote his few holidays to fishing in the beautiful upper waters of the River Thames, he had some time since been ordered by a certain Ripepearian owner, as he was somewhat strangely termed,—probably an aristocratic name for a fruit-grower—to cease from his accustomed sport in the neighbourhood, as far as I could understand it, of Messrs. MAPLE and DURHAM's well furnished establishment, on pain of fine or imprisonment. The good-looking young fellow had boldly defied the would-be Ripepearian tyrant, and, the law being invoked against him, he had successfully defended his right on three several occasions, but a fourth trial being now about to take place, he, having already expended hundreds of pounds of his own money in defending a great public right, now naturally sought the assistance of the old Corporation to help him to carry on his great struggle. An ancient City Deputy, who announced himself to be a Thames Conservative, supported the prayer of the petition, and explained that the Ripepearian owners of the Thames, strange to say, not content with themselves enjoying the River that flowed past their beautiful Lawns, seemed really to hate the very sight of any of the mere Public who sought to share their enjoyment, and actually claimed to possess its very bed and soil, on the somewhat silly plea that whenever the River ceased to flow, or in other words ran dry, the said bed and soil would then legally be theirs.

The Thames Conservative mocked at their claim, and proposed adjourning all consideration of it until this event happened, at the same time he demonstrated its palpable absurdity by stating that the Conservatives were constantly giving permission to persons to dredge away portions of the bed of the River which were taken away by them and sold, without the slightest notice being taken of the so-called rights of Ripepearians. Besides, even this monstrous claim had nothing to do with the rights of Anglers, as if there were no water of course there could be no fish, and no grasping Sourapple-arian had as yet claimed the water.

It was also stated that sometimes, when the patient and contem-

plative Angler was pursuing his harmless, but exciting occupation, possibly being drenched to the skin by one of those welcome showers which have the strange effect of making fish both hungry and reckless, a fiend in the shape of a Ripepearian would shout to him from the shore to be off; and if, as usually happened, he declined to obey the stern mandate, the fiend in question, who was generally accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog, would throw a stick near the Angler's punt, and send his dog in to fetch it, thereby spoiling all sport for hours to come.

The loud applause with which the Petition was received, and referred to a Committee to consider the whole question, sent me away smiling and happy, and with a higher opinion of the jolly City Fathers than I had previously entertained, which was even increased when I afterwards heard that they had come to the resolution to assist the Petitioner in his great battle of Right against Might, an example which, I trust, will be followed by every Angling Association in the Metropolis.

I got a portion of my information from the City Beadle, who, although armed with the customary Stick of Power, was very civil and communicative to me. JOSEPH GREENHORN.

## A NAPLES JOURNAL-IST.

*Villa Roccabella.*—Here I am at last in sunny Italy! Nasty journey. Heard of Colchester Election just before starting. Depressing, though these occasional deviations from common sense on part of constituencies must be expected, I suppose.

No end of a reception at Station. Made 'em a speech, however. Ended up with "*Evviva Napoli!*" Populace immensely pleased.

*Next Day.*—Lovely sunshine. Cheering letter from MORLEY, assuring me that Colchester Election due to local influences. So I thought. Bulk of Colchester populace intensely Home-Rule, he says; but Unionists had all the public-houses, and drowned natural voice of constituency in floods of gratuitous liquor. If so, the "flowing tide" seems to be with our opponents! Must be in good spirits to joke like this. Am in good spirits. Question is—shall I go up Vesuvius to-day, run over to Rome and see POPE, or HUMBERT, or visit Ruins of Pompeii?

*Afternoon.*—Walk along Posilippo and into town. Gratifying enthusiasm of populace when they see me—especially *lazzaroni*, who are becoming almost a nuisance. No more coppers left. Seem to think, because I've been Prime Minister, I carry the Bank of England about with me. But the "*vivas*" are constant. Must look up local baptismal registers. Am I quite sure I was born in Scotland? Feel that at the very least a near ancestor must have been a Neapolitan.

*Day After.*—Vesuvius? No: reminds one too much of Dizzy's "*mot*" about the "row of extinct volcanoes." Capri? That's where TIBERIUS lived when he sent the "verbose and long epistle" to the Senate that doomed SEJANUS, isn't it? Hem! Feel almost tempted to imitate TIBERIUS—but who is my SEJANUS? HARCOURT? HARTINGTON? On the whole decide to defer Capri visit to another day, as weather rather capricious. Fancy that "*mot*" cuts out Dizzy's, though I don't profess to be a humorist.

*Third Day.*—To-day feel much friskier; so shall go over to Ischia! (Dizzy nowhere again!) Delightful island, except for occasional earthquakes. A good way from Italian mainland, so certainly ought to have Home Rule! Ask Syndic if he wouldn't like a Local Parliament? Syndic says "earthquakes bad enough, but a Parliament would ruin the island." Asks me not to mention the idea to anyone. Evidently a bigoted Unionist. On return, some *lazzaroni* (who are dissatisfied, apparently, with extent of my largesses), shout out, "*Viva SALISBURY!*" Awkward. Shan't look up baptismal register. Think I shall go on to Florence soon.

*Fourth Day.*—Florence? No. Naples for ever! My Neapolitan ancestry now beyond doubt. Visit from Municipal Deputation, assuring me that "the cause of Ireland is also the cause of Italy." Wish me to tell "Signor PARNELLI" so, when I see him, and to accept illuminated address which they bring with them, calling me "The Liberator of the Captive." Allusion to BOMBA, I suppose. Tell them in reply that Naples is the most beautiful city I ever saw, and its Municipality more enlightened than any in the world. Keep Syndic to lunch; tells me confidentially that "they've got an institution in Naples very like the Land League." Called "the *Camorra*." Don't encourage Syndic to go on in this strain. Evidently doesn't understand English politics much. Sitting up to write pamphlet which will astonish the Romans.

Cut down cypresses for exercise. Walk to Capua. Rest. Still at pamphlet.

SUITABLE SPOT FOR THE NEXT DRAUGHT MATCH.—The Law Courts.



## DRURIOLANUS TRIUMPHANS.

*EN iterum* DRURIOLANUS! "Here we are again," and better than ever! How can DRURIOLANUS beat his own record? The domain of



Little Herbert Campbell as Cupid.

"Tell me, my heart,  
Can this be Love?"

Pantomime is co-extensive with the fertile realms of boundless imagination, and though there are only a few well-known themes of universal fame, yet the variations on them and the possibilities of combinations and permutations are well nigh infinite. A more splendid and in every sense a better Pantomime than *The Babes in the Wood* has not been seen for years at Drury Lane. The Toy Scene alone would well repay a visit, so full of fancy and humour is it. But for picturesqueness and splendour it is eclipsed by the *Birds' Paradise*, and for the fun of this scene there is Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS as *première danseuse*, and Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL as *Cupid* with a bow and arrow. In the bird scene, group succeeds group until the exclamations "How beautiful!" "How pretty!" "How exquisite!" "How graceful!" became wearisome by repetition, and one sits "in amazement lost" at the fertility of the design and the perfection of its execution. Then Madame KATTI LANNER comes smilingly forward, and courtseys her grateful acknowledgments, clearly intimating that, "By strict attention to business, she means to deserve the continued favour of the admiring public." When this clever lady has retired to the wing whence she directs the movements of her numerous pupils, the discriminating public insist on the Founder of the Feast presenting himself before them to receive their unanimous verdict of highest possible approval. Recognising the fitness of things, DRURIOLANUS is too old a bird to appear among the gorgeous Cockatoos, Golden Pheasants, Humming-birds, and the rest of the glittering feathered tribe, nor will he come in under KATTI LANNER's wing,—the proscenium wing,—but waits for the change of scene to a Baronial Hall, and then he enters and bows, beaming, hopeful, and so far satisfied, as a man may well be who has done his very best to please his patrons; and then on we go again, with that Dog of LAURI's—a poodle this time—full of amusing antics, with DAN LENO, capital as the Wicked Aunt, and VICTOR STEVENS severely humorous as the Wicked Uncle. The topics of the day are lightly touched upon, and "Mr. G." as a Wood-cutter, who is ready to make a speech without axe-ing, is recognised with mixed greetings.

As for the ladies, they are all like the ladies of Mr. *Pickwick's* time in Ba-ath, where, as the mining M.C. observed, "There was nobody old or ugly." All young and lovely, of course. Miss HARRIET VERNON "semper viret," as bold Robin Hood should be; Miss FLORENCE DYSAERT is never dysartened, except when away from Robin Hood; and, when she meets his glance, it is a case of Hood-winking her. Miss MAGGIE DUGGAN is sprightly beyond imagination; little *ÆNEA*, so "Æ-near, and yet so far," "Up above their heads so high, like a fairy in the fly"—and a whole bevy of smiling beauties, besides a lot of "sweet little mites" from KATTI LANNER's Nursery Grounds, who must not be omitted from this mitey Katilogue. The Ruffians are bold, resolute, and sanguinary, while the music, being killing, makes the work of SLAUGHTER complete.

There is not a single scene which is not picturesque and effective. The Forest scenes by Messrs. PERKINS, KANTSEY, and CANEY—an



Druriolanus gives *The Babes*, dear little Cissy Nicholls and sweet little Bertie an airing.

"He loves both wisely and too wheel!"

uncanny or uncane name for little school-boys to meet with in holiday time—are charming. The Palace of Games by JULIAN HICKS is splendid. Once more, "Bravo Hicks!" RYAN's *Paradise of Birds* is brilliant, and EMDEN's Transformation Scene is magnificent, and extending over the whole stage, cannot be spoken of as an 'Emmed-in Scene! (Oh!) At last HARRY PAYNE came on the stage with "Here we are again!" and he might have added, "Better late than never," as it was considerably past eleven. DRURIOLANUS will give the young ones who cannot stay at night a chance of seeing their favourite "comic business" at *Matinées*, when the harlequinade will be played first. But twenty visits to *The Babes*, the fun of which will be nightly developed by Messrs. NICHOLLS and CAMPBELL, will not exhaust the treasures and the pleasures of this great Pantomime, put together by the veteran E. L. BLANCHARD, the playwright, HARRY NICHOLLS the Joiner, and AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS TRIUMPHANS.



Excellent position for seeing the Stage obtained by our Mulum-in-Parvo Artist on Boxing Night.

## TO A THOUGHTFUL LADY.

[On her sending me, as an invalid, a year of months, weeks, and days on cards, inclosed in a handsome upstanding frame of burnished steel.]

ANOTHER Year! No, not a week  
Of suffering! I declare it.  
The gift at no one's hands I'd seek,  
Unless were added the physique  
Courageously to bear it.

And you have given me, fair dame,  
A brand new year. You've bought it.  
But you've been careful all the same  
To add a strong and splendid frame  
Of steel, which can support it.

## DREAMS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

*The Czar of Russia*.—A contented people and a solvent Exchequer.  
*The Emperor of Germany*.—Self Government and the effacement of the BISMARCKS.

*King of Italy*.—A really united Italy and an invitation to the Vatican.

*The Emperor of Austria*.—A pleasant family gathering of husband, wife, and son.

*The King of Spain*.—A comfortable rocking-horse in a cheerful nursery.

*President Carnot*.—The final disappearance of General BOULANGER.

*Prince von Bismarck*.—A quiet time with a new and sensational young master.

*M. le Baron de Lesseps*.—The completion of the Panama Canal.

*The Khedive of Egypt*.—The capture of the MADRI and OSMAN DIGNA.

*Lord Salisbury*.—A prosperous ending to the Anglo-German Partnership.

*Mr. W. H. Smith*.—A run of luck at Monte Carlo, and a coronet in another place.

*Mr. Balfour*.—Peace and quiet in Ireland and the House of Commons.

*Mr. Goschen*.—A Budget that will be popular with everybody.

*Lord Wantage*.—A satisfactory substitute for Wimbledon.

*Mr. Gladstone*.—Furnished apartments in Downing Street.

*Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt*.—The reversion of the Leadership.

*Mr. Joseph Chamberlain*.—A Testimonial from the Members of the National Liberal Club.

*Mr. Commissioner-of-Police Monro*.—Intelligence in Scotland Yard.

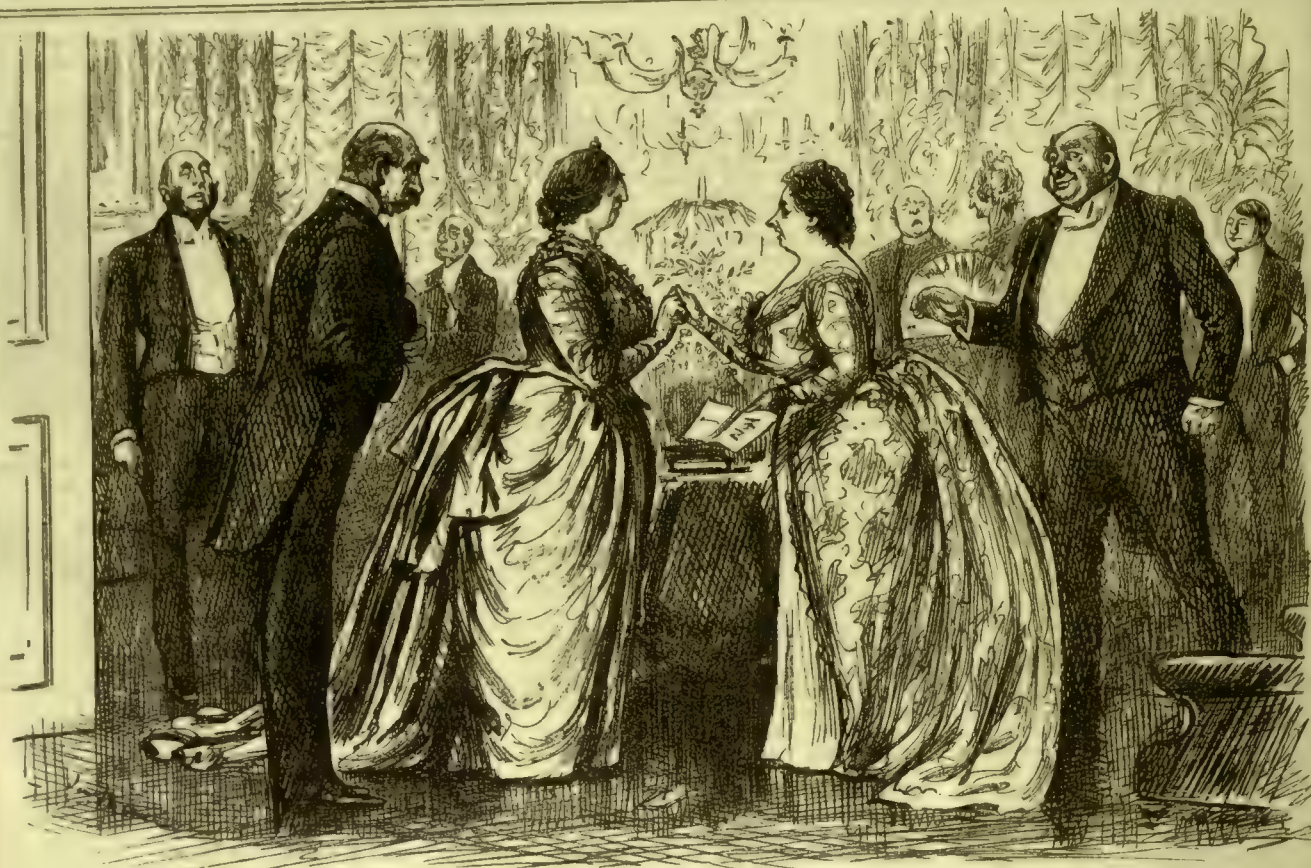
*The Lord Mayor*.—A Knighthood, and the thanks of those who admire the "equestrian element."

*The Hon. Artillery Company*.—The return of the PRINCE and the DUKE without the Adjutant.

*The Metropolitan Board of Works*.—A costly Monument, erected by public subscription in its honour.

*The Parnell Commissioners*.—The end of their labours before 1890.  
*And the Public Generally*.—A Happier Year than 1888.





### LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'ENNUIE.

(Enter General and Mrs. Borington Smythe.)

Mrs. Stodgbury (Hostess). "HOW DO YOU DO, DEAR? I'M SORRY TO SAY THE SPARKLEBY KNIGHTS HAVE DISAPPOINTED US AT THE LAST MOMENT—AND YET I SPECIALLY WROTE AND TOLD THEM THEY WERE GOING TO MEET YOU AND THE GENERAL!"

### HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.

Hey presto! Time, the Thaumaturge,  
Once more at his old occupation,  
And posted at the morning's verge,  
Essays his prestidigitation.  
Hey presto! As he turns the glass,  
The magic mists make rapid clearance,  
And as the shadows part and pass,  
The Young Year makes his first appearance.

His first *début* on any stage;  
And few performers, it is certain,  
At such a very early age  
Await the lifting of the curtain.  
From darkness shaping into light,  
An inexperienced adolescent,  
The Past in smoke-wreaths takes its flight,  
And leaves him fronting the glad Present.

Glad? Well, to fresh unfrightened youth  
The actual is ever gleesome.  
The prick of pain, the sting of truth,  
The ruthless sweep of sorrow's besom,  
Are strange to him; but could he task  
The memory of that Neoromancer,  
Not each gay question Youth might ask  
Would have from Age a hopeful answer.

He will *not* ask; he too must live  
And learn, and prove, and dare, and suffer.  
Brave boyhood's buoyancy who'd give  
For sapience of the dull old buffer?  
Wisdom's a yoke, and Wit a joke,  
And Power a vision swiftly flying;  
These too shall end at last in smoke,  
Like the Old Year in darkness dying.

Hey presto! Here's the youngling Year,  
Fresh from the tripod and the censer.  
Before his face the shadows clear,  
Behind his back the mists grow denser.  
Bodings avant! A festal chaunt  
Befits fresh friends at their first meeting;  
Croakings the youngster shall not daunt,  
We'll hail him with a hopeful greeting.

Old Edax Rerum may devour,  
But the old fellow still begetteth.  
Sunrays still pierce the clouds that lour,  
Summer still dries what Winter wetteth.  
The watchers at a New Year's birth  
Should not too tamely bow to sorrow,  
But hail the boy with manly mirth,  
And hopefully await the morrow.

### TAKEN TO PIECES.

DEAR JACK,—I promised you when we said good-bye at old BIRCH'S to let you know how I was getting on in London. Fact is, I have been taking the Governor about a good deal. He's been with me here, there, and everywhere. On Boxing-Day he went to two pantomimes, and I expected to have fairly tired him out. However, it seemed to do him good, and at Drury Lane he actually wanted to wait out the "afterpart" of the *Babes in the Wood*, but of course I could not quite stand that, so I took him off, and gave him a few oysters and a glass of stout in Maiden Lane where you can get such things to perfection. The Governor said it was a

shame not to stop and see Mr. PAYNE, who was most amusing and always made him laugh when he got hold of the wrong end of the red-hot poker. But the Governor, although an excellent fellow in his way, is rather old-fashioned in his tastes, and doesn't move with the times as quickly as I do. See?

The very day I came home, I looked in at the German Reeds', where they have a first-rate entertainment. It is called *The Bo'sun's Mate*, and when I tell you that Mr. ALFRED GERMAN REED is the Mate, you may be sure there's lots of fun in it. Miss FANNY HOLLAND (who the Governor declares grows younger with every "illustration") was also first-rate. Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, too, sang one of his capital songs, taking everybody off, and making us all roar. When I say he took "everybody" off, I don't mean he took me off! If he had, I don't think I should have laughed so much. See?

No more at present. Off to see HENGLER'S and IRVING'S *Macbeth*. Yours, BOB.

### The Lady Macbeth Puzzle.

SOME say she was meant to be thin,  
Some say she was meant to be fat;  
Some say she was meant to be this,  
Some say she was meant to be that.  
But, whatever WILLIAM meant her to be,  
She is, for the present, a Mys-Terree.

WHAT THE CLOWN DOESN'T WANT NOWA-DAYS.—"A magnificent opening."





TIME'S "ANNUAL!"









"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP."

(The Horse did, and this is the Result.)

## CHRISTMAS ON VIEW IN 1888.

(Dictated by Prophetic Phonograph.)

MY DEAR KING PUNCH,

YOUR Majesty having expressed a wish to learn how we spent our Christmas, I hasten to comply with your Royal desire. We decided to throw ourselves back a century, and in spite of our advanced civilisation, to follow as much as possible the rude habits of our semi-barbarian ancestors. In fact, your Majesty, we proposed living through the season as it was lived one hundred years ago—that is to say, in 1888.

Dispensing with our self-conveying post-bags, we employed some men (at an enormous expense, for nowadays everything, as you know, is done by thought-electricity)—to carry certain hideous pasteboards round to our sky palaces. These hideous pasteboards a century since were known as Christmas cards, and were remarkable for the most grotesque designs. Some of them seemed to have been intended to be amusing, for they displayed pictures of candles, old gloves, and tattered paper. We were able to secure quite an assortment for models, but, I am sorry to say, they did not please even the children, who you will remember, are better artists than RAPHAEL, COPE, R. A., and even that glorious light of the nineteenth century Professor SIR BALDWIN-LEIGHTON. Here I may note that contemporary records seem to suggest that Professor SIR BALDWIN-LEIGHTON was not only an artist but also a gentleman who used to drop from the clouds in a parachute.

Having examined our Christmas Cards (after trying hard to discover a cause for their use), we had breakfast, absolutely taking with our tea a mixture of milk and sugar, as if we were eating beef! It was then time to go to Church, and I need scarcely say we went, although it seemed rather senseless leaving our telephones idle, where we had only to sit before them, and listen to any sermon in the world without moving from our own fire-grass side! But our ancestors were wont to go to Church, and so did we. My aunt—my maiden aunt—insisted that the chief object of our visit should be to examine the bonnets of our neighbours. I fancy this is putting our earnestness a little low, but certainly our predecessors were fond of display.

Returning from Church, we had what used to be called a "children's early dinner," which I fancy in ages gone by must have been rather a ghastly affair. We had the baby brought down by a genuine old-fashioned nurse, and took it by turns to praise it after the olden

fashion. The infant was much disgusted, having just taken a double First at Oxford. However by promising him a treatise upon mixed mathematics we kept him quiet.

After dinner we had a representation of what used to be called a Christmas Pantomime. Therein appeared a hideous monster with cheeks daubed with red, a feeble and corrupted old gentleman, a bold-faced hussy dancing about in the most idiotic fashion, and lastly, a lanky trifter wearing spangles! Then an ancient policeman was introduced, and the monster struck him across the knees with a seemingly red-hot poker! I was absolutely ashamed that such an exhibition should have been seen by my innocent children! However I am told that in "the good old times" (save the mark!) this brutal buffoonery used to be rewarded with great applause!

After this, we had what was called a "grown-up dinner," when all our relations gathered together to devour some underdone beef, and a fearfully indigestible comestible called "plum-pudding." A doctor, who was present, warned us to eat neither, saying that he would not answer for the consequences. However, my Uncle BOB persevered, and hasn't been the same man since—which some of his relatives say is rather an advantage than otherwise.

Now all this time we were feeling strange,—this kind of Christmas was so entirely unlike that to which we are now accustomed, when suddenly Aunt MARIA accused Cousin WHITECHAPEL of having unduly influenced Uncle JEREMIAH in the making of his will. In a moment we [all] were talking in the angriest tones conceivable. Brothers abused sisters, fathers mothers, and children parents. We nearly came to blows. Suddenly I remembered reading of a similar incident in 1888. I held up my hand for silence, and, having secured it, delivered the following speech:—

"My good friends," said I, "we made up our minds to go back a hundred years to live amongst our ancestors. It has been a failure. I don't think they *could* have liked in their heart of hearts the sort of Christmas cards, pantomime and dinners that we have seen to-day. If they did, I think they must have managed these things better than we can. But there is one institution that has come down to us that is not affected by the age. We are just as good as our forefathers were in carrying out a fine say-what-you-like do-what-you-like jolly old Christmas family row!"

I am, with the greatest possible respect, the slave of your Majesty,  
(Signed) BROMPTON, DUKE OF ISLINGTON.

Lightning Gardens, The Clouds, N., December 30, 1888.





### A FRIEND IN NEED.

*Blind Man.* "NOW THEN, SIR!—LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO!"

*Jones.* "I BEG YOUR PARDON, MY GOOD FELLOW—THIS BEASTLY FOG—COULDN'T SEE YOU—LOST MY WAY—DON'T KNOW WHERE THE DICKENS I AM!"

*Blind Man.* "FOG, IS THERE? AH—JUST YOU TAKE HOLD O' MY ARM, AND TELL ME WHERE YOU LIVE, AND I'LL SEE YOU SAFE HOME. FOG MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME!"

### TWO LITTLE (MRS. JOHN) WOODEN SHOES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

UNCLE SECUNDUS and me and Granny took BOBBY and SIBYL to see *Goody Two Shoes*, at the Court Theatre, on Boxing Day. We should of taken MABLE too, but she is going to act in the *Pantomime* at the Vicar's, so of course she was obliged to go and rehearse the *Queen's Mariés* instead. The Play was very pretty, but I think there is too much sermonising in it for the holidays. But first I must tell you about the muel, which was very amusing, and his rains kep getting in the way; and a man behind the scenes, who we couldn't see, said quite loud, it would trip you up; so the muel left off pawing the rains, and put them over his head, and Granny said it put her quite in a fever. But first I must tell you about BOBBY calling out quite loud, "Here's the blackbird!" It wasn't a blackbird, but a raven—not a real raven, of course, but an artificial raven, made out of a boy, with wings, and a false head. He was called *Jack Jumps*, but his real name was CHARLES GROVES, JUN. I got read, becoss I thought Uncle SECUNDUS would be ashamed; but he kep BOBBY on his knee, and laughed quite as much as he did. Granny said *Goody Two Shoes* was a perfec little angel; but of course Granny doesn't go much to theatres now, but certainly she is a very nice little girl.

But first, I must tell you about *Graspall*, a wicked overseer, such a rum little chap who aaked well, something like *Ralph Rackstraw*, and something like *Gaspard*. But best of all I think I liked *Miss Flimsy*, Queen of the Land of Leisure. This was capatilly aaked by a little girl called GEORGIE MARTIN, but I forgot *Molly*, the Rude Child of Nature, who was Miss CELIA TUCKER, and I think she must of been *Graspall's* sister, becoss he is called *Tommy Tucker* in the menu. There was a lot of Fairies, and the scenery was very nice. I liked the *Fairy ballet*, and *Goody Two Shoes* danced beautifully. Her name is DOT HETHERINGTON. SIBYL said she would like to of kissed her, but SIBYL is only a child and a girl. Certainly I shall recommend *Goody Two Shoes* to the other fellows.

Your affectionate friend, TOMMY.

P.S.—It was an artificial Muel, as well. F. KITCHEN aaked inside it. So was the Cat.

THE REAL COMIC BUSINESS AFTER THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE.—Finding your carriage or securing a hansom.

### A QUESTION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

[The Rev. GEORGE W. MCCREE, who has been a Christian worker in London since 1848, writing to the *Daily News*, asks the question, "Is London growing Better?" and answers it in the affirmative, giving his reasons for doing so.]

Is London growing Better? Question strange  
To meet us thus at the New Year's beginning!  
Have Science, Love, Religion, the whole range  
Of bettering influences indeed been winning?  
Have forty years of urgent effort wrought  
Some palpable redemption from old evils?  
Has Wisdom slain some fiends with which it fought?  
And are men more of men and less of devils?  
Aye, says the ardent worker, champion stout  
Of all good causes, all remedial measures.  
Gladly the heart shakes off some clinging doubt,  
And the divine's calm optimism treasures.  
Yes, streets are cleaner; cleaner is the speech  
Of those who walk them, as their hands are cleaner.  
The "tub" has done its work; more cheaply each,  
Who cares, of knowledge may become a gleaner.  
Halfpenny 'bus fares, penny books no doubt  
Have had their influence on our throngs of toilers;  
The brute in man is somewhat bound about  
By wholesome law; the tempters and the spoilers  
Find eyes upon them in their darksome lair,  
And there is less necessity for yielding  
To slow corruption or to swift despair,  
When agencies abound for help and shielding.  
Yes, brave MCCREE, *Punch* reads your record o'er  
With acquiescence and with admiration;  
There is more sympathy 'twixt rich and poor,  
And we are less a horde, and more a nation;  
Philanthropy is now much more alert,  
And modish Vice less vauntingly victorious,  
Than in the old bad days of crime and dirt.  
The conquest, though but half-achieved, is glorious.

And yet, and yet, amidst the New Year Chimes,  
Recur remembrances less glad and cheering.  
The Sweater's greed and the Slum-farmer's crimes  
Abide with us; is their extinction nearing?  
Fights and foul language? Read the penny Press!  
It spreads the knowledge of such things 'midst others.

Worn waifs still starve in London's strain and stress,  
Although 'tis freely owned all men are brothers.  
Red crime roves undetected, and men gloat  
Upon its records crude with zest unholy.  
Ribaldry roars from the street-ruffian's throat,  
And childhood's life is bondage melancholy.  
The devilries of Drink are rampant yet,  
The revelries of Lust leave wreck behind them,  
And eyes of ruined women still are wet  
With the hot, helpless, hopeless tears that blind them.  
Much has been done; how much remains to do!  
Yes, life in London may be sweeter, purer;  
Vice flaunts less barely in the public view,  
Comfort abounds, our highways securer.  
But People's Palaces and penny books,  
Board Schools, Blue Ribbon Armies, Children's  
Dinners,

Scarce touch the horrors of the Town's foul nooks.  
The nameless woes of greed-enraged bread-winners,  
Mammon's cheap tools worn blunt, and cast aside,  
From Bands of Hope get scant alleviation,  
Nor will the pleasures of the halfpenny ride  
Gladden the hapless victims of starvation.  
Forty years' toil in London gives a claim,  
My good MCCREE, to reverent attention,  
But there are floods of ill and swamps of shame  
In Babylon still that need the intervention  
Of larger wisdom, strength of wider scope. [ringing  
With the New Year whose chimes e'en now are  
Dawns a new day from which wise watchers hope  
The rise of better things. What is it bringing,  
This large reform with whose initial stir  
London shall soon from end to end be quickened?  
Will it wake Hope? Shall the blue eyes of her  
Cheer hearts whom Babylon's shame so long hath  
sickened?

Come, County Councillors, men of England come,  
Stint mutual charge, snap every party fetter,  
Toil for our helots in their misery dumb,  
And our huge London shall indeed grow better!





## SUGGESTIONS TO AN EDITOR.

SIR,—The idea recently started in your columns of relieving the dulness of the average English home by "Music at 'Home'" is a noble one, as all your ideas are. It is, moreover, capable of infinite extension. There are thousands of deserving organ-grinders at this moment earning a precarious existence in the streets of our Metropolis, whose solacing strains would surely be welcome to sufferers from various kinds of nervous disorders. In certain cases of paralysis and failure of muscular action, what would be more likely to rouse the invalid to instant and vigorous movement, and to call all his energies into play, than the repetition for the hundred and twentieth time of our great classic airs, "*Two Lovely Black Eyes*," or "*Queen of my Heart*"? While no home could possibly be called dull where these lively tunes were in constant course of performance by the patient and indefatigable executant.

I trust, Sir, that you will throw open your columns to receive sub-

scriptions for providing all sufferers of the classes I have named with immediate attendance from a chronic organ-grinder or German band. Any case of *ennui*, however slight, should entitle the victim to receive instant treatment. To show that my heart is in this noble cause, I inclose you a cheque for one hundred guineas, and this is not the only sacrifice I am making on behalf of this great movement, inasmuch as, when all the organ-grinders are removed to their new sphere of employment, I shall miss the constant exhilaration of their presence in the square beneath, so helpful to me in the completion of my great work, *The Key to all the Mythologies*, the twenty-seventh volume of which is now in course of publication.—Yours, &c.,

39, Muffin Bell Square.

EDWARD CASAUBON.

P.S.—If your columns are not engaged next Summer for the discussion of a more important topic, will you allow me to suggest that the "*Solar Myths*" would prove an interesting successor to, "*Is Marriage a Failure?*"



## THOUGHTS

ON GAZING AT A COOK'S TOURIST TICKET. (BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.)

How many times  
Must I, who was so obviously planned  
To boss, and thus to bless, my native  
land,  
Scuttle to other climes?

Again, and ever yet again I come—  
Whitewashed by time, by hope, by  
exile—home,  
Deeply resolved to play a game discreet,  
Sober as BACON, though with beans  
replete;  
And then what happens? Scarce do I  
begin  
To show the nobler mood that I am in—  
To prove myself a man misunderstood,  
Who, sternly great, can yet be sweetly  
good,  
Than all is lost once more! The imp  
in me,  
Seizing the very opportunity  
That should my loftier attributes  
display,  
Rises to make hay!

Hay will he make, the imp in me, of all  
My vows as home-returning Prodigal,  
My penitential oaths henceforth to be  
A Chesterfield of wise humility,  
My prudent resolutions to forgive  
And evermore in gentleness to live. [a glance  
One glimpse of ST-NE-PE—(wizen youth!)]—  
At G-SEN-N's testudinean countenance;  
SNELGROVE to meet; only to be awhile  
Involved in MARSHALL's cat-of-Cheshire smile,



And all my store of resolutions sage  
Is fired by mischief and explodes in rage.

And is it to be ever thus? Am I,  
In the full manhood and maturity  
Of genius vast, ever to be foredone  
By that survival in my mother's son,  
Her most outrageous Pickle of a boy?  
So must I fear: and, therefore, farewell joy!  
No more for me the exquisite delight  
Of flooring Dignities to left and right;

Bigwigs from place no longer meekly go,  
Obedient to my indicative toe;  
And while my wooing 's vain, 'tis vainer  
yet  
To kick my way into the Cabinet.  
Thrice have I played the terrorising  
game,  
Twice have I bolted in excess of shame;  
And now a fresh *fiasco* bids me fly  
Far from that terror to me, the mocking  
eye.  
Just one more kick at parting, and I  
pack;  
And when I do—ay, when I do come  
back,  
This gang of goitered idiots shall see  
What comes of sniggering o'er the wall  
at Me! [to say?  
But softly! Shall I go? Why, who's  
As soon as I am well upon my way,  
Some bloody news from Black Land yet  
may come  
To make me curse the hour I turned  
from home.

Go? That I will not; far too good the  
chance  
Bestowed on me by timely circumstance.  
I will remain! And why I do not go,  
Let GR-NF-LL stumble and the gang shall  
know!  
From thy resounding halls, my Paddington,  
Such lava-floods of rigateous ire shall run,  
That Greenlands smug, that Hatfield's loathly  
sties,  
Shall scorch at the reflection in the skies!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHAT is against Mr. FARJEON's clever story of *Devlin the Barber*, is its grotesque title, and its burlesque frontispiece representing the Mephistophelian hero of the tale. It seems a mistake to have given *Devlin* such a theatrically diabolic make-up, but, on the other hand, the novelist must have chuckled over the artful manner in which he has misled his readers as to the real character of the man. The plot is simple, but it is quite a *boîte à surprise*, and *Devlin the Barber* is—, well, you'll see. Read it.



Exhibiting a Strong Grasp  
of the Subject.

There is a good short article on *Pickwick* in the December number of the *Cornhill*, illustrating the hap-hazardness of genius in the matter of details. *Pickwick* was started with no idea in the author's mind except of writing up to SEYMOUR's illustrations; the story grew; the Pickwick Club practically ceased to exist after the "BILL STUMPS his mark" incident, and the Pickwickians went on a roving commission, with powers to add to their number such characters as the author chose to introduce them to. Contradictions and irreconcilable difficulties are of frequent occurrence, and yet what did it matter to the first readers, and what does it matter to us now, except as one more among the many conclusive proofs that genius—writing *currente calamo*—is above rules. *Pickwick* is immortal.

Excellent in illustration, and interesting in matter, is the Double Number for Christmas of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, especially the article on *Macbeth*, anent its revival at the Lyceum.

There is rather a De Quincey-ish article in the *Fortnightly* by OSCAR WILDE on WAINSWRIGHT, the penman, pencilman, and poisoner. When I say De Quincey-like, I mean that it reminds me of that bizarre "Essay on Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," which, with another on a certain historical character, I wish the Opium-eater had never written. Yet there is a weird fascination about DE QUINCEY's cynicism as there is about THACKERAY's detestable *Catherine*. O. W.'s article is "not too De Quincey-ish, but just De Quincey-ish enough." In the same magazine EDMUND GOSSE gives a fair enough literary criticism of ISEN's Social Dramas, but wisely does not attempt to treat them from an English practical dramatist's point of view. As we have them, not one could be placed in its entirety on the stage without wearying an audience, and I fancy not more than two would repay the trouble. Of these two *The Pillars of Society* would be one, and powerful writing (beyond mere adaptation), ingenious stage-management and

rare acting would be required to make it a success. As long as ISEN's Dramas are not placed on the English stage, they will be enthusiastically praised by a certain *clique*, who flatter themselves on knowing a great deal of everything, especially the drama. To a Manager I should say, "Trust them not, they're fooling thee. Beware! beware!" THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

## THE MOAN OF THE MONSTROSITY.

[The Islington Vestry wants to put down the public exhibitions of "giants, dwarfs, and abnormally fat women."]

PITY a poor Monstrosity! Hope's gone,  
If on our trade the Vestry works its will.  
What once was known as "Merry Islington"  
Is down upon us! 'Tis a bitter pill!  
Giants and dwarfs, fat women and the rest,  
Till now could earn a pittance—in a Show.  
But, if they treat us as a public pest,  
What shall we do, wherever shall we go?  
Inimical to public morals? Gracious!  
We never looked upon ourselves as such.  
'Tis true our pictures are not *quite* veracious,  
But then a penny is not very much.  
We never knew the Public was a sinner  
Because its coppers to our Show 'twould give;  
And then a dwarf, though small, requires some dinner,  
And e'en a Living Skeleton must live.  
Think of it, Vestrydom! Your high pomposity  
O'erlooks the piteous fate we now must dread.  
If BUMBLE had been born a poor Monstrosity,  
How, how would he have earned his daily bread?

"THE MAYER THE MERRIER" at this festive season is M. MAYER, who has revived that very comic piece, *Tricooche et Cacolet*, at the Royalty. M. MAYER has rightly *Calculated* upon its success.

A GENUINE BEAR-BACKED STEED.—The horse that carries Bruin round the Circus at Covent Garden.

THE "LOCK OUT" AT THE LYCEUM.—The omission of LOCK's music to *Macbeth*.

JODRELL THEATRE.—PATTI ROSA only a "Bob!" and, yet she is a little dear!

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### THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"YOU CAN'T GO HOME WHEN IT'S RAINING LIKE THIS. YOU'D BETTER STAY AND HAVE DINNER WITH US!"—"OH, IT'S NOT QUITE SO BAD AS THAT!"

### A PROTEST.

[There is talk in Germany of a Crusade against Socks and Stockings, as unhealthy, and a hindrance to marching.]

ABOLISH Stockings,—and at Santa Claus' time?—

The proposition really is too shocking.

Think what we'll lose in prettiness and pastime  
If we discard the stocking!

Fancy how much Society owes to hose,

Soft-woven, trimly drawn with handsome "clocking."  
No, they are trade's worst friends, and taste's worst foes,  
Who rob us of the stocking.

LEIGHTON himself, though he paints feet—such loves!—

In beauteous bareness, might esteem *this* mocking;  
Is't not proposed now to divide, like gloves,  
The five-toed Stocking?

Abolish it? Society to its base

At such a fundamental change seems rocking,  
*A bas les bas!* Nay, there's at least one race  
Won't sacrifice the Stocking.

The Teuton is a Titan in his way,

But his rough tastes for BISMARCK, bullying, "bock"-ing  
Don't qualify him in his bearish play  
To supersede the Stocking.

No, pretty girl and *bas-bleus*, artists, lovers,

In the defence of hosen will come flocking.  
They will not lose that daintiest of foot covers—  
The sex's Silken Stocking.

"MYLES AHEAD OF 'EM ALL!"—In spite of fog, frost,  
Railway Commissions, and troubles, somebody's railway  
lines do fall in pleasant places at the commencement of the  
year; and in the L. and S.E. district we read of "Nods  
and becks and wreathed Sir MYLES." Who is to be to-  
morrow Knight? And what is the L. C. & D. Chairman  
to be made? A Baronet, nothing less.

### "Follow the Flag!"

QUITE so, dear ROSEBERRY; 'tis a glorious rag;

Enthusiasm, though, must stand *expense*.

If hearts determine to defend the flag,  
Exchequers must not flag in its defence.

### DRILL AND DROLLERY.

IN *Infantry Drill, as Revised by Her Majesty's Command, 1889*, just published, there is much new and interesting matter. According to the Army Order introducing the work, signed by "WOLSELEY, A.G.," by command of His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, "the Regulations now promulgated 'are based on the principle of demanding great exactitude in the simplified movements still retained for drill, while conceding the utmost latitude to all Commanders, of however small a unit, in manoeuvre. The first must be carried out literally, the second must be observed in the spirit more than the letter.'" As to the "simplified movements still retained for drill," they seem to be quite as numerous as ever they were, and, in spite of their "simplicity," appear to be just as likely to puzzle the sucking subaltern in the present and the future as they were wont to do in the past. The "utmost latitude" matter, however, is something new, and introduces a novel principle into army organisation.

Under the heading of "Manoeuvres," the compilers of the new book have a great deal to say on the subject of tactics, and explain everything to TOMMY ATKINS most carefully. For instance, a sentry has no less than fourteen duties assigned to him, which are set forth at length. One of them is suggestive of the order given to the younger members of a family when permitted to "come down to dessert;" it runs as follows:—"His duty is to see and listen, without being seen or heard; and to report the result of his observations," the latter part, no doubt (in the case of infantry) being added by an inquisitive nurse.

Another "duty" is to learn "the names of villages, rivers, &c., in view; and the places to which roads and railways lead," which is rather suggestive of a School Board standard in Geography. The Authorities seem to fear that the sentry may become too polite and amiable (which, of course, would be unprofessional, as things military are never civil), and consequently publish for his guidance the rule, "he is to pay no compliments, nor allow anyone to distract his attention." The last regulation (which amply proves that the idea of "conceding the utmost latitude" to the smallest unit is to be carried out with the greatest possible

generosity) runs as follows:—"If attacked, he should defend himself by firing or using his bayonet, as circumstances may require."

Perhaps this "utmost latitude" has been carried rather too far in the compilation of the book itself. In dealing with "Flags of Truce" (page 292), the authors suggest "that a smart officer, conversant with the enemy's language, and of a cheerful disposition, should be selected." Surely this should have been amplified by showing how the officer should be smart, linguistic, and cheerful. To supply the omission, we give a few regulations, that can be incorporated in the next edition.

#### Duties of Officers Carrying Flags of Truce.

1. On reaching the enemy's lines, he shall take ten paces to his front, laugh heartily, to denote that he is of a cheerful disposition, and observe, *Bong jaw, jer swee onchawntay der too vaw, vooley voo preenny ung drink?*

2. He then may ask a riddle, and, if possible, should stand upon his head, or perform some other feat of skill calculated to impress the enemy with a sense of his liveliness.

3. If brought before the enemy's Commander-in-Chief, he should approach him by the side (or closing) step, and thump him suddenly on his back when his attention is attracted in another direction.

4. He should, when ordered for instant execution, if possible, escape, with the assistance of the paraphernalia of the vanishing lady illusion—a trick with which he should have made himself thoroughly familiar before entering upon his hazardous undertaking.

The compilers themselves seem to be of a "cheerful disposition," as they suggest to the officer bearing the flag of truce, and his trumpeter, that "they should not retire until satisfied, after being persistently fired at, that they have been seen by the enemy, and that he will not receive them." This touch of waggery proves the whole world (inclusive of "GEORGE, Ranger," and "WOLSELEY") kin!

To sum up, *Infantry Drill* will be found as amusing in times of peace as it is to be hoped it will prove as valuable in the hour of war. As the Adjutant-General and His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief would no doubt humorously observe, as a proof of their "cheerful disposition," "It is a Red Book that should be read!"



## MARIUS-SHAW AMIDST THE RUINS OF LONDON.

A VISION OF A POSSIBLE FUTURE.



A VISION—yes, but it should seem  
A dream which is not all a dream.  
Our firemen are no dreamers;  
But this may come if we're so rash  
As stint them of support and cash,  
And fire-escapes, and steamers.

Our MARIUS warns us in good time,  
And not to heed him were a crime  
For which the town would suffer.  
The Citizen who would not aid  
SHAW and his gallant Fire Brigade  
Must be an arrant duffer.

Let every man read SHAW's Report;  
'Twill give him knowledge of a sort  
That wisdom will find well met.  
London's Palladium it must strike  
The slowest wit is wondrous like  
A Fireman's brazen helmet.

And if the time should come, oh Cits!  
When SHAW, another MARIUS, sits  
'Midst London's blackened cinders,  
You will not dare to blame him much,  
For it is really he who such  
A consummation hinders.

THE Sugar Syndicate appears to have collapsed. Is this because the Promoters have been in want of a Lump Sum?

## MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

WE have before mentioned Dr. MACKENZIE's coming work, *Jubal's Lyre*, about which there are naturally many stories. JUBAL's Lyre was the biggest Lyre anywhere in ancient times. Its notes were all false, it was such a Lyre. A fragment of one of the principal songs we are enabled to give to the public, though warning them that we have it straight from JUBAL's Lyre, and therefore the information must be taken *cum grano*!—

SOLO.

Oh, had I JUBAL's Lyre,  
Or TUBAL's big bassoon,  
If either I could hire  
Just for an afternoon,  
I'd play such lively measures,  
The neighbours all would cease

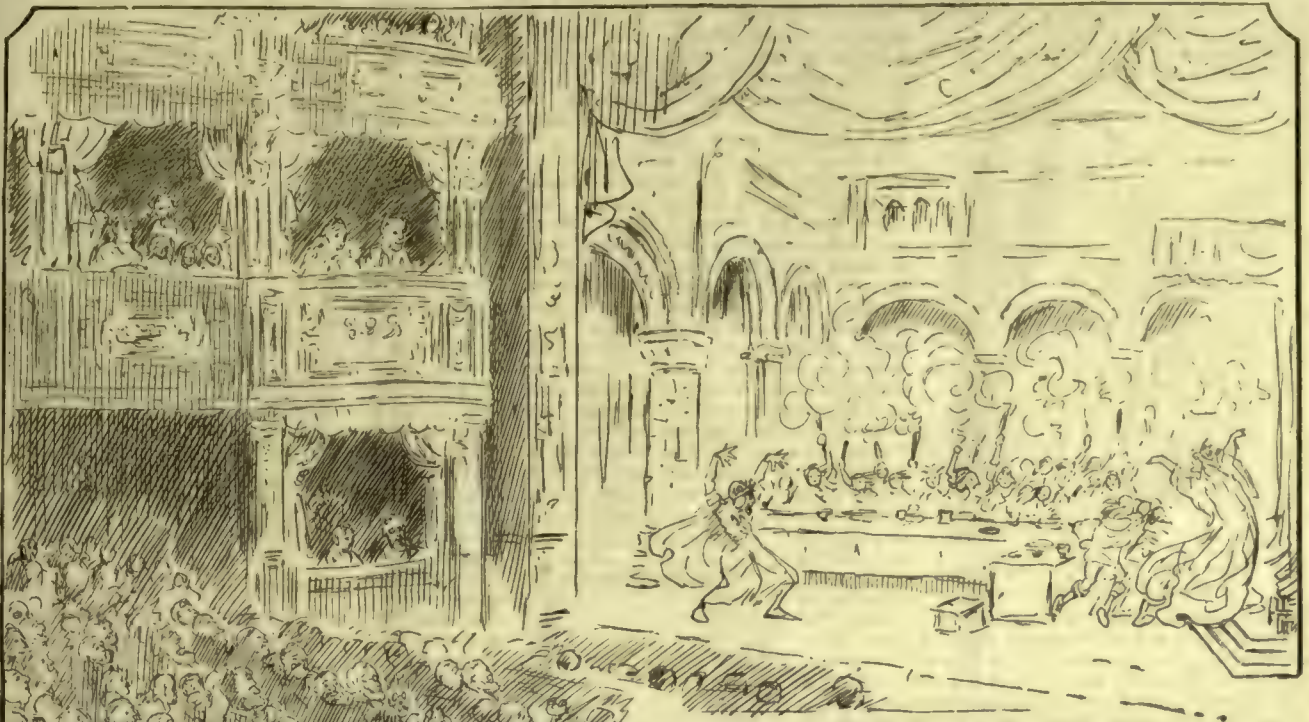
Their business or their pleasures,  
And send for the police.  
I have no coin to hire—  
To neighbours 'tis a boon—  
Our old friend JUBAL's Lyre,  
Nor TUBAL's big bassoon.

OLD SAW RE-SET FOR ENGLISH PUBLISHERS OF CHRISTMAS CARDS, &c.—“They manage these things much better in—Germany.”

FROM NORTHERN LATITUDES.—The Colonel's Fancy Dress Ball at the Métropole, last Friday, was a grand affair. The guests danced and supped at keep-it-up-all-night-rate.



## SHAKSPEARE IN TOWN.



## A NIGHT WI' MACBETH.

MACBETH'S character is defined in his wife's taunt, 'infirm of purpose.' She knew him; and all that he lacked she possessed, and much more besides. Mr. IRVING'S *Macbeth* is, as it seems to me, admirable. There is only one point where I am sure he is wrong, and that is at the very outset of his stage career—I mean, when he first enters. Instead of marching on as the victorious Chieftain, to whom any achievement *vi et armis* is possible, he comes on as though he were brooding over a defeat.

His first few words should be delivered in a cheery tone to *Banquo*, "So foul and fair a day I ne'er have met." This is the grim pleasantry of a Scotchman on the state of the weather, which is more than usually "soft," even for Scotland. His wife has told him he ought to be this, he ought to be that, and so forth, and he has begun to think that prowess such as his could achieve anything. But to murder *Duncan*—to knock the King on his head for the sake of his crown—this has never crossed his brain until the three Witches—out for a lark, mind you, and disobeying *Hecate's* orders—suggest it to him. But *Macbeth* has a great personal

regard for *Duncan*, and, if it hadn't been for his wife, he would not have hurt a hair of the old King's head, though he might have managed to pick a quarrel with *Malcolm* and *Donaldbain*, and have settled the pair of them in fair and open combat; and, indeed, to settle the Prince of Cumberland is the first step that occurs to muddle-headed *Macbeth* at this early stage of his "criminal procedure."

*A propos* of the Witches, why is *Hecate's* scene in the Third Act omitted? In this the Queen of the Witches gives *Macbeth's* character as "a wayward son, spiteful and wrathful," and then she foreshadows what by prearrangement the answers of the Spirits in the Cauldron Scene are to be, and how they are to urge this "wayward son," this man "infirm of purpose," to be "bloody, bold and resolute;" to assure him beyond doubt of his bearing a charmed life, and so to make him "spurn fate" and "scorn death." If he were "bloody, bold and resolute" by nature, to what end do the Witches take all this trouble to make him so? No: *Macbeth* is just what Mr. IRVING shows him to be, what his deuce of a wife and *Hecate* know him to be, and, in my humble opinion, what SHAKSPEARE meant him to be.

Miss ELLEN TERRY'S reasoning about her impersonation of *Lady Macbeth* seems to me to have been this:—"The grim gaunt female, the awful Tragedy Queen with whom we have been accustomed to associate *Lady Macbeth*, could never have been the woman to whom *Macbeth* was so devoted that he writes to her whenever he has a moment's leisure, a letter, not of commonplaces, but revealing the innermost thoughts of his heart, and whom in his most playful moments, when trying to resemble her in masking his murderous design under a gay aspect, he styles 'dearest chuck.' Surely an interiorly fixed, firm, and deadly purpose is compatible with a fascinating exterior; if not, what becomes of our historic traitresses and murderesses, our DEILLANS, LUCREZIAS, our Marchioness de BRINVILLIERS, and many



Is this the Wicked Uncle dragging away one of the Babes to be killed? No, it is only *Macbeth* bringing on Sir Arthur Sullivan to receive the congratulations of the Audience.



others who would not have been so terrible had they not been so fascinating? These, to the men they deceived, and to the man to



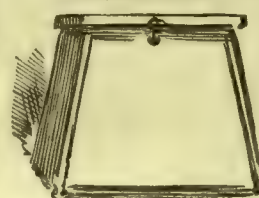
This is the Lady Macbeth, "The Dearest Chuck" of the past.

kind permission, kiss his charming wife under the mistletoe. But a horror-struck, nervous Lady Macbeth, listening for the result of her husband's murderous visit to Duncan's bed-room is not SHAKESPEARE'S Lady Macbeth, but Lady Macbeth Terry-fied.

Miss TERRY strikes a note of tenderness on which she fondly dwells when she describes Duncan's resemblance to her father as being the sole reason why she did not kill him as he slept. But the real Lady Mac-

beth, soliloquising, would have despised herself for this momentary weakness. As for the Sleep-walking Scene—I was not in the least impressed by it. Now there was just one scene that Madame RISTORI could play to perfection, and that was the Sleep-walking Scene. Never have I seen anything like it. I can never forget it. It was simply awful. We were looking on a dying woman, and, therefore, were not unprepared for the intelligence of her decease, which so immediately follows this our last view of Lady Macbeth on earth.

Miss TERRY looked the "dearest chuck" to the life, and personally I should say men would be sooner led to the commission of crime by a Syren than driven to it by a Gorgon. Miss TERRY is probably



This is the Trick Seat at the Banquet.



This is the "Dearest Chuck" of the present. she must be the tiger-cat as well as the purring domestic cat; and when alone the tiger-cat only. Velvet and iron is Lady Macbeth.

For the *mise-en-scène* there can be but a chorus of unanimous praise, except for the Ghost Scene. This, I have heard, has since been altered. I intend to see the revival again, as I am sure do many others; but, *en attendant*, I offer a practical suggestion for improving the Banquo Ghost trick.



Spring released. Sudden appearance of "blood-boltered Banquo."

But the revival offers so many opportunities for suggestions, that I must resume the subject as soon as possible, when I hope to give more attention to the three classical Weird Sisters, ALEXANDER MACDUFF, WENMAN BANQUO, and the Scenic Artists, all of whom contribute to make the production what it is, an unprecedented success.

"Merry Wives" at the Haymarket, charmingly placed on the stage, but I do not think SHAKESPEARE would be best pleased at the omission of the "Budget" and "Mum" intrigue, which makes the last part of the play unintelligible. Mr. KEMBLE as Dr. Caius, and Mr. RIGHTON as Sir Hugh Evans, are capital, but it is yet open to them to make their comic combat still more comic by introducing some of the business of "The Two Macs," which is of quite an Elizabethan character, and would have enraptured the Queen at whose royal command this farcical comedy was written and acted. Also the verses sung by Dr. Caius might be brought up to date with a few topical allusions.



Macbeth rushes up, presses down lid, and sits on it, "Why, being gone, I am a man again!"

What a Frenchman of the Sixteenth Century was like, a Nineteenth Century audience has the same opportunities of knowing as a Nineteenth Century actor. But I should say that he would be rather more Frenchified in accent and gesture than Mr. KEMBLE makes him. I have rarely seen Mr. RIGHTON to greater advantage than as Sir Hugh Evans.

Mr. BROOKFIELD looked Master Slender to the life, but, after all his "Oh, Sweet Anne Page," is a monotonous iteration which would irritate an audience if it were not traditionally accepted as the subtle humour of a Shakspearian classic. It seems a difficult task to make anything of this part, except in the scenes with Sweet Anne herself.

Mrs. TREE as Sweet Anne is far too melancholy. It is more Ophelia than Anne Page, especially in the last Act, when she enters dressed all in white singing a sad ditty, and might be Ophelia on her way to the pond, or Joan of Arc going to execution, instead of a sprightly young lady, pretty aly too, about to take part in a merry



practical joke, and determined to run away with the man she loves, by way of a little practical joke on her own account.

Mr. VOLLAIRE did justice to *Justice Shallow*. But the life and soul of these low-comedy scenes, entering thoroughly into the spirit of it all, was that thorough Shakspearian droll, Mr. LIONEL BROUGH. As *Mine Host* of "The Garter" he is simply inimitable. The Play, as performed at the Haymarket, is well worth seeing, if only on account of LIONEL BROUGH's *Mine Host*, and the thoroughly "merry" *Mistress Page* of Miss ROSE LECLERCQ.

And last, but certainly not least, when padding is taken into consideration, is Mr. TREE's *Falstaff*. In everything that Mr. TREE has hitherto undertaken there is evidence of considerable care and cleverness. To play *Captain Swift* by night and *Falstaff* by day is a memorable feat in histrionics. In the one, nature assists art, in the other, the actor has to rely upon his art alone, for nature is dead against him. That, in the process of evolution, he may extricate himself from the costumer's upholstery of padding, release himself

from various other difficulties of his own creation, and become at some future time the second-rate *Falstaff* that SHAKESPEARE drew in this second-rate comedy, I am not in a position to deny; but that he is not even this second-rate *Falstaff* at the present moment I can conscientiously assert. Mr. TREE is no more physically fitted for *Falstaff* than he is for Hercules, and, keen as may be his perception of the humour of the fat old reprobate, he gives no evidence of it from the first scene to the last of his impersonation. Of course it interests all playgoers, as a matter of curiosity, to see what thin, adroit, quiet Mr. TREE will make of fat, broad, boisterous *Falstaff*. In the incongruity of the impersonation lies its chief attraction.

Then, as to costume, why did not he adopt the perfect and picturesque costume designed by JOHN TENNIEL for MARK LEMON when he appeared in the part? As far as appearance went, MARK LEMON was a model *Falstaff*, whereas Mr. TREE's *Falstaff* looks like an obese, weak-kneed, overgrown Pantaloon.

I very much doubt whether there be anyone now on the stage who can play *Falstaff*, for if an actor be physically unfitted for the part, the necessity for padding, and the assumption of a hoarse sack-and-fog voice, and of a roar instead of a laugh to match, are enough to stifle any really humorous conception. At present Mr. TREE doesn't give himself a chance, so I must give him one, and see him again.

JACK IN THE BOX.

## AN "EVENING OUT;" OR, SOCIAL GOSSIP À LA MODE.

ONE of the most pleasant and startling parties which has been given during the present winter season took place on Tuesday evening last at the charming residence of Mrs. G. W. SMITHKINS, at Polydore Gardens. The rooms which had been tastefully decorated with a dozen penny coloured lamps presented a most *recherché* and fascinating appearance, and everything, from the taking of the hats by the disguised Greengrocer down to the music which was supplied by an itinerant street Cornet, was provided for on that scale of luxurious abandon for which the delightful premises in question are so well-known. The place was crowded with pretty faces, and the dresses of some of the smart people who came in shoals were quite remarkable.

Mrs. BOLDERINO, in a damson *redingote*, trimmed with pompons of *pommes de terre au naturel* looked majestic, accompanied by her charming daughter whose sympathetic simper was tastefully set off by a tea-green calico *Directoire* gown, *chiffonné* with *Pompadours aux points d'Asperges*. Mrs. OTTO VON STUMP was dressed in a yellow cotton velvet brocade, relieved by *dentelles d'imitation de Norwich*, and from head to foot literally blazed with paste. Miss WITHERSKIN wore a simple arrangement of white *tulle*, but with her magnificent auburn wig and *parure* of sham emeralds, she created quite a flutter of admiring consternation wherever she went.

Much of the success of the entertainment was due to the indefatigable efforts of the amiable host, who, in a suit of dress clothes hired for the evening, was specially active in the supper-room in his endeavours to induce his guests to swallow the champagne provided for the occasion, which was "Jorson & Co.'s *Cuvée Réserve*, 1888," and cost twenty shillings a dozen.

The feature of the evening was, however, unquestionably the *cotillon*, and the evidently pleasurable surprise evinced by all on the production of the presents, which consisted of cocked-hats for the gentlemen and fans for the ladies, made from back numbers of the *Daily Telegraph*, must have more than satisfied the genial hostess that she had succeeded in not only amusing but in fairly astonishing her guests. The somewhat familiar attentions of a drunken linkman, who volunteered his services at the conclusion of the party, invested the departure from it with a lively character, that cannot fail to have impressed the minds of the invited with the fact that they had assisted at an altogether unique and exceptional entertainment.

## Q. E. D.

MORE Naval Demonstrations? Rival cants  
Should hush, and rival squabblers cry *peccavi*!  
The Naval Demonstration England wants,  
Is demonstration that she has a Navy.

## A LAST WORD.

"By Jove," Sir ROBERT shouts in wrath, "thus calmly you insult us!  
Well, mark me, though a MORIEL, *non moriar inultus*!"

## ALL ROUND MY HAT.

(By a Sufferer.)

TAKE it in front,  
in rear, askew,  
Perspectively,  
by bird's-eye  
view,  
Afar or near,  
It really matters  
not a jot,  
'Tis an abortion  
and a blot,  
A shape of  
fear,  
Incarnate ugliness,  
bald,  
tasteless, flat,  
My stove-pipe  
hat!

A rigid cylinder  
that engirts  
My cranium  
close, and heats,  
and hurts  
My head most  
frightfully.

It cuts, it chafes, it raises lumps,  
Each vein beneath it throbs and thumps  
Fiercely and spitefully.  
An Incubus of woe, and yet I wear it  
And grin and bear it.



Its pipy structure, black and hollow,  
Would make a guy of bright Apollo,  
Clapt on his crown.

It takes one's top-locks clean away,  
And turns the scanty remnant grey,  
Once thick and brown.  
And oh! how terrible its torrid tether  
In sultry weather!

Ever the same, though fashion's whim  
Wide-ball the body, curl the brim,  
Or more or less;

Play little tricks with shape or size,  
And Yankeeify or Quakerise  
Design or dress, [or that,  
Long, short, broad, narrow, curled this way  
'Tis still a hat!

Comfort? Had Tantalus once been tiled  
At other torments he had smiled.

Pray don't suppose  
Adjusted with posterior rake,  
Or tilted till the brim shall take  
Bark from your nose,  
Perched jauntily aside which way you please,  
'Twill give you ease.

Tight-jammed 'tis apoplexy, loose  
'Tis wind-dislodged and you a goose  
In muddy chase.

Direct negation altogether,  
At any time, in any weather,  
Of ease and grace  
Is that curst aggravation of man's lot,  
The Chimney-Pot!

Mad as a hatter? Pooh, what's that?  
Mad as the wearer of a hat

Conveys some meaning,  
As any victim can avouch.

The three hats on a Houndsditch smouch  
Like Pisa leaning  
Is the most subtle satire on the insanity  
Of tiled humanity.

ATTENTION!—Our cavalry establishment appears to be in a tolerably lively and hopeful condition, there being several thousand horses short of the required number, and as a consequence, six or seven regiments able to show a muster-roll of at least two or three hundred troopers apiece who have provided for them no mounts whatever. In this dilemma the Authorities appear to have applied to a tramcar company, but whether with a view to utilising the vehicles or the horses,—the former would seem the more likely under the circumstances,—is not distinctly stated. It would be interesting to follow the drill of a horseless trooper. What does he do? Mount behind a comrade as a sort of reserve,—or what? Yet it must be clear that a lancer on foot, in a real battle, would be very much at sea! Talk of manoeuvres for "Mounted Infantry," indeed! What evidently is wanted is a field hand-book for the instruction of our "Dismounted Cavalry!"





## LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'INSTRUIT.

(Mrs. Professor Borax at Home. Conversazione.)

Young Masham (to Hostess). "A—A—HOW D'YE DO?—A"—(glances round the room)—"A—M—A—GOOD-BYE!"

[Exit.]

## IS IT PEACE?

"It is with the greatest satisfaction that I state my belief that for this year also peace is assured."—*King Humbert at the Quirinal on New Year's Day.* "I... hope that with this alliance (of the Central European Powers), and in view of the fact that there is now no State in Europe which absolutely desires war, we shall succeed in preserving this year also the blessings of peace."—*M. Tisza, to the Liberal Party in the Hungarian Diet, on January 1.*

PEACE! Is it Peace? The New Year chimes  
Ring mellow music round the earth.  
'Midst Party strife, class feuds, foul crimes,  
The Peoples snatch some hours for mirth;  
And hand meets hand in greeting glad,  
Princes and Premiers smile and glose;  
And who so sour, so cynic-sad,  
As seek the thorns beneath the rose?  
Yet who is it that meets us here  
Upon the threshold of the year?

Peace! Know we not that placid face,  
Those flowing robes, those trailing wings?  
Is it not she whose gentle grace  
The Monarch lauds, the Minstrel sings?  
Credentials hers from Court and Camp:  
The firm and faithful friend of all.  
Who hears the legions' mailed tramp?  
The music of her soft footfall  
Drowns in men's ears the war-hosts' hum,  
The blare of trumpet, the throb of drum.

Who loves her not, who doth not laud?  
Truculent Kaiser, braggart Chief,  
All bow before her, and applaud  
The bearer of the olive leaf.

The very ravens chorus loud

In praise of her snow-plumaged dove.  
Sweet Peace! She must be truly proud  
Of such strong proofs of general love.  
Potentates pass, and statesmen stray,  
But hers is undisputed sway.

Look closer! In one forward hand  
She holdeth forth the olive wreath,  
But—is't Bellona's biting brand  
The other grips, though set in sheath?  
And those white wings, their plumes a-point,  
Look lethal at a nearer view.  
Surely the times are out of joint,  
Surely men's aims are all askew,  
When she, who boasts such conquering charms,  
Like other conquerors, takes to arms.

Not shepherd DAVID's sling and stone,  
But grim GOLIATH's panoply  
The form, the raiment seem her own;  
But sure her best-loved bird might flee  
From that soft hand set to the hilt,  
Those pinions so unlike the dove's.  
Whose is the burden, whose the guilt,  
That Peace, whom every Emperor loves—  
In perorations—fronts our eyes  
In so equivocal a guise?

Do they equip her thus, her friends  
Who sing her praise in strains so loud?  
Whither is it her way she wends,  
With face so pale and step so proud?  
What friend is it of hers who thinks  
To mail her as for stricken fields?  
When, like TARPEIA, down she sinks  
Crushed by the burden of your shields,  
Then will your hollow peans cease,  
Loud hymnners of an armed Peace?

## MEMS. FOR A COUNTY COUNCILLOR.

1. To make it quite plain in my Manifesto—  
A—That I have nothing particular to do, and am a personage of independent means, and, consequently, of some social importance. B—That I have never had a relative in the Vestry. C—Nor had any dealings with the Board of Works. D—And that my wife is second cousin twice removed to Lord FOODLE.
2. To buy some cheap popular handbook dealing with the Poor Law and that sort of thing, and endeavour to make head or tail of it.
3. To have a ride somewhere on a steam-roller, and try and pick up something about it from the stoker.
4. To visit the Workhouse, get a lot of statistics from the Master, and a recipe for making water-gruel.
5. To go in for understanding "Drainage," and perhaps ask the Sanitary Inspector to lunch.
6. To get up the "Coal Dues," have them at my fingers' ends, and be in a position to floor the other side when I have made up my mind which one I am going to take myself.
7. To acquaint myself with the law as it relates to the "Freeholder" and "Leaseholder," and, when I have mastered the subject, toss up to see which I mean to go for.
8. To take private lessons in Elocution, with a view to future performances on the public platform; and meantime to comport myself with dignity, urbanity, and a general condescension of manner, as befits the status and character of a candidate for the position of a London County Councillor.





PEACE (P). 1889.

“ — WITH A HAND AGAINST THE HILT,  
WILL PACE THE TROUBLED LAND—*LIKE PEACE* ” !—TENNYSON.







## THE GRAND OLD "MANDOLINIST."



ATR—"Mandolinata."

OH, this is really prime!  
My soul it buoys and braces.  
Ah, tinkle-tum-tink!  
I verily think  
'Tis better than "Camp Town Races."

The Banjo, after all,  
With the Mandolin's not in it.  
Ri-tootle-tum tay!  
I've mastered the way,  
Or shall do in a minute.

Though Irish songs of late  
Have been my vocal staples,  
'Tis fun to essay  
An Italian lay  
By the beautiful Bay of Naples.

'Tis chilly, of course, but dull,  
For the Irish Vote to angle.  
'Tis much better sport  
Naples' charmers to court,  
With the Mandolin's soft twingle-twangle.

A *Bella di Napoli*  
Is not a Hibernian beauty,  
But to serenade  
An Italian maid  
Is a change from more arduous duty.

To thrum Ould Erin's harp  
My business may be to-morrow;  
Meanwhile I may win  
From the sweet Mandolin  
Some present relief from sorrow.  
My fingering's really fine,  
Rum-tinkle-tum-tinkle-tink!  
Italian eyes  
Are quite a surprise,  
Like the stars in their skies they twinkle.  
"See Naples and die," they say;  
But that is irrelevant—very.  
'Tis late to begin  
On the Mandolin,  
But at least I may rest and make merry.

OLD MASTERS' COLLECTION ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER SHOW.—A sporting farmer came out of Burlington House very wroth. He demanded his shilling back again. "Pictures of Old Masters!" he exclaimed, "why there isn't a single picture of any Old Master as I've ever heard of! There isn't even an Old Master of Harriers among 'em!"

RECORD OF THE LAST DAY OF 1888 IN LONDON.—"Black Monday." Impenetrable Fog.

## TO A MALE SCOLD.

OH! GOLDWIN SMITH, great GOLDWIN SMITH,  
Who set such store by manly pith,  
You have a most effeminate fashion  
Of getting in a towering passion!  
Your last attack's a regular rough rage  
Excited by that Female Suffrage  
Which SALISBURY, a solid person,  
Can look without a shriek or curse on.  
I seem to see your angry jaw set  
Against the pleas of Mrs. FAWCETT.  
You will not yield to she-seductions,  
But set your back up, and raise ructions.  
But, gracious goodness, GOLDWIN, you  
Are *always* in a phillaloo.  
Since you took quarters with the Yankee,  
Your temper has been getting cranky;  
You bounce, and flounce, and pounce, and  
trounce,  
Almost all men—and things—denounce.  
You're always game to "drink up Esil;"  
GLADSTONE was bad enough, but CECIL  
Is really worse, so far to dote,  
As to espouse the Female Vote.  
It may, or it may not, a hold win  
Upon the land, but oh! my GOLDWIN,  
Your tantrums—there's no other word—  
Are just a trifle too absurd.  
The way in which you whirl and twirl  
Reminds one of an angry girl;  
Not of a man composed and bold.  
Women you flout?—then do not scold;  
For that is quite a woman's way,  
And imitating her won't pay.  
It surely is not wise for you,  
Great virile sage, to play the shrew.  
'Twill spike your guns, silence your battery;  
For imitation is mere flattery.  
So GOODY—I mean GOLDWIN—please  
To moderate your ecstasies  
Of anger, lest the feebler sex,  
Whose aims your manly soul so vex,  
Should think you share—wildest of notions!—  
Their "irresponsible emotions."

## THE HORRORS OF EVICTION.

WE are sometimes assured that the heart-rending accounts we read of the scenes that take place at Irish evictions are purposely exaggerated. But a report, furnished a few days since to the *Daily Telegraph* by one of its correspondents, has an indubitable ring of truth about it, while it contains one paragraph in particular which no Englishman, be he Unionist or Separatist, can read without a blush of shame, a tingling wonder that such things can be. The eviction occurred on the Olphert estate, at a place called (not inappropriately) Bedlam, and, in attempting to overcome the gallant tenant, we are told that a Policeman was injured by a pitchfork in the lip and leg. This is as it should be—but mark what follows:—"The ugliest wound he received," says the telegram calmly, "was a gash on the back of the head, which, it was asserted, was thrown at the inmates of the house by an Emergency Man, a view shared by the Police." Will not DR. TANNER or MR. CONYBEARE demand the name of that Emergency Man when the House reassembles for its duties? Are Emergency Men to be permitted to throw "ugly wounds," or "gashes," or even "the backs of their heads" at the devoted inmates of Irish homesteads with impunity?—and is this a view shared by that "effeminate Nero," MR. BALFOUR, as well as by the Police? The country has a right to know whether such things are done, and will continue to be done in its name. Mr. Punch is very sure that neither NICHOLAS of Russia, nor King BOMBA himself, was ever guilty of such incredible atrocities, and he still hopes that the account may prove to be inaccurate in some of its details.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THOUGH the sketches from *A Tour through Holland and Germany*, by Messrs. MAHAFFY AND ROGERS, and brought out by Messrs. MACMILLAN, are not within measurable distance of Messrs. BROUGHTON AND ABBEY's tour in Dutchland—which was full of Broughton-and-“Abbey Thoughts”—yet it is an interesting book, if not a particularly amusing one. Mr. LOFTIE's *Kensington*, published by FIELD AND TUEB, is a charming work. It is the Queen's Christmas book par excellence, for on the first page I read, “By Command!” and “Dedicated to Her Majesty the QUEEN,” which are indeed LOFTIE phrases. Would that the historian had not been so intensely serious, or that the QUEEN had seen fit to “command” some light comedy pen and pencil to assist Mr. LOFTIE in his work. A little ‘umble wit and light-heartedness would have relieved the letterpress of its dry guide-book tone. Instead of *Kensington*, by LOFTIE only, I should have liked to have seen *Kensington*, by Loftie and Lowly. Then, as the acrobats used to express it, we should have had an entertainment of “ground and lofty tumbling.”

I don't particularly care for *Lady Bluebeard*—not the book itself (BLACKWOOD), but the lady who flits through Persia and its pages, and gives the story its name. The author is apparently genuinely in love with her; but she strikes one who has never looked into her “sad grey eyes,” or “kissed her in the moonlight just before we sighted Bombay,” as a trifle ill-bred, and disagreeably self-conscious. Bear with the heroine, and the rest of the book is delightful—not in quite a new way, because it recalls *Eothen*, but in a combination of new ways, because, with memories of KINGLAKE before he took to history, there are in the book flashing touches reminiscent of GEORGE MEREDITH. The scenes are fresh, and described with skilful pen. Bagdad, Bussora, Bushire, the Persian Gulf, the Gulf of Oman, Muscat, and so on to Bombay, sighted under the soothing circumstances already noted. After Bombay, Baroda is visited, and in the description of the *fêtes* given by the GAEKWAR the anonymous author equals any chapter in *Eothen*. Apart from pictures of unfamiliar tracks on the way to India, the pages sparkle with shrewd observation and quaint conceits. The book is accredited to “the Author of *Zit and Zoe*,” a little story reprinted from *Blackwood* two or three years ago, which made its mark as something really fresh. *Lady Bluebeard* is better still. BARON DE BOOK WORMS.



## “IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?”

Doctor. “AND WHAT IS YOUR OCCUPATION?”

Rustic Patient. “I’M A MARRIED MAN, SIR,—I’M——”!

## LOWERING THE STANDARD.

IN the New Year's Day Number of the *Standard* there appeared a remarkable article on the English Drama in general, and the Shakspearian revival of *Macbeth* in particular, worthy of the good old Gamp and Harris days, but not quite up to the *Standard* of more recent date. From among the number of clever things written by this anonymous genius, we quote the following superb passage:—

“If SHAKESPEARE's *Macbeth* is not like Mr. IRVING's, so much the worse for SHAKESPEARE's *Macbeth*; and if we cannot conceive *Lady Macbeth* having been such as Miss ELLEN TERRY represents her, whose fault is that?”

“So much the worse for SHAKESPEARE's *Macbeth*!” In old days *Mrs. Gamp* would have chuckled over this, and exclaimed, admiringly, “Why, drat the bragian boldness of the boy!”

A little further on, this genius, who clearly knows all about the stage, states his opinion that could SHAKESPEARE have foreseen the triumphs of HENRY IRVING and ELLEN TERRY, he would have written *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* to suit their “special gifts.”

Then he says, speaking evidently from his own personal and peculiar knowledge—

“Why, what is the very basis, system, method, and almost universal practice of play-writing for the English stage? Does a dramatist conceive and write his play, and then take it to a Manager and say, ‘There is my piece; please act it?’ No doubt some persons are so unsophisticated as to do so; but they are soon undeceived as to the chances of its being produced. The very opposite process takes place. ‘Write me a play,’ says a Manager, ‘and in it there must be a part for me, a part for so-and-so, another part for so-and-so, and then the rest of the piece may take care of itself.’ In a word, the play is written to suit the physique, personality, peculiarities, and special gifts of the actor or actress; which saves the actor or actress a great deal of trouble, and ensures the production of the piece.”

From the above quotations it will be at once seen what sort of a genius the writer of this article is. Clearly a disappointed Dramatist, one of The Rejected, who, with his blank-verse Tragedy in Five Acts under his arm, went to a Manager,—to any number of Managers, probably, one after the other,—and said, “There is my piece: please act it.” To whom the Manager courteously replied, after a careful perusal of the first ten pages, “There is your play: please take it away.”

No wonder this Rejected Dramatist speaks with so much intimate knowledge of how plays are produced, and speaks so feelingly on the “decline of the Drama,” the Drama in question being his own, which was “declined with thanks.” But can't this genius take heart of grace, give up the leader-writing (a great loss to the public, and some, perhaps, to himself), and write a Drama to suit HENRY and ELLEN, or a farce for JOHNNIE TOOLE, or a comedy for the KENDALS, or a domestic drama for TERRY, or a melodrama to suit the “special gifts” of TERRISS and Miss NETHERSOLE, or a burlesque for the “special gifts” of ARTHUR ROBERTS and VANONI? Let him do any one, or all, of these,—he has only to call on the several Managers for orders, and we sincerely wish he may get them (as no doubt he will, of one sort, where the business is not particularly flourishing) and though we shall miss his contributions to the *Standard*, yet we shall console ourselves by knowing that the English stage will be in due time enriched by the work of a Dramatic Genius whose light had been so long hidden under a bushel of journalistic prose.

THE LATEST FROM EGYPT.—People are asking whether the Government intend to let the flame of rebellion die out at Suakin. Apparently not, for it seems they have again installed a *Kitchener* on the spot.





*Little Miss Parliament's  
Dream of her  
Twelfth-night  
Characters*

*For  
Little  
Hales.*

#### THE BIZZY-BODIES OF BERLIN.

- Bizzy Senior.** HERBERT, how goes it? Bravely, I'll be bound.  
**Bizzy Junior.** If I'm a bull-dog, you're at least a terrier.  
**Bizzy Senior.** Splendidly! I am snubbing them all round.  
**Bizzy Senior.** The more the Morier—I mean the merrier!  
**Cologne Gazette.** I see you are a chip of the old block.  
**Bizzy Junior.** Haha! I'll make a note of that remark.  
**Bizzy Junior.** Conventions diplomatic it may shock,  
 But I, like my great sire, am stern and stark.  
**Cologne Gazette.** Sir ROBERT's sharp stand-and-deliver fashion  
 Must be rebuffed at once, that's very plain.  
**Cologne Gazette.** Lovely! Sir ROBERT will be in a passion.  
 Some use at last in that poor wretch, BAZAINE!

- Bizzy Senior.** How did it come about, my gallant son?  
**Bizzy Junior.** Oh! in the genuine old gossip's way—  
 In "I says, he says, they said!" Splendid fun!  
**Bizzy Senior.** Fancy Sir ROBERT caring *what* they say!  
**Cologne Gazette.** Oh, yes, that's mighty fine; but without fuss,  
 Lies, and thin skins, what would become of *Us*?

CELESTIAL POETRY.—A versified decree of toleration towards Missionaries proclaimed by the Chief Magistrate of Lu-ngan-Fu concludes with the following deep, if doggerel, couplet:—

"Each religion exhorts people to be good.  
 The words of some are easy, of others difficult to be understood."

Reason and Rhyme.



## THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

December 17.—As I open my scribbling Diary I find the words "Oxford Michaelmas Term ends." Why this should induce me to indulge in retrospective I don't know, but it does. The last few weeks of my Diary are of minimum interest. The breaking-off of the engagement between LUPIN and DAISY MUTLAR has made him a different being, and CARRIE a rather depressing companion. She was a little dull last Saturday, and I thought to cheer her up by reading some extracts from my Diary, but she walked out of the room in the middle of the reading without a word. On her return I said, "Did my Diary bore you, darling?" She replied, to my surprise, "I really wasn't listening, dear. I was obliged to leave to give instructions to the laundress. In consequence of some stuff she puts in the water, two more of LUPIN's coloured shirts have run, and he says he won't wear them." I said, "Everything is LUPIN."



It's all LUPIN, LUPIN, LUPIN. There was not a single button on my shirt yesterday, but I made no complaint." CARRIE simply replied, "You should do as all other men do, and wear studs. In fact I never saw anyone but you wear buttons on the shirt-fronts." I said, "I certainly wore none yesterday, for there were none on." Another thought that strikes me is that GOWING seldom calls in the evening, and CUMMINGS never does. I fear they don't get on well with LUPIN.

December 18.—Yesterday I was in a retrospective vein—to-day it is prospective. I see nothing but clouds, clouds, clouds. LUPIN is perfectly intolerable over the DAISY MUTLAR business. He won't say what is the cause of the breach. He is evidently condemning her conduct, and yet, if we venture to agree with him, says he won't hear a word against her. So what is one to do? Another thing which is disappointing to me is, that CARRIE and LUPIN take no interest whatever in my Diary. I broached the subject at the breakfast-table to-day. I said, "I was in hopes that, if anything ever happened to me, the Diary will be an endless source of pleasure to you both, to say nothing of the chance of the remuneration which may accrue from its being published." Both CARRIE and LUPIN burst out laughing. CARRIE was sorry for this, I could see, for she said, "I did not mean to be rude, dear CHARLIE, but truly I do not think your Diary would sufficiently interest the public, to be taken up by a publisher." I replied, "I am sure it would prove quite as interesting as some of the ridiculous reminiscences that have been published lately. Besides, it's the Diary that makes the man. Where would EVELYN and PEPYS have been if it had not been for their Diaries?" CARRIE said I was quite a philosopher; but LUPIN, in a jeering tone, said, "If it had been written on larger paper, Guv, we might get a fair price from a buttermilk for it." As I am in the prospective vein, I vow the end of this year will see the end of my Diary.

December 19.—The annual invitation came to spend Christmas with CARRIE's mother. The usual family festive gathering to which we always look forward. LUPIN declined to go. I was astounded, and expressed my surprise and disgust. LUPIN then obliged us with the following radical speech:—"I hate a family gathering at Christmas. What does it mean? Why some one says, 'Ah, we miss poor Uncle JAMES who was here last year,' and we all begin to snivel. Someone else says, 'It's two years since poor Aunt LIZ used to sit in that corner,' Then we all begin to snivel again. Then another gloomy relation says, 'Ah, I wonder whose turn it will be next?' Then we all snivel again, and proceed to eat and drink too much, and they don't discover until I get up that we have been seated 13 at dinner."

December 20.—Went to SMIRKSONS', the Drapers, in the Strand, who this year have turned out everything in the shop and devoted the whole place to the sale of Christmas Cards. Shop crowded with people, who seemed to take up the cards rather roughly, and after a hurried glance at them, throw them down again. I remarked to one of the young persons serving, that carelessness appeared to be a disease with some purchasers. The observation was scarcely out of my mouth, when my thick coat-sleeve caught against a large pile of expensive cards in boxes one on the top of the other, and threw them down. The manager came forward looking very much annoyed, and picking up several cards from the ground said to one of the assistants, with a palpable side-glance at me, "Put these amongst the sixpenny goods; they can't be sold for a shilling now." The result was, I felt it my duty to buy some of these damaged cards. I had to buy more and pay more than I intended. Unfortunately I did not examine them all, and when I got home I discovered a vulgar card with a picture of a fat nurse with two babies—one black and the other white, and the words, "We wish Pa a Merry Christmas." I tore up the card and threw it away. CARRIE said the great disadvantage of going out in Society and increasing the number of our friends was, that we should have to send out nearly two dozen cards this year.

December 21.—To save the postmen a miserable Christmas, we follow the example of all unselfish people, and send out our cards early. Most of the cards had finger-marks, which I did not notice at night. I shall buy all future cards in the daytime. LUPIN (who ever since he has had the appointment with a stock and share brokers, does not seem over-scrupulous in his dealings) told me never to rub out the pencilled price on the backs of the cards. I asked him why. LUPIN said, "Suppose your card is marked 9d. Well, all you have to do is to pencil a 3—and a long stroke after it—in front of the nine-pence, and people will think you have given five times the price for it." In the evening LUPIN was very low-spirited, and I reminded him that behind the clouds the sun was shining. He said, "Ugh! it never shines on me." I said, "Stop, LUPIN, my boy, you are worried about DAISY MUTLAR. Don't think of her any more. You ought to congratulate yourself on having got off a very bad bargain. Her notions are far too grand for our simple tastes." He jumped up and said, "I won't allow one word to be uttered against her. She's worth the whole bunch of your friends put together, that inflated, sloping-head of a PERKUPP included." I left the room with silent dignity, but caught my foot in the mat.

December 23.—I exchanged no words with LUPIN in the morning; but as he seemed to be in exuberant spirits in the evening, I ventured to ask him where he intended to spend his Christmas. He replied, "Oh, most likely at the MUTLARS." In wonderment I said, "What! after your engagement has been broken off?" LUPIN said, "Who said it is off?" I said, "You have given us both to understand—" He interrupted me by saying, "Well, never mind that! It is on again—there!"

## ENGLISH SOCIETY AS SHE IS SEEN.

(Through Atlantic Mists.)

Now that the more respectable among English Dukes, and the bluer blood of English gentlemen, are finding brides in the United States, a keener interest in high life in this effete country is naturally circulating throughout the States. The *New York Tribune*, fortunate in the possession of a London Correspondent to whom no baronial gates are barred, takes the lead in supplying the demand for news in this department. "G. W. S." himself has contributed a series of articles on London Society and upon "The American Girl" as she flashes through it. "Royalty," writes this unconscious humorist, "is a caste apart. An intercourse with Royalty has, I admit, an etiquette of its own." That understood, "G. W. S." ramps with patronising step through the inner circle of English Society both in town and country. Never, since CHARLES EDWARD HARRINGTON FITZROY YELLOWPLUSH laid down his pen, has so masterly an exposition of the greatness and the littleness of London Society been set forth in print. Like CHARLES EDWARD, "G. W. S." is too intimate with the "hupper suckles" to think much of them.

"G. W. S.'s" latest contribution is supplemented by one from another hand. It lacks something of his lofty style, but displays all his intimate knowledge of the subject. "A Common-sense Duchess" is the heading of the article, which treats of a lady lately dead. "Ridiculous as it may seem to Republican readers," says this high authority,—

—"The Duchess was severely criticised for her habit of walking forth alone from her sombre mansion and calling a cab when in a hurry, instead of letting a half-hour go to waste while the cumbersome vehicle appropriate to her station should be made ready. The entire precinct was once thrown into a flutter by the report, doubtless correct, that she had personally entered the little bakery in St. James's Street, in which a postal agency was established, and had there purchased stamps and affixed them to her letters, precisely as one of the untitled multitude might have done."

Nor was this all.

"In the winter of 1869 the sentinel who mounts guard over the palace wall of Cleveland Row had the opportunity of relieving his dreary routine by saving a child from being run over—a radical cab-horse from Pall Mall having so forgotten the proprieties as to break loose and endanger human life, as well as the drowsy tranquillity of that solemn region. A day or two later the Duchess was seen to stop and speak to the guardsman, who was so overcome by agitation that he could hardly hold his rifle steady. He would have faced the cannon's mouth with less trepidation than exchange ten words with this exalted Peeress."

This seems to have created a sensation equalled only by that with which the West End heard of the indiscretion in "the little bakery in St. James's Street." "The verdict of the austere middle-class throughout the neighbourhood was, that the Duchess had been reprehensibly unmindful of the dignity of the position, and that she would have done better to send the soldier half-a-crown by her footman." "And yet," exclaims the *New York Tribune*,—

—"there are people on both sides of the Atlantic who profess to wonder that the social sensibilities of Americans and Englishmen cannot at all points be brought into sympathetic and symmetrical accord."

There are, indeed.



## "WHEN THE 'CAT'S' AWAY!"



Mr. Punch (log.). "Now, my FINE FELLOWS, THIS IS HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU, ARMED, HUNTING IN THREES; YOU'LL BE EVEN WITH THE RASCALS, AND THEN A TASTE OF THIS WILL FINISH THE SCARE AS IT DID GARROTTING."

THE Burglar burgles on, and critics solemn Expatiate on his doings by the column; Meanwhile the brute gives sleeping law the slip.

First catch your burglar—MONROE'S business that—[dog the cat—] And, when you've caught him, give the That's Mr. Punch's tip!

## THE TURBOT'S DIARY.

*Off the North British Coast.*—Well this is jolly. Here we are, hundreds of us, floundering away in shoals. Worth, I should think, about a penny a dozen. Talk about there being "as many good fish in the sea as ever came out of it"! Nonsense. The proverb ought to be altered. There are a good many more. Halloo! though,—what's this? Blest if it isn't a net, and what's more I'm in it. By Jove, it's a case. I'm caught.

*On a Local Wheelbarrow.*—Two or three score of us flung back into the sea again, just to keep up the price. A downright shame I call it. However, they want two shillings for me here, and as no one will give it (and quite right too), I'm packed off to London.

*At Billingsgate.*—Find I've got hopelessly into the "Ring." No chance of being sold at my real price, which, including railway charges, would even now be only about twopence a pound, but I've been consigned to a leading West-end fishmonger by an enterprising middleman, and goodness only knows what price they won't stick on me now. Wish I could open my mouth! Wouldn't I let 'em know what they really ought to pay for me.

*On a Fishmonger's Slab in a Leading West-End Thoroughfare.*—Here I am displayed along with some lobsters for which they are asking five shillings apiece—and which, I'll be bound didn't cost sevenpence! As for the price they've put on me, it's monstrous. If cut up, I'm to go for one and sixpence a pound, yet if they were to get rid of me at twopence-halfpenny they would still make a good profit. As to those red mullets at two shillings and sixpence apiece, and those oysters at four shillings a dozen, I wonder they're not ashamed to be seen in the place; but I suppose, poor beggars, like me, they can't help themselves. Oh! if I could only speak!

*On a Table in Mayfair.*—Over at last! Dished up whole at a fashionable dinner-party of eighteen. Appear to have given satisfaction. But, what a swindle! Overheard the Cook say that the Fishmonger had priced me at one pound five! and my real price ought to have been one and ninepence. Downright robbery; that's what it is! Why don't the public take it up? But, there—I'm only a poor fish, and with the best will in the world—I can't help it!

## A PROSPECT OF PEACE!

At a meeting of the forces under the command of General BOOTH, lately held in St. James's Hall, Dr. CLIFFORD, President of the Baptist Association, desired to "express his sympathy with the new departure which the Salvation Army had taken." The majority of respectable people would certainly share in that sympathy if the new departure of the Salvation Army were a departure altogether, singing

"Never come back no more, boys;  
Never come back no more.  
We're going away,  
Away we will stay,  
And never come back no more!"

Oh, that would be, indeed joyful, my dear brethren, and our Sundays in London and elsewhere would be tranquil, undisturbed by the belaboured drum, the tinkling cymbals—an objectionable form of "religious symbolism"—and the noisy brass of General BOOTH and all the Salvationist lads and lasses.

"POOR RICHARD!"—Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD, who has been *Dr. Jekyll*, and *Mr. Hyde*, and *Prince Karl*, is now, by Sir MORELL MACKENZIE'S orders, going to give the public and himself a rest. Both Mr. MANSFIELD and the Public should be grateful to the eminent Doctor, and we trust that soon "RICHARD" will be "himself again"—not *Jekyll*, or *Hyde*, or *Karl*, when, as he announces, he will essay the light and airy part of *Richard the Third*. RICHARD playing *Richard*. Why doesn't he double-gloster the part with that of *Richmond*? *Hyde* and *Jekyll* would be nothing to this *tour de force*. "Perhaps I have it in my eye," says DICK, "*Dici!*"

ECHO'S ANSWER.—"Does anybody ask what the Republic has done for France?" inquires the *St. James's Gazette*. Well, according to some, the answer would be a simple one—*Echo's* answer, in fact; viz., "The Republic has done for France"—completely.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Toilers of Babylon.* This, as an unsensational novel, is among the best, if not quite the best of Mr. FARJEON'S books up to now. The characters are original, the plot well-constructed and worked out, and there are no pages of dialogue that the accomplished novel-reader knows at a glance can be skipped without losing a single essential point. No skipper need take this in hand. It is interesting, and sufficiently absorbing without being unhealthily exciting. The dialogue is throughout easy, but never commonplace; the humour is unforced, and the pathos natural. The influence of DICKENS, the master, may be always seen in the work of one of his most apt disciples, and it is most happily evident when Mr. FARJEON does not labour, as he has done in the lighter chapters of some of his other novels, to be Dickensianly funny, but is spontaneously and quietly humorous. I strongly recommend it.

My faithful Co. has been spending a part of his vacation in reading *The Fairy History of England*, a companion volume to the *Fairy Geography*, published some time ago. He reports that he has been greatly entertained by the light touch of the author, and has, with the latter's aid, quite "rubbed up his knowledge." He says that, after reading this unconventional account of the darker pages of BRITANNIA'S biography, he has felt himself in a position to hold his own in the company of his children, even when they begin discussing the invasion of JULIUS CÆSAR and the Battle of Hastings. Both events are recorded in a style that does not lack either humour or instructiveness. So far, the *Fairy History* extends only to the PLANTAGENETS, but he lives in hopes of seeing several other volumes in the near future.

BARON DE BOOK WORMS & Co.

STARS AND SPANGLES.—Yankee *Hamlet* and Company protest against the invasion of foreign Star Companies. Very natural, their country is sufficiently "star-spangled" already.

PROTECTION WANTED IN STAFFORDSHIRE.—German measles have come over, and are doing double the work that English measles can undertake in less time and at half the price.



## LITTLE ROSEBERY'S SONG.

(With acknowledgments to the Author of "Little Buttercup.")

*"It requires a great deal of energy to sweep anything."—Lord Rosebery's Speech on County Councils.**Little R.* "PLEASE SPARE A VOTE FOR YOUR HONEST CITY CROSSING SWEEPER!"*Enter Little ROSEBERY, with big broom in his hand.*

RECITATIVE.

HAIL, County Councillors, hope of the nation,  
 Who'll help reform, and put down peculation!  
 Whate'er your Party, you can well afford  
 To welcome Little ROSEBERY at your Board.

ARIA.

For I'm called Little ROSEBERY—smart Little ROSEBERY.  
 Some sneering Tories ask, "Why?"  
 But still I'm called ROSEBERY—'cute Little ROSEBERY,  
 Sleek Little ROSEBERY, I!

Whate'er your opinions, in your new dominions  
 I hope you will deign to find room,  
 (Since streets in your keeping will need so much sweeping)  
 For me and my useful new broom.  
 My case is most critical; if on political  
 Grounds I your suffrages sought,  
 I fear at a handy date, I, as a candidate,  
 Likely to naught should be brought.  
 But who'd ask his barber, "My friend, do you harbour  
 Or not, matrimonial desire?"  
 "I claim clear response, or you are not *my* tonsor."  
 Then why, friends, my Party require?



Me—"unemployed"? Oh, no! I labour *pro bono*  
 Er—*Publico*—yet I've some leisure,  
 And if you elect me, the task you expect me  
 To try I shall tackle with pleasure.

I am not a lackey, nor faddy, nor quacky,  
 I'll work for our big busy hive.  
 You see, Gents, my case is upon a broad basis,  
 For London, not Party, I'll strive.

A well-meaning "toff" is as worthy of office  
 As any good soul not a nob.  
 Public spirit I'd kindle, against knaves who swindle,  
 And rascals who rob and who job.

My broom, I may mention, will work for prevention  
 Of dirt piles—that's better than cure.  
*Sans* Party or passion, I'll work in a fashion  
 True Sweeping Reform to ensure.

Then vote for your ROSEBERRY—good Little ROSEBERRY,  
 I have explained to you why;  
 So vote for your ROSEBERRY—smart Little ROSEBERRY;  
 Come Little ROSEBERRY try!

Mr. Punch. Aye, Little ROSEBERRY—and well called—  
 for you're the roundest, the rosiest, and the raciest candidate  
 in all the City.

Little Rosebery. Round, am I? and rosy—and racy?  
 May be, for I have temper and humour! But hark ye,  
 my merry friend—hast ever thought that beneath a gay  
 and genial exterior there may lurk a force that is slowly  
 but surely working its way to the very front?

Mr. Punch. Rather, my Little ROSEBERRY. Here's  
 success to your candidature; more power to your  
 energetic elbow, and free play to your New Broom!

[Gives him a vote, and exit.]

### Supply and Demand.

THE unbounded resources of our Colonies receive fresh  
 and novel testimony in an incident which REUTER tele-  
 graphs from Sydney. It appears that the Hon. J. H.  
 WANT moved what was practically a Vote of Censure  
 on the Government, which was carried on a division.  
 "The Ministry," says REUTER, "consequently tendered  
 their resignation to the Governor, who has sent for Mr.  
 WANT." The Want was immediately supplied.



JONES FINDS HE CAN THROW MORE PASSION INTO THE LETTERS HE SENDS HIS  
 BELOVED BY USING THE TYPE-WRITER.

### SOME CANDID CANDIDATES.

*To the Municipal Electors of the Sewer Hamlets.*

ON presenting myself to the notice of this enlightened municipal  
 constituency as a Candidate for the London County Council, I may  
 perhaps be asked in what way I am specially qualified to serve the  
 interests of the ratepayers. The question, however, shows a lack of  
 appreciation of the true bearings of the matter. I can assure the  
 electors that while incidentally I shall be happy to do what I can to  
 benefit them, the interests which I intend principally to serve are  
 my own. As a late Member of the Gillingham Vestry, and a repre-  
 sentative of the district in the Board of Works, I have consistently,  
 and I think successfully, studied the art of providing snug little  
 contracts for my personal friends, in addition to taking a fair share  
 myself. Whenever there has been presented to me a choice between  
 doing my duty or doing the ratepayer, I have unhesitatingly selected  
 the latter alternative. "Self-help" is my motto, and accordingly,  
 I have helped myself, whenever it has been practicable, to any little  
 pickings that might be going. I shall attempt to follow exactly the  
 same course if elected to the Metropolitan County Council, and I can  
 only hope that the good sense of the constituencies will result in  
 returning to that body as many members as possible who can claim  
 to be, like myself, both in name and in spirit—especially the latter  
 —complete and unmitigated Vestrymen.

A. JOBBEE.

*To the Free and Independent Voters for the N. W. Shumshire County Council.*

IN response to an influentially signed request, made by the  
 farmers of the district—most of whom happen to be my own tenants  
 —and the neighbouring clergy and gentry, I have consented to come  
 forward as a Candidate for the Council of this part of the County. I see  
 no reason why these new-fangled bodies should have been invented,  
 but, as they have been, I think the proper sort of men should  
 be elected as members. I entertain very strong opinions as to the  
 necessity which exists of importing more hares and foxes into the  
 country, and prohibiting farmers from using wire fencing. I also  
 am of opinion that the rating of country mansions is absurdly high,  
 considering the prices one has to pay nowadays for good hunters;  
 and I would vote for all such expenses, as well as those of county  
 education, asylums, paving, lighting, and highways, coming out of

the pockets of the ratepayers of the nearest borough. Remissions of  
 rent to farmers I theoretically approve of, when possible; but I think  
 that "grants in aid" should be employed to compensate landlords for  
 any loss of revenue they experience on this score. I may add that I  
 shall be much surprised if anybody has the assurance to offer himself  
 as a rival Candidate to myself. MOWBRAY DE BOOTS PROUDFOOT.

*To the Same.*

I OFFER myself for the County Council of this Division of the  
 County because I am a Dissenter, and because religion has nothing  
 whatever to do with the contest. I rely for getting in on the dis-  
 content of the labourers with things in general, and on the fact that  
 there is a very large Anabaptist community in the various villages  
 of the shire, who may be confidently counted upon to vote for any-  
 body who will promise to have a slap at the Squires and Parsons  
 whenever practicable. Of the details of County management I am  
 absurdly ignorant; but I would pledge myself, if elected, to impose  
 such a rate on country houses as would cause most of them to be at  
 once shut up; and I am perfectly indifferent to whether or not such  
 a state of things would mean loss of employment to hundreds of  
 families in the counties, with corresponding increase of business to  
 shop and hotel-keepers in London, Nice, Cannes, and elsewhere.

EBENEZER MUTTONED.

*To the Electors of South Clamberwell.*

I OFFER myself for the Metropolitan Council on a frank political  
 basis. I am an out-and-out Democratic-Conservative-Radical-  
 Unionist. I am aware that all enlightened citizens deprecate the  
 intrusion of politics into these elections, and that if political con-  
 siderations are allowed to be paramount, jobbery will flourish, and  
 the ratepayers' interests will go to the wall. The Caucus of my party,  
 however, are of opinion that it will look well if it can be said that a  
 majority of the new Councillors belong to their own political per-  
 suasion, and they also believe that a distribution of future contracts  
 among business men of the same party will tend to an increase of  
 public virtue, and of Electors devoted to its views. As I happen to  
 possess what is called local "influence," consisting of three breweries  
 and a hundred public-houses in the district, the aforesaid Caucus has  
 requested me to stand for the position which I unblushingly solicit  
 at your hands. GUY PARTIMAN (Ex-Col. 27th Free Lancers).



## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

## INTRODUCTION.

THIS title may need some explanation. It is *not* intended to imply that *Mr. Punch* has a private luminary all to himself. Great and truly distinguished as he is, he would scorn such ostentation, and is modestly content with precisely the same quality of moonshine as that, to quote a certain advertisement, "supplied to Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, and the Nobility and Gentry"—to say nothing of humanity in general. Nevertheless, he conceives that the Moon is quite as much his as any other person's.



HANS ANDERSEN—as who needs to be reminded?—was, or represented himself as being, on sufficiently intimate terms with the Moon to be favoured with hints for many charming word-pictures, which, under the title of *What the Moon Saw*, have for many years delighted the

world. It is true that the Moon herself disclaims any share in the authorship of these sketches, and it is, to say the least, suspicious that, according to the German text, ANDERSEN'S Moon should be represented as of the masculine gender. However this may be (and *Mr. Punch's* science and scholarship warn him from drawing too decisive conclusions from either circumstance), it struck him lately that a little tact and enterprise would enable him to secure the Moon as a contributor to his world-famous periodical. It is surprising, indeed, that this has not been already accomplished by the Editor of one or more of the high-priced Monthlies. *Thoughts on Solar Myths*, by *Her Serene Effulgence the Moon*, would certainly make a good appearance on the cover, and perhaps sell a second edition. But it has been left to *Mr. Punch* to secure her last New Year's Eve, through the agency of a powerful glass, and after negotiations which it would be tedious to detail. It is enough to say that the Moon behaved, at first, with characteristic modesty, professing her total unacquaintance with the art of literary composition—as if that were any valid objection!—and finally retreating behind a cloud with an apparent desire of evading further persecution. But *Mr. Punch* persevered, urging that all persons of light and leading were now engaged in furnishing the world with anecdotal reminiscences, and that from so exalted a source the smallest contributions would be thankfully received by him and by the Public.

Flattery overcame a resolution which was perhaps at no time intended to be final, and presently the Moon came coyly out again with a question respecting terms, which was satisfactorily answered. And, in the end, she graciously consented to furnish these pages with the fruits of her unequalled opportunities for observing contemporary manners and customs. Many of her pictures it has been necessary to reluctantly suppress, for the Moon has witnessed much that could not be divulged in print without causing pain and inconvenience to a number of highly-respected individuals, and exposing *Mr. Punch* himself to legal proceedings of a harassing and expensive nature. Such of her revelations as follow will be found of an absolutely innocuous character, and might even be considered trivial and unimportant, did not the fact of their distinguished authorship impart a value and interest which, to be frank, would otherwise hardly be conceded to them.

## FIRST EVENING.

"Last night," these were the Moon's own words, "last night I looked down through a rent in the canvas of a travelling menagerie. It was closed. Before the stove in the centre a grave and extremely respectable old stork was warming his wings thoughtfully, while a racoon fastened by a long chain to the centre pole was creeping up behind to nip one of his thin red legs. The great elephant at the end was swaying his unwieldy body from side to side behind his bar in an imbecile manner. Now and then a bird uttered a drowsy croak, or a jackal howled, as my rays stole through his bars; a sleepy snurring sound came from the cage where the lions were; otherwise everything was still, for the attendants were all in another tent, fast asleep. Suddenly, from a caravan near the entrance, came the sound of an angry female voice—it was the wife of the lion-tamer, abusing her husband as usual. Presently the door of the caravan opened, and I saw a neat little room, with muslin curtains and polished brass and pictures on the walls, as the light from the lamp streamed out into the dark tent, awaking the animals. Then the lion-tamer leaped down the steps in his shirt and trousers, and after him came his wife, a great red-faced virago, brandishing the little brass shovel from the fender. Round and round she

chased him, and he dodged her, getting now behind the stork, which looked much scandalised by these proceedings, and now behind the stove, where a sick monkey was blinking nervously inside his blanket. All the beasts were now thoroughly awake, and watching the chase in the greatest excitement; the noise was fearful, the laughing jackass roared with merriment, the bear began to dance slowly with delight, the hyena yelled; only the stork was calm, and went on warming his wings whenever he could get out of the way. At last the woman tripped over the racoon's chain and fell—which seemed to amuse the jackass and the hyena more than ever. The man gave a desperate glance all round: already he felt the shovel on his shoulders, but for the moment he was free! I could see his eyes glare wildly as my beams fell upon them. All at once a thought appeared to strike him; the woman was on her feet already, and swearing at the little racoon—he had no time to spare. Before she could intercept him, he was up the steps of the lions' cage, and in the next instant had slipped in amongst them, closing the wicket behind him. There he stood, amongst the dusky growling beasts, breathing hard and looking pale—at least I thought so," said the Moon, "but safe! And the woman stood there on the trampled turf—baffled. She looked at her husband for a moment, with an expression of concentrated contempt, and then she said between her teeth, 'Come out, you coward!' Then one of those tiresome clouds passed before my face, and so I never knew whether he found the courage to come out or not."

## PLAY-TIME.

*The Silver Falls* and the gold tumbles in at the Adelphi. Messrs. PETTITT and SIMS have written a first-rate First Act to *The Silver Falls*. After this they seem to have become startled by their own originality, and to have said to one another, "Take care, SIMS! beware, PETTITT! we mustn't get too far away from the beaten track," and so, the other Acts, though picturesque and dramatic, are of a more conventional character. It lacks any one great sensation scene, but the interest is well sustained throughout, and it is capably played. Mr. TERRISS is of course the hero, but he has none of those long platitudinous speeches, of which he seemed at one time so enamoured, as if ambitious of rivalling WILSON BARRETT in long-windedness. Mr. TERRISS is better than I've seen him for some time as *Eric Normanhurst*, and if he would only modulate his tones occasionally, the performance would be perfect of its kind. Heroes are terrible chaps for shouting, just as heroines are, as a rule, for screaming. Miss MILLWARD is an exception; she is charming as the good fairy, and Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE is diabolically delightful as the bad fairy, or evil genius, of the piece. *Elle ira loin*, "by the kind permission of Mr. JOHN HARE," who knew what he was about when he engaged Miss ALLGONE UPPERLEATHERS—I humbly beg her pardon, but I can't help it if she will be a "NETHERSOLE"—for his new Theatre. She hasn't the *physique* for great work, but what she does will be great, by comparison, and good. Let her beware of Messrs. Gasp and Guggle, two stage villains that ere now have choked off more than one promising and performing heroine.



*The Silver Falls. The Guilt Falls.*

Miss CLARA JACKS, sprightly, lively, and pathetic, is invaluable. I warrant she could be an "emergency woman," and come out as either of the heroines at shortest possible notice, and prove herself to be among the most useful of the Messrs. GATTI's sub-jacks. Mr. SHINE was better as the sailor in *The Union Jack* than he is as the nondescript general store-keeper, *Jack Slingsby*, but this is less his fault, I expect, than that of the authors, who have not made a character part of it. Clever actor, Mr. SHINE; didn't he play in something of Mr. GRUNDY's, a self-made millionaire, in whose make-up there wasn't a trace of the moon-faced young SHINE as we now see him at the Adelphi, for he had completely taken the shine out of himself.

Mr. CARTWRIGHT's dolorous, self-restrained, love-lorn, lunatic



A Norah'ble Tale.









## THIS DREADFUL WEATHER!

STUDY OF A PATIENT AT THE BEDSIDE OF HIS SICK DOCTOR.

## GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

*Harlequin Ritchie, the Malignant Bogey of Bumbledom, and the Benign and Beauteous Spirit of the County Council.*

A SINISTER past, and a future most pitchy,  
The Bogey of Bumbledom seemed to present;  
But, *hey presto!* Change! Clever Harlequin RITCHIE  
Has waved his new wand, to the common content.  
The Bogey may rave, and his satellites frown,  
But up comes the Spirit, the Demon goes down!

That wand wonder-working, so skilfully wielded,  
What world-weighting Inoubus long could resist?  
The Imp of Misrule has reluctantly yielded,  
And sinks in despair in the mirk and the mist.  
Of that mischievous nuisance the world is well rid—  
If he does not return—which kind fortune forbid!

Pop up again? Possibly trimmed and transmogrified?  
Perish the thought! 'Tis too bad to believe!  
Too long has the Town been imp-ridden and ogreified.  
Down with him! None for his going will grieve.  
The callous of heart, the bemuddled of brain,  
What man ever wants to behold him again?

The Stage he too long as dim despot has haunted,  
Though every true heart at his rule has rebelled,  
Yet mortals seemed somehow by malice enchanted,  
The spell was maintained and the sorcery held.  
Discomfited? Banished? What capital fun!  
Hooray! Mr. Harlequin RITCHIE, well done!

And as for the Spirit of Splendour that rises  
Beneath the wand's whisk as the Demon sinks down;  
From the Radiant Realms of Reform's Sweet Surprises  
It comes, so they tell us, and takes the whole Town.  
'Tis veiled and gleams vaguely, if brightly. Well, well,  
Let's have hope from the Spirit, and faith in the spell!

We'll trust that the scene is a true Transformation,  
That Bumbledom's banished for ever and aye;  
That Harlequin's *bâton* will bless the whole nation,  
His pantomime have a long run—yes, and pay!  
The proof of the pudding's to come; but there's reason  
To hold this the hopefulest piece of the season.

## GOOSE AND GANDER.

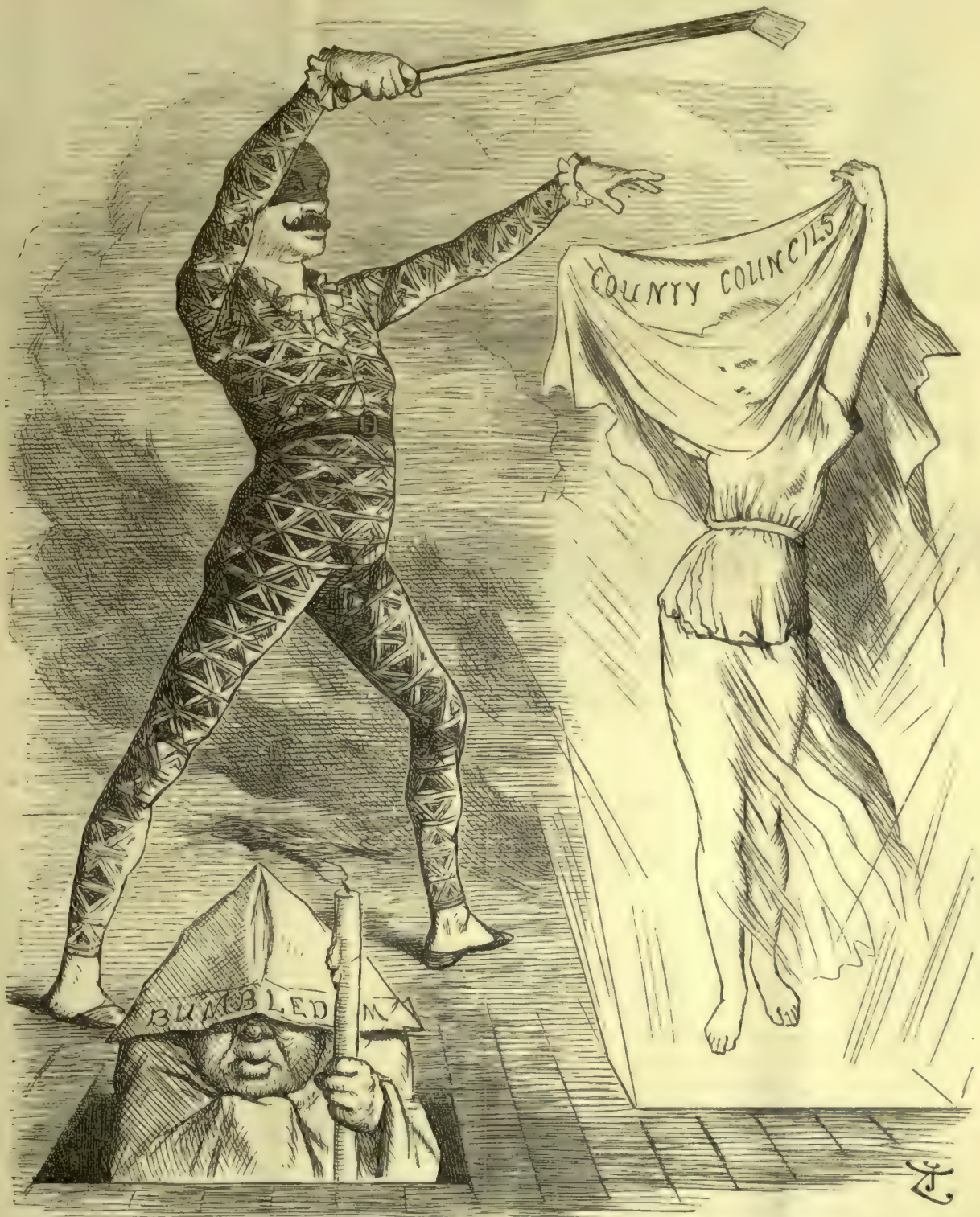
NEVER was a clearer case of plagiarism made out than by the writer of the article, "A Literary Coincidence," in last week's *Saturday Review*, against one Mr. SOUTHERN, who has written himself down as the originator of the plot of a play called *A False Position*, which, as proved by the *Saturday Reviewist*, is only the plot of *A Fish Out of Water*, an old farce, by one JOSEPH LUNN, *re-chauffé* with Southern sauce. But why come down so smartly on Mr. NOBODY, and palliate the picking up, by Mr. SOMEBODY, of such an unconsidered trifle as the essential situation in *Maritana*, to serve as the pivot of the "original" plot of *The Yeomen of the Guard*? There's no harm done in either case, and as long as *Autolycus*, the Dramatic Author, has a spark of genius, let him take where he likes, improve, immortalise, and the public will be thankful. Only, in a matter of plagiarism, if a nonentity is to be whacked on the head, why is a celebrity to escape without even a rap on the knuckles? Excuse both, or condemn both; acquit neither.

## Our Untired Spokesman.

MURRAY has published H.R.H.'s speeches.  
A model of good taste and judgment each is,  
And as a speaker he's an out-and-outer.  
Well, 'tis but just, that's as it seems to me,  
And natural that H.R.H. should be,  
As Prince of Whales, a most accomplished spouter.

ON THE FACE OF IT.—By far the pleasantest feature in the last news from Burmah. Unquestionably the receding Chins!





THE "GRAND TRANSFORMATION"!!









PULL FLOQUET! PULL BOULANGER!

## LAMBS AT THE LYCEUM.

It is worth while recording what views CHARLES and MARY LAMB took of *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* in their delightful *Tales from Shakspeare* :—

"*Macbeth* had a wife, to whom he communicated the strange prediction of the weird sisters, and its partial accomplishment. She was a bad, ambitious woman, and so as her husband and herself could arrive at greatness, she cared not much by what means. She spurred on the reluctant purpose of *Macbeth*, who felt compunction at the thought of blood, and did not cease to represent the murder of the king as a step absolutely necessary to the fulfilment of the flattering prophecy."

Then of *Lady Macbeth's* reception of *Duncan*, which as a part of Miss ELLEN TERRY's performance I selected for especial praise last week, the innocent LAMBS say :—

"The King entered, well pleased with the place, and not less so with the attentions of his honoured hostess, *Lady Macbeth*, who had the art of covering treacherous purposes with smiles : and would look the innocent flower, while she was indeed the serpent under it."

Is not this Miss ELLEN TERRY's rendering to the very life of this particular scene?

The LAMBS' *Tales* were written for our innocent lambkins, and it is from this charming collection that so many of us, when children, have learnt the plots of SHAKESPEARE's plays, and the character of the persons who figure in them. Without making further quotation, I recommend the re-perusal of their story of *Macbeth*.

If Miss TERRY has considered the LAMBS' work as mere child's play, I should advise her to read it over carefully, for there is so much in their view of *Lady Macbeth's* character which so entirely

accords with a part of her own view of it, and so much which her genius will at once adopt as representing the stern and repulsive side of the character. Miss ELLEN TERRY has conceded too much to her own sweet, natural self. She has made one "blend" of *Beatrice*, *Ophelia*, and *Lady Macbeth*, in which the awful characteristics of the last have been toned down. *Lady Macbeth*, say the LAMBS, "reproached him with his want of firmness," and, as I observed last week, after witnessing the first performance, this infirmity of purpose is the keynote to *Macbeth's* character and to that of his wife. I am delighted to find myself corroborated in every particular by the gentle but judicial LAMBS.

JACK IN THE BOX.

## On a Statesman's Voice.

(By an Anti-Gladstonian.)

THE remnant of a Voice! Naples indeed  
May make that once fine organ whole and hearty;  
If not, the remnant of a Voice may lead  
The remnant of a Party.

## How the Poor Live.

"FROM hand to mouth," says someone. Alas! that is, in many cases, just how they do *not* live. For the multitude of hands deprived of work have little indeed to carry to the mouths so often empty of food. When they can really live from hand to mouth they live in comparative comfort.

THE TREETOTALLER'S FRIEND.—*Phylloxera*.





### OUR VILLAGE INSTITUTE SOIRÉE.

*Rector's Wife (hysterically).* "HERE'S A NOTE COME FROM THOSE WAGSHAW! THEY ASK ME TO PLAY AND SING DURING THE EVENING; BECAUSE, THEY SAY—THEY WANT THE YOUNG AND ATTRACTIVE WOMEN TO ASSIST AS WAITRESSES!" [Tableau.]

### ROBERT ON THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

I HAVE bin waited upon, I thinks they calls it, by sum too or three most respectfool looking Gents, evidently with their werry best close on, to hask me to give my wotes to serten other Gents who didn't wait upon me but who wants for to be elected Common Councilmen for all London, except of course the sacred City, which is allreddy werry well purwided with that most nessessary article. I'm told as this is the werry fust time as sitch elections has taken place, and that it is dun in hopes as the rest of the great Metropolis will then be looked after and attended to in the werry same degree of purfexion as the great City itself. Such being the case, my arnser to my wariuous wisiters has bin, that, afore promising my himportant wote and my still more himportant hinterest to any Candiddate, I feels it my dooty to make further inquiries, and which I has done with the following rayther singler results.

In the werry fust place, there won't be arf enuff on 'em for to do the work, for if as it takes over 200 Common Consilmen to rule the City, witch I confess I am astonished to hear is only one mile big, how can about 120 of the same kind of Gents, but without any of their 700 years xperience govern all the hole of the rest of London which I am told is about 100 times bigger?

That's the fust staggering question as I shall put to my Candiddates when they calls agane. My second bit of hinformashun is ewen more staggering, and betrays such a hutter amount of hignorance of

uman nature in them as makes our laws as ort to make 'em blush when they hears it menshuned. Wood it be bleevd after the xperience as the hole world has had of the fust grand cause of the brilliyant suckcess of the old Copperashun on the right hand, and of the utter failure of the Bored of Wurks on the left, wiz., the habundant supply of such means as Natur suggests for enabling all public men to live together in peace and unity, or such a hutter habsence of them as keeps 'em all famished and snarling, the Members of the New Council is not to be alloud to have nuffin in the shape of elegant repasting unless they pays for 'em out of their hone empty pockets!



"NEW APPOINTMENTS, SCENERY, AND COSTUMES."—Prince Henry of Battenberg, K.G., has been appointed Governor and Captain General of the Isle of Wight, and Governor of Carisbrooke Castle. Old England is safe at last!!

Supposing as them as settled all these most himportant matters had just condescended to consult such xperienced hands as me and BROWN, what could we not have told 'em! How many and many's the time as I have seen about a duzzen or twenty Common Councilmen enter the dining-room of one of our nice City Tavverns, all a torking loudly and angrily at one another, and aperiently amost reddy to cum to blos. Well, they settles down to their nice little dinner, and the amost providenshal advent of the werry hot soup gives 'em time to forget their trubbles and differences; and then I fills their glasses with a bumper of fine old Sherry; and then won of the woiolentest and noisvest of 'em all, after holding his glass up to the light, calls out across the table to the gent as he's bin a pitching into like fewry, and says, with quite a raydiant smile, "JONES, my boy, a glass of wine." And then JONES replies, with another jolly grin, and says, "With all





## NEW READINGS FOR FUTURE SHAKSPEARIAN REVIVALS.

my heart, SMITH," and down goes the wine to the last drop, and they're the werry best of frends for the rest of the evening. Now, I puts it to any reasonable being as is at all acquainted with human natur, coud the same glorius result have bin obtained with merely a cut off a joint and a glass of water, and pay for it yourself? And the only trew anser must be, *Never!*

I wunders if the not werry clever heds as made up this Bill has thort about how the new Machine is to get started on its wild career. I'm told that, as a werry good joke, they are to begin their never-ending work on the Fust of April! that being the most aproppriat day as coud be selected. Well, that ain't so werry long to cum, so praps sumbuddy will kindly tell us where they're a going for to meet, as they can't bild a werry ansum Bilding in less than three munes.

They ain't to have no Lord Mare, pore fellers, but only a Mare, like little West Am or little Croydon, and, as they ain't got no Sword of Power, or Mace of Dignity, or Feild Marshall of Honner, they won't be abel to have much of a Sho on the fust of April. The only chance as I sees for 'em is, for the Strand electors to choose Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, and the assembled Councillors to choose him as Mare, and then there woud be sum opes for 'em.

I am sorry they won't have no Mace, as I had the fond dream of one day carrying it in Perseession, and I thinks that all as knos me will agree that I shoud praps have hadded a degree of dignity to the office as no Jewvenile, however harrystocratic in his bearing, coud possibly equal.

I shall try and be in the gallery at their werry fust meetings. It



## BUSY BISMARCK PIPING TO THE REPTILE PRESS.



How doth the little "Bizzy" Press  
Delight to spit its spite,  
To store up venom night and day,  
And vent it day and night.

How skilfully it shapes its sells,  
How neatly spreads its lies,

And wriggles here and flounders there  
When slandered Truth replies.

The mouthpiece it of Bizzy One,  
And eke of Bizzy Two;  
Both Bizzies find some dirty work  
For its foul hands to do.

will be werry good fun, I shoold think, to see how naterally the Lion of St. Georges Hannower Square will lie down with the Lam of Bethnal Green or Whitechappel, and how artily they will agree in little matters of xpense. It may be werry interesting to the Sannittery Committee to have to lissen to the reports of the fifty or sixty Sannittery Hinspecters, but I shoold think it wood be rayther monnytonnus, and wood most suttenly justify the horder of "Glasses all round!"

ROBERT.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**SNAKE-CHARMING.**—Your attempt to "charm" the large Boa Constrictor presented to you by your Calcutta friend by pursuing it round the drawing-room, beating a frying-pan and a Chinese dinner-gong, and playing "Home! Sweet Home!" on the Ophicleide, though happily conceived, was perhaps a little risky; and the fact that it turned upon you, hissing, seems to indicate that some rather less exciting method of gaining its confidence might prove more efficacious. It is fortunate that it eventually got into the grand piano. Keep it shut up in the instrument for the present. By all means get a dentist to draw its teeth as soon as possible, and, if you cannot persuade your own private practitioner to try his hand, take it in a cab to the Dental Hospital. With regard to its food, you cannot do better than continue the diet of blankets and rabbits, on which it seems to have subsisted since it has come into your charge; but any shilling Handbook on the *Management of the Boa Constrictor* will give you the information you require. Don't worry

## WHERE IS WONDERLAND?

AIR—"Fatherland," by Herr George Groschmidt.

"ALICE" was a book  
That every fancy took,  
And oh my! how it did sell!  
It was illustrated  
In wondrous way  
By our Mister TENNIEL.

Thus immortalised,  
It was dramatised  
By a Savile-Clarkely hand;  
And the Globe Theat-  
ter en matinée  
Is the present Wonderland.

## A GRACEFUL FAREWELL.

WE went in our thousands to bid Miss GRACE DAMIAN farewell at her Concert last Wednesday. She was enthusiastically received, and carried a magnificent bouquet, not the same one all through, but fresh each time she came on the platform. She asked us melodiously and passionately for the thousandth time, Could we "forget that lovely night in June?" and we replied, "No, we couldn't, never would, and never wanted to!" and shall be delighted to be reminded of the thrilling events of that particular night whenever Miss GRACE DAMIAN returns to these shores. If there be one "guilty creature sitting at a" concert who doesn't wish to be reminded of that "lovely night in June," then I pity him when Miss DAMIAN's eyes fix him mesmerically, and her deep voice asks him with awful intensity, "Can you for-get?" I dare say, ere this, many a trembling creature has been carried out fainting, utterly overcome by emotion, and murmuring, "Damian'd if I can stand it any longer! She's overwhelming! Take me out, and freshen me." An excellent entertainment. All hands had plenty to do, and a FOOTE was conspicuous by his absence. Miss GRACE DAMIAN was a hostess in herself. *Bon voyage, et au revoir!*

**WE CAN'T LET WELLS ALONE.**—The Dean of WELLS!—What a number of truths—not a number of *Truth*—he would have in his possession if he could only get to the bottom of his Wells in the Deanery! His latest book is excellent. But this must be the limit of his knowledge, as he cannot get beyond mortal Ken.

yourself about the amount of the reward 'you ought to offer if it escapes. Time enough to do this when it does. But you may be quite sure that anyone in the neighbourhood who gets hold of it will only be too happy to let you have it back again for eighteenpence.

**DISPOSING OF A STEAM-ROLLER.**—Certainly, if you desire to surprise him, the best way to present your Uncle in the country with a steam-roller you wish to get rid of, will be take it down yourself. This is of course in the event of CARTER, PATERSON & Co. refusing to deliver it, or it being found impossible to entrust it for transmission to the Parcels Post. Your idea of tacking on to it a couple of waggons, two or three bathing-machines, and a gipsy-van, and taking down a German band, with as many relatives as you can get to join you, is a decidedly happy inspiration; and your proposed arrival on your Uncle's lawn to greet him at breakfast, ought certainly to come upon him in the shape of a startling and agreeable surprise. It would be as well, for the purpose of proving the efficacy of the steam-roller with which you are about to present him, that you should enter his grounds, not by the ordinary lodge-gates, but through a brick-wall. Having levelled all his geranium-beds and cucumber-frames in a little tour round his premises, you can attract his attention by blowing off steam in front of his breakfast-window. By following these lines, you will not fail to please and surprise your Uncle on informing him you have come to make him the present you propose, and whether he accept it or not, you will have got rid of your steam-roller.

A SKATING match in the very coldest weather must be highly unsatisfactory, as the course itself will melt away during the first heat.



## STORIES OF THE WEIRD AND THE WONDERFUL.

## THE UNUSUAL PENNY STEAM-BOAT.

MANY years ago—it matters not how many—I was walking, one cold wintry evening, on the Thames Embankment, and pondering as to the advisability of taking a cab. For it was blowing a nor'-easter.



The spray from the angry Thames was dashing over the parapet, and causing even the seasoned policeman to swear beneath his breath.

"You had better go by the boat, Sir," shouted a weather-beaten salt, touching his tarpaulin hat respectfully. Then, as his head—covering was carried away by the tempest, he added, "It's cheaper than a Hansom, and much more comfortable."

I was close to the Temple Pier, and, partly to get under shelter of the ticket-shed, and partly to be rid of my obtrusive but well-meaning informant, I hurried down the steps leading to the river's edge. As I reached the platform, the Thames, now moun-

tains high, rocked the barge from side to side as if it had been a cockle-shell thrown upon the bosom of Niagara. Holding on to the pigeon-hole of the office, I asked for a ticket to Battersea.

"Here you are," said the Booking-Clerk. "Tuppence."

I paid the required sum, and five minutes later was aboard *The Peerless Perceval*, as I found the steamboat was called that was bound to carry me to my destination. To my surprise, I had not set foot on deck a moment before all unpleasant movements came to an abrupt but welcome termination.

"How is this?" I asked of an official wearing a uniform covered with gold lace. "Has the storm abated?"

"Not at all," he returned, courteously removing his heavily-bullioned cocked hat. "Not at all. But, the fact is, we keep *The Peerless Perceval* steady by applying round the entire vessel a stream of scented oil."

This I found was absolutely the case. I had scarcely finished an expression of my admiration of this sensible, if somewhat costly arrangement, when a Purser approached, and bowing obsequiously, requested the honour of my presence at dinner.

"We dine early, Sir," he explained, "but I hope that the menu will meet with your approval."

A glance at the bill of fare which commenced with oysters and turtle-soup and ended with *sorbe soufflé* and the pick-me-up *Surprise Sarah Bernhardt*, re-assured me.

"And what may you charge for this?" I asked.

"Nothing, Sir," replied the Purser, seemingly hurt at such a question, "it is included in the tuppence. I hope you will find the wines good. We still have some Perier Jouet of '74 that is drinkable."

"And is the wine also included in the tuppence?"

"Assuredly."

I must confess that I found the dinner, both in viands and liquors, all that it should be. Moreover, there were several extremely pleasant persons dining at the same time, who welcomed my appearance with great cordiality. One was a Duke, another a Lord Justice of Appeal, a third a distinguished General. I will not disclose the purport of our conversation, merely remarking that from an Imperial point of view, it was of the profoundest importance.

After dinner, I strolled into an admirable smoking saloon furnished in the most luxurious fashion. Lounges of russet leather, tables of marqueterie, and walls covered with costly paintings. There was a grand piano in the centre of the room, at which a popular entertainer was presiding, and in the distance I could see a Hungarian band tuning up and ready to commence playing whenever its services were needed.

On deck there was an awning of fine purple velvet, that protected the passengers from the inclemency of the weather. In fact, nothing could have been better or more complete than the arrangements of this marvellous vessel.

Day after day, for weeks and months, I used to catch *The Peerless Perceval*, and travel by her from the Temple Stairs to Battersea. I picked up a number of most useful acquaintances on board, and, owing to their influence, obtained the post I now occupy of Inspector General of Pauper Imbeciles. Nothing could have been more real and substantial than my connection with the boat, and for each journey I took I invariably paid the sum of twopence.

After awhile I indulged in a month's holiday in Switzerland. On my return home, I put in an appearance at my office, and at my usual time walked on to the Temple Pier. To my surprise, only one of the ordinary boats drew up beside the barge at the appointed hour.

"Isn't *The Peerless Perceval* still running?" I asked the Money-taker, with some show of annoyance.

"The *Peerless* what?" interrogated the official.

"Why *The Peerless Perceval*?" I repeated. "The steamer with the excellent dinner, the morocco couches, the velvet awning, the—"

"What are you talking about?" interrupted the Money-taker. "I know nothing of *The Peerless Perceval*."

And, on my word of honour, from that day to this I have never been able to discover the vessel.

One word in conclusion. I have often been asked "if this story is absolutely true?" I need not point out that such a question is really an insult, although I must admit that my narrative is indeed strange and perplexing. But to set all doubts at rest, I solemnly declare that I have told this story for the last twenty years—nay more—that I never remember a time when I did not tell this story. Yet further still—from what I have been assured by those upon whose veracity I would stake my very life, I have every reason for believing that this story was told hundreds of years ago by my grandfather before me! Need I say after this that it is distinctly true, and can absolutely be relied upon?

## THE BURGLE SONG.

(Not by Tennyson.)

NIGHT's shadow falls on villa walls,  
A ladder's up to the top story;  
The host, sans quakes, his dinner takes,  
The modern burglar's in his glory.  
Go, burglar, go, bedroom windows trying,  
Go, burglar, handy jemmy plying, plying, plying!  
O hark, O hear! They're roused, I fear,  
From dinner, and we must be going.  
The door we bar, we'll be afar  
Ere they succeed the gaff in blowing.  
Go! Don't you hear sire shouting, son replying?  
Go, burglar, down the ladder flying, flying, flying!  
Oh, hang it! Why will the fool try  
To run me down? He's too dashed clever.  
Confound his soul! That bullet-hole  
Will stop his little game for ever.  
Go, burglar, go, like the dickens flying,  
And lie there, plucky citizen, dying, dying, dying!

## HARD TRAINING :

OR, HOW WE REACH THE SUBURBS.

It must be already quite six degrees below zero in this compartment!

Is it possible that this is one of the patent new Refrigerating Chambers for the foreign Dead Meat trade, into which we have been put by mistake?

I hardly think that can be the case, because they are always extremely punctual with trucks of "perishables" for the London markets, whereas this train is already two hours and fifteen minutes behind time.

The Company, by carefully omitting to supply foot-warmers or other life-saving appliances in winter, must surely class its passengers as "imperishables."

I see they are going to introduce "combustible bricks" to warm cabs. I should like to have half a one here to express my opinion of the Directors with.

That must be the sixth fog-signal that we have run over in the last two minutes. I should feel more assurance of our safety if the Guard had not just confidentially assured me that "he was blown if he knew whereabouts we were on the blessed line."

What is the difference between the Manager and passengers by late trains in this weather?—He is knighted, and they are benighted!

ORIGINAL SHAKESPEARIAN READING.—*The Observer* of last Sunday, in an article on billiards, quoted *Cleopatra's* invitation to *Charmian*, "Let's to billiards" (Act II., Sc. 5, *Ant. and Cleo.*), as an anachronism. We should have thought that any student of the Bard knew by this time that the original—very original—reading in the first Folio was, "Let us to Pyramids," which, of course, in the mouth of the Egyptian Queen, is peculiarly appropriate.







## AN EPICURE'S EXPOSTULATION.

[It is rumoured that an English Company is trying to purchase from the Chartreux Monks the secret and monopoly of the *liqueur* known as "Chartreuse."]

WHAT, toss the daintiest digestive made  
Into the venal vortex of mere Trade,

Like coarser liquors such as gin or Guinness's?  
Too horrible a prospect! Brothers brave,  
See to it, and your sovereign cordial save

From the dire fate its eminence that menaces.  
As soon should high Olympus stoop to sell  
The secret of its Nectar, kept so well

For æons, to some mere terrestrial Syndicate.

No, Brothers of St. Bruno, with disdain

Reject the bid of the base thralls of gain,

And the world's faith in your monopoly vindicate.

What, buy you up? Such outrage ne'er was known!

No more I'd sip my *chasse* of *verte* or *jaune*

Without suspicion of adulteration.

*Chartreuse* would be a sham like much champagne.

Let no such dismal degradation stain

The loved *liqueur's* long standing reputation!

Is not the golden glory of the flask,

Its virgin verdant splendour, I would ask

Too choice a boon to sacrifice to "siller"?

That magic draught where old-world skill enweaves

Absinthium, pine-buds, and carnation leaves,

Still leave to the Carthusian distiller!

AT THE LYCEUM.—We are very glad to hear that Mr. IRVING is recovering from his severe cold, and by the time this appears we trust he will have re-appeared. It was odd that when Mr. IRVING had to resign for a few nights the part of *Macbeth*, on account of huskiness of throat, the only actor capable of filling his place was one who was Wheezin'. *Macbeth* should have been announced, not by Mr. HERMANN VEZIN, but by Mr. IRVING WHEEZIN'. The only change in the text was made by the witches, who saluted the Wheezin' *Macbeth* with "Inhale, *Macbeth*!"

DEAR old Mrs. R. says she will gladly subscribe to the MARLOWE Memorial. "But while they are about it," says she, "why not have one for Henley as well?"

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MANUFACTURE OF A NEW EXPLOSIVE.—By all means continue your experiments with your recently discovered compound *Thunderite*, if you possibly can, at the quiet little village in Essex to which you refer. It is, of course, rather unfortunate that in your pursuit of science, you should have blown off the church steeple, knocked the front out of the Vicarage, and more or less wrecked every house within a mile and a half of you, and, as you allege that six ounces of your material will blow up the Houses of Parliament, perhaps, under the circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the neighbours generally object to your keeping fifty tons of it stored in a barn which you admit is so dark, that, even in the day-time, you have to enter it with a lighted candle. On the whole, it would be your wisest course to temporise with them, for they must be now tolerably familiar with your proceedings, and accustomed to the disturbance. Whereas, if you were to take up your residence in a crowded back-street in a London suburb, and continue your operations there, and as an advertisement lay the entire neighbourhood in ruins, as you propose, you might really sooner or later come into disagreeable collision with the local Authorities. With regard to the farmer's family that have all gone stone deaf from the noise, you might, perhaps have an aurist down to look at them. Take no notice of the complaint about the stunned pig. If the Vicar is "nasty" about the steeple, meet him in a jocular vein, and no doubt he will come round. It would, perhaps, be as well not to unroof the church—at least at present. Still, we congratulate you on the success that has attended your experiments, and shall be glad to hear from you later how you have been getting on.

HAUNTED HOUSE.—We do not think that if you were to refuse to pay your rent, on the plea that you had been worried by the apparition you mention, that you would gain your case. Of course it is annoying to have your study invaded as you describe by the little man in the faded yellow coat and bag-wig, who shakes his head at you three times mournfully, and then says, with a sigh, "It's the mustard that did it!" but, after all, you have your remedy in your own hands. Why don't you bonnet him with the waste-paper basket,



## A SURFEIT.

"YOU WON'T GO TO HEAVEN IF YOU'RE SUCH A NAUGHTY BOY, MICHAEL!"

"OH WELL, ONE CAN'T EXPECT TO GO EVERYWHERE! I WENT TO THE CIRCUS YESTERDAY, AND TO THE PANTOMIME THE DAY BEFORE!"

or throw the inkstand, or something, at him? Spectres can't stand this. The funeral procession of monks, that used always to walk along the great picture-gallery at Gurnoyle on the eve of the heir going through the Bankruptcy Court, was set upon, on the last occasion of its appearance, by a young fellow staying in the house, and well whacked into with a cricket-bat, and it has never been seen since. Try the inkstand.

## "LE BRAV' GÉNÉRAL."

GENERAL BOULANGER sings from *La Grande Duchesse* :—

"Et pif, paf, pouf,

Et tara, para, poum.

Je suis moi, le Général Boum, Boum!"

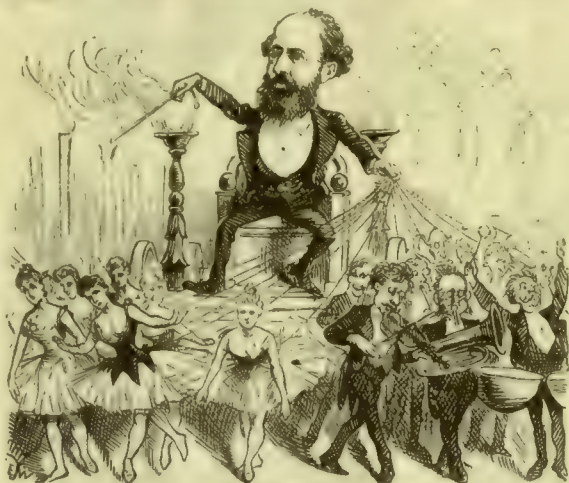
Is this going to be the next "big Boom?" The twenty-seventh is not far off.

THE DRAMA IN AMERICA.—It was not to be supposed that the cry raised by the American actors for the protection of their stage by the exclusion of their English *confrères* would not extend, and it is now said that the playwrights are about to follow suit. Nothing British is to be put up in the States at all. That this will exclude SHAKESPEARE doesn't seem to daunt the native talent, which feels itself quite equal to the occasion, and more than one genius is already at work preparing to fill up the gap. They have, as a matter of course, turned to some of his plots, regarding them as common property. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, for instance, will be utilised as *Three Gentlemen of Chicago*, and *Hamlet* will figure as *The High Falutin Dane*, or the *United State of Denmark*. *Macbeth* becomes *The 'Cute Thane of Cawdor*, or the *Bustin up of Duncan*, and *Richard III.* figures simply as *Bosworth Dick*, *Duke of New York*. A version of *Othello* will be given under the title of the *Venetian Nigger*, or the *Kentucky Cuss on the Spree*, while one of the *Tempest*, somewhat modified by local colouring, will be produced under the name of *The Blizzard*. If the above programme be regarded as a sample, the Genius of the "States" may be said to be asserting itself.



## PLAY-TIME.

*Irene, the Ballet at the Alhambra, is both pretty and brilliant. The second and third tableaux are full of life and variety,—the*



"Ballet-Hauly!"

Neapolitan scene being especially good. M. JACOBI's music is most dramatic. He has done his work as thoroughly as if he had been

writing for voices instead of legs, and yet it is ballet-dance music in toe-toe. It receives excellent interpretation from Signora COSSIO, Signorina LEGNANI, who must have invented this name specially for London, and Miles. MARIE and CORMANI, who, as intelligent pantomimists, act as much of a story as the hard - and - fast Music - hall licensing system will permit. I don't understand the law on the subject. Mayn't *Hamlet* be played as a Ballet at a Music Hall?—or must a Ballet be without an intelligible and consistent plot? The Ballets that used to be done here years ago, always in the reign of King JACOBI (without whom the Alhambra couldn't exist) were perfect plays in Pantomime. The details of the story, therefore, of *Irene* are necessarily a trifle confused; but the costumes are splendid, the grouping harmonious, the "go" of it never flags, and the result is complete success. The second Ballet is very graceful, but this has been on its legs for some time. Mr. JAMES



Signorina Legnani.

FAWN, the Timid Fawn, in his Policeman's song, is very amusing, or as Mr. WAGSTAFF would say, "very fawny." Altogether, a good Entertainment.

## EXTRACTS FROM LAMBETH LETTER-BOOK.

*From His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury to General Booth.*—The Archbishop presents his compliments, and if the General and his followers could only see their way to work and walk together in Christian fellowship with the Churchmen of the Church of England, he, the Archbishop, would greatly joy, and would most sincerely, &c., &c.

*From General Booth to His Grace.*—Thanks for polite wishes. Have heard of a Stall in a Cathedral, but have never seen a Booth in a Church. As to "walking together,"—ahem!—Walker!

*From His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate, &c., &c. (N.B. Must make this look as magnificent as possible) to the Holy Patriarch and Metropolitan, &c.—whatever he is—of the Holy Russian Church.*—Health and Apostolic benediction! (N.B. Must adopt Papal style, or he won't believe in me as an Archbishop at all.) We salute you, &c., &c. Draw closer the bonds of Christian affection, &c., &c. (N.B. Touch lightly on difficult points, and come out strong on our common fundamental Christianity). Remembering that we are One, &c. (N.B. Drop in a bit of real Greek here. Get Secretary to look up opposite quotation.) Ecumenical Council, &c. Christian faith, &c. Your illustrious St. Vladimir. (N.B. They'll

like this. Must tell Secretary to read up about St. Vladimir. Don't think much of Russian Saints, as a rule, but know so few of 'em.) And so we present fraternal congratulations, &c., &c., same holy faith, &c., &c. Given at our Palace (N.B. Big flourish here, or "the Metropolitan"—sounds like a railway—won't believe in it), &c., &c. *From the Metropolitan of Kieff to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.*—We're having a high old time of it here, and we drink your jolly good health.

[*Mem in Lambeth Register* :—"Shan't write to Metropolitan of Kieff again. Sorry that the 'Times' of January 19 should publish his reply to my Archiepiscopal Address as if it were a convivial 'toast'! Though I must say it does look and sound like it. Annoying to think how M-N-N-NG will smile when he reads it. Very stupid of the Metropolitan of Kieff."]

## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

## SECOND EVENING.

"THE other afternoon," began the Moon, "soon after I had got up, I peeped through the windows of a smoking compartment in a train that was approaching Dover. There was only one person in the compartment, and he was lying back luxuriously, smoking his cigar, and fixing his eyes upon my golden disc with a sentimental expression—but I am accustomed to being looked at in that way, and I know that it does not mean very much in most cases. He had a reason for looking sentimentally at me just then, however—for I was his honeymoon. Naturally, he felt very happy; the long, tiring business of marrying, and drinking champagne, and making the right answers to congratulating friends, and saying good-bye, and getting all the rice out of his collar was over—his wife, his own dear little bride, was in the carriage immediately behind, with *Punch* and the illustrated papers to amuse her, and he was enjoying a cigar that seemed to possess a fragrance more exquisite than he had ever known—for he was a great smoker, and this was the first tobacco he had tasted all that day. And every now and then he took his cigar from his lips, and smiled, and kissed his hand to me (I told you there was nobody else in the compartment), and murmured 'Darling!' over and over again. I heard him quite plainly, but I am not quite sure that he said it to me. And the train rushed on, screaming over the glinting rails; and when they came to collect the tickets, I saw the bridegroom throw away his cigar with a sigh, for there was not time enough to smoke another. At last the train stopped at the long pier beside which lay the white-funnelled steamer fretting impatiently to be off; and he got together his bag and his dressing-case, which were quite new, and very splendid (love and happiness had made him careless about expense), and leaped joyfully out. He looked everywhere for his bride—in vain; in the carriage where he had put her so tenderly, *Punch* and the other papers were still lying, (your paper, if you will forgive me for mentioning it," said the Moon, rather maliciously, "was not even cut), but nowhere was his darling to be seen. Only by-and-by her trunks came tumbling out of the van with the brand-new initials on their tops staring at him in ghastly mockery. Soon the Guard came up, and informed him that the lady had got out of the train at the first stopping-place, and left a note for him. I read it over his shoulder, for it was quite short. 'I have gone back to Mother's,' I think it said. 'You will enjoy your honeymoon better without me. I am really not prepared to play gooseberry to a cigar.' What the last words meant I don't know," said the Moon, "but they seemed to make him very angry. The last glimpse I had of him was when he was telling the Pier-master to hold his tongue, and the Guard not to be a fool; and then he strode away to the telegraph office, cursing the selfishness of women."

## Punch's Short and Straight Tip to the New London County Council.

THE days of BUMBLE and corruption number,  
Monopoly let the land no longer cumber,  
Nor bid the question of Town Slums to slumber.  
Yield not to Party Spirit or Class Snobbery,  
Don't wrangle, bluster, or kick up a bobby,  
But come down hard on robbery and on jobbery.  
This do, avoiding debt, display, and dodging,  
And our new Board will well deserve its lodging.

"IN THE STRAND! IN THE STRAND!"—Of course AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, the representative of the Drury Lane Boards, came in at the head of the poll! *Salve! Augustus Druriolanus Consul Plancus!*



## THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

December 24.—I am a poor man, but I would gladly give ten shillings to find out who sent me the insulting Christmas card I received this morning. I never insult people; why should they insult me? The worst part of the transaction is—that I find myself suspecting all my friends.



The handwriting on the envelope is evidently disguised, being written sloping the wrong way. I cannot think either GOWING or CUMMINGS would do such a mean thing. LUPIN denied all knowledge of it, and I believe him, although I disapprove of his laughing and sympathising with the offender. Mr. FRANCHING would be above such an act, and I don't think any of the MUTLARS would descend to such a course. I wonder if PITT, that impudent clerk at the office, did it? Or Mrs. BIRRELL, the charwoman. The writing is too good for the latter.

Christmas Day.—We caught the 10.20 train at Paddington, and spent a pleasant day at CARRIE'S Mother's. The country was quite nice and fresh, although the roads were sloppy. We dined in the middle of the day, just ten of us, and talked over old times. If everybody had a nice uninterfering mother-in-law, such as I have—what a deal of happiness there would be in the world. Being all in good spirits, I proposed her health, and I made, I think, a very good speech. I concluded rather neatly by saying, "On an occasion like this, whether relatives, friends, or acquaintances, we are all inspired with good feelings towards each other. We are of one mind, and think only of love and friendship. Those who have quarrelled with absent friends should kiss and make it up. Those who happily have not fallen out can kiss all the same." I saw the tears in the eyes of both CARRIE and her Mother, and must say I felt very flattered by the compliment. That dear old Reverend JOHN PANZY SMITH, who married us, made a most cheerful and amusing speech, and said he should act on my suggestion respecting the kissing. He then walked round the table and kissed all the ladies, including CARRIE. Of course one did not object to this, but I was more than staggered when a young fellow named Moss, who was a stranger to me and who had scarcely spoken a word through dinner, jumped up suddenly with a sprig of mistletoe, and exclaimed, "Hullo! I don't see why I shouldn't be on in this scene." Before one could realise what he was about to do, he kissed CARRIE and the rest of the ladies. Fortunately the matter was treated as a joke, and we all laughed, but it was a dangerous experiment, and I felt very uneasy for a moment as to the result. I subsequently referred to the matter to CARRIE, but she said, "Oh, he's not much more than a boy." I said that he had a very large moustache for a boy. CARRIE replied, "I didn't say he was not a nice boy."

December 26.—I did not sleep very well last night—I never do in a strange bed. I feel a little indigestion, which one must expect at this time of the year. CARRIE and I returned to Town in the evening. LUPIN came in late. He said he enjoyed his Christmas, and added, "I feel as fit as a Lowther Arcade fiddle, and only require a little more 'oof' to feel as fit as a £500 Stradivarius." I have long since given up trying to understand LUPIN'S slang, or asking him to explain it.

December 27.—I told LUPIN I was expecting GOWING and CUMMINGS to drop in to-morrow evening for a quiet game. I was in hope the boy would volunteer to stay in, and help to amuse them. Instead of which he said, "Oh, you had better put them off, as I have asked DAISY and FRANK MUTLAR to come." I said I could not think of doing such a thing. LUPIN said, "Then I will send a wire, and put off DAISY." I suggested that a post-card or letter would reach her quite soon enough, and would not be so extravagant. CARRIE, who had listened to the above conversation with apparent annoyance, directed a well-aimed shaft at LUPIN. She said, "LUPIN, why do you object to DAISY meeting your father's friends? Is it because they are not good enough for her, or (which is equally possible) she is not good enough for them?" LUPIN was dumfounded, and could make no reply. When he left the room I gave CARRIE a kiss of approval.

December 28.—LUPIN, on coming down to breakfast, said to his mother, "I have not put off DAISY and FRANK, and should like them to join GOWING and CUMMINGS this evening." I felt very pleased with the boy for this. CARRIE said, in reply, "I am glad you let me know in time, as I can turn over the cold leg of mutton, dress it with a little parsley, and no one will know it has been cut." She further said she would make a few custards, and stew some pippins, so that they would be cold by the evening. Finding LUPIN in good spirits, I asked him quietly if he really had any personal objection to either GOWING or CUMMINGS. He replied, "Not in the least. I think CUMMINGS looks rather an ass, but that is partly due to his patronising 'the three-and-six-one-price hat company,' and wearing a reach-me-down frock coat. As for that perpetual brown

velveteen jacket of GOWING'S—why, he resembles an itinerant photographer." I said it was not the coats that made the gentlemen; whereupon LUPIN, with a laugh, replied, "No, and it wasn't much of a gentleman who made their coats." We were rather jolly at supper, and DAISY made herself very agreeable, especially in the earlier part of the evening, when she sang. At supper, however, she said, "Can you make Tee To Tums with bread?" and she commenced rolling up pieces of bread, and twisting them round on the table. I felt this to be bad manners, but of course said nothing. Presently DAISY and LUPIN, to my disgust, began throwing bread pills at each other. FRANK followed suit, and so did CUMMINGS and GOWING, to my astonishment. They then commenced throwing hard pieces of crust, one piece catching me on the forehead, and making me blink. I said, "Steady, please, steady!" FRANK jumped up and said, "Tum, tum, then the band played." I did not know what this meant, but they all roared, and continued the bread-battle. GOWING suddenly seized all the parsley off the cold mutton, and threw it full in my face. I looked daggers at GOWING, who replied, "I say, it's no good trying to look indignant, with your hair full of parsley." I rose from the table, and insisted that a stop should be put to this foolery at once. FRANK MUTLAR shouted, "Time, Gentlemen, please, time!" and turned out the gas, leaving us in absolute darkness. I was feeling my way out of the room, when I suddenly received a hard intentional punch at the back of my head. I said, loudly, "Who did that?" There was no answer, so I repeated the question, with the same result. I struck a match, and lighted the gas. They were all talking and laughing, so I kept my own counsel; but, after they had gone, I said to CARRIE, "The person who sent me that insulting post-card at Christmas was here to-night."

## HOW LONDON WAS DEFENDED.

(A Prophetic Legend, as probable as any other.)

THE combined German, Russian, and French Armies were steadily advancing. Kensington, which extended to Richmond on the West, Dorking on the South, and St. Albans on the North, had been captured, and the invaders had got as far as Charing Cross, where they had bivouacked for the night. In spite of their near approach, Field Marshal Punch was calm and confident. He ascended to the roof of his Emporium, which extended northward from St. Bride's Church, and examined the electro-magnetic speaking-trumpets. They were in perfect order.

"Fire one off," said the Field Marshal to the Chief of his Staff, and in a second a joke—a gigantic joke—was sent peeling for miles towards the sea. There came back reverberations of laughter from Stepney, Tilbury, Southend, Ramsgate, and Dover.

"We have nothing to fear so long as our ammunition lasts," cried the General Commanding in Chief, well pleased with the result of the trial shot. "Where are the Interpreters?"

Three persons, of foreign appearance, presented themselves. They had been sitting beside the gigantic speaking-trumpets, on a pile of volumes. They held in their hands a dictionary, a grammar, and an Ollendorff.

"You understand your instructions?" demanded the Field Marshal.

"Certainly," was the reply, given in three languages. One of the Interpreters answered in German, another in French, the last in Russian.

"As the great NAPOLEON once observed," continued Punch, "C'est bien!"

Then the day broke, and the early morning sun, shining through the fog, showed the advancing armies. They marched down the Strand, they seized the Law Courts, they occupied Drury Lane Theatre (after a severely contested battle with Lord Mayor AUGUSTUS HARRIS), and at length poured into Fleet Street.

"Fire!" shouted Punch; and in a moment the volumes were opened, and the three Interpreters, each in a different language, began to read the words of witty wisdom into the gigantic speaking-trumpets. There were shrieks and groans—and then all was still!

An hour later the Duke of WOLSELEY rushed up to the Field-Marshal, and throwing himself into his arms, wept upon his shoulder with gratitude.

"Why this emotion, your Grace?" asked the Commander-in-Chief.

"Because," sobbed out the emotional author of the Soldier's Pocket-book, "I am so happy and so grateful. The combined armies are no more."

"They are dead?" queried Punch.

"Yes, every man Jack of them," continued the Britannia Metal Duke. "When they heard your jokes, my Field-Marshal, thundering down Fleet Street in three different languages, it was too much for them. Not one has escaped. The Germans, the Russians, and French, have all died of laughter!"

And thus London was saved!





### DOG FASHIONS FOR 1889.

DORGUPINE, CROCODACHSHUND, POMME-DE-TERRIER (BLACK-AND-TAN), VENTRE-À-TERRIER (SCOTCH), HIPPOPOTAMIAN BULLDOG, GERMAN SAUSAGE DOG HEDGE-DOG.  
(By Our Special Dog-fancier.)

### SLOW—BUT NOT SURE.

"As for Germany, she must also be content to march slowly and cautiously in the colonial path, with all its side issues."

*Prince Bismarck in the Reichstag.*

ONE might say, "O Chancellor OTTO, where you go mit yourself alone?"

As was asked of BREITMANN's *Hugo* by "de maiden mit nodings on." And if OTTO answered frankly—though our OTTO will scarce do so—He would probably make admission that he doesn't exactly know. For it is not easy-going in Afrio's swampy brakes, And doubt besets the tracker at every step he takes; For there are reedy mazes, and tangles of snaking roots, And the foul swamp ooze is trying to the stoutest of leathern boots. Slow? Cautious? Yes, my OTTO, and the heavy Teuton tramp Suits better the field of battle than the alush of the dismal swamp. The biggest of beetle-crushers most ponderously "put down"— Won't serve in the dank morasses where Behemoth might drown. Yet the game is worth the candle, or so you affect to think, And though you may flop and flounder, you cannot afford to sink, Like that foolish *Ritter Hugo*, who was so completely done By the rascally Rhine "meer-maid, vot hadn't got nodings on."

You are not a credulous *Ritter*, but a "Bummer" brave and bold, And much more given to selling than open to being sold, With your motto "Blood and Iron," and your maxim "*Do ut des*;" But what is your game, my OTTO, in perilous paths like these? The quarry "Colonial Empire"? Well, OTTO, you know what's what;

And the Teuton has struck its trail, OTTO, and you must follow its slot,

Awhile, awhile, at any rate. Alone? That is hardly known. "I ton't dink mooch of beoplesh dat goes mit demselfs alone," Said that artful minx the Mermaid, and she "had" the *Ritter* fine, And you're artful, my Teuton Titan, as any nymph of Rhine, And JOHN BULL is a handy neighbour, if he'll but go hand in hand On the path you want to travel in this swart and swampy land, Which his foot is much more used to than your own big-booted feet;

Big game he's used to tracking, and on freedom he is sweet.

'Tis a foolish fad, this latter, which you're far too 'cute to share, But if he's prepared to pay for it, why, that is his own affair. By a little seeming sympathy—for a time—he may be won. It's remarkably like the little game of "de maiden mit nodings on"!

"First creep, then go," my OTTO, is a maxim old and wise, And you're very fond of maxims, big boor with the bulbous eyes; A "grenadier on a window-pane" is not your mark, that's clear! But the RICHTERS and BAMBERGERS, and other such small deer, Must not appear to triumph. Of course 'tis not your plan To attack "the right of property (so ancient) of man in man." If JOHN BULL likes to think so, or if SALISBURY can persuade His master to believe you, and to lend his useful aid To a sort of sham Crusader in an awkward kind of mess, With his head in a brake and his boots in a bog, it may help you to success.

Meanwhile 'tis "fair and softly!" Big game is the hunter's lure. Slow is your progress, OTTO; but is it quite so sure? JOHN BULL looks on, my OTTO, with an air of some surprise; But is it sheer credulity that gleams in his keen grey eyes? Whatever SALISBURY may say, or do, JOHN makes shrewd guess At the Teuton Tracker's real game, and he reads the Reptile Press. "You helpsh yourself, by doonder;" said "de maiden mit nodings on;"

"Dat fetched" the *Ritter Hugo*, and "she pooled his coat-tails But JOHN's coat-tails are stoutish, and whoso hangs on thereto Will find, I think, that to make him sink needs a heavier weight than you!"

COAL DUES, OF WHICH WE ALL DESIRE THE CESSATION.—City fog and filth, which are certainly largely due to Coal!

### To Blatant Boanerges.

Is the Kingdom advanced, O belligerent BOOTH,

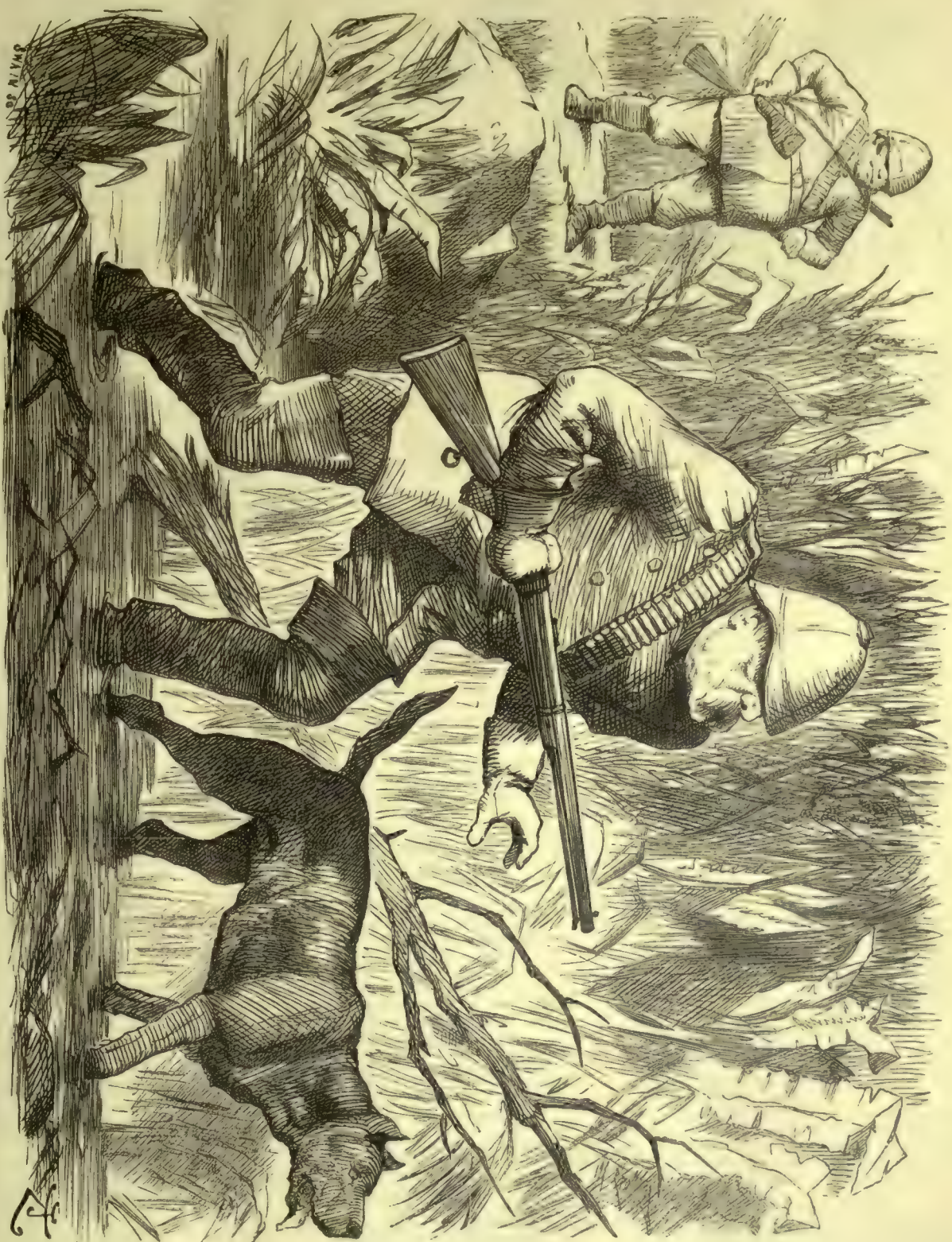
By hysterical lasses and bellowing boys?

Is the victory of Shindy the triumph of Truth,

And the Gospel of Peace an Evangel of Noise?

'Tis the sweet "Still small Voice" that can purge, guide, reform, And that came amidst silence, and not in the storm.





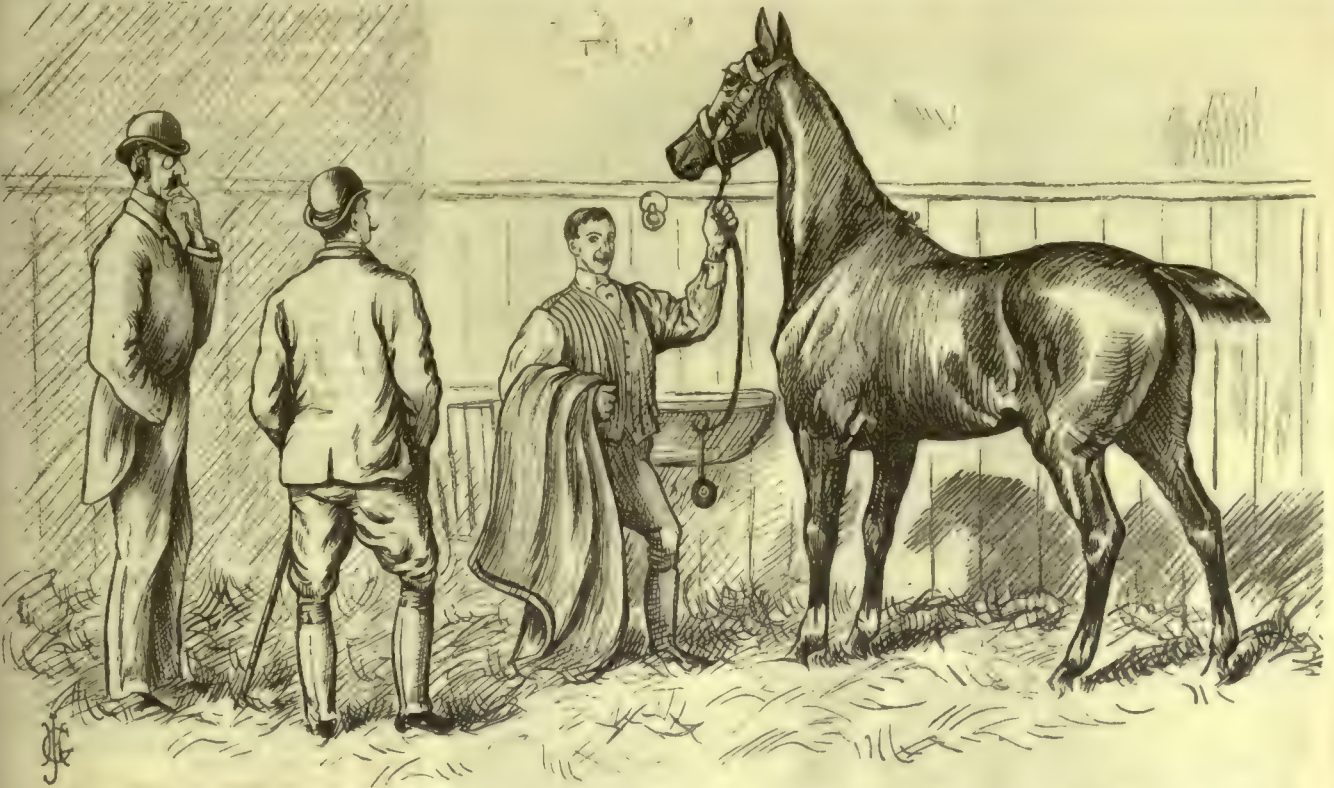
SLOW—BUT NOT SURE.

“GERMANY MARCHING SLOWLY AND CAUTIOUSLY IN THE COLONIAL PATH.”









Captain Highway (showing his Stables to Friend). "NOW THERE'S A GOOD-LOOKING ONE—CARRIED ME FOUR SEASONS—GAVE TWO HUNDRED FOR HER!" Friend. "CLEVER AT TIMBER?" Captain Highway. "ER—I—I—DON'T KNOW!" Friend. "GOOD AT WATER?" Captain Highway. "WELL—I—I—CAN'T SAY!"

### TOMMY'S TURK.

YOUNG TOMMY had a turban'd Turk,  
A model toy, a birthday token;  
You wound him up, and watch'd him work—  
Till he got broken.

His head would wag, his eyes would roll,  
He moved his arms with gesture stately,  
And played a dozen antics droll,  
Which pleased us greatly.

The idol of the chattering crowd,  
He acquiesced in every notion,  
And with unflinching tact allow'd  
Our deep devotion.

He ruled, a despot kind and strong,  
The nursery's turbulent tribesmen swaying,  
Till something with his works went wrong,  
And he ceased playing.

None can tell how. His subjects set  
Such store upon his fellow-feeling,  
That they were likely to forget  
Mere wires and wheeling.

Did WILLY's killing kindness press  
Down the reluctant Paynim's thrapple  
Those crumbs of cake, and watercress,  
And bits of apple?

Did CISSIE, curious child of EVE,  
Seek to explore his inmost being,  
And, frightened, her researches leave  
Unblest with seeing?

Or MAB, who duty never shirks,  
An advocate of Western polish,  
Had dreams perchance of teaching Turks  
To speak in Dollish.

For all the dolls at home can speak,  
And, on the slightest provocation,  
Engage, with ventriloquial squeak,  
In conversation.

And she, belike, essay'd to teach  
The unresponsive Asiatic,  
And caused, instead of answering speech,  
Reserve rheumatic.

He sits, serene as other Turks,  
In faultless Oriental vesture;  
But never since they hurt his works  
Has changed a gesture.

O TOMMY's Turk, your fate and mine  
Are by a mystic bond united,  
And neither of us gives a sign  
Of being blighted.

On Southern shores the waters fair  
Murmur their office pure and priestly,  
And ELSEIE flirts and dances there;—  
It's simply beastly.

Unmoved I meet my daily lot,  
Mechanically eat my dinner,  
Indifferently lose a "pot,"  
Or back the winner;

Waltz with dear Mrs. BUMBLEBEE,  
Although no normal arm can span her—  
Fat, fair, and fortiter in re,  
And suave in manner.

Or to Miss JONQUIL on the stairs,  
Where ELSEIE shone a drift of whiteness,  
Pour out the unexpressive pray'rs  
Of pure politeness.

And if our fingers chance to touch,  
If I gaze fondly at her tresses,  
It is because their taste is much  
The same in dresses.

I'll hie away to Gamlingay,  
Chester-le-Street, or Thorpe-le-Soken;  
I cannot work; like TOMMY's Turk,  
My springs are broken.

### HARDY SUCKERS.

SIR,—I am sure all your readers will be gratified to hear of the *extraordinarily mild season* we are having at Fossilton-on-the-Sludge. While in other places tender plants have gone to the Conservatory (or gone to pot), here my thermometer frequently registers 80 degrees; I am quite certain of the fact, as I keep the instrument under constant observation on my dining-room mantelpiece. I have actually in my garden, *in full bloom*, specimens of the *Fungus vulgaris*, the *Periwinklia pulmonaris*, and the daisy-like Australian *Waggawagga retrosilvensis*! The petals are extraordinarily developed for the time of year, and the stamens have a lot of stamina in them. The little work which I am about to publish on "*Our Deciduous Plants*" (for which I anticipate a large sale after this gratuitous advertisement), will contain further particulars. I enclose you an advance copy, and some specimens of out-of-door flowers (which I have been unable to dispose of to local customers). As you will, no doubt, be glad to receive the parcel, I have not prepaid the postage.

Yours grubbily, PETER MOULD.  
P.S.—I may, perhaps, mention that I am prepared to send any of the above-quoted varieties to any address in England, at low and inclusive rates.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—In a multitude of Councillars there is safety; but too many cooks spoil the broth. It is to be hoped that the County Councillors won't make a hash of it!

MOTTO FOR THE DEFEATED CANDIDATES.—  
*Vix (County) consili expers mole ruit sud!*





### UNDAUNTED.

*Bridegroom (tremulously).* "YOU'RE NOT NERVOUS, DARLING!"  
*Bride (Widow—firmly).* "NEVER WAS YET!"

### BURGLARY TALK.

AT A SUBURBAN DINNER PARTY.

I THINK we may say that we have taken every possible precaution.

Yes, that is a Detective enveloped in that drawing-room curtain.

I am told that the spring window-bells connected with the electric wire apparatus will act instantly on the slightest touch.

You would hardly suppose it, but those geranium-beds on the lawn are prepared as dynamite spring-traps to blow up at the merest foot-fall.

I hope all our guests will get in safely. It would be really very awkward were any of them to be shot at coming up the garden-path.

Ha! I am glad to see the dear old Colonel has wisely taken the precaution of putting on a cuirass under his shirt.

Are all the six-chambered revolvers duly loaded, and placed in the dinner-napkins?

Those ship's cutlasses slung over the backs of your respective chairs are only for self-protection in case of any sudden surprise.

By the baying of the six highly-trained bloodhounds that I keep in the stables, I should say that burglars were already about.

I wonder why that female servant has gone into hysterics on the floor above.

Dear me! this is very odd, but all the bed and dressing-room doors appear to be locked on the inside.

I do not think that we can get out of the house to see what is the matter until we remove these wire fastenings which are evidently meant to peg us in.

If the male guests would make a simultaneous rush for it and jump thirteen feet from the drawing-room window, they might, perhaps, manage to see what is going on outside.

To judge from the reports of those pistols, quite a battle-royal must be in progress on the lawn.

Ha! there goes the dear old Colonel right on to his head, having been tripped up by a concealed wire.

It is strange, but the burglars seem to have escaped over the garden-wall with my wife's jewel-case, and £350 in gold and notes that was lying about on her dressing-table.

I am glad to know that the Doctor reports hopefully on the condition of five of the seven wounded guests for whom I have had to turn my dining-room into a temporary hospital.

If I had only known at half-past six yesterday evening that two o'clock this morning would find me in this uncomfortable condition, I certainly would have postponed my little dinner.

Ha! at last, here is the one Policeman in the neighbourhood come to see if "anything is wrong!"

### GOOD NEWS FOR GHOSTS.

(By Our Own Bogy.)

"The Mayor and Corporation of Hastings have determined to spend a thousand pounds on sinking a well at a spot indicated by an operator with a divining-rod."—*St. James's Gazette.*

It really seems extremely odd,  
This use of a divining-rod,

In Eighteen-eighty-nine;  
If folks upon the Southern coast  
Go on like this, they'd love a ghost—  
A chance for me and mine.

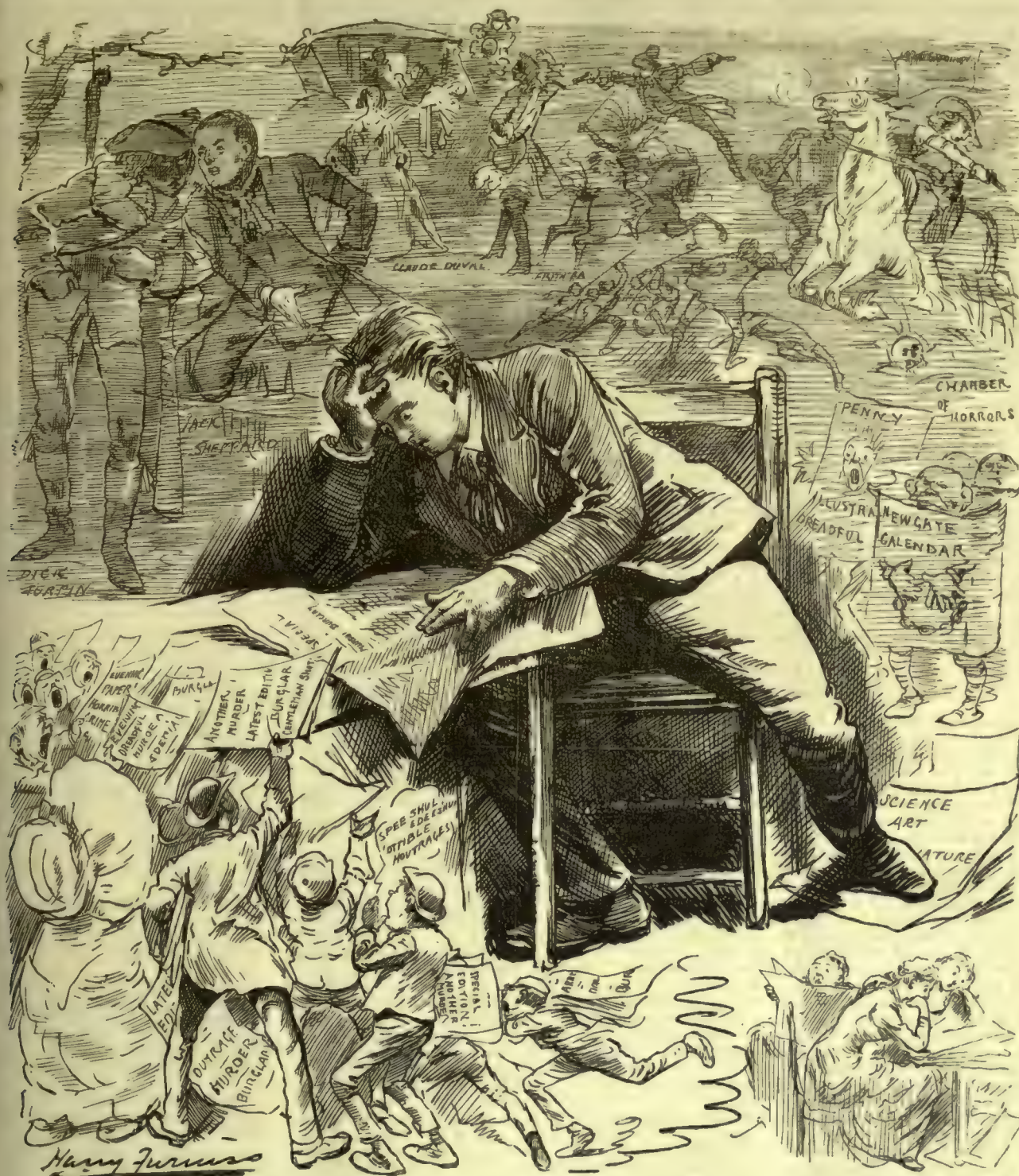
I've been of late a little out  
Of fashion, and began to pout  
To find, in shilling books,  
The smart detective take my place,  
The hero of some murder case,  
With not a thought of "spooks."

Yet, bless you, in the olden time,  
'Twas I that did discover crime,  
And now it's rather hard,  
To find the work by others done.  
I think that I'll bring up my son  
To serve in Scotland Yard.

Yet here's a chance, I will uprear  
My phantom form on Hastings Pier,  
And haunt the Sussex shore:  
If hazel rods lead men a dance,  
There should, I fancy, be a chance  
For able ghosts once more.

APPLES AND PEARS' GODDESSES.—In the "PEARS' Beauty Show," now just announced, it cannot be an apple which is to be given to the fairest. Yet, if Mr. PEARS is to be the judge, he will be like Paris, "*L'homme à la pomme*," to decide between the lovely Goddesses. He'll have to use a lot of soft-soap on the unsuccessful candidates, who will each be taken singly in this Exhibition of PEARS. Hope it will all end Applily.





**"TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA."**

*Shade of Jack Sheppard to Shade of Dick Turpin.* "THEY SAY IT'S US AS UPSET THE YOUNGSTERS; BUT, BLESS THEIR SIMPLE 'ARTS, WE AIN'T IN IT NOWADAYS WITH THE PAPERS THAT ARE BOUGHT AND READ BY EVERYONE EVERYWHERE!"

**"Still Waters Run Deep."**

THIS effective play has been so successfully revived at the Criterion that, in spite of managerial pre-arrangements, Mr. WYNDHAM may have to change its title to *Still Waters Run Long*. It is said that CHARLES WYNDHAM intends going in for tragedy, and that the name of the theatre will be altered to *The Cry-teary-un*. We don't believe it.

PARADOXICAL.—The *Quarterly Review* has an article on "The Early Life of Lord BEACONSFIELD." But surely BENJAMIN's real "Early" life was his late one!

SUB ROSÂ ? BUT NOT SOTTO VOCE.—Miss HUNTINGTON, at the Prince of Wales's, seems to have made a hit. Her name, at all events, is suggestive of being in for several good runs.



## MIDDLE-AGED MASTERS AT THE GROSVENOR.

WHY, cert'nly. You have often heard of the Old Masters, and you have frequently looked at the Young Masters (and, for the matter of that, the Young Misses as well—but let us be serious).



Private and Confidential.

Here we have a collection of pictures between 1737 and 1837. Assuredly not Old Masters—presumably not young; therefore they must be Middle-aged! Ha! ha! Never heard of 'em before? Oh, haven't you? Have you not heard of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, ROMNEY, HOGARTH, COTMAN, CROME—not the inventor of Chromo-lithography—WILKIE, JAMES WARD, TURNER, MORLAND, STOTHARD, BONINGTON, CONSTABLE, ETTY, LAWRENCE, WILSON, HOPPNER, BLAKE, and DE LOUTHÉBOURG? Now you know what the Middle-aged Masters are. They have not the mellow majesty of the Old, or the superficial skittishness of the New; but they have many excellent qualities of their own, which may be studied to very great advantage. In this pleasant Gallery you will find more than three hundred specimens of this particular period of British Art. Some will astonish you, and others will hugely delight you. Among the latter you will find specimens by one Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and one GEORGE ROMNEY, which you would find difficult to beat among the Old Masters or the New. Among a number of curiosities in a glass case is a dead field-mouse, that JOHN CONSTABLE sat on. This was probably a critic of the day. We wonder what CONSTABLE's sitting-weight could be, for the poor mouse is flattened out like a fern-leaf in a Family Bible. CONSTABLE, having taken him up, seems to have put him down most effectually.

(Signed)

PRIVATE VIEW, 1ST R.A. CORPS.

## LITERAL LYRICS.

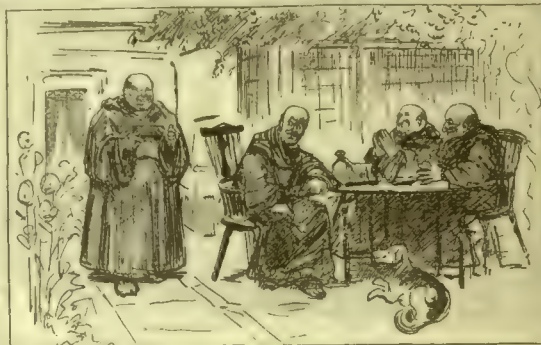
*The Pork King's Daughter and the Impecunious Duke.*

EUPHRATES TITUS BLAZER, U. S. A., reflected  
 "I guess I've cornered—wal, successfully in pork;  
 And my financial status is, you bet, respected  
 In circles slicing slightly bigger than New York."  
 And then he called his daughter to him, just remarking,  
 "Look here, my gal, as you will have a pretty pile,  
 And no doubt air prospecting matrimonial larking,  
 We'll cross the pond and go a regular bust in style.  
 For dollars can do anything across that water.  
 So, though, there's catches here that might be fixed up fit,  
 A British nob's the lead for E. T. BLAZER's daughter,—  
 For, darn them and their titles—they are real grit."  
 Thereon they crossed the pond, and found themselves located  
 In princely circumstances at the Métropole,  
 And E. T. BLAZER was delighted and elated  
 To find how much on this side dollars could control.  
 His every word was listened to as very weighty  
 By all who sought his pleasant company to gain,  
 He drenched his friends in Pommery and Greno, eighty;  
 Each new acquaintance was cemented with Champagne.  
 He paid his way. He purchased friends by scores. Was caught up,  
 Asked out, invited, toadied, fawned on everywhere.  
 He spent his dollars freely, and at length he bought up  
 The *entrée* to a Ducal palace in Mayfair.  
 It was His Grace of BASINGHALL'S well-known town mansion,  
 Where things had formerly been done in royal state,  
 But where to-day, his income showing no expansion,  
 The dinners, wines, appointments,—all, were quite third-rate;  
 In fact its lordly owner simply was restricted  
 In showing hospitality through lack of means,  
 For all his tenants paid no rent, and unevicted  
 Had thus to wrack and ruin brought his wide demesnes.  
 His troubles to conceal his Grace made no profession;  
 At Basinghall closed shutters faced an unkempt lawn:  
 At Mayfair he allowed a man was in possession,  
 And all the famed ancestral jewels were in pawn.  
 Nor was this all. His last few thousands he had madly  
 Invested in a specious beef and ham concern,  
 And, as the speculation had turned out but sadly,  
 His Grace at last himself knew not which way to turn.  
 Then E. T. BLAZER saw his chance; approached quite hearty,  
 And said, "Wal, Mister Dook, you bet, I'll make your game:

It's flat that you're a blazin impecunious party,  
 And so, I guess, I'm fits on purchasing your name.  
 That means my daughter must be fixed up as your Duchess.  
 I dessay that your price will be a tidy one,  
 And so I've drawn this cheque that seven figures touches.  
 That squares you! eh?" The Duke reflected, then said "Done!"  
 So at Mayfair no more a man was in possession,  
 No longer the ancestral jewels were in pawn;  
 The Duke, he went it: lived well up to his profession,  
 And Basinghall again looked on its well-kept lawn.  
 And at his wedding all Society delighted  
 Rejoiced exceedingly, and hailed the welcome fluke  
 That saw, with sound commercial instinct, thus united,  
 The Pork King's Daughter and the Impecunious Duke.

## A GOOD SHILLING'S-WORTH.

At Burlington House. What an interesting collection in Galleries Nos. II. and III., specially No. III., where we could spend a considerable portion of the day in contemplating the portrait of "*Rembrandt—by Himself*."



Yes, "*REMBRANDT*, quite by himself." Through the open door we catch sight of H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE in full regiments, by the late FRANK

HOLL, and turn again, with a sigh of relief, to the study of The Old Master. Yet two or three of HOLL's portraits require only the finishing touch of the Great Artist, Time, to merit a place not so very, very far away from the inimitable *Rembrandt by Himself*. But "*by itself*," it will remain! The nearest to it, in the next room, are HOLL's *Lord Spencer* and *Piatti*.

In No. II. there is a delightful Jan Steen, lent by Lord NORTHBROOK, showing a Comic Music Hall Singer—a MACDERMOTT or LEYBOURNE of the period—rehearsing a comic song, and chuckling over the point he is going to make. Mrs. RAM says that "she had always thought STEEN was a painter of marine subjects, so called from his having been a native of Brighton. If not," she asks, "who was the Old Steen?"

Look at JACOB JORDAEN'S No. 78, "*A Quiet Dinner!*" Everybody making a din at table: each one not a host, but a "*dinner*" in himself.

Notice 80. By JAN STEEN. The Hogarthian details tell the story. It is called, *The Doctor*.

No. 86. *Heureux Âge*. Lent by Mr. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD. A charming Watteau, showing the infancy of cricket. Pretty design for a Christmas Card.

No. 89. Called a "*Pastoral Scene*." By WATTEAU. All embracing, or trying to. "Where innocence is bliss," as Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM observes. No. 95 is also lent by Sir RICHARD WALLACE, and represents GILLES, the celebrated *Pierrot*, playing a guitar. Happy days! Nothing to do but to pic-nic, sing, dance, make love, and masquerade! So they danced on until the mask fell off, the tune changed,—and the time too.

No. 109. A gem of GREUZE's, called *A Bacchante*. From the view, more like a Frontane. Another characteristic Watteau comes from Mr. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD; *L'Accordée du Village*. The centre figure is a dog, who is looking uncommonly knowing. "Every dog has his day," and this particular dog is evidently having his day kept by the entire village. He is a lucky dog, fêted to be happy. Here's a Rembrandt, small and early, lent by Mr. HUMPHRY WARD, representing *Robinson Crusoe's* great-grandfather. But here we finish our brief stay, and before quitting Burlington House, we must take one last fond look at *Rembrandt, by Himself*, No. 157, round the corner. Magnificent! If you've only a quarter of an hour to spare, go and pay your respects to this picture which belongs to Lord ILCHESTER.

SEASONABLE GAME FOR BRITISH TROOPS IN BURMAH.—*Da-coits*.A COMMON JOURNALISTIC OUTRAGE.—Beating the *Record*.



## SHAKSPEARE ON THE STREETS.

(See "King Henry the Fourth," Act III., Sc. 1.)



"Glendower (to Hotspur). Cousin, of many men,  
I do not bear these crossings."

## THE BLOOM OF LONDON (COUNTY) PRIDE.

(The Unreported Report of a Meeting that never Met.)

THE Council had met, and were considering the election of Aldermen. There was a goodly gathering, and in the centre suddenly appeared a Personage that seemed a combination of leaders from newspapers, House of Commons speeches, and old traditions.

"I am Public Opinion!" thundered the Personage, and then it became known that it was the desire of Public Opinion that the Councillors should give their individual views on the subject of the election of Aldermen.

"Well," said the Member for West Marylebone, looking through his pince-nez, and smiling, "I cannot help feeling that some one should be selected—who has entertained HER MAJESTY to five o'clock tea."

"You mean Sir REGINALD HANSON," observed the Member for the Strand, "and I don't agree with you. Give me an Alderman who can organise a procession that will do credit to the City like——"

"Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS," put in one Member of the City, with a sneer. "But you have horses. I know the very man to attend to them."

"You mean the Earl of ROSEBURY," added the other Member for the City. "Well, perhaps, yes; but horses are not so interesting as ants or bees. Why not get a good Naturalist, and some one who admires the Bank Holiday Movement?"

"Like Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, for instance," murmured the Member for Haggerston. "Yes; but we must do something more than look at horses; we must tackle Mayors—Lord Mayors; and as for ants, why the 'aunts of the City Companies (as a Cockney would say) should be our game. Now, for an Alderman, we could not select anyone better fitted for the post than that earnest reformer, Mr.——"

"FIRTH!" lisped the Member for St. George's, Hanover Square. "I think FIRTH should be last! Now a Volunteer——"

"Who is first-rate at organisation—that's what you mean," interrupted the Member for Woolwich. "Yes, I know; but you won't find him in HOWARD VINCENT—you had better far take me!"

"What's the HUGHES?" was the frivolous commentary of Public Opinion—the mood of Public Opinion is very changeable. The Voice continued, in a more earnest tone—a tone full of gravity, "You say that the perfect Alderman should be beloved and respected by Royalty?"

"Hear, hear!" cried Sir REGINALD.

"And good at pageants."

"Certainly!" ejaculated AUGUSTUS DEURIOANUS.

"And fond of animals—horses, ants, and bees!"

"So we think," replied Sir JOHN and the Earl.

"And a real reformer, a perfect organiser, and, in fact, a thorough statesman and philanthropist!"

"Yes, yes!" was the universal shout.

"But where will you find a man, who in his own person combines all these qualifications?"

There was a dead silence.

"There is only one person in London, England, Europe, the world, so qualified," continued the Voice of Public Opinion, "and that person is——"

Then the Power of Public Opinion was exhibited even in the London County Council, and there was a shout that sounded far and wide of "Mr. Punch!"

"Yes," assented Public Opinion, "Mr. Punch is the best possible

Alderman, as he is the best possible everything else, so would you escape the ignoble fate of Bumbledom, keep your eye upon Mr. Punch, and ask him to pull you through."

And with this, Public Opinion disappeared, and the Members of the London County Council were left (for the moment) to their own devices, and the cheering influence of their pretty portraits as published in the current number of the *Illustrated London News*.

## STORIES OF THE PAST.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THERE has been so much correspondence about *Links with the Past*, that I think my own experience will be of interest to your readers. If so, it is heartily at your service.

When I was a lad, I perfectly well recollect being taken on the shoulders of my grandfather to see Her Majesty Queen VICTORIA proceeding in State to Westminster on the occasion of her Jubilee. My grandfather then told me (as the fireworks were being let off) that he had spoken to a gentleman who was present at the execution of King CHARLES THE FIRST.

"How can that be?" I asked, "for according to your own account, you were not living at the time of the Battle of Waterloo!" which indeed, was constantly his assertion.

"I am surprised that you should doubt my word!" replied my grandfather.

"I doubt your word," I respectfully returned, "because your story seems so marvellous. It is impossible to believe it!"

"Then, if you do not believe it, it is no use to tell you, that the man who spoke to my grandfather, and was present at the execution of CHARLES THE FIRST, was a Baron who had actually signed Magna Charta!"

"You do not say so!" I exclaimed, fairly astounded at the gigantic jumps we were making from the Present into the Past. "Why, in two lives about five centuries are covered!"

"Yes, I fancy that is about the right measure," said my grandfather, musingly, "but I have not entirely exhausted the subject."

"Why did the man who spoke to my great-grandfather at the execution of CHARLES THE FIRST, and who had signed Magna Charta years and years before, serve for a further link with the past?"

"Certainly; he was acquainted with persons who knew RICHARD THE FIRST intimately, and had himself dined with the first of our HENRIES."

"Dear me," I returned, "this is indeed interesting. Then he might have taken part in the Battle of Hastings?"

"Taken part in the Battle of Hastings?" exclaimed my grandfather; "why, he had not only taken part, but had been killed in the Battle of Hastings!"

Trusting that this brief recital of undoubted facts may advance the cause of historical research. I remain, yours sincerely,

AN OLD-FASHIONED LIAR.

## ADDENDA PAPER FOR THE L. C. C.

(Prepared, in the Interests of the Public, at 85, Fleet Street.)

To consider a plan for improving omnibuses, and establishing shelters for those who have to wait for them.

To introduce newspaper kiosks, on the Parisian system, in the streets of London.

To build Summer *cafés* (with Winter gardens attached thereto) on the Thames Embankment.

To plant trees in Regent Street, the Strand, and the Edgware and Tottenham Court Roads.

To call to account the Vestries in the matters of dust-removal and street-watering.

To carry out a scheme for causing the emigration (either by force or persuasion) of organ-men, German bands, and Italian penny ice-cream vendors.

To bury three-fourths of the London statues, and overhaul the remainder.

And last and most important of all, to take immediate steps for causing the abolition of that old-established nuisance, Mud Salad Market, with or without the consent of His Grease the Duke of MUDFORD.

## The Latest Thibetting.

"WITH his agent the Llama triumphantly tampers!"

Thus at Gnatong to-day

Every one seems to say

'Tis the Ampa alone who a settlement hampers!

As the London School Board is going to meet the Free Meal Movement half-way, why not take for its Motto "*Spero meal-iora!*"



## THE SPIRIT OF SPECULATION.



"New lamps for old!" was a tempting cry;  
Where Pleasure beckons, her followers fly;

But, for ardent emulation  
For headlong hurry that nought can restrain,  
Is there aught like the modish Pursuit of Gain,  
Which fires the mixed multitude drawn in the train

Of the Spirit of Speculation?

A winsome Spirit, though wild on the wing,  
A Siren, and sweet are the songs she will sing  
In the ears of all who listen.

How her smiles invite! How her tresses float  
In an aureate trail! How her votaries gloat  
On her Danaë charms, and delightedly dote  
On each golden note  
From her argent throat!

How they glow, and gleam, and glisten,  
Those eager eyes of the hurrying throng,  
Thralls of her witchery, slaves of her song,  
Suppliants keen for her kisses!  
Follow, follow! The foot that nears  
That Golden Witch hath no time for fears.  
And Folly follows, nor stops her ears  
With the wax of the wise ULYSSES.



A motley troop, but towards one goal,  
 Moved as though by a single soul.  
 Beauty draws by a single hair,  
 But each of her locks is a separate snare,  
 Floating far in the ambient air.  
 What is the largess she showers there?  
 Scrip unlimited, stock and share!  
 Bubbles to hold?  
 Mere rainbow gold?  
 Out upon prudence! Be brave and bold!  
 No faint heart ever won *this* fair dame,  
 With hands like Ophir and eyes like flame.  
 A "*belle dame sans merci*!"  
 Pooh! The timid are tame o'ermuch.  
 She at least hath no gifts for such  
 As fear her face and flee.  
 Let them toil in the beaten groove,  
 Thralls to the Labour they feign to love,  
 Delve and drudge,  
 And mouth the fudge  
 That Thrift doles out to the dolts who trudge  
 Through Gain's long path, when the fools  
 might fly.  
 Winged like the Witch of the wanton eye.  
 Life is short and Labour long.  
 Leave dull toil to the dusty throng;  
 This is the way for the shrewd and strong.  
 The slow-hived wealth of the moiling mass,  
 The plodding Issachars, each an ass  
 Born to grind in the mills of Class,  
 Make garnered gift  
 For the wise whose thrift  
 Is to live on the load that the many lift,  
 To dredge in the true Pactolean drift,  
 The stream flows on, but its channels shift;  
 The wise breast not the flood, but band  
 The keen of sight and the swift of hand  
 In Monopoly of the golden sand.  
 Which years deposit and moments sift,  
 The Witch knows well, would she only say,  
 How the harvest of decades is reaped in a day.  
 Follow, follow! Let her not slip,  
 Wooers of fortune, thralls of the "tip,"  
 From Mammon's mansion and gambler's  
 den,  
 Lights of the pencil, stars of the pen,  
 Plungers, flutterers, women and men,  
 Hangers on to the giants of gain,  
 Parasites in the Gold King's train,  
 Slaves of the "Ring," and dupes of the  
 Rein;  
 From court, church, counter, come forth, come  
 forth!  
 No lode-star ever, set high in the North,  
 Ever so drew,  
 Pointed so true.  
 No Siren ever so sang, so few;  
 No Circe mustered so motley a crew  
 From every rank, craft, station.  
 Harpy is she, or Ariel?  
 Do her votaries know? Can her victims tell?  
 But, known or not, she is worshipped well,  
 With gold for altars, its chink for bell,  
 The—Spirit of Speculation!

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**PUTTING UP FOREIGN GUESTS.**—It was, no doubt, inconsiderate of your brother to have sent you without notice the Joceypookah Cannibal Island Football Team, and expected you to put them up and provide for them, on their arrival in England, in your small house in Leopold Square; still, you seem to have got on better with them than might have been anticipated. It will evidently be difficult, from what you mention, to prevent them tearing up the stair-carpet and cutting it into short lengths for purposes of personal adornment. But why let them through the house at all? We conclude you have consigned them to an upper floor. Let them only enter or quit this by a fire-escape attached to one of the windows. You can easily hire one for the purpose. Try this. By all means,



## "COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."

*Guest.* "IT'S VERY KIND OF YOU TO—"  
*Hosts.* "OH, WE SHOULD NOT HAVE FELT COMFORTABLE UNLESS WE'D COME WITH YOU, AND—SEEN THE LAST OF YOU—"!!

in future, feed them on cat's meat, as you propose. With regard to their practice, they ought, of course, to get this in the square, but as you say they are at present using a human skull as a football, and as this has apparently terrified all the nursery-maids and children in the place, and caused a general cry of complaint from the parents, it would be as well if you could induce them to arrange their time of play somewhere between the small hours of the morning. Yes, we think you might introduce them between a song of Signor DAMOSTIS and the Bohemian Bell-ringers as a "special feature" at an afternoon drawing-room party, but it might be as well to have a dozen policemen handy in the hall, in case they should suddenly take it into their heads to make an attack upon your guests. Certainly let them go on to the Parish at the time you mention. You cannot reasonably be expected to put them up for more than a month, or, at most, five weeks.

**WHALE CULTURE.**—We do not think, that, seeing that you say it is sixteen feet in length, you will be able to keep the live whale that has just been sent you by your Uncle at Labrador, in your upstairs cistern. Far your best plan will be to deposit it, as soon as possible, in the nearest swimming-bath in the immediate neighbourhood of your house. To do this take it there in a furniture-van, with about sixteen men, whose services you may require at the baths, as, to prevent the possible interference of the attendants, you may find it necessary to get the creature at the last moment in with a rush. Having, therefore, taken the bath ticket and given the signal, let your sixteen men seize the whale, and making a dash through the entrance-hall, without waiting to answer any questions, rapidly force their way into the swimming-bath and consign it to the water. Once there the whale will instantly revive, and if, on your showing the attendant the ticket for its bath, he appears dissatisfied, you can try to put him in a good temper by pointing out to him, with a pleasant smile, that at least it will not require any towels. Yes, we certainly think you cannot do wrong in feeding it on tinned lobster. Any shilling handbook on the Management of the Whale will tell you this.

**AMATEUR CHIMNEY-SWEEPING.**—Yes, you can certainly, if you are dissatisfied with his charges, dispense with the services of your ordinary chimney-sweep, and sweep your own drawing-room chimney, if you don't mind a little trouble. You have only to collect all the curtain-poles, broom and mop-sticks, walking-canes, and umbrellas in the house, and, strapping them tightly together in a long line, surmounted by the hall door-mat fastened securely to the top, push this, as well as you can, by degrees, up your drawing-room chimney—and there you are. If this apparatus, however, as not unfrequently happens, doubles up and refuses to work, you can still fall back on the Breton plan, which consists in getting on the roof of your house and letting a Christmas-tree attached to a rope down the chimney to which you are directing your attention. As this, though a highly efficacious method when successful, sometimes brings down the entire interior of the chimney itself, it would be well to exercise some caution in having recourse to it, if you hold your house on a repairing lease.



## ANOTHER STAGGERER FOR ROBERT!

I WUNCE herd 2 Gents a arguing werry fiercely while at Dinner, which, as evry body ort to kno, is a great mistake, speshally at a really grate Bankwet, sich as I wunce herd the Dook of CAMBRIDGE say he coudn't get nowhere but in the City. No, when at Dinner, nobel Gents, give your hole mind to it, and resurve your arguing till you gets your desserts, and then you can do as you please. Well, these 2 unwise Gents was a discussung of the old saying that "There's nothink new under the Sun." One said as there was, and other said as there warn't. Well, the thing as the one on 'em said as was new, was suttently a staggerer to me as well as to the other Gent, and it was, that you could now buy most butifol cordials, and nice drinks of many kinds, that tasted like wine, and looked like wine, and yet wasn't wine, and woodn't never not make people hintoxticated!



Well, this seemed such a staggerer to me, that I thort in course as the other Gent wood have thrown up the sponge at wunce, and confessed hisself beaten. But no, not a bit of it; on the contrary, he said as the ancient Egiphshuns, ewer so many thowsend years ago, knowed of a certain stone as was called Giptiller, or sum sich name, which had the wonderfool power of making water look like wine, aye, and taste like wine! But that the cunning old Preests kep the secret to theirselves, and it died when they died!

Just at this most intresting moment I was obligated for to leave them, to attend to other dooties, and I herd no more. But wot a rewelashun! And the werry fust thing as occurs to me, now, setting down quiet at tome, is, woodn't a Gent who sat down and carmly and quietly drunk, say 2 bottels of this inncerent wine, be likely to make the same complaint as the Farmer did when he had finisht the Bottle of Claret that his Landlord set him down to, insted of a Bottle of Port, wiz., "that he didn't seem to have got no forreder?" But a truce to any sitch filosofical questyuns as them, for now cums what I calls a werry strikin fac.

Ony larst week, a gent of the name of HIDRESS, I thinks it was, tho' that does sound more like a helderly lady than a middle ages Gent, called on me to ask me to dine with him, and a few other gents of my perfession jest to try a hexperiment as was about to be tried as to having jest as jolly dinners as are had now, but without not no headakes *etseterer, etseterer, arterwards.*

Naterally, most naterally, I hoped both my too eyes with estonishment and wundered wot was a cummin next. But as he seemed to be a waiting for me to say sumthink, I sed, "Afore Sir acceptin your werry perlite inwitashun, I shoood most suttently like to ether see or hear your *Maynoo*." "Quite reesonable," says he, and so he begins: "With your clear Turtel Soop you has jest a small glass of Maryskeno, and if you much likes it, as you most likely will, you may have another. Then with your Fish, jest one glass of 1874 Black Currant Wine will be found simply delicious. With the Ontrays I should give you two or even three glasses of Orange Shampane, speshall cuvay, which not being werry sweet will jest suit those who prefer their Shampanes dry. With the Poultry, or Jint, a glass of Ginger Hale will be found werry refreshing, while, with the Game, Winter Punch is *der regare* as the French says. With the Cheese you will have jest one glass of Orange Bitters, and then with your Dessert of course you can select from a waried list of werry old favorites, commencing with fine old Strawberry Syrup of the celebrated 1880 growth and ending with old Gingerett."

How I must have looked when he had finished his owdashus list I can't of coarse say, but my old wisage must have bin summut of a studdy, for he says, says he, "I don't at all wunder at your look of hutter estonishment, becos you know we all ether sneers or larfs at all great discoveries at fust. I desay as your own Farther larfed at Gas when he fust herd about it, as a good menny people does now at bottling up a speech or a song in a box and keeping it till it's wanted, so don't you let your estonishment prewent your accepting my hinwitashun, or coming to it with a hunbiassed mind."

Of coarse I didn't see my way to onerably refuse him, and so, saying he wood let me know the day and the hower, away he went, leaving me almost speechless with surprize! We Waiters as is agreed to go, are to have a meeting a day or so before "the apointed day," to decide upon what safeguards or prewentives we are to consume afore we submits ourselves to this orful xperiment, the effecs of which I hopes I shall live to relate.

ROBERT.

Mem. by a Voter.

ELECTORAL paradox sure is complete:  
Every Candidate runs, and yet stands, for a seat!

## A VERY SHADOWY GRIEVANCE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You will see by the signature I have appended to this epistle that at one time I was a person of some importance. This is true enough, for when the *Heralds* visited my part of the country at the commencement of the Seventeenth Century, they found my pedigree written up to date and perfectly correct. As you represent, now-days, all that is good (inclusive of respectability), I venture to address you in the hope that you will exercise your immense influence to secure for me justice and relief.

Without entering into unnecessary details, I may hint that circumstances over which I have no control, cause me to walk about a corridor at midnight in a most desirable country mansion clanking chains and uttering moans of a heartrending character. I am accompanied, while making these professional perambulations, by a female member of my family, who prefers to float through space minus a head. We have done this sort of thing for more than a couple of centuries, and have quite grown to like the exercise. After our walk in the corridor, we usually adjourn for a chat to an apartment that is known as the Red Room. We do not interfere with anyone, and are perfectly harmless. In fact, I fancy that we are rather an acquisition to the house than otherwise, for certainly, the estate-agent, who had the letting of the place some time since, made a great feature of the fact that it was inhabited by a couple of old-fashioned spectres. I need scarcely say that we are on visiting terms with all the best county ghosts, and are frequently invited to spend daybreak in other houses, on such special occasions as the anniversary of a murder or the foretelling of a family calamity.

From this you will see that we are quite persons to know, and having claims to universal respect. And until recently our claims have never been questioned, and this brings me, my dear *Mr. Punch*, to my grievance—that the tendency of the age is to ignore ghost-lore. Times were—and not very long ago—when Christmas brought with it scores of stories calculated to foster a belief in the weird and supernatural. Nowadays, if a spectre is introduced into a tale he must be explained away by natural causes, or treated as a sort of superior music-hallical experiment, which for the moment has been one too many for scientific research. Now this treatment has been most damaging to our reputations as awe-inspirers, and has caused us considerable annoyance. Of course we do not pretend to perform in public, still our manifestations have been witnessed by so many of our descendants, that we have grown accustomed, so to speak, to a gallery of admiring spectators. Since the adoption of the tone about us to which I have referred, instead of being impressed by our appearance, the persons we have haunted have been only moved to ridicule. But as one substantial proof is worth a dozen theories, I give an instance, which occurred as recently as New Year's Day, in support of my assertion.

On the 1st instant my female relative and myself, after our usual performance in the corridor, glided into the Red Room to have a chat over old times. This is always to me the pleasantest moment of the dawn, as I can talk without interruption, my female relative having, as I have already informed you, no head. When we were standing in front of the slowly expiring fire I noticed that the room was occupied. Sitting up in bed was a gentleman, who, instead of falling into the regulation fit on seeing us, merely gazed at us earnestly with the assistance of an opera-glass! I did my best to horrify him. I groaned and rattled my chains, and my female relative most obligingly made the most of the absence of her head. But all this had no effect upon him. I saw that our reputation was at stake, and that a supreme effort must be made to fill his mind with terror. Leaving my female relative to entertain him (she has rather a ghastly way of disappearing and reappearing in green fire), I hurried off to beseech support from those of my ghostly colleagues that I could find in the neighbourhood. Fortunately, New Year's Day is rather a grand occasion in our profession, and I soon whipped up a Knight in Armour carrying a blood-stained dagger, an old gentleman in the costume of the period of GEORGE THE SECOND, holding a broken walking-stick and a snuff-box, two "somethings" in grave-clothes, and a drowned sailor. With these auxiliaries I returned to the Red Room and continued the haunting. The gentleman in the bed received the knight with a sneer, the old gentleman with a grin, the two somethings with a "Pooh, pooh!" and the drowned sailor with an exclamation of vigorous contempt. He gazed at us all for a moment, and then, putting the opera-glass down, and observing, "It must be that cheap champagne!" quietly went to sleep! We then held a meeting, and, in compliance with a resolution thereat passed, I am writing to you, my dear *Mr. Punch*, to ask you to do your best to cause to be restored to us the dignity we prized so greatly, and which, for the time, we seem to have entirely lost.

I beg to remain, yours, faithfully,

A WELL-CONNECTED GHOST.

The Willow Walk, Phantom's Abbey, Shadesbury.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



ABOUT the best number I've yet seen of *Our Celebrities*; of which the proprietor and monographer is the eccentric epigrammatist and merry musician, LOUIS ENGEL; the photographer, the accomplished and artistic Count WALKER, of Regent Street; and the publishers, SWAN and SONNENSCHN. What a corps! If that isn't sweetness and light—with Sun-in-shine for the photos included—I don't know what is. But to

proceed. Here we have, first, EMMA ALBANI GYE—not "Woe EMMA," but "GYE EMMA,"—looking, as she is, "a thing of beauty, which is a GYE for ever;" then Canon DUCKWORTH, who, in his academics, seems an uncommonly "big, big D." Of him writes the monographer:—

"Needless to say that his pure English, and full ringing organ, and a very accurate use of words, stand him in good stead as a preacher."

## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

## THIRD EVENING.

"Not long ago," said the Moon, "I looked through the window of a village inn into a bright and cheerful room, with highly-coloured calendars hanging on the walls. Round about, on benches, sat the chief personages in the village, for it was a very respectable house. There was the butcher, and the wheelwright, and the carpenter, who also carved tombstones, and the chief draper (the other was a Teetotaller), and even the chemist, who kept the post office—they were all there, drinking their beer or their spirits-and-water with a sober satisfaction, and puffing at their pipes, as I have seen them do for many and many an evening, and hope to see them doing for years and years to come. Generally they are content to talk—alow, ponderous talk it is, with pauses between, such as in all rustic inns is considered a rather stimulating exchange of thought; sometimes they play cards—though not when the chemist or the Parish Clerk is there. This night, however, they enjoyed a sensation altogether new to them—a stranger had come in, and volunteered to sing to them. They are none of them very musical, though they complained bitterly not long ago, when the Vicar improved the barrel-organ out of the church—the Parish Clerk was particularly offended, for he could play sixteen double-chants without once changing the barrel. They sing sometimes themselves, but not often, as they all know each other's songs by heart, while those of the stranger were unlike anything they had ever heard. He sat with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and his eyes on the smoky ceiling, and sang song after song to them in a sweet *falsetto* voice, which somehow went straight home even to their torpid bosoms. He sang of patriotism and freedom, of lovely children fading slowly away, of stars and angels, of the joys of honest industry, of the sanctity of hearth and home, of



Perhaps "accurate" is meant to suggest "a curate" as it was in this subordinate part that the Canon must have learnt his business. As to his organ, the monographer has previously said, speaking about the Reverend Gentleman's St. Mark's Church,—appropriate place for a man of mark,—that his organ was a Walker,—WALKER being the well-known organ-builder (my anathemas on all organ-grinders!), and "one of the finest-toned in London." Summary,—a fine Preacher with a good deal of organic Walker. The third portrait is of Mr. BOEHM, R.A., who was so highly spoken of years ago by Sir ROBERT PEEL in the House of Commons. The eminent sculptor is represented in one of the several attitudes which, as a practical man of genius, he tried for himself by straddling across a chair, while designing his striking equestrian statue of the Duke of WELLINGTON. Mr. BOEHM, so the monographic ENGEL informs us, "gets up every morning at six in summer and seven in winter," and then "gets on horseback in any weather,"—and when he doesn't, I suppose he sits astride across a chair as he does in this picture and jogs his memory for exercise. *Our Celebrities* ought to be doing well, under the guidance of their guardian ENGEL.

I like short stories. Brevity is the soul of wit. Personally, therefore, I am grateful to Mr. W. H. POLLOCK for "collecting" and "re-collecting" those forming his new Volume, entitled *A Nine Men's Morrice*. Why *A Nine Men's Morrice*? There are nine tales; and a Morrice is a dance, a round dance,—and—and—well, on further consideration, why not *A Nine Men's Morrice*? or *A Nine Men's Morrice*? But the name's nothing, the collection is everything. "Edged Tools," a quizzical spookical story, is excellent; and "The Thought Reader," and "One of Charles Mainwaring's Lies," both dramatically told, would be equal to the one I mentioned first, if the Author, instead of abruptly refusing to tell us any more, had been graciously pleased to satisfy the reader's curiosity, which in both instances he has so skilfully succeeded in arousing. I was inclined to say, with Mr. Weller, Senior, at the conclusion of each of the last two stories, "That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, SAMMY?" and, obviously, W. H. POLLOCK, adapting Sam's words to the occasion, would have retorted—"Not a bit on it—you vish there was more—and that's the great art o' story writin'." "Well," said Mr. Weller, Senior, "there's something in that." If you enjoy a quiet smile, read "Mr. Morton's Butler." As a satirical burlesque of the supernatural story, it is excellent; but being a fragment, it is only suggestive of possibilities. "The Green Lady" is the best of all; a real chuckle-starter. For the hour before dressing for dinner, or the twenty minutes' before undressing for bed, you can't have a better companion than *A Nine Men's Morrice*,—at least so thinks your humble servant,

THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

the duty of helping one's fellow-men. His face had nothing remarkable in it—what expression it had was certainly rather unpleasant than otherwise; but, if he had been one of the Minnesingers of old, they could not have listened in more entranced delight. I thought some of it a little mawkish myself," said the Moon, "but I have noticed that mawkishness touches most people down in your part of the world more deeply than anything else. When he had finished, there came a long hush, amidst which he handed round his hat. As they begged for one more song, he sang them '*A Daisy from my Uncle Samuel's Grave*,' which, as the Butcher remarked, 'banged everything.' Then, after a chorus of thanks and praises, and a few additional coppers, he went forth into the night, leaving the assembly looking into their glasses of gin-and-water with eyes that were moister than usual.

"But while the singer, still softly humming the words of his last song, was passing under the sign which swung at the corner, some men pounced upon him suddenly out of the shadow. And from what was said at the time, I learnt that they were policemen, and that he was a particularly dangerous burglar, who had made his escape from prison by means of a brutal and cowardly murder. I saw him raise his white, whimpering face to mine as they were taking him away handcuffed; but the party in the inn room sat sipping their liquor, and knew nothing of what had happened to the singer, whose pathetic tones were still echoing in their ears. After all," said the Moon, languidly, "pathos is pathos, I suppose, and so long as one is genuinely moved, it is a mistake to be too particular as to who does it."

*The House of the Wolfings.* By WILLIAM MORRIS." Who are "the WOLFINGS?" Of course this advertisement means that their house has been painted, papered, and decorated, and the furniture for it designed by WILLIAM MORRIS, who is far more at home in house dec-orating than in Socialist mob-orating.





## AN ENTHUSIAST

WHO THINKS THAT IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN. (*Seen from a passing Train during a recent Frost.*)

## BROTHER JONATHAN'S BROTHERHOOD;

Or, "Who's dat Knocking at de Door?"

"O strange New World, that yet wast never young!  
Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung,—

Thou skilled by Freedom an' by gret events  
To pitch new States ex Old World men pitch tents,—

An' whose free latch-string never was drawn in  
Aginst the poorest child o' ADAM's kin!"

*James Russell Lowell in the Biglow Papers.*

WE had quieted down from a teacup-storm—  
(JONATHAN was hasty, and JOHN was warm)—  
Cool sense was getting the pull of hot head,  
When Brother JONATHAN got up, and he said:—

"Who's dat knocking at de door?"

Hab you dollars, or are you poor?"

What?—old, weak, bad? Hab you got no tin?  
Den you're not wanted *here*, and you can't come in;  
So it's no use knocking at de door

Any more,

It's no use knocking at *dis* door!

"Who's dat knocking at de door,  
Makin' as much shindy as a millionaire, or more?  
I'll call de President, and tell him how  
You only want for to kick up a row.

Who's dat knocking at de door?"

I've sot eyes upon your sort before.

Am dat you, Capital? No, it am AH SIN.  
Den your ways am nasty, and you can't come in;  
So it's no use knocking at de door

Any more,

It's no use knocking at de door!

"Who's dat knocking at de door?  
What? Your sort I have welcomed in before?  
I was once glad enough of such stuff, though rough?  
Yes; but times hab altered, and ob sich I've had enough.

Who's dat knocking at de door?"

PADDY? You am getting quite a bore.

Am dat you, HANS, wid de Cheshire-cat grin?  
Den you take low wages, and you can't come in;  
So it's no use knocking at de door

Any more,

It's no use knocking at de door!

"Who's dat knocking at de door?  
Eh? English Actor, with your company, a score?  
I must hab my pick, if *any* I engage,  
For I'm bound to protect de Amurrican Stage.

Who's dat knocking at de door?"

Comin' native talent for to floor!

Am dat you, IRVING? No, it am JONES!

What?—young JONES ob de Cockney tones?

Den it's no use knocking at de door

Any more,

It's no use knocking at *my* door!

"Who's dat knocking at de door?  
Paupers? Stone-brokers? You've been 'dumped down  
here before.

Anarchist or Socialist? In debt, or with disease?

Den you're not wanted here, so skedaddle, if you please,

And don't come knocking at my door.

Protection am my game, ob dat be sure.

Am dat you, Labour? Well, you're lookin' pale and thin;

You don't dump down de dollars, and you can't come in.

So it's no use knocking at de door

Any more,

It's no use knocking at de door.

"If I open my door and let you in,  
Artisan an' artist, actor and AH SIN,  
I'll be ruined by cheap labour. No, despite dose Free  
Trade quacks,

I shall keep half ob you out, and de oder half I'll tax.

So don't come knocking at *my* door!

Immigration's gettin' a big bore.

JOHN, PAT, and JOHANN, MAX, MOSES, and AH SIN,

I can do without you *now*, and you shan't come in.

So it's no use knocking at de door

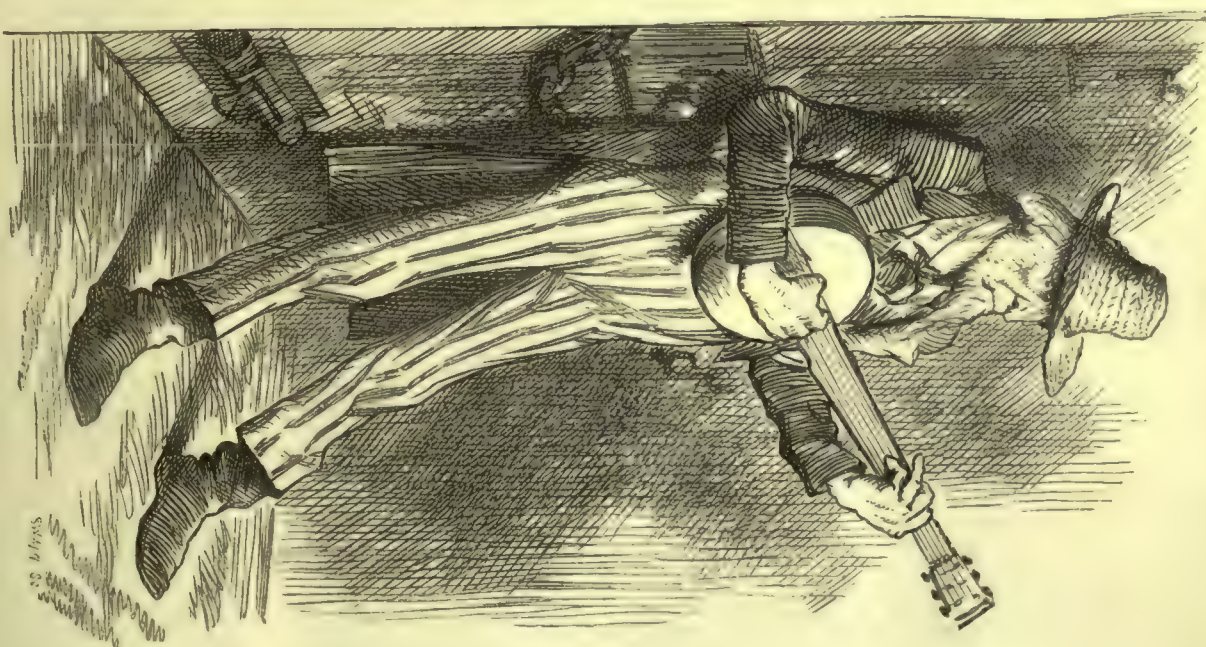
Any more,

It's no use knocking at *dis* door!"

OF course Madame NERUDA, Mlle. JANOTHA, and Signor PIATTI are great guns in the musical profession. But, from their names being so associated with the "Pops," they may come to be considered as "Pop-guns." Well, if so, this dignifies pop-guns.

SONG FOR THE NEW ASSOCIATE.—"Wyllie, we haven't missed you."





OR "WHO'S DAT A-KNOCKIN' AT DE DOOR?"









## CONTRASTS.

No. I.—ROTTEN ROW. BETWEEN TWELVE AND TWO, MIDDAY.

QUITE THE THING. 1888—9.

QUITE OUT OF DATE. 1885.

## A BALLAD OF BETROTHAL.

I AM beloved; not a doubt of it,  
Goal of my longing for years!  
Now, how the deuce to get out of it,  
Minus reproaches and tears.  
Not that my passion has wavered  
Since I first plunged over ears  
Deep in the well of illusion,  
Deeper than plummet e'er sounded,  
And, with ecstatic confusion,  
Words which I spoke to you quavered,  
Laden with burden unbounded,  
Faltering tentative "dears."

Once you would chirp like a linnet,  
Now you sit silent as Fate—  
Baffled, I muse for a minute,  
Then I remember I'm late.  
BROWN I have often kept kicking  
His heels, in a comfortless state,  
He never gave me reproaches,  
Only, "You are a nice fellow."  
He's made me miss trains and coaches,  
Counting the clock's steady ticking,  
I don't turn sulky and yellow,  
I only whistle and wait.

Once you flushed furtively, shyly,  
Love in your eyes was aglow,  
When, by some stratagem wily,  
I stole a march on the foe.  
Now that we're publicly plighted,  
Why should you harass me so?  
Changing our sunshine to thunder?  
If other duties should call, love,  
Why should you icily wonder  
When I would greet you, delighted,  
Why I come near you at all, love,  
Cold as a lady of dough?

Beware, O AMANDA, I pray you,  
The scourge of the stay-at-home spouse!  
No longer constrain'd to obey you,  
I'd stick like a leech to my vows.

No office to seek in the mornings,  
No visiting stables and cows,  
No afternoon club with the papers,  
No home-coming, welcome and cheery,  
But checking of butchers and drapers,  
And kitchen commotions, and "warnings"—  
If you shrink from a picture so dreary,  
Don't train me too much to the house!

Lady, I cannot be true to you,  
If like a knife you come down,  
Keen to exact what is due to you,  
Killing romance with a frown.  
Start me a sensible "chummery,"  
Such as men live in together,  
Suited for all sorts of weather,  
Free from this Valentine flummery,  
Each with the length of the tether.

## RATHER CHILDISH!

(A Fragment from the Anglo-Spanish.)

THE gorgeous hall of the Palace was crowded. There were numberless uniforms, and Court dresses by the score. There were the Generals and *Aides-de-camp* forming a part of His Majesty's military household, standing in front of the *Major-domos*, Ladies of Honour, pages, Doctors, and guards. White-headed nobles hustled grey-bearded statesmen in the effort to get front places, in the hope of intercepting a glance (perhaps meaningless, but probably distinct) from the Royal eye. Elderly *duennas* were on the *qui vive* to bow and scrape when the Kingly Infant passed near enough to observe their cringing humility. They had all seen His Majesty daily for the greater part of his life (thirty months), but yet there was not one of that brilliant throng who would sacrifice a single opportunity of again attracting the august attention. "Pshaw!" observed the Intelligent Briton, proudly; "we never see anything like that in England—no never!"

## A LOAFER'S AVOWAL.

"As long as a dinner can be had for the asking at school, there is no great likelihood that the parents will put themselves to the expense of providing it for their children at home."—*Times*.

D'you think that I'm eat up with pride  
And bloomin' self-respect,  
And, if the victuals you provide,  
I'm likely to object?

Not I! So fire away and feed.—  
I only knows I waits  
To see the kids get all they need  
From out them blessed rates!

Yes, clothes and boots, and all the swag  
Should come upon my plan.  
D'you think such things should be a drag  
On the poor working-man?

Not you! You knows how hard he'll slave  
His bit of wage to win;  
And how he here and there will save  
A shillin' for his gin.

So thus you see he can't afford  
To do as Natur bids:—  
And so he leaves it to the Board  
To feed and clothe his kids.

So organise, and fire away!  
And you may make your bets,  
As long as he's no fees to pay,  
He'll collar all he gets!

SCHOOL BOARD V. "THE BOARDS."—Next Friday, in consequence of School-Board action, Mrs. WOOD takes off her little *Two Shoes*. Pretty soles! They aren't a bit worn, and would have been good, or, rather, "Goody," for another six weeks.

THE Criterion is now the place for *Still Waters*, which have all the wholesome qualities and the sparkle of the best *Aerated Waters*.





## LONDON'S COUNTY-COUNCIL DREAM.

## A COUNTY-COUNCIL DREAM.

THE poll was declared;  
He had been unprepared  
For such an amazing majority—jority,  
But now at a bound  
He triumphantly found [thority.  
Himself dowered with civic authority—  
“At top of the poll!”  
He exclaimed, “On my soul  
“This condition of things is Elysian—  
Elysian!”

“My post I must keep—”  
Here he fell fast asleep  
And had a remarkable vision—ble vision.  
He dreamt he arose  
And in masterly pose [London;  
Stood like the Palladium of London—of  
Before him great BUMBLE  
Bowed sulkily humble,  
Whilst Muddledom cried, “I am undone—  
am undone!”  
Said he, “With a will  
We’ll the duties fulfil

With which London’s voters entrust us—  
entrust us.  
It’s rather a lark,  
But we’re up to the mark. [tus?  
Is that not your opinion, AUGUSTUS—AUGUS  
The Councillors cried,  
“Here we stand in our pride,  
Nought from sweeping Reform shall restrain  
us—restrain us!”  
The Demon of Dirt  
No longer could hurt,  
It was throttled by DRUROLANUS—OLANUS



The dread Fiend of Fire  
In his grasp did expire,  
Labour's earnings no longer land-shark ate—land-shark ate;  
He was up to trade tricks,  
And like millions of bricks  
He came down upon Mud Salad Market—lad Market.  
Then Winter no more,  
As so often before,  
Could the Town under cold Arctic snows bury—snowsbury,  
For BUMBLE the dense  
Had perforce to fly hence,  
And the new City broom was smart ROSEBERRY—ROSEBERRY.  
Slum-farmers felt sore,  
For at Housing the Poor  
LUBBOCK laboured from Shadwell to Brompton—to Brompton;  
And Water and Gas  
Found Monopoly pass  
At the challenge of FIFTH and Lord COMPTON—Lord COMPTON.  
The Councillor saw,  
With a rapturous awe,  
Stern Law big Trade Trusts close it jaws on—its jaws on.  
And—oh, what a larks!—  
Open Spaces and Parks  
Grew rapidly, nursed by young LAWSON—young LAWSON.  
The dingy East End  
Grew a beautiful blend  
Of Sweetness and Light, not a Hades—a Hades.  
Woman's world, a sad land erst,  
From good Lady SANDHURST  
Learned what sweet reformers are ladies—are ladies.  
A wonderful dream!  
Rather mixed it may seem,  
And to cynics a bit optimistic—timistic.  
'Tis early at least,  
Just set down to the feast,  
Of the viands to be eulogistic—logistic.  
But London as well  
Has *her* dream. Who shall tell  
If she'll wake to fulfil or regret it—regret it?  
But all wise men and true  
See the boon she's in view,  
And most earnestly hope she may get it—may get it!

#### SERVICE FOR VETERANS.

RATHER! Here's a chance for some of 'em! See this advertisement in the *Daily News* of Thursday last?

**T**WO GENERALS. One for cooking, one for housemaid's work. Small quiet family. Age 20 to 25. Wages £14 to £16.

Fancy Lord WOLSELEY and Sir EVELYN Wood applying for the places! Lord "GARNISH" WOLSELEY would be his name as cook, while "EVELYN" would be charming for a housemaid. It's too pretty. But, of course, there must be a number of unemployed Generals who would be only too delighted to serve, if the wages of the service were just a trifle higher. And now that women are taking so much work that used to be done by men only, it is right that our middle-aged warriors *en retraite* should have a chance, as members of "the Household Brigade," in small quiet families. But we doubt whether any Generals are to be found as young as from "20 to 25." This, perhaps, is a misprint for "40 to 55." Army prospects are good. If "Lady Guides"—bless 'em!—are to be substituted for Commissionaires, then, by all means, let us have "old soldiers" as cooks and housemaids. *Uncle Toby* and *Corporal Trim* might possibly be of our opinion.

#### PHELPS'S FAREWELL.

At the Munching House. Great Representative Gathering last Thursday at Lord Mayor's Farewell Banquet to Mr. PHELPS. Pretty speech by Lord Mayor TORPEDO with neat quotation. Telling epigram by Mr. PHELPS, "A man who never makes a mistake will never make anything." Mr. PHELPS must have made plenty of mistakes, or he never would have made this epigram; for this is an epigram and no mistake! A really pathetic and graceful good-bye. Lord ROSEBERRY seemed to have had his usual joyousness taken out of him by his elevation to the dignity of County Councillor, and was absolutely dull in proposing the health of Her Majesty's Judges and Bar of England. Lord COLERIDGE in returning thanks was in excellent vein. Nothing in his speech became him like the finishing of it. Sir FREDERICK, P.R.A., admirable as usual, and Mr. LECKY replying for literature was "lengthened sweetness long drawn out." Quite a serious LECKY-ture. Altogether a memorable occasion. Specially so



#### ARCHITECTURE OF THE FUTURE.

*The Architect.* "IT'S A SPLENDID QUALITY OF STONE I'VE EMPLOYED FOR YOUR HOUSE—LASTS FOR EVER, AND GROWS A BEAUTIFUL COLOUR WITH AGE. OF COURSE IT'S HIDEOUS WHEN IT'S NEW."

*The Squire.* "AND HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE IT GROWS A BEAUTIFUL COLOUR?"

*The Architect.* "WELL, YOU CAN HARDLY EXPECT IT TO LOOK DECENT IN YOUR LIFETIME!"

because the dinner-hour was at the sensible time of 7 for 7.30, and we didn't sit down till nearly 8, an innovation which we trust will find plenty of imitators in the City. Next Lord Mayor, Sir HENRY ISAACS, please copy. Nowadays "6 for half-past" is barbarous.

#### HARMONIOUS PROCEEDINGS.

Mr. CARL ARMBRUSTER is giving *Matinées* of WAGNER's *Tristan und Isolde*, this week. The last one is announced for February 4. This last date will clash with the first *Matinée* of *Pickwick*, at the Comedy Theatre—the dramatic Cantata composed by EDWARD SOLOMON. Rather hard on poor WAGNER this.

Madame NORDICA looked charming, and was in splendid voice at St. James's Hall last Wednesday. LLOYD, too, was delloydfull! And, as Mrs. RAM said afterwards, "Mr. EGGSHELL was received with rapturous applause." Evidently "Mr. HENSCHEL." Dr. MACKENZIE (not MORREL, but A. C.) conducted. His *Dream of Jubal* is announced for February 26, first time in London. The dance-music occurs in a scene supposed to be a *Ju-bal Masqué*, where the orchestra consists entirely of Jew's-harps, a very fine effect. Another "first time in London" is *The Light of Asia*, composed by DUDLEY BUCK, quite an organ swell!—and it is hoped that Sir EDWIN ARNOLD will take a leading part in the *solos*. Sir EDWIN has never done anything of the sort before, and therefore this will be one of "ARNOLD's first exercises." The dramatic Cantata, to be produced at a *Matinée* at the Comedy Theatre, Feb. 4, entitled *Pickwick*, has nothing to do with *The Light of Asia*; quite another "wick," though the music is by SOLOMON.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.—It is understood that a sequel to *Paul Jones* is in preparation. It is entitled *Peter Robinson*.



## QUESTIONABLE QUESTIONS;

OR, HOW WE EXAMINE NOW.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I quite agree that Examiners nowadays set far too hard questions. I have been reading for five years with a jolly, but rather expensive, Private Tutor, and I thought, and so did the Governor, that I was sure of passing the matriculation exam. at a third-rate College at Cambridge. The "General History Paper" was, however, fearfully stiff. Fancy asking a fellow to "state what he knows of JULIUS CÆSAR, WILKES, JEREMY TAYLOR, the Crusades, and the Free Trade Agitation!" The consequence was that I failed to get in—and my Tutor (with whom I am to stay one more year) says the Examiners ought to be ashamed of themselves. At all events, I am ashamed of the Examiners.

Yours pluckedly,  
A. PLOWMAN.



Angling over the Bridge.

SIR,—As one who has been for some years a Government Examiner in Elementary Schools, I feel bound to defend myself and my class from the aspersions recently cast upon us.

How can we expect that the general average of intelligence can ever be raised unless questions of reasonable difficulty are set at examinations? Following this principle, I habitually put to little boys and girls aged about twelve years, who are just entering on Vulgar Fractions, questions which could only be adequately answered after several years' practice in Logarithms.

I am also rather fond of putting this problem:—"If one man and a boy can reap a field of corn in five days, seven and a half hours, and twenty minutes, how long would two men take to reap the same field?" You will see that it is a catch, and that there is no answer possible; but I have seen children puzzling over the sum for an hour at a time; and, indeed, it was so successful on one occasion in testing mental capacity, that a little girl had brain fever directly after the examination, and a boy became a hopeless imbecile, solely owing to inability to solve the problem. I hear that even now (in his asylum) he babbles of fields of corn.

Yours, complacently,

P. E. DANT.

SIR,—The following question was one of the easiest set to my poor boy in the recent examination for entrance into the Home Civil Service:—

"Supposing that you had a donkey that declined to exert itself in a progressive direction, and you had determined to expedite its movements by walloping it; given the strength of the donkey as 55·604 lb. Avoirdupois, the thickness of the stick as  $\frac{7}{8}$  lb., and your own muscular development as ordinary—find the exact amount of time, expressed in fractions of moments, which would be required before the animal's speed could be developed into half that of a Derby winner."

I have sent the question to two Wranglers I know. One has replied evasively; the other, I hear, has written to a mutual friend to inquire after my mental condition. Comment is needless.

Yours indignantly,

PETER FAMILY-ASS.

## REVOLVERS AND ROBBERS.

Householder (to Dogberry on the Bench). Your Worship, an I wake up in the night and find in my bedroom a burglar who presents a revolver at my head and demands my money or my life, does the law allow me to fire at him?

Dogberry. Yea, marry, Sir, if it be *se defendendo*, not else. The law allows you to defend yourself; but you had better wait until you be first attacked. Consider well whether you be like to be or no, and think it out.

Householder. But suppose the knave shoots me in the meanwhile?

Dogberry. Well, then, but per-adventure he may miss you, and you may thank your stars. And if he kill you, why, then there will be an end of you, and he shall never more be able to rob you again.

Householder. Ay, but what if I give him no chance of killing me, and incontinently take the first shot?

Dogberry. You may. But if you will take my advice, I would warn you that you had better not, lest you kill him, and a Crown's



Chorus. "Hark! 'Tis the Burglar!"

quest return a verdict of murder or manslaughter. Whereof you are like enough to be convicted at the 'sises, and cast for penal servitude, if you 'scape hanging.

Householder. Call you that justice?

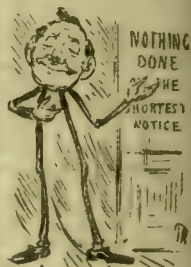
Dogberry. Truly, Heaven forefend I should call in question the law of the land. It is, and ever was, the perfection of human reason. Mark you, the Law allows your burglar to carry a revolver as well as yourself. He can use it at his peril if he list, and so may you. It were wiser, perhaps, to provide him with whipping-cheer for carrying a deadly weapon. You can use it with a rope about your neck, as well as he. But for all that, Oh, that BUMBLE were here to write the Law down an Ass!

Householder. I thank your Worship heartily for your sage counsel and humbly take my leave.

[Curtain.]

## THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

December 29.—I had a most vivid dream last night. I woke up, and on falling asleep, dreamed the same dream over again precisely. I dreamt I heard FRANK MUTLAR telling his sister that he had not only sent me the insulting Christmas card, but admitted that he was the one who punched my head last night in the dark. As fate would have it, LUPIN at breakfast, was reading extracts from a letter he had just received from FRANK. I asked him to pass the envelope that I might compare the writing. He did so, and I examined it by the side of the envelope containing the Christmas card. I detected a similarity in the writing in spite of the attempted disguise. I passed them on to CARRIE, who began to laugh. I asked her what she was laughing at, and she said the card was never directed to me at all. It was "L. POOTER," not "C. POOTER." LUPIN asked to look at the direction and the card, and exclaimed, with a laugh, "Oh, yes, Guv.; it's meant for me." I said, "Are you in the habit of receiving insulting Christmas cards?" He replied, "Oh, yea, and of sending them, too." In the evening GOWING called, and said he enjoyed himself very much last night. I took the opportunity to confide in him as an old friend about the vicious punch last night. He burst out laughing, and said, "Oh, it was your head was it? I know I accidentally hit something, but I thought it was a brick wall." I told him I felt hurt in both senses of the expression.



December 30, Sunday.—LUPIN spent the whole day with the MUTLARS. He seemed rather cheerful in the evening, so I said, "I'm glad to see you so happy, LUPIN." He answered, "Well, DAISY is a splendid girl, but I was obliged to take her old fool of a father down a peg. What with his meanness over his cigars, his stinginess over his drinks, his farthing economy in turning down the gas if you only quit the room for a second, writing to one on half-sheets of note-paper, sticking the remnant of the last cake of soap on to the new cake, putting two bricks on each side of the fireplace, and his general 'outside halfpenny bus'-iness, I was compelled to let him have a bit of my mind." I said, "LUPIN, you are not much more than a boy—I hope you won't repent it."

December 31.—The last day of the Old Year. I received an extraordinary letter from Mr. MUTLAR, Senior. He writes, "Dear Sir,—For a long time past, I have had considerable difficulty in deciding the important question, 'Who is the master of my own house?' Myself—or your son LUPIN? Believe me, I have no prejudice one way or the other, but I have been most reluctantly compelled to give judgment to the effect that I am the master of it. Under the circumstances, it has become my duty to forbid your son to enter my house again. I am sorry—because it deprives me of the society of one of the most modest, unassuming and gentlemanly persons I have ever had the honour of being acquainted with." I did not desire the last day to wind up disagreeably, so I said nothing to either CARRIE or LUPIN about the letter.

A most terrible fog came on, and LUPIN would go out in it, but promised to be back to drink out the Old Year—a custom we have always observed. At a quarter to twelve LUPIN had not returned, and the fog was fearful. As time was drawing close, I got out the spirits. CARRIE and I deciding on whiskey, I opened a fresh bottle, but CARRIE said it smelt like brandy. As I knew it to be whiskey, I said there was nothing to discuss. CARRIE, evidently vexed that LUPIN had not come in, *did* discuss it all the same, and wanted me to have a small wager with her to decide by the smell. I said I could decide it by the taste in a moment. A silly and unnecessary argument followed, the result of which was we suddenly saw it was a quarter past twelve, and, for the first time in our married life, we missed welcoming in the New Year. LUPIN got home at a quarter past two, having got lost in the fog—so he said.

LINKS THAT ARE NO SORT OF USE IN ANY FOG.—Shirt-links.

NOTICE. Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.





## DISABILITY.

"OH—A—DAVIS, COULD YOU BLOW THE ORGAN FOR ME THIS AFTERNOON AT ST. ANN'S?"

"I DOUBT I WON'T BE MUCH USE, MISS. I'AD BROWN-KITIS ONCE, AND DOCTOR SES AS I'M TOUCHED IN THE WIND!"

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**NOVELTY IN DRAWING ROOM DECORATION.**—You are quite right in these days, in your opinion, that to be "peculiar" is everything, and some of your ideas for stealing a march on your neighbours in the matter of originality are quite admirable. Your papering your drawing-room ceiling with back numbers of the *Daily Telegraph* is, to begin with, a most happy inspiration. By all means have up the kitchen dresser. You can cover this with cracked soup-plates and tubs containing large laurel plants. These, too, you may continue round the room on brackets, placing several conspicuously on the over-mantel. Your suggestion, too, that you should paint your muslin curtains in broad stripes or spots with *ASPINALL'S Enamel* is excellent. Your floors, dado, arm-chairs, rugs, cushions, could also with advantage be treated with this useful decorative compound. Fill up the corners of your room with trophies of straw, and, taking up your carpet, cut it in lengths, and nail it tapestry-wise in festoons over your doors. This is very effective. But your taste will direct you, and you will soon find that, with a very little effort, you can easily succeed in rendering your rooms remarkable.

**LION TAMING.**—Your safest plan of becoming an efficient "Lion Tamer" would be, unquestionably, as you suggest, to secure two three-day-old cubs, and feed them by hand in your own drawing-room with raw mutton-chops. As soon, however, as they begin to grow you must be on the look out; they are sure to spring on you sooner or later. We believe a great deal can be done with a glass eye, red-hot pincers, and a heavily-loaded riding-whip; but we should advise you, when the creatures are full-grown, to keep them in something more secure than the hen-house you mention. Your best plan, when they are really getting savage, would, perhaps, be to take a few finishing lessons of any well-known "Lion King." Your desire to accomplish the feat of holding your head in the brute's mouth is natural, and does credit to your professional spirit, but we would recommend you to make your first essay on some aged beast, who has lost all his teeth, and has *already dined*. But if you are determined to succeed in this risky experiment, you had better take

## PATERFAMILIAS LOQUITUR.

THE holidays are o'er! no more we see  
Boots in all places where no boots should be;  
No more the hungry brood sweeps clear the platter  
With the perpetual grace of cheery chatter;  
No more the bolster battle-cries are borne  
Through the warm slumbers of the early morn.  
No more indignant JAMES comes in to tell  
How Master TOM has stormed his citadel,  
And, scorning covert threat, and suasion soft,  
Rules for an hour the monarch of the loft.  
Once more 'tis safe the shrubby paths to tread  
Without a javelin hurtling by one's head;  
No longer lurk behind the orchard-trees  
White-headed Indians, chubby Soudanese;  
And neighbouring pigs wallow with wonted grace,  
Free from the terrors of the sudden chase.  
Again we face the frost, without dismay  
Lest we be called to skate an hour ere day,  
Or with a book endure a day-long fall  
Secure from lawless cricket in the hall.  
Now in the servants' mystic realm again  
Their ancient order and decorum reign;  
Yet can I read in BIBB'S, the butler's eye,  
A latent sorrow for the larks gone by.  
Unruffled now in temper, and in look  
Sedate and calm once more is Mrs. Cook.  
Yet all her larder's treasures she'd explore,  
And spend her skill to greet the boys once more.  
The Coachman, as a Lord Chief Justice grave,  
His loved solemnity no more must waive;  
Majestic silence seals his lips, and yet  
I know his dignity is half regret.  
For now the lords of home's fair pastures free,  
Plunge in the schoolroom's fierce democratic;  
Now in reluctant ears the school-bell sounds;  
On the soaked grass once more the football bounds;  
The home-sick novice hears the horrid thud,  
And headlong prints his flannels in the mud.  
Now ponder sullen brows o'er HOMER'S page,  
While luckless masters share ACHILLES' rage,  
And rising scholars mourn their studious lot,  
And brand the classic bards as "awful rot."  
Ah! though at home the endless clamours cease,  
There is much desert to a little peace.  
Come, Easter, come, to Pater and to boys,  
And bring them back with all their tricks and noise.

the bull by the horns and attempt it in a diver's helmet. This may somewhat incommode and even surprise the lion; but, on the whole, it will give you your best chance of coming through the ordeal in safety.

**TO REMOVE THE EFFECT OF INKSTAINS ON BLUE SATIN FURNITURE.**—Having had the misfortune to upset a bottle of ink over the light blue satin seat of an armchair of your handsome Louis XIII. drawing-room suite, your best plan will be to make the rest of it match as simply as possible. Get, therefore, several more bottles of ink and proceed to "splotch" all the other chairs, sofas, and ottomans recklessly in like manner. Having done this, give out to your friends boldly that it is a new Japanese design from Paris, and you may be tolerably sure that though they will stare, they will admire and finally endeavour to match it. A red-hot poker and blotting-paper will be of no use. Don't hesitate, therefore, but go boldly to work.

**HOW TO UTILISE A FIRE-ESCAPE.**—We think that having won the fire-escape in the raffle you mention, you were bound to receive it on delivery, and think you have done wisely to consign it, for the moment, to your front area. Take care, however, that it does not prove a means of admitting a burglar to your top storey, upon which, while the fire-escape occupies its present position, you will certainly do well to keep one or two armed detectives continually on the *qui vive*. Yes, you can certainly cut off the ladder and turn it into kitchen chairs, and use the carriage part as a sort of low-pitched dog-cart, and, hiring a cab-horse, put in an appearance in it, as you suggest, in the park. But painted black it would make a nice sort of handy open, two-wheeled hearse, that might possibly be patronised now and then by a deceased friend of a sporting turn. This is only a suggestion. But think it out. There is something in it.

We read in the *Times* that "the *Illustrated London News* has offered to erect a facsimile of SHAKESPEARE'S House on the Champ de Mars during the Exhibition." Of course "The House of *MOLIÈRE*" will be delighted. Perhaps the plans will be designed by Mr. IRVING, who says he can draw a good house for SHAKESPEARE at any time.



"HANDS OFF!"



*Lindsay Sandbourne Del.*

Jonathan. "'SCUSE ME, STRANGER,—MY GAL!"

WHAT'S your little game to-day?

*My gal, Teuton! (bis.)*

Oh, yes, I know your winning way  
With any charmer found astray,  
But once again I beg to say,

*My gal, Teuton!*

Your eye is on that sweet young thing?

*My gal, Teuton! (bis.)*

Your battery of charms you'd bring,  
Your rayther guttural song you'd sing,  
But mark, she's underneath my wing.

*My gal, Teuton!*

What say you to the dusky pet?—

*My gal, Teuton! (bis.)*

You peer into her eyes of jet,  
You woo, but you've not won her yet.  
My eye is on you, Boss, you bet!

*My gal, Teuton!*

You'd clasp her to your beating heart!

*My gal, Teuton! (bis.)*

From her old love you'd have her part.  
Wal, Stranger, guess you're all-fired smart,  
But Uncle SAM has got the start.

*My gal, Teuton!*

You beam a broad Batavian smile,

*My gal, Teuton! (bis.)*

You fancy here you have struck ile.  
But I shan't stand with nary rile,

Your bumptious, big European style,  
*My gal, Teuton!*

You'd take her home, Boss, in your train?

*My gal, Teuton! (bis.)*

My lusty LOCHINVAR, restrain  
Your love of foreign gals and gain.  
Under *my* charge she'd best remain,

*My gal, Teuton!*

You think she's nice, Boss, real jam?

*My gal, Teuton! (bis.)*

Wal, Europe follows you like a lamb;  
That's not the sort of man I am.  
You've here to deal with Uncle SAM.

*My gal, Teuton!*



"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART. GOOD-BYE!"



Farmer. "GOOD OLD MARE, MR. CHAPLIN!"

Mr. CH-PL-N sings:—

THY chances fade, thy strength seems  
breaking,  
Fails fast my old and fond belief.  
From thee my leave I must be taking;  
'Twas bliss too brief, 'twas bliss too brief.

Mr. Chaplin. "I'M SORRY TO PART WITH HER; BUT SHE'S NO LONGER UP TO MY WEIGHT."

How sinks my heart with sad regrets,  
The tear is trickling from mine eye;  
E'en JEM against thy chance doth bet.  
Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye!

The hunt is up, my star seems soaring,  
I rather think my course is clear;

But thou art stale, and given to roaring,  
Mine ancient mount, of old so dear.  
Since SALISBURY'S parted with "Fair  
Trade,"

And I to office soon may hie,  
I must change mounts, I'm much afraid.  
Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye!

### VERY MUCH ON GUARD.

THE Household Brigade are to be congratulated on the success of their theatrical entertainment at the Chelsea Barracks Theatre on Friday, the 1st of February. Everything was admirably done, and the performances went without a hitch from beginning to end. The *pièce de résistance*, a burlesque entitled "*The Real Truth about Ieanhoe or Scott Scotched*," was brightly written, and if containing here and there an old joke, was (so the audience seemed to think) none the worse for that. The author, Mr. E. C. NUGENT (late Grenadier Guards), had been fortunate enough to secure in Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON the best possible collaborateur to supply the necessary music—and luckily, a great deal of music seemed to be necessary. The play was full of tuneful songs and graceful dances, the latter executed to perfection by Miss KATE VAUGHAN and Miss JENNY McNULTY. But in spite of the pleasing efforts of these accomplished ladies, the music was the feature of the evening. It is clever to a degree, and there was scarcely a number that was not awarded the demand (not always granted) for an *encore*. So well were the audience pleased with Mr. SOLOMON'S work, that they honoured him with a special call at the end of the performances.

Of the actors, Lieutenant GEORGE NUGENT (Grenadier Guards), was far and away the best. Mr. NUGENT is really amusing, and were he to give up soldiering (which for the sake of the country, it is to be hoped he won't), might command an excellent salary as an actor on the professional boards. Lieutenants Sir AUGUSTUS WEBSTER and GEORGE MACDONALD (both of the Grenadier Guards), were also very good—for amateurs. It would be invidious to single out any other gallant officer for honourable mention, as they all individually and collectively attained to about the same level of excellence. And here it may be noted that the youthful subalterns (now immortalised) turned their professional knowledge to good account. Nothing could have

been better than their advance in line—they never lost touch either of themselves or the audience. TOMMY ATKINS (who was strongly represented at the back of the auditorium), seemed to greatly relish this extra drill—extra drill that had evidently emanated from the Stage Manager's sanctum after consultation with the Orderly Room. On the other hand, the Typical Hero of the Defaulter's Book seemed a little slow in recognising a clever travesty of a Sergeant's "instructions" on parade—perhaps the burlesque revived painful memories.

Before the piece of the evening, an original play, of very serious interest, called *In Honour Bound*, was performed. It went, however, with more laughter than tears, apparently because the audience had formed a wrong impression of its character. No doubt when Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY wrote the play, he intended its pathos should raise it (in spite of its tiny proportions), to the level of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, or even *Macbeth*. In spite of this, on Friday last, for some reason or other, *In Honour Bound* was undoubtedly accepted by the audience as a dangerous rival to *Box and Cox*—a farce it can scarcely be said, by the unprejudiced, to have resembled (even faintly) in any really important particular.

### Naturally!

A RUSSIAN Mission has been sent  
To Abyssinia, with intent  
All Russophobes to shock again.  
Probably, when it comes, *en bloc*,  
To the French Station of Obok,  
The French will say, "Obok (*oh! bock*) again!"

THE BEST TROOP OF SENSATION AEROBATS (engaged for several turns every night).—The London Fire Brigade.



## PLAY-TIME.

THE revival of *Still Waters Run Deep* at the Criterion is, in every way remarkable, but especially so in the revelation of the real Mrs. Sternhold. But when once Mrs. BEERE had made up her mind as to how Mrs. Sternhold must be played, then the piece ought to have been re-modelled on the exact lines of CHARLES DE BERNARD's novelette.

Mrs. BERNARD BEERE's acting is too powerful for the play as it is;



Little Wyndham putting down Big Hawkesley. "Don't you try that again. Recollect it is a hale Lancashire Lad (myself) against a battered London Rous—and you'll get the worst of it!"

though it would not be too powerful had TOM TAYLOR not so cleverly bowdlerised CHARLES DE BERNARD's novelette, *Le Gendre*. She thrilled me,—I admit I am easily thrilled,—but such force is wasted on the Mrs. Sternhold whom the English playwright created. According to TOM TAYLOR, Mrs. Sternhold was only a vain, elderly woman, who had made a fool of herself; and not the French original, a guilty wife, jealous of her own daughter, or, it might have been, of her step-daughter, for it is a long time since I read *Le Gendre*. But, altogether, the acting at the Criterion is above the level of the play itself; though, with the exception of one scene, MR. STANDING's *Captain Hawksley* is certainly below it.

The tone of every character in the piece must be taken from Mrs. Sternhold; and, if Mrs. Sternhold is not a vain, silly person pour rire, but a clever woman who has indulged in an insane criminal passion for a scoundrel, then all the serious characters (the interest in whose actions depend solely on the interest we take in her) must be raised to almost tragic power of dramatic intensity. From the moment we have Mrs. BEERE portraying the guilty wife and jealous mother of DE BERNARD's story, instead of TOM TAYLOR's Brother Potter's sister,—a vain and middle-aged widow, a model of middle-class propriety, guilty only of the imprudence of having written love-letters to a swindler who had pretended a romantic affection for her,—the tone of the characters is entirely altered, and a tragic weight is imposed on a structure which is not calculated to support it. In a sentence—the comedy gives way under the force of the acting.

MISS MARY MOORE as the wife, in her great scene with Mrs. Sternhold, in the First Act, and her reconciliation with her husband at



Situation (not in the piece):—The hale Lancashire Lad puts his threat into execution, and chucks Captain Hawksley out of the window.

the end of the play, was simply perfect. No better contrast could there be than between Miss MOORE and Mrs. BEERE. MR. WYNDHAM is in most serious earnest, and he could not give any other reading of his part when a Mrs. BEERE is playing Mrs. Sternhold with so much intensity. *Mildmay* can no longer chuckle to himself over her making "such a fool of herself," for this expression bears a very different meaning when applied to Mrs. BEERE's and CHARLES DE BERNARD's Mrs. Sternhold, instead of to Mrs. WIGAN's and TOM TAYLOR's Mrs. Sternhold. "Speak to my aunt," whispers Mrs. *Mildmay* to her husband, "as you have spoken to me;" and his reply, "I do not love her as I love you," was intended to be received with a laugh. Such a laugh relieved a pretty and touching situation, which was raised at the expense of TOM TAYLOR's elderly, made-up Mrs. Sternhold,—the audience perceived at once that the wife's request was ridiculous, and that the husband was only laughing at its absurdity. But when Mrs. Sternhold is such a woman as Mrs. BEERE, there is no joke about the matter, and not only is the request not absurd, but the reply ought not to raise a smile. TOM TAYLOR meant Mrs. Sternhold to be a ridiculous elderly person, painted and powdered, and fancying herself more attractive than her youthful niece; but Mrs. BERNARD BEERE's Mrs. Sternhold is BALZAC's *femme de trente ans*, a very dangerous person, against whom an *ingénus* like Miss MOORE's Mrs. *Mildmay* wouldn't have had a chance.

I cannot say that MR. WYNDHAM either looks or speaks like a "hale Lancashire lad." That this broad-chested, jolly, healthy *Captain Hawksley* should cave in to the slight, natty *Mildmay*, is an additional tribute to the latter's physical and moral strength, and damning proof of the former's cowardice.

MR. BLAKELEY is a capital Potter, but the comic old Potter's occupation is gone by the side of this new Mrs. Sternhold. Potter should have been restored to his proper position as the husband of Mrs. Sternhold. However, in the hands of MR. BLAKELEY he is very funny.

MR. GIDDENS gives a clever sketch of the bustling impecunious Irishman, *Dunbink*; but the type, like the name, is rather out of date. The house at Brompton (a locality which has been recently almost entirely absorbed in Kensington), where there is a flower and kitchen garden, to suit *Mildmay's* provincial tastes, is also strongly suggestive of the "long ago." When TOM TAYLOR wrote, Brompton possessed many such snuggeries; but now it would be difficult to find even one, almost as difficult as to define Brompton. In the Second Act the rapid change from the first to the second scene is managed in an incredibly short space of time—a very few seconds, in fact.

But to sum up—altogether an interesting evening, which much delighted  
JACK IN A BOX.

## THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

January 1. — I had intended concluding my Diary last week, but a most important event has happened, so I shall continue for a little while longer on the fly-leaves attached to the end of my last year's Diary. It had just struck half-past one, and I was on the point of leaving the office to have my dinner, when I received a message that MR. PERKUPP desired to see me at once. I must confess my heart began to beat, and I had most serious misgivings. MR. PERKUPP was in his room, writing, and he said, "Take a seat, MR. FOOTER—I shall not be a moment." I replied, "No, thank you, Sir, I'll stand." I watched the clock on the mantelpiece, and I was waiting quite twenty minutes, but it seemed hours. MR. PERKUPP at last got up himself. "I said, 'I hope there is nothing wrong, Sir?'"

He replied, "Oh dear no—quite the reverse, I hope." What a weight off my mind! My breath seemed to come back again in an instant. MR. PERKUPP said, "MR. BUCKLING is going to retire, and there will be some slight changes in the office. You have been with us nearly twenty-one years, and, in consequence of your conduct during that period, we intend making a special promotion in your favour. We have not quite decided how you will be placed, but in any case there will be a considerable increase in your salary, which, it is quite unnecessary for me to say, you fully deserve. I have an appointment at two—but you shall hear more to-morrow." He then left the room quickly, and I was not even allowed time or thought to express a single word of grateful thanks to him. I need not say how dear CARRIE received this joyful news. With perfect simplicity she said—"At last we shall be able to have a chimney-glass for the back drawing-room, which we always wanted." I added, "Yes, and at last you shall have that little costume which you saw at PETER ROBINSON's so cheap."

January 2.—I was in a great state of suspense all day at the office. I did not like to worry MR. PERKUPP, but as he did not send for me,





and mentioned yesterday that he would see me again to-day, I thought it better, perhaps, to go to him. I knocked at his door, and on entering, Mr. PERKUPP said, "Oh, it's you, Mr. POOTER—do you want to see me?" I said, "No, Sir—I thought you wanted to see me!" "Oh," he replied, "I remember. Well, I am very busy to-day, I will see you to-morrow."

January 3.—Still in a state of anxiety and excitement, which was not alleviated by ascertaining that Mr. PERKUPP sent word he should not be at the office at all to-day. In the evening LUPIN, who was busily engaged with a paper, said suddenly to me, "Do you know anything about *chalk pits*, Guv'?" I said, "No, my boy, not that I'm aware of." LUPIN said, "Well, I give you the tip. *Chalk pits* are as safe as Consols, and pay six per cent. at par." I said a rather neat thing, viz:—"They may be six per cent. at par, but your Pa has no money to invest." CARRIE and I both roared with laughter. LUPIN did not take the slightest notice of the joke, although I purposely repeated it for him, but continued, "I give you the tip, that's all—*Chalk pits*!" I said another funny thing:—"Mind you don't fall into them!" LUPIN put on a supercilious smile, and said, "Bravo! JOE MILLER."

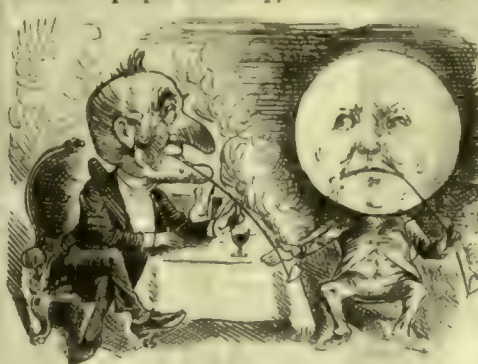
January 4.—Mr. PERKUPP sent for me and told me that my position would be that of one of the Chief Clerks. I was more than overjoyed. Mr. PERKUPP added he would let me know to-morrow what the salary would be. This means another day's anxiety. I don't mind, for it is anxiety of the right sort. That reminded me that I had forgotten to speak to LUPIN about the letter I received from Mr. MUTLAR, Senior. I broached the subject to LUPIN in the evening, having first consulted CARRIE. LUPIN was riveted to the "*Financial News*," as if he had been a born capitalist, and I said, "Pardon me a moment, LUPIN; how is it you have not been to the MUTLARS any day this week?" LUPIN answered, "I told you—I cannot stand old MUTLAR." I said, "Mr. MUTLAR writes to me to say pretty plainly that he cannot stand you!" LUPIN said, "Well, I like his cheek in writing to you. I'll find out if his father is still alive, and I will write him a note complaining of his son, and I'll state pretty clearly that his son is a blithering idiot!" I said, "LUPIN, please moderate your expressions in the presence of your mother." LUPIN said, "I'm very sorry, but there is no other expression one can apply to him. However, I'm determined not to enter his place again." I said, "You know, LUPIN, he has forbidden you the house." LUPIN replied, "Well, we won't split straws—it's all the same. DAISY is a trump, and will wait for me ten years, if necessary."

January 5.—I can scarcely write the news. Mr. PERKUPP told me my salary would be raised £100. I stood gaping for a moment, unable to realise it. I annually get £10 rise, and I thought it might be £15, or even £20, but £100 surpasses all belief. CARRIE and I both rejoiced over our good fortune. LUPIN came home in the evening in the utmost good spirits. I sent SARAH quietly round to the grocer's for a bottle of champagne, the same as we had before, "*JACKSON FRÈRES*." It was opened at supper, and I said to LUPIN, "This is to celebrate some good news I have received to-day." LUPIN replied, "Hooray, Guv! And I have some good news also. A double event, eh?" I said, "My boy, as a result of twenty-one years' industry and strict attention to the interest of my superiors in office, I have been rewarded with promotion and a rise in salary of £100." LUPIN gave three cheers, and we rapped the tables furiously, which brought in SARAH to see what the matter was. LUPIN ordered us to "fill up" again, and addressing us upstanding, said, "Having been in the firm of JOB CLEANANDS, stock and sharebrokers, a few weeks, and not having paid particular attention to the interests of my superiors in office, my Guv'nor, as a reward to me, allotted me £5-worth of shares in a really good thing. The result is to-day I have made £200." I said, "LUPIN, you are joking." "No, Guv, it's the good old truth. JOB CLEANANDS put me on to *Chlorates*!"

## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

### FOURTH EVENING.

"Nor long ago," so the Moon (made this time—fresh from Germany) told Mr. Punch, "I looked down upon the harbour of a town on the Red Sea. I peeped into a ship, which had been turned into a hospital for wounded soldiers.



For, as you probably know, the town (which is called Suakin) had been besieged on its land sides for months by a rabble of fanatical Dervishes, fierce and savage foes, who came close up to its walls, building forts, and digging trenches, from which, night and day, they poured shot and shell into

the crowded streets and bazaars, and killed several of the inhabitants. For a long time nothing was done to drive the besiegers away, but at last it was decided that some very active measures ought to be taken. Troops were brought, and a battle followed soon after, in which the Dervishes, though they were brave enemies, and fought gallantly, giving and expecting no quarter, were driven away without much difficulty, for the defenders were quite as brave, and more numerous. Still, some of them were killed, and many wounded, and the latter had been carried on board a ship to get well. In one of the hammocks a trooper was lying, who was getting better, and was already well enough to be allowed to read the newspapers which had been sent out to him from England. He was reading one of them now by the light of a lantern which hung near, and, as I shone in, I could read it too," said the Moon. "I think he was anxious to know what his countrymen at home were saying, and this paper was dated about the time that the news of the victory had arrived. As he spelt out the lines of print I saw his face (which was a good and honest one, but not very intellectual, perhaps), growing more and more puzzled, as if he found some difficulty in understanding what he read. Well, the newspapers told him that a considerable number of his fellow-countrymen—so far from regarding him and those who had fought with him as heroes, or even as brave men, who had performed an unpleasant duty, looked upon them as a set of cowardly butchers and murderers. He read that several clever and eloquent speakers in Parliament had denounced the victory as a disgrace, and declared that Suakin belonged by rights to those savage Arabs who had come across the Desert all the way from Khartoum to attack it, and who showed no mercy to man, woman, or child; that it was theirs, and ought to be given up to them. Now the poor wounded Trooper had never thought of himself as a hero—he had simply done his duty, that was all—and, though the enemy were only savages and fanatics, they had fought with desperate courage, and he had not imagined till then that there was anything disgraceful in defeating them—nor had I," said the Moon, "for that matter. But there it was, in black and white—all that the clever men who wrote in papers or made speeches thought of the affair, and he was very much troubled in his mind about it. At last he told his neighbour what was worrying him, and asked his opinion. His neighbour was the Sergeant-Major of his troop, who had also been in the battle—he had narrowly escaped being killed, for his sabre had snapped short off, and his revolver refused to go off at the right moment, so he was lucky in being only severely wounded. The Sergeant-Major heard the whole account placidly enough. 'Don't you bother your head about it!' he said, feebly; 'they wouldn't go calling us them names, and backing up them dirty Arabs, if it warn't on account of politics—it's all politics, and don't mean anything in particular.' 'They do say we ought to ha' tried kindness on 'em, though,' said the Trooper, doubtfully. 'Kindness!' said the Sergeant-Major—'let 'em come out here, and try it themselves! It's easy talking of being kind to a howling savage, as keeps pot-shooting at you with a Remington, or jobbing at you with a spear—but it ain't the way to raise a siege, not to my thinking, it isn't;—but there, as I said before, it's only politics. Bless you, they don't believe it themselves, some on 'em—leastways, it's to be hoped not!' So the Trooper lay still with an easier expression—but I noticed," added the Moon, "that he did not finish reading his newspaper."



"THE LUSHAI EXPEDITION."

SOUDAN THOUGHT.—We've heard a good deal lately of "the Kabbabish men." Several correspondents want to know if these are Hansom Kabbabish men or Growlers?





## SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN.

*The Miss Browns.* "OH, SO GLAD TO SEE YOU, MARY! BUT WE'VE SUCH DREADFUL COLDS, WE CAN'T KISS YOU, DEAR. WE CAN ONLY SHAKE HANDS!" *Fair Visitor.* "OH DEAR, HOW SAD! I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T GOT A COLD, MR. BROWN!"

## MR. BOULANGER AS "GENERAL BUONAPARTE."

PENNY PLAIN; TWOPENCE COLOURED.

"To vote for General BOULANGER is to vote for a General who has gained no victory."—M. JULES SIMON.

"No Victory?" Nay, simple SIMON, you're wrong;

He has gained the old Victory, often repeated,

Of *blague* over blindness. It fetches the throng,

That *flamboyant* figure so flauntingly seated.

Just look at it! Boys at its majesty melt,

Though manhood may see 'tis a sketch *à la* SKELT.

SKELT's heroes were rather unreal, of course;

But they knew how to stride, and to swagger and straddle,  
To prance and curvet on a high-rearing horse.

Yet keep, to the eye, a firm seat in the saddle.

A circus Bucephalus looks a fine thing

As it scatters the sawdust and ramps round the ring.

*Houp-là!* It is hardly heroic, that shout,

Not a war-cry of ROLAND or BAYARD precisely.

At Ivry it would not have answered, no doubt,

But for Paris to-day it will do very nicely.

A histron hollow shows better, one feels,  
Than a *bourgeois* who blunders, a "Statesman" who steals.

He looks fierce as an Indian hunter of scalps,

As fine as MURAT when he led a battalion.

There's a touch of NAPOLEON crossing the Alps.

You call him a hero *pour rive*, a rapsallion?

Ah, well, his success mediocrity shames;

So there's not much advantage in calling him names.

Were subjects not foolish, how feeble were kings!

'Tis noodles and numskulls make BOMBAS and NEROS.

If Friends of the People were not such poor things,

We should not be troubled with so many "heroes."

Till the clever are true and the honest are wise,

The world will be led by the nose and the eyes.

Till then,—well, *que voulez-vous?* "These be your gods,  
O Israel!" Truly a glorious attitude!

Apollo-like graces and Jovian nods

Lend grace to pretence and give power to platitude.

The frog-world a King Stork from Olympus still begs,  
So they mustn't find fault with his beak or his legs.

See how 'twixt the legs of this Skeltian chief

Show towers and buildings in Skeltian perspective!

He'll trample them down? 'Tis a natural belief,

But a true point of sight of that fear is corrective.

Rhodes' straddling Colossus was but a mere trifle—

Except in Skelt sketch—to the Tower of Eiffel.

Penny plain, twopence coloured! Some sinister hands

Have worked at this picture with paint-brush and pencil.

A curious joint-labour of Ishmael bands!

Which smacks, after all, of the paste-pot and tinsel.

In the Penny Stage phrase of an earlier day,

This is "Mr. BOULANGER as —" whom shall we say?

## BUTT AND BUTTER.

On the 30th of last month, during a trial in the Probate Division of the High Court of Justice, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL (with him Public Opinion), quoted from the pages of the *London Charivari*, when the following interesting dialogue occurred:—

"Mr. Inderwick. What are you reading from?"

"The Solicitor-General. From *Punch*."

"Mr. Inderwick. But I do not accept *Punch* as evidence."

"Mr. Justice Butt. It is a very high authority."

It will be gratifying, no doubt, to Mr. Justice BUTT to learn that on this point the Lord Chief Justice of the World entirely concurs in his opinion.

RECENT EXERCISE AT MONTE CARLO.—Mr. W. H. SMITH and Mr. RITCHIE used to go "*à cheval*" every day for several turns.





MR. BOULANGER AS "GENERAL BUONAPARTE."

PENNY PLAIN—TWO PENCE COLOURED.

(From Mr. Punch's Theatrical Portrait Gallery.)









## CONTRASTS.

No. II.—ROTTEN ROW. BETWEEN TWELVE AND TWO, MIDDAY.

QUITE OUT OF DATE. 1885.

QUITE THE THING. 1888—9.

## THE LAST OF THEM.

*A Fragmentary Peep into the Future.*

"Last night I spoke of guns, of ships, of rifles, and how guns, ships, and rifles became obsolete in a very few years through the great enthusiasm of inventors."—*Mr. Goschen at the Portman Rooms.*

It was a secret, sombre, subterranean den, lying deep down under the bed of the river, approached through a perfect maze of passages, and lighted only by the latest artificial light. As two-penny-worth of this light, however, was warranted to illumine a million square feet of cellarge for twelve calendar months, it had been rigorously suppressed in the interests of that monstrous monopoly the Automatic-Accumulator-Solar-Ray-Direct-Storage Syndicate.

He was a wretched-looking creature, the sole occupant of this Cave of Trophonius, a cross between an Alchymist and an Apparitor, as weirdly wizen as the former, as darkly disguised as the latter.

"Eureka!" he yelled with a triumphant shriek. It shook the complicated cranks and cordage which made his cell look like a metallic spider's web, and startled the passengers on board the "Nootivagant Nautilus," one of the new line of Moon-Motor Citizen Boats which ran from Battersea to the Tower Stairs for one half-penny in two minutes, thirty seconds and one-tenth.

"Fool!" he muttered, half throttling himself with his own skeleton hand. "When shall I subdue my accursed, unfashionable, world-proscribed enthusiasm to discreet silence? That idiotic howl is quite sufficient to put my relentless pursuers on my track. And just as I have perfected my long-meditated plan for an Automatic, Lightning-charged-Thunderbolt-hurling-Self-steering-Adamant-plating-Aluminium Fleet too!!! But, after all, what matters? *Cui bono?* What Capitalist will take it up?—what Admiralty adopt it?—what Nation pay for it? Above all, what Chancellor of the Exchequer—the curse of Science on the sordid breed!—will permit so much as the appearance of the merest model of it? No, that last atrocious Act for the Absolute Suppression of Inventors has settled my hash. In these ultra-humanitarian days, too, when capital punishment, *save* for Inventors, has been entirely abolished!"

He sank down upon an Iridium anvil, cast his arms around a retort of pure transparent Diamond, and wept tears sufficient to float his own Aluminium Fleet.

"And WHY?" he shouted, rousing himself at last, and apparently

addressing the highly-finished model of a hundred-pounder gun capable of being packed in a hat-box, which hung beside a waist-coat-pocket torpedo.

He was answered, but not in the way he expected. The door of his den was suddenly opened, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer clad, like all officials of the time, in complete anti-dynamite-asbestos-cum-adamant mail, appeared at the head of a detachment of the new Volcanic-Vulcanite-clad force of Police known as the Vesuvian Invulnerables. These formed a cordon around the now entirely crushed Troglodyte of the Thames.

"WHY?" echoed the Chancellor, in tones of spirit-palsying severity. "Wretched man, too well you know. Else, why hide you here in this new Cyclops cavern of inventive infamy? Are you not of those, traitors to Thrift, defiers of Rhadamanthian Law, disturbers of Procrustean Order, who already have nearly been the ruin of the State. Is it not owing to you and your kind that Salisbury Plain is piled Pyramid-high with the wreckage of obsolete ships, the *débris* of exploded guns, and the refuse of useless rifles, a Pelion-upon-Ossa of rusty ironmongery, which originally cost a mountain of gold, and is now not worth carting away as old metal? Have you, and men of your pernicious sort, not for many years led nations a ruinous dance of Experimental Emulation in Systematic Slaughter? Have you not played Old Gooseberry with European Exchequers, and made the Lives of the Chancellors a burden to them? Have you not seduced peoples by the perilous path of Patents to the very verge of the fathomless gulf of International Insolvency? Have you not rendered necessary the passing of a Draconic Code of Anti-Scientific Enactments compared with which the Irish Penal Laws were mere legislative pleasantries, and Mr. BALFOUR's treatment of O'BRIEN a benevolent jest. In short, are you not an Enthusiast, and—oh! culmination of unpatriotic infamy!—an Inventor?"

The crushed caitiff, the villainous victim of ardent scheming, the persistent planner of expensive improvements, sank prostrate on the floor of the Cyclopean cavern. He had not a word to say for himself.

"Thank Heaven, you are the sole survivor of the malignant brood!" continued the Chancellor, with ultra-official fervour. "I have been on your serpent-track for years; at last, I catch you in your own wicked web. (That is a mixed metaphor—but no matter!) Seize him, Bobbies—I mean Vesuvian Invulnerables! Away with him to a dungeon even deeper and dirtier than his own! The Public, so long the prey of Patentees, the paying victim of Science's colossal Game of Brag, will view with pleasure the ignominious ending of The Last of the Inventors!!!"





"SHOPPY"!

*Uxorious Editor (in his Honeymoon).* "KISS ME, DARLING—'NOT NECESSARILY FOR PUBLICATION, BUT AS A GUARANTEE OF GOOD FAITH'!" [Smack!]

### HELP FOR YELPERS.

How to make the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs at Battersea pay. With compliments to the President, Committee, and all others connected with that admirable Institution.

1. Turn it into a Limited Liability Company; all Dog-owners in the Home Counties to be compelled to take so many shares.

2. Take a leaf out of the book of Madame Tussaud and the Chamber of Horrors. Allow an extra charge of one shilling to be made to all visitors desirous to see Dr. RICHARDSON'S Lethal Chamber at work, wherein dogs of all kinds are painlessly converted into excellent top-dressing.

3. Strengthen the Committee by a greater infusion into it of the practical male element, eliminating a good deal of the sentimental feminine ditto.

4. Get an experienced Dog-trainer to select the cleverest of the lost, teach them to jump through hoops and climb up ladders, and so gain bones for themselves and sinews (of war) for the Home.

5. Throw open the official posts to public competition, with special invitation to TOBY, M.P., Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, and other first-rate organisers and popular caterers; the Committee,

however, not binding themselves to accept the highest, or the lowest, or the medium tender.

6. See that, when an owner comes and gives a full description of his lost hound, a notice is sent to him as soon as a dog answering that description is received at the Home. This simple expedient will obviate the exasperating nuisance of owners being—as now—compelled to come twice a week to the Home for months, on the chance of their pet having unexpectedly arrived in the last batch of street dere-licks.

7. Welcome the coming, get a fee out of the parting, visitor.

8. Muzzle Cerberus.

9. See that valuable dogs find their owners; and apply a general tonic—a course of bark, for example—to the whole management.

### THE BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.

THE SONG OF A SNUBBED ONE.

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

WOLSELEY, our Alexander,  
GOSCHEN, our Hercules,  
And many a great commander  
And statesman like to these,  
E'en JOE, the Brum's pet hero,  
When he'd elicit cheers,  
Talk bow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow  
On the British Volunteers.

Right coolly we're commanded  
From Wimbledon to cut,  
They flout remonstrance banded,  
Our mouths we're bid to shut.  
But always after dinner,  
They, dropping snubs and sneers,  
Talk bow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow,  
At the British Volunteers.

We're clerks and counter-jumpers  
In soldier's garb, they say,  
Yet drink our health in bumpers  
In this post-prandial way.  
We wish they'd do us justice,  
These spouting Pots and Peers,  
And not talk bow-wow-wow-wow  
On the British Volunteers!

### BETTERS AND GAMBLERS.

MR. PUNCH.—There is unquestionably one law for the Poor, and another for the Rich, or rather for the Ungentle in comparison with the Genteel. People who can afford to risk any money at all in betting, are not poor; and others, that can't afford to risk large sums on the Turf, or in any other form of gambling, but, with expensive establishments to maintain, do yet risk them, are not rich. Their expenditure exceeds their incomes. They require to be protected against themselves and their gambling propensities, equally with the gentlemen of the pavement and the public-houses. But this protection is denied the poor wealthy. Every daily newspaper almost, records a "raid" effected by the Police on a licensed victualler's premises allowed to be used by small gamblers for the purpose of betting and playing games of hazard. No matter if these be partly games of skill—like "skittle pool," and that the ventures are no higher than threepenny, sixpenny, and shilling stakes. The gamblers and their host are liable to be fined, and are fined accordingly, and sent to prison if they can't pay,—very much to encourage the others.

But, Sir, you know that we never see reported a raid or a foray executed by the Police on any of the premises constantly used for betting by noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Turf or Stock Exchange. Now, don't you think that these great gam-





blers are quite as much entitled to be protected from their vicious and ruinous propensities as even the small urchin who ever and anon gets himself run in for the crime of playing at pitch-and-toss in a public thoroughfare or street corner?

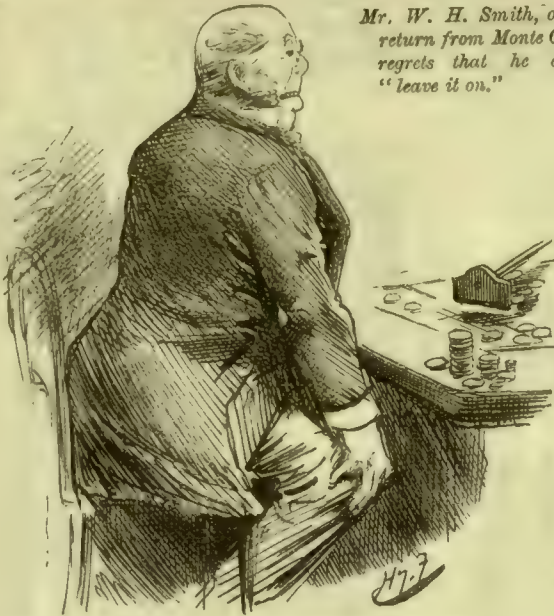
I write under feelings of mingled sorrow and indignation espe-

cially at the reckless gambling in the form of bull and bear speculations in stocks and shares which I am grieved and shocked to see permitted every day of my life almost, except Sundays, in my experience of the Money Market and the City; and remain,

Ever yours, truly, AN HONEST BROKER.



## A HOLIDAY REMINISCENCE.



Mr. W. H. Smith, on his return from Monte Carlo, regrets that he didn't "leave it on."

## GIVING THEM THEIR CHARACTERS.

THE quite novel light shed recently at the Lyceum on the characters of *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* respectively, to say nothing of Mrs. LANGTRY'S New York revival, and the hundred-and-one on *dis* in relation to Mr. MANSFIELD'S forthcoming much-talked-of production at the Globe, have all helped to stir the "New Reading" discoverers into a state of unwonted activity. Subjoined are a few of their latest suggestions:—

*A propos of Macbeth*, "A SIXTY YEARS STUDENT" writes:—"By all means let *Macbeth* turn out to be a rather jovial, nice-minded, pleasant-spoken sort of fellow, and his wife a good-natured and affectionate creature, with an eye to business, and never so wide awake as when in the Sleep-walking Scene, but this doesn't half do away with the Tragedy. *Duncan* should be the real rufian, on which the whole of the ghastly business turns, arriving at the castle in an advanced stage of *delirium tremens*, in a fit of which it is evident that, at a later hour, he commits suicide. That he is hopelessly drunk on his arrival, is clearly indicated in the text, for he addresses *Lady Macbeth* with the line—

"Give me your hand: conduct me to mine host."

"Then, stumbling up against her with the words:—

"By your leave, hostess!"

reels up the steps into the Castle. I take it this gives us all we want to clear the characters of our hero and heroine. As for *Banquo*'s appearance, mind you, *after supper*, that can obviously be set down to an acute form of indigestion."

Dealing with *Hamlet*, in a similarly critical spirit, "A REASONING ROSCIUS" remarks:—"As to the Dane being off his head, this is simply absurd. His game is evidently Spiritualism. He ought to go through the usual hanky-panky, table-turning with *Horatio*, *Marcellus*, and *Bernardo*, and then, after eliciting a succession of raps, dismiss them, and fetching out the regular Dark Séance Cabinet, finish up with the usual illuminated banjo business, during which he carries on his conversation with the Ghost, whose head appears at a hole in the cabinet-door covered with phosphorus, according to the accepted text, modified here and there, of course, to suit the varying situations. I must add, that *Hamlet* must, by no means, be made up 'young.' The Queen refers to him near the end of the play as being 'fat, and scant of breath,' thereby clearly indicating that to represent him even as a heavy, obese, middle-aged, overgrown sort of Sir JOHN FALSTAFF would be only to err in the right direction. He should be a coarse ponderous hulking fellow of about five and fifty. This would help to carry off his philosophy, and, in some measure, explain his peculiar conduct to *Ophelia*."

With regard to *Othello*, "A GENUINE LOVER OF HUMOROUS COMEDY" writes:—"I cannot conceive a more wanton distortion of the merry Moor's obvious characteristics than the usually accepted view of him which stamps him as 'jealous.' Why? The charge is

monstrous! The key to his character is simply his keen relish of a thoroughly good practical joke. His accidental smothering of *Desdemona* is evidently one of these. He ought to come on in all the earlier scenes with a banjo, to carry out the idea of his being not the Moor, but the *Moore* and *Burgess* corner-man of Venice. I am not sure that I wouldn't dress him in red-and-white-striped trousers, a long blue-tailed coat, a shirt-frill and a large white tie. But this is a detail."

"RICHARDSON REDIVIVUS" after insisting that *King Lear* is the most "mirth-provoking character" SHAKESPEARE ever drew, and that all his scenes with his daughters, if rightly understood, should be hailed by any intelligent audience as regular "side-splitters," passes on to the consideration of *Paul Pry*, who, he says, after a good deal of mature scholarly reflection, he has discovered to be not a comic character at all, but a melodramatic villain of the deepest dye. He argues against his carrying an umbrella, insisting that he should be provided instead with a long Spanish stiletto, and an ample and mysterious cloak. He further lays great stress on the fact, that whenever he enters with his catch phrase of "I hope I don't intrude," he ought to appear with blue fire, either through a vampire-trap or secret panel, and not quit the stage before he has stabbed somebody. He adds, in conclusion, that he has forwarded all his notes on the subject to Mr. J. L. TOOLE, in the hope that the popular Comedian will see his way to their adoption on the next occasion of his reviving the well-known piece.

## LINES SUGGESTED BY AN ELECTOR.

How happy is the Party penman's lot,  
Whether he wins or loses all is well.  
What though the counted votes against him tot?  
Success in failure his keen scent can smell.  
Loudly he crows when he the leek has eaten,  
And ne'er is so triumphant as when beaten.  
Equal to either fortune? Better far,  
He snatches happy omens from defeat;  
Winning, he loudly thanks his lucky star,  
Losing, he finds in loss a savour sweet,  
Like one who with two-headed coin doth toss,  
Loss is but gain, but gain is never loss!

## THE (NEARLY) PERFECT ENGLISHMAN.

(Translated from the French Press.)

OH, yes, the brave General is an Englishman. His mother—ah, his dear, dear mother!—before she married his father, was an English "Mee." She was a perfect specimen! Tall, long, fair hair; beautiful and much-exposed front teeth! Thus, he is right—the brave General to be proud of his English blood! For he has many of the characteristics of the native of Albion—not *perfidie*, but White-cliffed Albion. He eats *rosbif* and drinks *portare-bière* for breakfast; and when he is greatly moved, he ories with tears in his voice, "Oh, Shocking!" Then, who has not seen him with his *boule-dogue* with its blue ribbon collar and silver bell? This *boule-dogue* was born in the most fashionable part of London—Vaux-hall Bridge Road—and is called "Auguste." Both the brave General and the *boule-dogue* are English to the backbone. The *boule-dogue* is fond of sport—he is pleased to jump through a hoop, and can dance the polka on his hind-legs. It is only natural that he should fear rats. But the mice! Ah! he can hunt the mice!

The brave General is an expert at all English sports! Ah! how he plays the cricket! It is wonderful to see him in his flannel shirt (worn over a well-starched linen one), walking at every "over" from one set of the stumps to the other set of the stumps! As a General, of course, the Elected of the Seine wears spurs at all times. At the cricket his spurs assist him in catching the ball.

Then at the lawn-tennis! Oh, the brave General knows well how to play! Often he touches the ball with his bat, although he can miss it. Ah, yes! how well, with what grace, he can miss it! And when he does touch the ball with his bat, with what terrible force does he drive it against the net!

But, before all and above all, he is a sportsman! Of course he wears his uniform, but that does not prevent him from putting a long hunting-horn round his body, nor carrying a game-bag attached to a thin silken cord hanging by his side. And his patent leather shooting shoes! And his white kid gloves! Ah, he is charming! And it is then that Auguste distinguishes himself! The brave dog and the brave General hunt together. They thoroughly understand each other. Auguste examines the bushes, the ditches, the shop-windows! At length the fox is found, and then the brave General, drawing his sword, gives Reynard his *coup de grace*! Ah, indeed, BOULANGER is a perfect Englishman-jockey, gentleman-rider! I who write this wish him every success. (Signed) HENRI PUMP,

Of the Anglo-French Press.





*The Lady Godiva. "HIGH DRESSES TO BE WORN AT THE DRAWING-ROOM—INDEED!—IF LADIES ARE ILL, INFIRM, OR ADVANCING IN AGE! HA, HA! NOT IF I KNOW IT!"*

### A GLORIOUS SPIN AFTER A JULY RABBIT.

*A Hunting Story, by the Author of "A Shoot with a Fox-hound," "A Real Good Snipe," "The Herne Bay Harriers," "A Knacker's Mount," &c., &c.*

It would have been impossible to have picked out a more wretched day for the opening meet of the Season than was Tuesday, the first of July, 188—.

"You must not keep him waiting, Sir," said Captain DASHOVER's servant, as he helped his master on with a thick Ulster, which completely covered his red coat, his snowy breeches, his top-boots, and all the brave insignia of the chase.

"I hope he is not too fresh," muttered the Captain, stifling an oath. "As it is raining, don't you think Sammy had better return to his loose-box until it clears up?"

"Bless you, no, Sir—in this county they often hunt in the wet."

Thus reassured, the Captain approached his steed (who stood patiently while he successfully ascended the saddle, with the material assistance of the stirrup), and, seizing his umbrella, slowly sauntered away.

"A pretty pair!" exclaimed the Groom, critically watching the departing steed and his rider before returning to the dining-room to remove the remnants of his master's lunch—"a pretty pair!"

It was a bad day. A dense fog lay over all the land, enshrouding both hills and valleys, shops and public-houses, turnpike-gates and boot manufactories, in its weird and ghostly embraces. It rested like a soft grey counterpane upon the fields, toning down to a sombre tint the rich brown of the upheaved earth. As for the lamp-posts and the red signals from the chemists' windows, they were blurred, and seemed to be impregnated with moisture. Everything was dark, everything was dull, and the rain poured down in buckets-full.

After five minutes' careful riding (the meet was at some little

distance from the place of departure), the Captain joined the field, which had already assembled.

"Nuisance this rain," growled the Master, as soon as the Captain had reported himself. "On my word, I hardly know what to do. The hounds are sure to catch cold if I don't take 'em home. What do you say, DASHOVER?"

"Well," replied the Captain, pulling at his reins with both hands at once; "now that I have got my bit of blood out, I think we had better have a spin. Folks don't like to be disappointed on such occasions."

The Master, hearing this, gave orders for the day's proceedings to commence at once, and the hounds were trotted off at a brisk pace to draw a covert close by. But the rain and fog continued, and many of the field went home. Milestones looked dark and formidable, their dimensions increased instead of diminished by the imperfect light. The omnibus horses sniffed the damp air through their open nostrils, and discharged it with disgust. They looked round suspiciously at the grey and unrecognisable conveyances beside them, were nervous and timid, and distrusted the commonest object. A wheelbarrow (containing penny ices), a donkey, a sheep-dog, filled them with apprehension; and all this time, borne on the leaden-coloured atmosphere, rang out the eager, murderous notes of collies and poodles, celebrated for their slaying qualities. Suddenly there was a cry of "Gone forrard, aw-a-ay!" which proclaimed that Master Bunny had left the snug underwood of the covert. There was evidently a hot scent in the open, for the hounds dashed out after him close to his tail, and, taking a bullfinch, disappeared in the ditch beyond. They threw their tongues merrily, and added their boisterous, chirruping music to the accompaniment of a distant, but appreciative brass band, of sporting proclivities. "Gone forrard aw-a-ay!" Indeed, "Aw-a-ay!"

Off they went! Friendly gates could not be taken advantage of, so the field hurried along the high road as if they had to catch a train, which was seldom late! The pack had vanished from view, having stopped in the kitchen-garden attached to a country public-house, and the only way to get up to them was to negotiate every possible and impossible fence on foot. Providence must provide for the rest!

Crash, crash, went the timbers of a stiff double rail as a waggon of hay moved aside to let a hansom pass! Suddenly they heard a railway whistle, and the Master called off the hounds. He appealed to them by their names, and, obedient to his cry, they came whining towards him, and began fawning about his boots.

"Darn this rain!" he exclaimed, resentfully, as he distributed sugar amongst his canine favourites. "It ain't fit to hunt in."

This had been for a long time the opinion of Captain DASHOVER, who had turned back, and was on his way home. He was progressing slowly as, beneath him, was one of the most perfect and resolute walkers that ever looked through a bridle, when he saw Master Bunny seated in the very centre of the road, devouring a piece of cabbage. In a moment his horn was to his lips, and he blew a strange, weird note that he had never heard before—perchance he would never hear again! "Yoicks! Hi away! Hout and aboot, Mon! Hoick, my beauty! Hoick, hoick at him! Hi forrard, hi forrard tantivy!" and the Captain was fairly excited. Sammy, the horse, entered into the spirit of the thing, and took up the running at a gentle trot. Disturbed at his meal, the wily rabbit jumped away carrying his green-stuff with him. He ran on in this manner for some yards, and then stopped and began a fresh nibble, but was off again by the time the Captain had reached his new position. This was repeated over and over again. Captain DASHOVER leant forward in the saddle, and clasping his good horse's neck within his arms, spoke an encouraging word to him. Whatever the man's faults were, he was brave and knew no fear!

But Bunny was not to be caught. He leapt and leapt until he approached the sea! It was then the Captain stopped, for he liked not the look of the sands. He was on the eve of returning home when Sammy suddenly pulled up, pricked up his ears, and made a decided point at a bathing-machine. Alack, alack, for poor Bunny! After a desperate encounter, the Captain emerged from the submarine conveyance carrying with him the lifeless form of the quarry! He almost sighed as, in duty bound, he sounded his horn once more, and shouted out yet again, "Hi forrard! Hi forrard, tantivy!"

"Pleasant run, Sir?" asked the man, touching his hat as the Captain dismounted.

"Excellent," returned DASHOVER, paying the customary half-crown, and pointing to his watch to prove that he had not encroached upon the second hour at the lower rate of two shillings, he left the livery stables. Half an hour later he was hurriedly discussing a boiling cup of tea and a well-toasted muffin in his thrice-welcome snuggerly at home!





## HERCULES FURENS.

(Modern Teutonic Version.)



"Eros, ho !

The shirt of Nessus is upon me : teach me,  
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :  
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon ;  
And with these hands, that grasp'd the heaviest  
club,  
Subdue my worthiest self."

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV., Scene 10.*

THE shirt of Nessus ! Teuton Hercules,  
Art on thine Æta ? Hot and ill at ease  
At least thou seem'st. As when Alcides tore  
Rooted Thessalian pines, and raised a roar

That sounded far o'er the Euboic wave ; [rave.  
So crossed or thwarted dost thou ramp and  
And every luckless soul who dares to stand  
Erect within the reach of thy strong hand,  
Wouldst treat like Lichas, hurling him afar  
To plunge, like Vulcan or a falling star,  
Headlong through air to ocean.

So the gods  
Set heroes' muscles with their wits at odds,  
In the old Titan times. Achilles raged,  
And Ajax, foiled by sage Ulysses, waged  
A foolish war with flocks, making mad way

Amidst "the mingled multitude of prey  
The herdsman's yet unparted care." So, too,  
Alcides, whose god-given strength could hew  
The hydra down, its poison felt at last ;  
And luckless Lichas from the hill-top cast,  
Because a woman's jealousy had foiled  
His eager passion and his purpose spoiled.  
Thrice the great Hera-hated hero lost  
His reason's balance, proud and passion-tost.  
Is it that brawn and brain close-wedded work  
Wild mischief ; that the seeds of madness lurk

\* SOPHOCLES' *Ajax*.



In all heroic might? What leech shall cure  
 "The man, frenzied with mad distemperature"  
 Who, stirred to wrath, poor woolly sheep destroys,  
 Or vents his spleen on women, doctors, boys?  
 Strange proof of the sardonic whims of fate,  
 Strange satire on humanity's estate,  
 That demigods, souls of heroic mould,  
 As brave as brawny, and as big as bold,  
 Should, tantrum-smitten, fall upon the flocks,  
 And midge-enraged retort by heaving rocks!

*Hercules furens!* It might make men smile  
 Who can forget the cradle and the pile,  
 The babe-choked serpents and the gods' applause,  
 To see great souls so stirred by so slight cause.  
 "Can heavenly minds such anger entertain?"  
 Sings VIRGIL. See the angry hero strain  
 To hurl the stripling heavenward, grip of steel  
 Close-clenched upon the hapless youngster's heel!  
 "Those hands that grasped the heaviest club"  
 should seek

A worthier work than warring with the weak.  
 Meanwhile, sage policy gives place to pride;  
 The lion-slaying club is cast aside,  
 And what replaces the old lion's hide?  
 Not Austria's calf-skin surely? No, at least  
 'Tis not the fell of the ignobler beast  
 That hangs upon "those recreant limbs," stout still,  
 But "recreant" to wisdom and calm will,  
 Awhile, awhile! The Nessus-tunic clings,  
 Its folds constrain, its subtle poison stings  
 The hampered hero into fury wild;  
 Only the highest strength is calm and mild.  
 ANTONY raged, CÆSAR was coldly still,  
 "The dull cold-blooded CÆSAR," whose calm will  
 Not e'en the Nile Enchantress could subdue.  
 The conscious ANTONY too sadly knew  
 His soul's superior. After all, 'tis poor  
 "Upon the hill of Basan to outroar  
 The horned herd," although the voice that shouts  
 Is of a Stentor Swordsman, whom war's flouts  
 Shook never. "Savage cause" to stir the brave  
 To frenzy. What availed the thrice-whipped slave  
 To mend MARK's fortune. ENOBABUS knew  
 Cold CÆSAR had "subdued his judgment too."  
 Lodge Lichas on the horns of the moon, indeed,  
 It shall not make wroth-gendered plans succeed  
 In Policy's despite. Resume the club,  
 Teutonic Titan, ere on Æta's hub  
 A Hercules Infuriate make sport  
 For cynic babblers of the baser sort.  
 Or ere wise watchers must admit it true  
 That your own hands your worthiest self subdue.

\* SOPHOCLES' *Ajax*.

### A HINT FROM CLOUDLAND.

SHIP AHOY! MESSMATE,

FOR, my dear boy, I can see you! Not every day, my hearty! because, when it is foggy, it is a long way from Trafalgar Square to 85, Fleet Street. But you should hear my voice, *Mr. Punch*, and, if you can't, why, my dear eyes! here is my letter. Not that I used to garnish my conversation with such old-fashioned nautical terms when I was in the flesh. I put them in here and there because I have been so long mast-headed (or, rather, pillar-headed) in Charing Cross, that you would not believe me a sea-dog—you land-lubber!—unless I gave you a taste of the briny. And now, *Mr. Punch*, as you are a sensible person, who knows a marling-spike from a forecandle (please pronounce it "fokeale") yarn, I will assume that you want to learn the reason of my addressing you. Yes, you are right, my son of Neptune!—I have got a grievance. Having a grievance, I write to you—I select you in preference to the Editor of the *Times*, as I fancy that excellent and erudite gentleman has just now other fish to fry in the neighbourhood of the Law Courts, and can't be bothered with the grumbings of a one-armed one-eyed old bronze statue stuck on a column, like Patience on a Monument! And that reminds me of what my grievance is. I am going to complain of a Monument, and ask you to get it removed. You hammered away at WELLINGTON until he was taken from Hyde Park Corner to Aldershot, and, if you get my monumental incubus carted off to Brighton,



### FELINE AMENITIES.

"I WISH YOU HADN'T ASKED CAPTAIN WAREHAM, LIZZIE. HORRID MAN! I CAN'T BEAR HIM!"

"DEAR ME, CHARLOTTE—ISN'T THE WORLD BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU BOTH?"

"YES; BUT YOUR LITTLE DINING-ROOM ISN'T!"

or, better still, Jericho, you will deserve the thanks not only of the dead, but of the living.

You see, my heart of oak up here I can catch what they are saying down below, and I can assure you it is not pleasant listening. CHARLES THE FIRST made an awful row when they put up "the other one," and HAVELOCK was equally indignant. When NAPIER came he used language that really was dreadful, and reminded me of the sort of things the troops used to utter when they were doing duty in Flanders. He has kept it up ever since, and I am ashamed that GORDON (who has just joined us) should have to hear it. The worst of it—shiver my timbers!—it is justifiable. I ask you how would you like to have a person dressed in classical costume, on a circus horse, set up close beside you? And he is a person who did a deal of harm when he had the opportunity, and brought the monarchy, of which we are all so justly proud, into disrepute. He is the odd, the very odd man out, as they can't find any one to balance him. But even had he been the best of men, his statue is so utterly ridiculous, that it is a disgrace to the neighbourhood. After all, Charing Cross is not the place for a circus, and the effigy is absolutely meaningless, unless appropriately supplemented with the presentment of GRIMALDI in the habit as he lived. So cart the circus-horse and its rider away, my good *Mr. Punch*, and earn the everlasting gratitude of

*Sparrow's Nest, Trafalgar Square, W.C.*

NELSON AND BRONTË.

P. S.—I see that some land-lubbers have been publishing my love-letters! It is fortunate for them that circumstances over which I have no control prevent me from getting at them! Wait until I secure a ladder, and then, bless their dear eyes! they shall see what a British Tar can do with his fist, in the cause of law, literary copyright, and Beauty!

### Check to the King!

KING DEATH, grim rider on the wan white horse,  
 Has found too long at Courts his freest course,  
 Now common-sense his dread career would check,  
 Who has so often "won by a bare neck."

THE BAKER'S MAN.—There can be no doubt that all the supporters of *le brave Général BOULANGER* will answer to the roll-call.



## THE PICKWICK SYMPHONY.

By One who Ought to Know.

"THE play's the thing," as the member of the football club said when they broke both his legs, smashed half-a-dozen ribs, and jumped on his stummick. Dessay it is, but it doesn't do for a man at my time o' life to be out late o' nights. But my son SAMMY—



A Dickens of a Cantata. The Sacred Lamp fitted with a new patent Pick-wick.

smart young fellow is SAMMY—all-porter at the Ranunculus Club, said a *matinee* wouldn't hurt me. "Vot's that?" ses I. "Do you take it 'ot or cold?" "Vell," ses he, "it depends upon the weather and the ventilation. It's French for a play in the artemnoon. I've got a day off o' Thursday, and I'll give you a snack in servants' all—and we'll go and see *Pickwick*." "None o' that, SAMMY," says I, pullin' him up short. "Never make game o' serious subjects, as the man said when the barber larked after cutting his nose off by mistake. If they're goin' to make fun o' the dear old Guv'nor, I'll let 'em see. Though I am seventy-four, I'm 'ale and 'arty, and can pop in my left pretty 'andy if they're up to any of their impudence." "Oh, you splendid old bouncer," says SAMMY, larfin fit to bust himself. "There's no impudence; it's a Dramatic Cantata." "Vot's that, SAMMY?" ses I; "if you don't condescend to talk English to your only father, I shall be sorry as ever I had you eddicated. All I can say is it don't sound proper; but if you'll pledge your word, SAMMY, as a all-porter and a gentleman, that my dear blessed old Guv'nor ain't held up to reddicule, I'll go."

And lor' what a time we 'ad in the servants' 'all! A *snack* he called it. Why the swarry we had at Bath years ago was nothin' to it, and Mr. John Smawker and Mr. Tuckle vere noveres along o' the affable young gents as sat down to dinner with us. They all 'ad heard o' me, and larked and cracked their sides even when I talked about the weather and asked for the mustard; every one was so pleasant that I wanted to spend the artemnoon there, with a glass o' hot brandy-and-water. But SAMMY cut me short when I was telling 'em all about the lark we 'ad at NUPKINS's, and said, quite undutiful-like, "Come along, my rosy old fernomenon, keep that till you publish your reminiscences," at which they all roared, till the Seeketerry sent down his compliments and he vished to know if the kitchen-chimbley was a-fire. As it was, we were late at the Theatre—it was crammed full; but a friend o' SAMMY's, who had something to do with the Theatre—I think it was the Author—had kep' a private box for us; and there was pretty music going on, and a youth, not old enough to be trusted with a triangle, was conducting the band, and makin' beleeve to play all the music with a white stick as he flourished about. "Oo's that, SAMMY?" says I. "Solomon," says he. "Pell?" says I, larfin. "Shut up! you playful old porpoise," ses he. "That's the Composer." "Then vy don't he compose himself," ses I, "instead of"—"Ss-s-sh!" ses he, quite sharp and unflinial, and up goes the Curtain!

There was my old friend, Mrs. Bardell—but, there, if Mrs. Bardell had only been half as pretty as Miss LOTTE VERNE, there would have been no work for Dodson and Fogg, and I should have had none o' the Guv'nor's money, or should have run away with her that night I went up to pay the rent. If our Mrs. B. had only sung like that, it would ha' been a question who would ha' run off

with her fust—Me or the Guv'nor, or Winkle, or Snodgrass, or Tupman. Then Tommy Bardell comes in, and he and his mother sing together. Then the Baker comes upon the scene. I'd forgotten all about him; but now I remember the brazen-faced Lothair that I always used to see lurkin' about Goswell Street. I'm certain our Baker, though, couldn't sing half so well as Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON. I kept on noddin' my head to his delicious "Baker-roll," till SAMMY gave me a kick, and said, "Now, then, you mercurial old Mandarin, mind that old noddle o' yours don't roll into the stalls." But when at last I saw the dear old Guv'nor—bless his dear old gig-lamps and gaiters—come on to the stage, I shouted "Hooroar!" SAMMY said it was Mr. ARTHUR CECIL; but I turned and said, quite solemn-like, "SAMIVEL, my son, I don't believe you." There he was, with his dear old bald head, his capacious waistcoat, his blue coat, and his kerseymere pantaloons. When he sang a song about me, "*The Happy Valet*," I nearly kicked the front of the box out, and shed tears behind the curtain. Then to see the dear old chap sit down to breakfast so nat'ral-like with a real relish. Always singin' he was, and uncommon well he sang too. Vy didn't he tip us a stave like that at Dingley Dell? And when he wasn't, Mrs. Bardell she came in and took it up, and gradually got canoodlin' around him—jest as our Mrs. Bardell tried to do. Then they sang a "sympathetic duet"—then came the "*Bardell Bolero*," which everyone cheered. Still she led the dear old man on—oh, how my poor old Dad would have liked to see the artfulness o' vidders held up to reddicule in public,—and at last faints slick off in his arms, just like our Mrs. B. did. The Baker returns, Tommy comes in, Mr. Pickwick gets more and more perplexed, and the piece finishes just the minute before I was introduced to my dear old Master.

These players are bold enough—but they seem to know where to draw the line. They have had the temerity to impersonate Mrs. Bardell, Mr. Pickwick, and the Baker—but I don't think they are quite darin' enough to try to take off Sam Weller—that would be rather more than they could carry as the 'bus conductor said when they wanted to put twenty inside. "SAMMY," says I, when we were taking three dozen of oysters apiece before tea, "the author of your bein' is obleeged to you for your treat. Your snack was excellent, your oysters are capital, and your *Pickwick* is first-rate. And there is no one in the world can be a better judge of *Pickwick*—*Pickwick* was the only man who was a hero to his wally—than his old servant and faithful friend, your aged, but still lively parent, SAM WELLER."

## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

## FIFTH EVENING.

"THE other artemnoon," began the Moon, "I saw a dear old gentleman coming out of a toyshop, laden with parcels. The people in the shop looked after him as he stepped into his carriage, and supposed that he must have a number of nephews and nieces, whom he was evidently in the habit of spoiling. Now I knew that he had none but grown-up relations, and that he rather disliked children than otherwise, and so I followed him to where he lived, for I was really curious to find out what he would do with all the things he had bought. I looked through the windows of his room, and presently I saw him come in, and put all his parcels down, and carefully lock the door, laughing to himself as he did so with a glee of which he seemed half ashamed. I was afraid he would draw the curtains, but he did not seem to mind whether I saw him or not, so long as nobody else did. First of all, he cleared the table, and then he undid the packages one by one, and set out the toys. There was a little railway train that went by clockwork on a circular railroad, and he fitted the lines together, with all the stations and tunnels, and wound up the engine, which ran, whirring and clattering, round and round. It was really a pretty sight. Then he brought out regiment after regiment of the most beautiful tin-soldiers, and set them up in order of battle, and fired peas at them out of a cannon, till he was tired of that; and next he unpacked a village, and after that a model fort, until I could almost have believed that the table was part of the real world. He was perfectly happy, playing with them, and there was nobody to send him to bed until he was quite ready to go. And I knew that this had been the dream of his life ever since he had left off being a boy, and had had to amuse himself with grown-up things, or to work, without leisure even for serious play. Now he was rich, and retired from business, and able to please himself, without caring for the opinion of the world, and this was what gave him most pleasure."





"I am not sure," added the Moon, "that I have not seen old gentlemen, with nothing to do, and plenty of money to spend, who amused themselves in ways which I thought far more foolish. For all that, I sometimes wish he would ask a child or two in, now and then, to play with him—but he never does."

### ROBERT'S BOLD EXPERIMENT.

THE "appointed day" for our great experiment came off last Saturday,—allus a slack day for us Waiters,—and we held our preliminary meeting a day or two afore, to settle all about our safeguards afore running of our fearful risk. We then decided to have jest one glass of sherry and bitters afore leaving home on the day of the dinner, to prepare our poor insides for their sewere trial, and a glass of sumthink hot, strong, and sweet, redly for us wen we got home. So on Saturday, as I have said, we boldly assembled, at 5 o'clock sharp, to meet our fate like men.



There was suddenly a werry unushal look of dogged resoluashun, not to say depresshun, upon the countingouses of all nine on us, when we entered the ouse of ospitalerty selected by our kind Ost, who received us with as much geneality, and ewen warmth, as if he had bin the Prime Warden of sum Prime Livvery Company, and had taken his preliminary glass of Sherry, &c., as we had. But in coarse he hadn't.

The fust thing as struck us rayther forcibly was, that he was not drest quite in the hi dress as his name woud have led us to xpect, as of course we was, and allus are, but we arterwards learnt as he was from the naybouring kingdom of Whales, which of coarse expland it.

We began with clear Turtel Soup, as promised, and suddenly neether BRING nor RYMER could have beaten it. The one glass of Maryskeno to be drunk with it was sumthink quite difrent to what we had xpected, but it wasn't at all bad, and BROWN ewen took a second without flinching. But wen we cum to taste the 1874 wintage of the Black Current Wine, with the biled Sammon, we fust looked at our Ost, and then at one another, and then we all put it quietly down, and took quite a long pull at sum Olympia Water, a bottle full of which was most thortfully put before each on us.

With the ontrays we was handed some reel Orange Champagne, which, if not quite like sweet Click Oh, was utterly quite as good as sum of the new brands as has been interdooced lately, which praps aint saying much. With the remarkabel fine Saddle of Mutton that folowd, we had sum Ginger Hale, which was not at all bad, and nicely warmed our somewhat estonished insides, which was becoming jest a leetle chilled at the large supply of cold water.

With the Game we had sum Punch, quite difrent from any we had ewer tasted afore, and called Winter Punch from its preshus coldness, I spose.

The Orange Bitters with the Stilton was much admired, and was unanimously repeated, as it quite warmed us up after the Punch.

The Dessert a good deal puzzeld us, as there was such a variety of drinks to choose from. We began with the fine old Strawberry Syrup of the sillybrated 1880 growth, and then tried the Mureller Cherry, and ooud distinctly tell the difference! But the favorite was suddenly the Old Gingerett, which was reelly quite warming and cumforting.

Weather we shooud have werry strongly objectked to a glass or 2 of fine old Sherry, as a last final settler, I declines to say; but BROWN, in proposing the helth of our nobel Chairman in a bumper of Pine Apple Cider, declared that not only was we much oblidged to him for his ospertality, but that we had all thorowly enjoyed our rayther novel experiment, and shooud not at all mind trying it again in the Summer, and we all shouted out, Here! Here!

I hardly expecs to be beleaved when I says that a reel Copperashun Deputy, tho' a werry yung un, came in and jined us at Dessert, and drank away at most of the lot as if he reelly preferred them to old Port and Claret, which of course he may have done, and aeshally said as we shooud all do the same if we wood but persewere!

And now as to the final werdick.

In the fust place, we spent a nice cheerful evening, thanks to our Ost and his frend the Deputy. In the second plaice, we didn't have nothink to pay. In the third plaice, we didn't none of us drink the glass of sumthink nice, as we had intended for to do when we got home. I, for one, didn't want it, and, besides, Honner seemed to forbid it, and there's Honner among Waiters as there is among—well, say other people. In the fourth plaice, we all seem to have slept the sleep of the temprate Waiter, and we hadn't not no hed-aches on the follering morning!

And I werrily beleaves that, if they cood jest manidge to hintro-duce a leetle more ginger into the warious lickwids, and not hand round Black Current Wine with the biled Sammon, and, as I was told as the dinner didn't cost more than harf the ushal price, that a good many peepel as hasn't got quite so much money to spend as

other peepel, might be injuiced to try the new sistem, at any rate ceashunally, and most speashally in warm weather.

There's jest one other important matter, as will keep on a pegging away at me, and it's jest this—I allus finds as them as is most libberal with their wine, is allus the most libberal with their money to us pore ardworking Waiters; but the nateral hinference as surgests itself is such a paltry and shabby one, that I bannishes it away with all the contempt as it deserves.

ROBERT.

### NOT QUITE WRITE.

SCENE—Mr. PUNCH's Sanctum. Mr. PUNCH discovered reading the Newspapers. To him enter a couple of Church Dignitaries.

*First Church Dignitary.* We trust we do not intrude, Mr. Punch? *Mr. Punch (looking up).* You, Archbishop! Always pleased to see you.

*Second Church Dignitary.* And having a great deal of leisure, Sir, I thought I would accompany his Grace.

*Mr. P.* Delighted to see you both. Well, what is it?

*First C. D. (breathlessly).* Have you seen the letter that appeared in the *Times* on the 6th of February—

*Second D. (interrupting).* About Journalism, and Sunday Observance?

*Mr. P.* Yes—I fancy I saw the heading—an excellent object.

*Both C. D.'s (together).* I wrote it—

*Mr. P.* I saw, now I remember, both your signatures. Well, your Grace and my Lord, what do you want?

*First C. D.* We objected to the appearance of a paper on Sunday—an entirely new departure.

*Second C. D.* Started by the London edition of the *New York Herald*.

*Mr. P.* Come, you are out there—how about the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*, to say nothing of a number of London weekly papers with special Sunday morning editions?

*Both C. D.'s.* We never read them, because they appear on Sunday.

*Mr. P.* Indeed! Well, of course, you are quite right to act up to your principles. And as, no doubt, you are consistent, I suppose you never see any morning paper on a Monday?

*First C. D.* What nonsense! Of course we do. How should we get on without the latest intelligence from abroad, and the latest comments thereon?

*Mr. P.* All of which are most probably written and set in type for you on the Sunday for the following Monday.

*First C. D. (astonished).* Dear me!

*Second C. D. (astounded).* You don't say so!

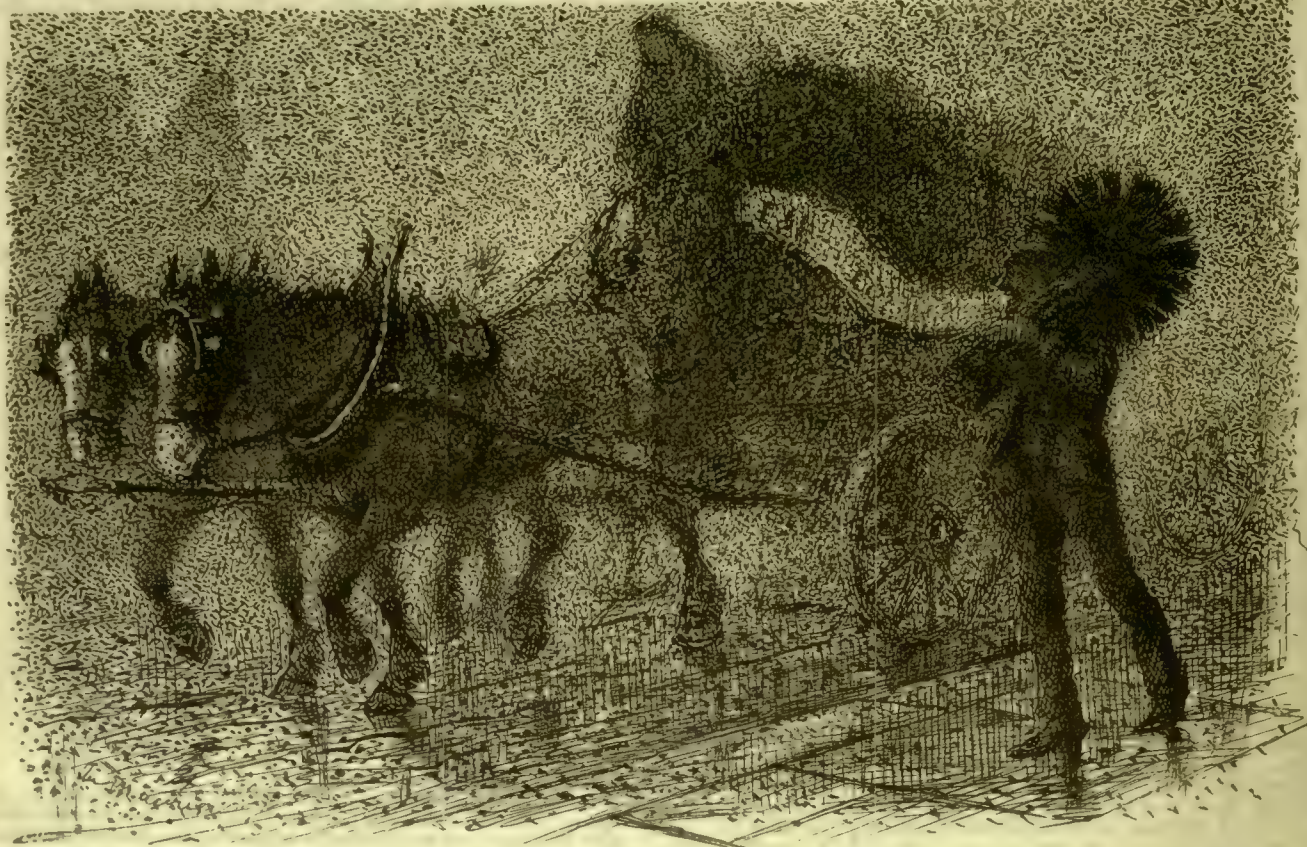
*Mr. P.* Yes, I do. And, pardon me, you really know very little about the matter. You see, the movements of the world cannot be ignored for two days out of the seven; and consequently there must be a paper published on a Monday. Of course there should be as little Sunday labour as possible, and I feel sure that in every newspaper office in the kingdom this rule is observed. The great point is, that there should be one day of rest in the week, and this point our trans-Atlantic contemporary seems to have overlooked. I do not think its omission will be to its ultimate advantage. As for the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times* (both of them very old established papers), they have supplied the want of a comparatively small public for many years. I have no doubt you would find that in their cases no more work is done in their offices on a Sunday morning than in many a Fleet Street composing-room on a Sunday night. As to their distribution on the first day of the week—does it entail in their cases much more than getting a few tobaccoists, who would be open on a Sunday to sell cigars, to vend journals as well? Railways and cabs and omnibuses are necessary evils that we are forced to tolerate every day of the week, month, and year, and a news-cart or two on a Sunday morning are not so very alarming after all, especially if they carry to the home a paper that may outrival the attractions of the publiehouse. You mean well, Your Grace, and My Lord, but a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. By all means secure one day of rest in the seven for everyone, but do not run a tilt against necessary labour, which, in the case of the London papers to which I have referred, is practically work very late on Saturday night or very early on Monday morning.

[Scene closes in as the Archbishop sedately makes his way to the office to subscribe to the "*Observer*," and the Bishop carefully produces the requisite funds for one year's order of the "*Sunday Times*."



All's wheel that ends wheel.





## WINDOW STUDIES.

A HARMONY IN LONDON SMUT.

## LONDON COUNTY COUNCILS!

OR, "THE SAME OLD GAME!"

*Bumble loquitur:—*

Now wot did I tell yer? Oh, yus, they wos orfully down upon *hus*, Mister JOBBER, yet werry fust orf they're as bad. Ah! a 'undered times wus,

If you ask *me*, my dear M. B. W. Oh! it's no end of a lark, And *their* little game, dontoher see, can't be played up, like ours, in the dark.

Publicity, Sir, is *their* motter, no sly 'ole-and-corner for them; Which I 'opes as they likes the result. They was too jolly quick to condemn

Dear Lord MAGGERYMOEN and his lot, which a nicer more kind lot of More liberal-like as to perks, or more easy at handy per-cents, I never have known, nor don't want to. Reform? It's the greatest of rot,

Mere Radical clap-trap, the patter of parties as don't know wot's wot. I always did say it wos noisy as any big drum, and as 'oller, And look at this ere County Council, afore it's got fair into collar! So wise and so virtuous, ah! and so calm it wos going to be, No rows and no robbery *here*; and behold it's all fiddle-de-dee! Pooty nice state o' things, Sir, now ain't it? No politicks! that was the word.

And they fought it all round just like cats, and them Rads, they 'ops in like a bird,

All along of *hus* being caught napping, *hus* Tories I mean, Sir, wus No politicks? Wot I maintains is as that is the merest of muck. Your Englishman can't chip his hegg, as Lord ROSEBERRY said, without *them*—

(Which *he* ain't not arf a bad sort; for a Radical Peer he's a gem)— It was Party all over the place, 'cept a bit in the City, you know, When LUNBOCK and ROSEBERRY romped in, being kindly allowed to do so.

But elsewheres it was fair pot and kettle, or hammer and tongs, wich you please,

And we *must* 'ave been napping, I say, or we ought to have licked 'em with ease,

Those blessed Progressists. New name, but it means the old thing, and that's bad;

A Progressist's a Socialist sometimes, and always a rampaging Rad. 'Owsomever the P.'s got the pull, and oh! where's yer "No Politicks" now?

Wy, their very fust meeting was shindy, their second began in a row, And wound up in a ramp; a fair swindle, a regular do. That there

FIRTH Was always a bugbear o' mine, which no doubt he's his heye on a Like the rest on us. Bumbles, or Bigwigs, or BOTTOMLEY FIRTHS, it's all one,

And Principles when they're spelt proper means Perks. 'Twould If they hadn't three years to run loose in. These Aldermen ought to ha' bin,

Hevery one on 'em, titled and Tory, to keep the thing straight. It's And a shame, and a scandal, I say. Never mind, they must 'ave the fust go;

But when the three years have expired, won't we just turn the Gerrymandering, Sir, is a game two can play at. We won't raise much bobbery

Now, but I'm sure as three years of their dashed Rad jobation and Will jolly well sicken the woters, *hus* Tories will then 'ave our turns, And then won't it be Bon's a dying with BOTTOMLEY FIRTH and that

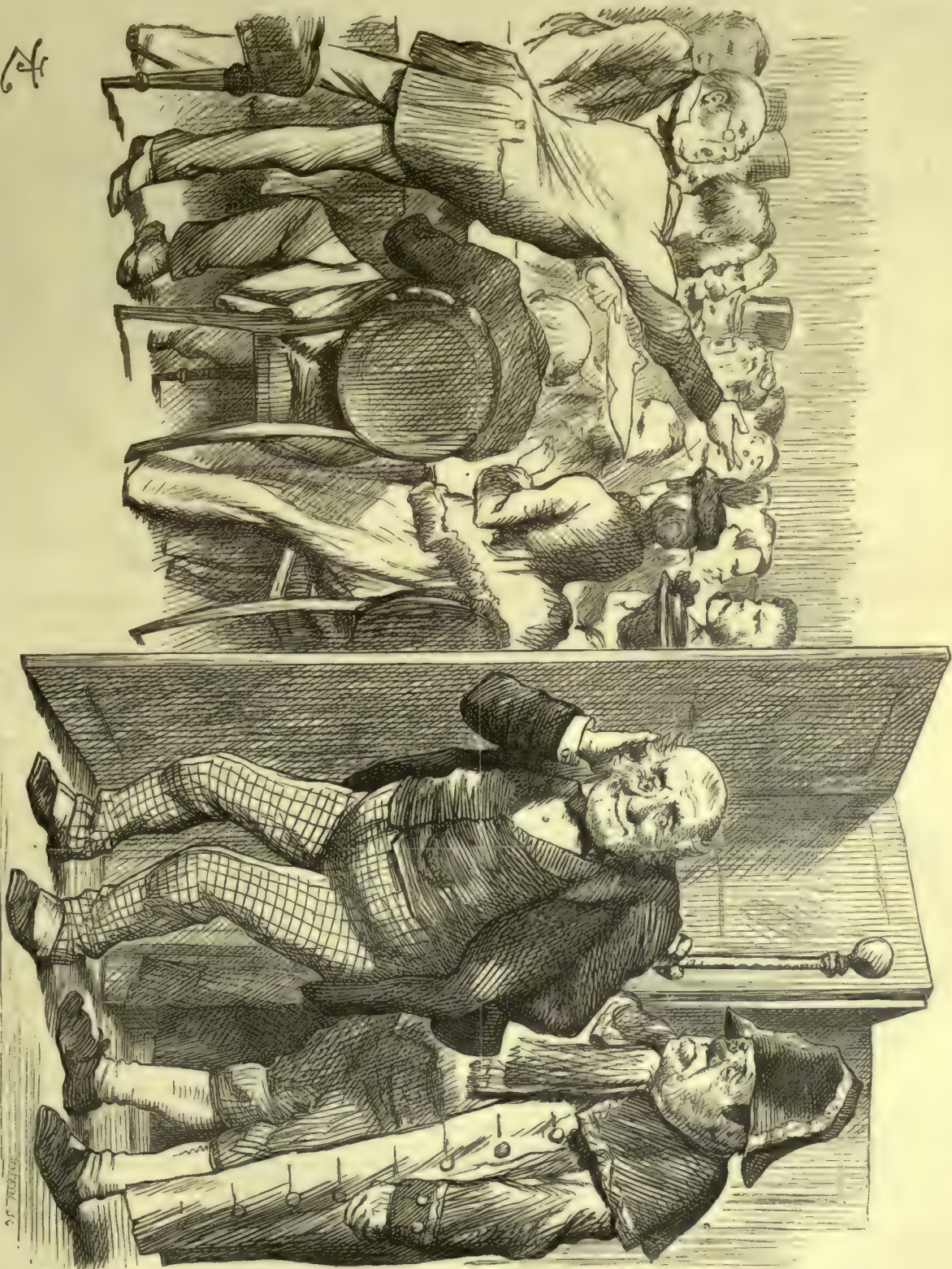
BURNS? They can't pull Law and Property down with a run, not in three Their Perlice game and Ground-renting rubbidge will turn out a proper old plant.

Or else I will eat my cocked 'at, Sir; I've 'eard all their kibosh afore; The Purity-monger may spout, but its 'Cuteness and Cash as will score. Think Monopoly's game is all up? Think the Masses will 'ave their own way?

Yah! It's all very well for palaver, but, put to the test, it won't pay; And things as don't pay never prospers, Sir, that is a moral, you bet. They are up in the sterrups jest now, Sir, but we'll be upsides with 'em yet.

Won't they get in a precious fine 'ole when they tackle their blooming Next election it won't be "No Politicks!" neither, that I'll bet a bob. Well no, Sir, I mayn't be no prophet, I'm old and my office is 'umble, But if this don't end in a fraud and a fizzle my name isn't BUMBLE!





LONDON COUNTY COUNCILS! OR, "THE SAME OLD GAME!"

EX-MEMBER OF METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS, "WHY, THIS IS WORSE THAN IT WAS IN OUR TIME,—LADIES PRESENT TOO!"

2









"Now, if I jump it, I shall certainly fall off; and if I dismount to open it, I shall never get on again."

### A VALENTINE.

TO AN ADVANCED WOMAN.

LADY, in the ancient times,  
I had sung to you of love,  
Mingling freely in my rhymes  
Soft allusions to the dove.

Now you'd scorn  
me if I wrote  
What the old-  
world poets  
taught;  
For, as your slang  
goes, your  
"note"  
Is all philosophic  
thought.

You are equal now  
with man,  
Rather better, as  
it seems;  
With amazement  
do we scan  
All your high am-  
bitious dreams.

You would vote, and then hold sway  
In St. Stephens, and methinks  
Man must by the cradle stay,  
While the child has forty winks.

Once we numbered 'mid your charms,  
Soft low voice and tender eye;  
Now you wave a Manad's arms,  
On the platform shrieking high.  
Where is all the gentle grace,  
Where the soft seductive glance,  
In the bold virago face,  
Like a "Pétroleuse" of France?

You go in for every "fad,"  
Fancies that fanatics please;  
Vaccination's counted bad,  
Thus you help a dire disease.  
Little children, though they learn  
Ample lessons all the time,  
Their poor pittance must not earn,  
Since it is in *Pantomime*.

Lady, though you're now enroll'd  
On committees, talking loud,  
Trust me, in the days of old  
You'd more reason to be proud.  
Then no mannish maids we knew,  
Man for woman's love would pine;  
Can a cross between the two  
Win me for a Valentine?

### AN ALDERMANIC DIARY.

FIND that I've been made a "County Alderman" for London! Very gratifying, but haven't the ghost of a notion what I'm expected to do. It seems I've been "co-opted," which sounds like the Stores. Friend drops in, and tells me I'm elected "on the Progressive ticket," and that it's "a glorious triumph." Ask him, diffidently, whether as an Alderman I shan't have to eat a lot of dinners. Friend surprised; says that all that sort of thing is done away with; dining not a bit Progressive, it seems, and "we must leave luxurious banquets and wine-bibbing to effete old Corporation." Question still remains, What are my duties as Alderman?

Meet brother Aldermen at my first County Council. Find they are just as much at sea as I am about their future functions. A spirited debate going on about "Barking Out-fall." Some Councillors want to abolish it and take London sewage down to East Coast. Vote for the Outfall, to save expense to rate-payers. Surprised afterwards to hear that "Progressive policy is dead against Barking." Warned by chief Wire-puller of Progressive Party that I'd "better be careful" how I vote. "Having been elected by reformers, I am expected to vote as a reformer," and more to the same effect. Annoying.

Invited to grand City banquet. Never been to one before. Go, and have a delightful time of it. Never realised what good fellows these City magnates are—almost as good as the wine they generously provide for their guests. Much gratified, too, to see what a lot they seem to think of me. Query—is the Corporation, after all, as effete as some people say?

*Next Day.*—Progressive Wire-puller calls. "Regrets to hear I was seen at a City banquet last night." I can't deny it. "Then all he can say is, that he hopes it won't occur again." I tell him that I hope it will occur frequently. He makes a slighting allusion to flesh-pots, and ends by saying that "there will be a proposal, from the reactionary Councillors, that Aldermen shall be invested with robes and a chain, and I shall be expected to vote against it." It seems that a robe and chain are considered the reverse of Progressive. Why?

*Have voted*—for the trappings! Regret to say, proposal lost, as most of Aldermen going in constant fear of the energetic Wire-puller, who organises the Party, and appears to disorganise most of its members. Go to another Civic spread, and get a City official—on my promising never to vote against the interests of the old Corporation—to lend me his robes and gewgaws, including massive gold chain. Now feel something like an Alderman.

*Query.*—Am I becoming a Retrogressor? Anyhow, can't be pushed out of my position for three years; so don't much care what the Progressive Wire-puller thinks of me.

*Later.*—Attend a still more sumptuous entertainment, this time given by a City Company. Fine institutions, old City Companies—not Progressive, perhaps, but hang progression! Go to bed in my robes and chain.

### A PERSONAL ANSWER.

(By a Prejudiced Party.)

WHY should not Ladies smoke  
The fragrant cigarette?  
Ah! surely that is asked in joke,  
My sweet-lipped pet!  
I know the practice grows,  
Like others that are baneful;  
But see a "weed" beneath your nose?  
The thought's too painful!



Personal? Why, of course!  
Yet 'tis "most relative."  
Answer of more conclusive force  
How could I give?

Let females coarse and plain,  
With lips none care to kiss,  
Puff what is womanhood's worst bane,  
Though manhood's bias.

But you, with birdlike lips,  
And breath like briars in June?  
No! Take my earnestest of tips—  
'Tis not in tune.

Take no foul cigarette  
Beneath that dainty nose.  
Heavens! Who would fuming Tophet set  
Too near the Rose?

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Direct Taxation.





## FIGURATIVE.

Head Waiter (the Old Gent had wished for a stronger Cheese). "Hi! JAMES—LET LOOSE THE GORGONZOLA!"

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**ECONOMICAL ENTERTAINING.**—Your determination to show your friends how to lessen the expense of social intercourse, and to exemplify your idea by giving a cheap entertainment yourself, is certainly spirited, but we think on the whole we would advise you not to mention your project, as you propose, on the cards of invitation. Your idea of decorating your rooms with a dozen penny coloured lamps is tasty, and ought to afford some pleasure and surprise to the two hundred and fifty guests you talk of inviting. Sixteen shillings is not a large sum to spend on the supper, but as you say you are determined not to exceed this, perhaps your plan of laying it out on tinned oysters would be the most effective. They should be carefully re-served up on shells got from some adjacent dust-heap, and then, if their flavour be well smothered with Chili vinegar and Cayenne pepper, it is just possible that, coupled with the fact that there is nothing else to eat, they will pass muster, and even in some instances, be swallowed hurriedly with relish. We think your receipt for champagne-cup a little risky, one bottle of Jobson & Co.'s "Dry Creaming" (1889) being hardly enough to mix with the six gallons of water, as you suggest. Perhaps a bottle of cheap potato spirit, if added to the beverage, would help to give it character and a little more of the "go" usually associated with this fashionable drink. Your method of supplying the necessary music, by getting a mechanical street-piano into your hall, and giving the man ninepence to play it the whole evening at the bottom of the stairs, is in every way excellent. By all means secure the services of the drunken linkman you mention. Such an official is invaluable in assisting at the departure of your guests, and would, with his familiar sallies, lend a fitting *éclat* to the conclusion of the whole entertainment.

**DEALING WITH A MUTINY ON BOARD A PLEASURE YACHT.**—Your having started with your friend the Duke and a distinguished company for a cruise down the Channel, with a crew consisting of a crossing-sweeper, two Lascars, three "unemployed" riverside loafers, and an ex-pirate, under the command of a dismissed Boulogne steamboat-steward, who assured you he would be "quite sober as soon as he came on board," was hardly a proceeding that promised a very successful issue to your voyage, and we are not surprised to hear that at the close of the second day, when you had got out of the Thames, and beyond the immediate hail of every passing ship, you found yourself suddenly face to face with open mutiny. It must, as you describe, have been very annoying to you and your guests, just when you were preparing to sit down to a comfortable little seven o'clock

dinner, to have had your cabin invaded by the whole crew, hopelessly drunk, demanding a year's wages in advance, the key of the spirit cupboard, a free passage to America, and threatening to scuttle the yacht forthwith, if these outrageous terms were not instantly complied with. Your clearing out the intruders with a mop seems to have been a very happy inspiration. Of course, the correct thing would have been to have put the ring-leaders in irons, but as you say you had no irons on board, this was obviously impossible. Your subsequently sending the Duke "for ard" in his slippers to read the Riot Act to them, while you watched him from the skylight with a loaded revolver, may be regarded in a certain sense as a substitute for this, and we think—though it led to nothing more serious than his Grace being obliged to retire under a shower of stout-bottles—was certainly a little risky. However, "All's well that ends well," and it was undeniably fortunate your chancing on that tug that eventually towed you into Margate. As you evidently made no terms with the Captain, you had better pay the £754 14s. 6d. he demands for his assistance, and not dispute it in the County Court. It is a pity that, on arriving, you quite forgot to hand your mutinous crew over to the local police, and that they all of them in consequence escaped.

**AN AWKWARD REQUEST.**—We can quite understand your feeling puzzled to know how to turn the hundred and fifty Bathing-Machines, of which you have lately come into possession under your Great Uncle's will, to any profitable account, but feel convinced that, if you only give free rein to a little invention and enterprise, that you will speedily solve the difficulty. Your idea of starting a Farthing Omnibus Company has no doubt something in it; but why not purchase a hundred and fifty coal-barges, clap a bathing-machine on to each, and supply the public with a cheap and serviceable house-boat? If you could do this, and manage to get them all down at Henley by the next regatta, we feel quite confident that you might do an enormous business, and make quite a little fortune. Anyhow, if worst comes to worst, you can, of course, as you suggest, get rid of them in half dozens through the columns of the *Bazaar* in exchange for piano-organs, bicycles, Japanese fans, guinea-pigs, concertinas, cranberry jam, rare postage stamps, and other attractive and useful articles, for, as you very sensibly point out, a bathing-machine is always a useful thing in itself, and sure to be in much request amongst English middle-class families, especially those located in inland county towns and suburban districts, where you might anticipate some difficulty in running across one at a moment's notice. Still, we think it is a pity that the Executors had them sent away from the sea-side, and delivered to you at your place at Wimbledon, without giving you any notice of their proceedings. It would have been, we think, better, had they first consulted you on the subject. However, no doubt you will get rid of them in time. We shall, of course, be glad to hear from you how you get on with their disposal.

**PIGEONS AND CROWS.**—The *Post* reports experience of "heavenly weather" at Monte Carlo—the shining hour improved by nobility and gentry, British and foreign, with the manly sport of pigeon-shooting. It needs not be said that pigeons are plentiful at the great Continental resort of gamblers and gunners. Besides the birds turned out of the trap, other pigeons are let into it, to be plucked only, none shot, except those who now and then shoot themselves, for example.





The School Board & Panjandrum Children (No. 2) "All Work No Play"

**A COMPROMISE FOR THE CELT.**—An evening Contemporary takes occasion to remark, that "The ideality of the Irish Celt was in the direction of taking other people's spices without payment." Not exactly so. Instead of that, he would much prefer to give his Landlord spice, and pay a peppercorn rent.

**GOOSE SAUCE—PREPARED IN JAPAN.**—It has been announced, with a flourish of paper trumpets, that certain enthusiastic Japanese propose to send Buddhist Missionaries to Europe and America. The originator of this project may be considered a proper gander in himself.



## BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

## FURNIVAL'S INN.

(By Houquet Walkère.)

In your still garden, when the bells are chiming,  
When the rooks clamour, and the crocus blows,  
And house-boat snails the border-bricks are sliming,  
And light and shadow line the lawn in rows,



Think how, amid the roar of City traffic,  
I make heart's music to the jarring din,  
And spin Alcaic, Elegiac, Sapphic,  
Taking mine ease in Furnival's Old Inn.

"Furnival's Inn, and Furnival's outt,  
Furnival's gown a gadabout;  
Furnival's here, and Furnival's there,  
Thorough the crescent, athwart the square  
Furnival's off, and Furnival's on,  
Whither, ye Shepherds, has Furnival gone?"

Rolls there a 'bus by, or careers a hansom,  
Rattles the peaceful PICKFORD's chariot-van,  
Love still, with smiling eyes, will pay the ransom,  
Still chant serene what man hath made of man.  
Though on their prancing destriers the Templars  
Stay not the traffic now in Fetter Lane,  
The Mail-cart Knight reveres his great exemplars,  
And drives his palfrey half as fast again.

Still, through a confflorescent splith of splendour,  
Vanquishing Venice and the lim lagoon,  
The heart will yearn for England's April tender,  
Singing, Go, rill, along with sober boon.  
And, like some great Express to Bath or Grantham,  
Gleams of your voice that day you came to tea  
Mingle for ever with the old-world anthem,  
Sung on May morns to Tudor minstrelsie,

"Furnival's Inn, and Furnival's outt,  
Furnival's gown a gadabout;  
Furnival's here, and Furnival's there,  
Over the crescent, and through the square;  
Furnival's off, and Furnival's on,  
Whither, ye Nymphs, has the malapert gone?"

**YACHTING FOR THE PROSTRATE.**—Rare and cheery opportunity. A confirmed Naval Valetudinarian, who has recently purchased a Penny River Steamer in an averagely good condition, is desirous of meeting with one or two cheerful but hopeless invalids, who, struggling for existence, think that they might possibly derive some benefit from the novelty and excitement consequent on joining him in a projected cruise down the Channel. The idea of the Advertiser, if the vessel prove seaworthy, would be to put in at all the recognised Hospitals along the Coast, and endeavour to obtain advice gratis from the Authorities. Applicants could come in their own Bath Chairs, which they could occupy during the whole of the voyage, being securely strapped to the bulwarks in rough and boisterous weather. For full particulars and terms apply to "Commodore," 5, Churchyard Place, Gravesend.—[ADVT.].

## NECK OR NOTHING.

HER MAJESTY, having expressed her willingness to dispense with the daylight display of shoulders at her Drawing Rooms, in the case of applicants who can satisfy the LORD CHAMBERLAIN that on account either of "illness or infirmity or advancing years," they are entitled to a dispensation, it is probable that that functionary will find himself in some difficulty when called upon to discharge the rather delicate duty entrusted to him. However, let him take heart. He has merely to prepare the following brief paper of questions, and request every fair applicant to fill up as much of it as she will or can—and the thing is done:—

1. What illness have you had? State whether it was nettlerash, measles, one of the five fevers, or any other contagious or infectious disease that would necessitate your being wrapped up in its convalescent stage in an East wind?

2. Are you infirm? If so, state the nature of your "infirmity." Are you deaf, lame, or blind? Do you wear a wig, false teeth, or a glass eye, or are you able to mention any other artificiality about you that may warrant you in claiming the exemption on the plea of your being considered "infirm"?

3. If you put forward the excuse of "advancing years," give your age on your last birthday, and state, if you can, how your "advancing years" tell on you? Do you totter and stagger as you walk, and are you helped up the steps by the footman? Are you hopelessly imbecile? Is your memory either going or gone? or are you merely a middle-aged frisky matron, who tries to cut out her own daughters, who say of her, behind her back, "Oh! Mamma's too dreadful!" If not this, mention one or two signs, such as a paralytic stroke or two, indicative of the fact that you are generally breaking up, and should therefore enjoy the privilege of attending the QUEEN'S Drawing Room in a dress that will not accelerate the process by leaps and bounds.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr faithful "Co." has it all to himself this week. He apparently has had a good time of it.

If Mr. FREDERICK G. KITTON's first Number of *Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil* is a good sample of what the whole work will be like—and there is no reason to suppose it is not—it is likely to be a valuable addition to the Biography of the Author of *Pickwick*. In the present Number there is a portrait of DICKENS in 1835, there is the portrait by MACLISE in '39. There are many additional illustrations of great interest, and in the letter-press there is not a little that will be new to the countless admirers of our great Novelist. The whole work seems to be carried out with an exactness, and the most careful attention to minute detail, that renders it especially valuable.

*Old Chelsea*, by Dr. MARTIN. "All my eye and BETTY—" No! Beg pardon. "All the eyes of Dr. MARTIN"—seems to have been used to the best advantage in his "summer-day's stroll." If anything escaped him, he fortunately had Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL—he ought to be called Mr. JOSEPH PENCIL—with him, who has given countless graphic representations of "all that is good in Chelsea." A genial gossiping book. Chelsea is here pleasantly penetrated by pencil and by pen, and no one will be anxious to become a Chelsea pen-shunner.

THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS & Co.



A Dip in a Book.

## Sporting Intelligence.

VERY bad for sport of all kinds nowadays. If you want to shoot, it rains furiously; if you wish to hunt, it freezes vindictively. It is poor sport, after all, to stop at home. Much better to go to the Grainery at St. George's Hall, and hear a certain versatile entertainer give a solo on the CORNEY! (Ha! ha!) He will tell you all about it, with wondrous *bonhomie* and spontaneity; with an utter absence of the dismal horse-collarie merriment of the "funny man," and with sparkling snatches of song and music. Go and hear him sing, "I won't go out Shooting any more!" "Something to Kill," the pathetic "Squire's Song," and "The Old Banjo." In a comfortable, well-warmed room, you will be quite independent of our detestable climate, and in *A Day's Sport* you will find an evening's amusement.

EPITAPH FOR THE GREAT TOWER OF PARIS (if it topples over).—  
"I fell!"

A PARADOX.—BOULANGER representing the Seine!



## 'ARRY ON THE ICE.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow's Eighty-nine serving you? Fust time I've wrote yer *this* year. It's a pelting like fun as I start, and we're in for a drencher, I fear. Skates to-day seems as useless as snow-shoes; I've only 'ad mine on me twice, But I do want to tip yer the tale of the gammock I had on the hiee.

The year began topping, dear pal, though old blokes as would doss in a bog So long as 'twas muckily warm, did complain of the frost and the fog. Fog and frost! The old gonophs may grumble along o' the cold and the dark, But they do me a treat. Who wants light when you're out for a lap and a lark?



Only wish as they'd stay a mite longer, the frost more pertikler, old pal. That's the wust of our climate, confound it! It's jest like a flirty young gal, On the shift and the shove all the time. 'Ardly got your old skates out of pop, When the ponds, as was stone in the mornin', at night is all slither and slop.

I don't lose no time I assure you; as soon as the puddles gits friz I'm down to the parks like a popgun; it's sure to be tidy good biz.

If yer carn't mount the irons, my pippin, and go for a fair rattle round, There is sure to be some Barney on if there's mivvies and mugs on the ground.

Oh, the mugs and the mivvies, dear CHARLIE! Wot would life be wuth without them? [took 'EM.

It is sech as gives sport to hus snide 'uns. I went to Hyde Park and You know little 'EM of the Boro'; as smart as they make 'em she is, And I don't know a dashinger 'and at a 'op and a bottle of fizz.

Couldn't skate, so I hofferred to learn her; in course she was on like a shot; You trust 'er, old man; she knows 'ARRY, and twigs that he's up to wot's wot. Pooty foot, too, she 'as, and no error; I tell yer it fair did me proud, [crowd. When I screw'd on the steels to them trotters, and steered her along through the

I'd been the day prevyus, but, bless you, the Bobbies was then on the ramp, And the trees was all 'ung with "Prohibits," the hiee bein' thin-like and damp. "Ware, oh!" was the cry; but we worked 'em, mate, me and jest two or three more,

Till the hiee-men was reglar at sea, and the crushers went dotty ashore.

We dodged 'em, we did ducks and drakes with big stones as went skidding along, And bashed one or two gals on the hankles. In course this was rorty and wrong; But the fun of it, CHARLIE, the fun of it! Lor', I did laugh fit to crack, When I shied a big chunk at a hiee-hole, and caught a old bloke in the back.

He 'owled and went down like a hegg, and the crushers was soon on the nick, But A I ain't a sprinter, and 'ARRY for BOBBY's a trifle too quick.

So we kep up the Barney, dear boy, till the ice-men and slops was that riled That they pooty nigh bust, and the ice, so the papers all spluttered, was spiled.

Spiled! We didn't find it so, CHARLIE, not me and 'EM BATES didn't; no, Bit rough and cut-up round the edge; but we chanced it, and didn't we go? 'EM was jest a bit sprawly, in course, and we sometimes came down with a run. But who cares for a cropper or two? Wy, the gals think it arf of the fun!

We cannoned a pair of rare toffs, fur and feathers, mate, quite *ah lah* *Roose*! We was all in a pile on the hiee, and the swell he let hout like the doose. But his sable-trimmed pardner, a topper, with tootsies so tiny, dear boy, Well I do not believe she arf minded, a spill is a thing gals enjoy.

"Old hup, Miss," I sez; "no 'arm done: it's all right hup to now, don'toher know."

And she tipped me a look from her lamps, as was sparklers and fair in a glow. If she didn't admire me—well, there, 'ARRY don't want to gas, but 'EM BATES Got the needle tremenjus, I tell yer, and threatened to take orf the skates.

I soon smoothed 'er feathers down, CHARLIE. But, oh! the rum look and the smile

As that other one tipped me each time as we passed. She'd a heye for true style,

She 'ad, and no error. Lor', bless yer, the right sort *they* knows the right sort, And that's wy I 'old as Park-skating's a proper Society sport.

Helps the great Modern Mix, my dear feller. You know 'ARRY ain't a low Rad. And if there is one thing I 'ate like bad whiskey, old man, it's a Cad.

All your levellers ought to be squelched. Skilly round is the biggest of hums, But the dough in Society's Cake's getting more and more mixed with the plums.

*They* ain't all at top, not the plums ain't; it's stirabout now, my dear boy, If a gent who ain't flush with the ochre, yet knows 'ow to tog and enjoy, Courts and Clubs, big Ball Marsquees, anecetr, ain't no call to look down on him 'Cos he's one on 'em, CHARLIE, at 'art, though he mayn't 'ave shoved into their swim.

Suppose I struck ile or nicked nitrates! Lor bless yer, the swells would soon find

I was born for their Mix, dear old pal, me and them being all of a mind. [round on the skates,

Then me and that sparkler in sables might do a waltz Though at present I 'ave to put up with grey Astykan cuffs and 'EM BATES.

Well, my turn may come, mate, who knows? There's lots like me now come out top row;

Of course the thor bunnicked the hiee hup afore we 'ad 'ad a fair go. [will carry

Howsomever, the Winter ain't over; as soon as a kid it The very fust ones on, you bet, will be 'EM, and yours, bobbishly, 'ARRY.

## BIG GUNS AND LITTLE ONES.

SCENE—Mr. PUNCH'S Sanctum. Mr. PUNCH discovered reading the *Speech of Lord WOLSELEY at the Prize Distribution of the Artists' Rifles (Volunteers)*. Enter to him the Adjutant-General.

Adjutant-General (saluting). Trust you are satisfied with my liltlespeech, Commander-in-Chief-Commanding-in-Chief.

Mr. Punch. Hum! Flowery as usual. Not quite up to the mark, perhaps, of those wonderful manifestoes you used to send from Egypt, my Lord.

A. G. Well, Sir, you see they were so much better done subsequently by Mr. London County Councillor AUGUSTUS HARRIS, that I thought it as well to discontinue them. But what did you think, Sir, of my reference to the step we are taking in the right direction?

Mr. P. What, getting new swords and bayonets ready, to supply the place of those that broke at Suakin?

A. G. (confusedly). No, Sir, I don't think I touched upon that matter. (Regaining his habitual self-confidence). No, I alluded to the offer that has been made to the Volunteer Artillery of two hundred and fifty-two field-guns.

Mr. P. Pardon me, my Lord—but gammon! Call that a move in the right direction, why they are all of an obsolete pattern?

A. G. But still they will be useful for drill.

Mr. P. And the Volunteers, in exchange for these old-fashioned muzzle-loaders, are to return into store the 40-pounder rifled breech-loaders they already possess! A nice arrangement truly! How are the gunners to learn their breech-loading drill?

A. G. (vaguely). By joining Schools of Instruction or something.

Mr. P. Come, come, my Lord, you are too sensible to mean what you say. As a matter of fact only officers are entitled to attend the schools. And how many (non-coms. and commissioned combined) can afford the time?

A. G. (shifting his ground). Well, Sir, at any rate, it's introducing a novelty.

Mr. P. It hasn't even that questionable merit. There were numerous Volunteer Field Brigades (one of the best was the 3rd Middlesex Artillery) until the War Office took it into (what it is pleased to call) its head to break them up.

A. G. Well, Sir, as I suppose, we shall have to submit to you, in the long run, what would you advise?

Mr. P. I advise nothing! I order that the obsolete guns be returned into store, and that ones of the latest pattern with all the most recent improvements be served out to the Volunteers in their stead.

A. G. (grumpily). Anything else, Sir?

Mr. P. Why, yes. Just see that the Reserve of Officers (that most useful body of men) are properly treated. After a man has served twenty years, grant him a step of brevet rank. It is only just. The auxiliary Forces have this advantage, why not the Reserve?

A. G. (making a note in his book). Certainly, Sir. Yes, Sir. I will see that your suggestion is carried out. Anything else, Sir?

Mr. P. Why, yes. I am busy. So you, my Lord, can go! [Lord WOLSELEY salutes and exits, while Mr. Punch gives his mind to matters of more serious import.

A SPECIAL Costume has been designed for the Lady-Alderman—it is called the Aldermantle.



## MAMMONITE THRIFT! OR. THE HEROD OF OUR DAYS.



*Mr. Punch.* "ESTIMATES! YES, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FURTHER FOR YOU TO LOOK AFTER, MR. SMITH—THE SURPLUS POPULATION!"

"When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial-fee,  
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones."

*Tennyson's "Maud."*

"The strongest statement in favour of infant insurance is that it encourages thrift."—*Mr. Braxton-Hicks on "Infantile Insurance."*

"It is clear, he remarks, that to allow a poor parent to effect an insurance on his child's life gives him a direct interest in its death."—*The "Times" on Mr. Braxton-Hicks's Letter.*

"THRIFT, thrift!" Oh, convenient Death!  
Wise counsel he whispereth under his breath  
Into pitiful poverty's ear!  
Poverty makes even parentage keen  
At catching his sinister hints. 'Tis a scene

For a new *Danse Macabre*; that bald bony now!  
Crape-canopied craftily set cheek-by-jowl

With the conscienceless vassal of Beer.

"Thrift, thrift!" It is surely the last subtle shift  
Of the Spectre to pose as a preacher of Thrift!

True, Mammon and Mors have been ever allies;  
But here is a scene that might almost surprise

The Moloch for whom they both cater.

The cynical grin of the fiend of the flame  
Might melt to a look of compassionate shame  
At sight of the Golden God's last little game,

Which should bring a hot blush to a satyr.





### "NOT NEGOTIABLE!"

*Impecunious Lodger.* "JEMIMA, DID YOU ASK MRS. MAGGLES WHETHER SHE WOULD TAKE MY I. O. U. FOR THIS QUARTER'S RENT, AS I'M RATHER——"

*Maid of All Work.* "YES, SIR, AND SHE SAY SHE WON'T, SIR, NOT IF YOU WAS TO HOFFER 'ER THE 'OLE HALPHABIT!"

### TO CHLOE.

*To have some more Supper.*

I ASK not again to encircle that waist,  
Though prettier never a girdle has graced;  
That our feet in the fetters of rhythmical bars  
May twinkle together, like hide-and-seek  
stars;

I look not again for the flush on thy cheek,  
The eyes that of mystical maidenhood speak,  
The rabble-some sunlight of clustering curls,  
And the dancing delight of the dearest of  
girls;

I seek not to bind you for waltzes far on,  
When one, or the other, or both, may be gone,  
Nor to throw others over, with falsehood and  
pain,—

But let us, my fair one, have supper again.  
Should I slip in alone I should quail at the eye  
Of the waiter who served me with turkey and  
pie,

Who plenshed my plate with the choicest of  
And filled up my glass with assiduous care.  
But happy and bold with a chivalrous grace,  
With you for my object I'll make for a place.  
I do not desire you to drink or to eat, [sweet,  
Coquette with the Cliequot, or toy with a  
But I, gentle lady, with might and with main,  
Will really and truly have supper again.

Then leave we the Arabs, Venetians, and Japs,  
The satin-skinned beauties in charity caps,  
The tricky young pinafores creatures in  
socks, [clocks,  
And the slim scintillations of ankles and  
The sweet fishermaid from some myrtle-clad  
coast,  
The statue diviner than sculpture can boast.

The youth in a velvet of willow-leaf hue,  
The dashing Hussar in his medals and blue;  
Like pattern in paper on waiting-room wall,  
Like crests of the billows, that rise as they  
fall,

Love's fancies in endless procession advance,  
But supper stands firm in the swirl of the dance.  
For you and for me in the wonderful crowd,  
Nay, let us confess it, some fancy cries loud,  
And the swoop of the music, like gales of the  
spring,

Brings tidings of summer to come on its wing.  
But I find that the costume of FRANCIS THE  
Develops inordinate hunger and thirst; [FIRST  
So seek we the supper-room, silent and cool,  
With the Bandit and Milkmaid, the Fairy and  
Fool,

And list to the soul-racking music unmoved,  
And eat unmolested, and laugh unreprieved.  
For the world it is weary, and true-love is vain,  
So let us, I pray you, have supper again.

### POLITICS FOR SCHOOL-GIRLS.

The following appears in the *Daily News*:—

GOVERNESS, dismissed from Conservative  
clergyman's family for her Gladstonian views,  
desires the assistance of her party in getting  
SITUATION as COMPANION, or to teach young  
children, immediately.

Undoubtedly this is a case for the considera-  
tion of Mr. GLADSTONE. In the same way, had  
the lady been dismissed from a Liberal clergy-  
man's family on account of her Salisburian  
notions, the matter should have received the  
immediate attention of Lord SALISBURY. At  
the same time, we object to any Governess

having "views," and we deprecate the intro-  
duction of politics into the schoolroom. If  
this kind of thing were allowed to go on, poor  
PATERFAMILIAS would never have a moment's  
peace. When he sought the quiet of his  
home he would be made miserable by the  
"views" of rosy Radicals or gleesome  
Gladstonians; he would be annoyed by the  
orations of Home-rulers in home-spun,  
Tories in tailor-made frocks, Liberals in lace,  
Conservatives in crinoline, Socialists in short  
petticoats, and Fenians in frills. In fact, he  
would find the house divided in most un-  
parliamentary fashion.

### A DIGNITARY ON DANCING.

THE Bishop of BEDFORD is willing  
That girls for Terpsichore thrilling  
Should join in a "hop"  
Such as bigots would stop—  
Bilious duffers! Bravo, Bishop BILLING!

Nay, more; this most sensible Bishop,  
Knowing innocent girlhood will wish hop,  
Would lead off the dance  
If he had a fair chance!

Bigots will not find custom at his shop!  
But, oh! won't these bigots just fish up  
Complaints, and a scan: mag: soon dish up  
Against kindly BILLING?

But *Punch* bets a shilling  
Good Christians will back up the Bishop.

Sour faces at this will be screwing,  
But dancing does not mean undoing.

"Saints" given to curse  
Blameless joys, may do worse  
Than smile upon BILLING—and Cooing!



## ALL IN PLAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHEN I learned that it was your desire that I should, so to speak, sample the London Theatres, not only for the benefit of the Metropolitan Public, but for the information of the greater part of

## CHARACTERS IN GOOD OLD TIMES Plate I



"Good Old Blood and Thunder."

the civilised world (always "coming to town"), I was delighted, as I knew I should at length have an opportunity of seeing Mr. WILSON BARRETT once more in a romantic character. This pleasing tragedian is, in my opinion, at his best as a persecuted hero of Melodrama. I admit that some like his *Hamlet* (which certainly is a creation that would not be considered incongruous in the Tottenham Court Road), while others, I confess, find more pathos in his *Claudian*, than in all the "serious moments" of Mr. TOOLE in *Paw Claudian* (good as that popular gentleman is in the character) put together. For all that, personally, I prefer Mr. WILSON BARRETT in some such impersonation as *John Langley* in *Good Old Times*, than in any other. It is delightful to hear him declaiming, in the centre of the stage, the noblest sentiments. It is magnificent to find him brave but luckless during three-fourths of a piece, to come out braver than ever and overwhelmed with good fortune in the last quarter. In *Good Old Times* (I did not quite understand the title, but fancy it may be meant as a subtle compliment to the "leading journal," when I suggest that *Good Old Punch* would be better), Mr. WILSON BARRETT is a Sheriff of Camberland, who has a mad clergyman known as "Parson Langley" (this is the only way I can account for this strange ecclesiastic being seemingly dispossessed of his property by his own son, and certainly wearing the gaiters of a bishop) for a father. As Sheriff, he has married Miss EASTLAKE, who for some reason or other, shirks meeting the murderer of her father,—a murderer who also happens to be her lover, and who has concealed his identity under an assumed name.

Mr. BARRETT becomes jealous of this former lover, when he pays him a visit on Christmas Eve (which is being kept festively in Holme Place, Derwentwater, with two motto-cards and a few sprigs of holly), but upon finding subsequently that he (the murderer) has been shot by his (the Sheriff's) wife, obligingly takes the consequences of Miss EASTLAKE's crime upon his own shoulders. Those consequences entail transportation for a series of years to poor Mr. WILSON BARRETT, for life to Mr. LEWIS WALLER (the excellent representative of the



A Dangerous Situation. The Part-Author with his (fowling-) piece.

villanous early lover of Miss EASTLAKE), and expatriation to Miss EASTLAKE herself. The consequences further entail scenes in a convict settlement, a long panorama, a serio-comic savage, a wholly humorous colonial clergyman, and several sketches of low cockney life. Here let me say that I have discarded the names of the *dramatis personae*, and kept to those of the performers, as the easiest means of identification. To the last I was in doubt about the real title of the heroine, and I fancy had the matter been brought before the learned President of the Probate Division of the High Court of Justice, that his Lordship would have been equally puzzled. Perhaps the most pleasing incident

in the play is where Miss EASTLAKE, cleverly disguising herself as MARIE ANTOINETTE, takes her convict husband into her household without his discovering her identity. This is the nobler conduct on her part, as the persecuted Mr. BARRETT continually carries about with him a gun that he handles so recklessly that it must be the terror of all those within its range in the neighbourhood. In the course of this charming situation, Mr. BARRETT laments that he (the infant in question unhappily being defunct) "will never see his baby boy." And there are few who do not join in his sorrow, as a long line of *Langleys* (with speeches to match) is a prospect that offers to most persons a weird fascination. In the last scene the mad "Parson" arrives in Tasmania (apparently with the insane idea of causing Miss EASTLAKE to be hanged) is united to his son, and all ends happily. This being so, it is unnecessary to add that the heroine ceases to be MARIE ANTOINETTE by discarding her wig, and, having done so, becomes once again the comely Mrs. Langley.

I can conscientiously recommend *Good Old Times* to those who like the more ancient form of Melodrama. It reminded me frequently of *Good Old Skelt*, not to say *Good Old Penny Plain* and



A Theatrical Float. (Sketched from behind the Scenes.)

*Twopence Coloured*. On the first night the Panorama was a little unmanageable, and consequently it was a comfort to me to see that Mr. WILSON BARRETT (who was very much to the front in a stationary canoe) was accompanied by his Chaplain, as I cannot help thinking that it would have been an extra trial to this always courteous Tragedian had not the presence of a Clergyman exercised a restraining influence upon what would naturally have been, under such trying circumstances, the bent of his eloquence. Had I been in his place as part Author and leading Actor, I know that I should have found great difficulty in uttering noble sentiments behind the scenes to the stage-carpenters. However, all's well that ends well, and *Good Old Times* ended very well indeed. Both Mr. WILSON BARRETT and Miss EASTLAKE received any number of floral souvenirs—a demonstration which gave the former an opportunity of displaying once again his pluck and common sense. This time not behind, but before the curtain. A bouquet caught fire, and Mr. WILSON BARRETT immediately put it out with his boots.

Of the other theatres, I may say that *Nadgy* is doing well at the



A Very Cold Audience. (Suggestion for the Stalls in Mid-winter.)

Avenue, and *The Balloon* at the Strand. Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, I am told, has strengthened his legs in *Sir John Falstaff*, which were thought at first (by the hypercritical) a little thin for the part. This versatile Actor seems to be able to accomplish everything—he can even supply his own understudy! *Pickwick* is flourishing at the Comedy, and *Macbeth* is drawing enormous audiences to the Lyceum.



Visitors to London should go to all the theatres; because, truth to say, there is something worth seeing in every one of them. Probably by the time these lines are published, the weather will be positively charming. However, when I went the rounds, I found the roads covered with ice and snow, and furs and wraps for evening dress *de rigueur*. So cold was it, that it was with genuine reluctance that I found myself

THE CRITIC FROM THE HEARTH.

## ROBERT WITH THE COUNTY COUNCILLORS.

WHETHER it was quite a wise thing of the old Copperashun to allow the new body as has got to perform the rayther difficult task of guvverning the rest of London in the same grand style as the old City is guvverned, —to meet in their butifool Counsel Chamber, remanes to be seen, but it suttently was a bold and an ansun thing to do, and so in course they did it. And I was there on Toosday last to see how the new-comers behaved theirselves.

There wasn't quite the same amount of quiet dignerty and quite-at-homishness among 'em as when the reel owners of the plaice takes their seats, and in course the haspecks of the plaice was sumthink quite different. The new Lord Mare, if he is one, didn't make much of a appearance, for I ardy expecks to be bleeved when I says as he didn't wear no butifool Robe of Offis, and still wuss, no Cocked Hat of Power! In course the natrual result follered, and scarcely nobody paid atenshun to what he sed, and so they set to work to eleck sumbody else in his plaice, which achally took 'em just about 2 hours, altho almost everybody was agreed that, as they were most on 'em Raddiels, they coodn't do better than have yung Lord ROSEBERRY. I think as Brown must have been rong when he told me as they had got nineteen Aldremen among 'em, for I ony seed one a setting on their onnered bench, and he hadn't no Skarlet Robe on, and, as has bin said, a Alderman without his Skarlet Robe is no ansuner than a live lobster.

The butifool Counsel Chamber seemd just about to fit its new ockepants, but I opes as they won't forget as they're ony Quarterly Tennants and allreddy under notice to quit.

I seed quite a lot of the old ritefool Owners up in the Gallery, and they looked on at the rayther noisy proceedings, I think, with more estonishment than hadmirashun. But they had a good menny broad grins at the rayther noomerus mistakes as the yung Counsellors made. Seweral Pints of Order was called for, but, I rayther think, as many on 'em, judging from their thirsty looks, wood have preferred ordering Pints of quite a different kind. Why the very artiest larf of the hole arternoon was caused by the alushun of one Counsellor to a "Shampane Supper!" Ah, my poor hard-working London Common Councilmen! you may hutter such delishus words, and cheer 'em to the Ecco, as you did on Tuesday arternoon, but they will never be anything more reel to you than reckleschuns of a fairy dream!

At the end of the 2 hours of not werry hinteresting tork, xcept when one onerabel Counsellor called another onerabel Counsellor a Trayter! Lord PRIMROSE ROSEBERRY was elected Chairman in plaice of the other almost unanimously, and went and took his seat in the Lord Mare's onered chair. And then came the treat of the arternoon, and that was the new Chairman's speech, which I most respectfly calls a reel staggerer. In the fust plaice he sed as he had never spent two more uncumfural hours, for they had all bin a torking about him all that time, and he wasn't alowd to say a word. He then estonished us all, Counsellors, and Common Counselmen, and Waiters, and all by declaring that he quite agreed with the few gentlemen as had woted against him that, neether by traning, or capacity, or xperiens, was he at all fit for the plaice! Of course I natrally thort as he was about to give it up, but he didn't, but occipied the Chair for about two hours, and, allowing for what we're accustomed to in Lord Mares, did it werry credibly. How the old sperrit bubbles up in a true man! One of the new Common Counselmen, who is also a old Common Counselman, kept adressing the new Chairman as "My Lord Mare," at which they all larfed, but I've werry little dowt but that my Lord PRIMROSE ROSEBERRY wished as it was true. Who nose but that the singler mistake may be the first thing to put the hambishus idear into his Lordship's honnered hed.

Sum great Feelosofer has remarked that you can allers form sumthink like a current idea of the amount of branes in a Publick Assembly, by the preporition of ball deds among 'em, as it is the hactivity of the brane as wares off the hare. Judging the New Counsellors by this standpoint I shoold say as they compares werry unfaveraly with the Ouse of Commons where the habensence of hare is remarkabel.

The Counsel broke up about 7 a clock, and most on 'em drove away directly ether in their own private Carriages or Cabs. But a considerable number lingered about jest as if they thort as the grand

Old Copperashun might pesserbly ask 'em to dinner, and it woodn't have bin at all a bad idear for the new Fust Commoner to have invited 'em to a nice snug little dinner at the Gildhall Tawern. There's nothink like a hinterchange of good wishes over a glass or two of good old wine to smooth away diffrences and make things generally plessant, and it must natrally have caused jest a leetle feeling of gelyosy to arise in the buzzums of at any rate sum of the New Counsellors, to think that they was leaving the old Home of Ospitality without so much as a stirrup cup to elp 'em on their long weary pilgrimage to Bethnal Green or Bermansey.

ROBERT.

## THE NAGS' TALE.

A REPRESENTATIVE gathering of London horses has just taken place (in response to an urgent "whip") to consider the state of the streets, and to support the action of the horse-owners and horse-lovers who recently met at the Barbican Repository to debate the same subject.



Light and Leading.

A Bay Mare proposed that their respected friend, the Sorrel Nag, having once had the honour to run in the Derby Race (*cheers*), should occupy the Chair. The proposal was voted by acclamation. The Sorrel Nag, on taking the Chair, begged to thank his assembled friends for the honour they had done him. He supposed every horse present understood the object of the meeting. (*Cries of "Yes, yes!"*) He believed a gathering had recently taken place in the City, at which some very sensible opinions were expressed as to the execrable state of the London pavements. (*Cheers.*) After all, men could not know so much about that sort of thing as horses themselves. Men laid the pavements, and horses used them. It was the horses that slipped—the men only whipped. (*Laughter, and cheers.*) He would now invite suggestions from any horse present. (*Cheers.*)

A Cab Horse, whose name failed to reach the reporters, in a lively and humorous speech, described the awful condition of asphalte when greasy. The wood pavement was little better. What was wanted was scouring when muddy, and this scouring could take place at night. (*Cheers.*) If that were done, and gravel strewn in slippery weather, they would have very little to complain of. (*General cheering.*)

A Brewer's Dray Horse hoped his presumption—"No, no!"—in rising to address such an aristocratic assembly of horses would be pardoned. He knew he was called clumsy, but then he was very strong. (*Cheers.*) What he could not understand was, why the Authorities insisted on laying wood or asphalte at the bottoms of hills, just where a horse's real collar-work began. (*Cheers.*) He would rather sacrifice his oats any day than have to go up Ludgate Hill in a greasy thaw. (*Sympathetic cheering.*)

A Spirited Roan said he noticed that the City people were going to form themselves into a Standing Committee to watch the state of the roads. The Horses who had to use the roads were a *failing* Committee. (*Laughter.*) He thought it was very appropriate that the Authorities to appeal to about the slimy nature of the pavements should be the Commissioners of Sewers. (*More laughter.*)

A Piebald remarked that he should like to say a few words about shoes, which he feared were a necessity of what was called civilisation. He had recently had to change his shoe-maker—

The Chair-Horse, interposing, remarked that he thought they must keep off the subject of shoes; to which the Piebald replied that the difficulty was to keep them on. (*Laughter.*)

A Bus Horse said that what he chiefly complained of was having too heavy a load behind him. To expect two horses to drag a cumbersome machine uphill and down dale, with an average of twenty passengers constantly in it or on it, was sheer cruelty. (*Cheers.*)

Another Bus Horse said in the Company to which he belonged, the horses were well treated. (*"Oh!"*) He meant what he said. He would never condescend to draw what was called a "Pirate," belonging to some needy private jobber, who could not afford to treat his animals properly. (*Cheers, and "Question!"*)

A vote of thanks to the gentlemen who had taken part in the City meeting being proposed, the Chair-Horse requested those present to signify their assent in the usual manner, by holding up their hoofs.

The Vote being carried without a single neigh, the audience then dispersed to their respective stables.



A Turn for the Turf (a sketch by Horse-lie).





### HARDLY CONSISTENT.

*Brown (to Smith).* "UGH! THERE GOES JONES, AS USUAL, WITH A CROWD OF ADORING DUCHESSES HANGING ON HIS LIPS, AND GROVELLING AT HIS FEET, AND FOLLOWING HIM ALL OVER THE ROOM! HOW DISGUSTING IT IS TO SEE A MAN OF GENIUS TOADYING THE ARISTOCRACY LIKE THAT!"

### "A FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS!"

SOUND an alarm, ye brazen trumpets, sound,  
And call the brave, the eager brave, around!  
Of an old lay the latest of new versions.  
*Twang! Tootletoot!* List to the fourfold bray!  
How mighty heralds multiply to-day.  
And how increase alarms and excursions.  
Time was when trumpets twain sufficed to rally  
Two rival hosts. They twangled musically,  
Competing horns in well-set antiphony.  
But now four-square to the four winds they blow  
Conflicting blasts, loud, gentle, fast, and slow,  
Cacophonous and querulous of tone.  
The Jewish ram's-horns blew in unison  
Round Jericho, but this strange four find fun  
In harshly hurtling forth discordant shindy.  
One wonders much what stable party-wall  
Will be the first to totter and to fall  
At this sonorous summons wild and windy.  
The public tympanum has long been strained  
By vigorous *reveillés* that have rained  
All the recess in ceaseless *charivari*  
From brazen lips and loudly-braying throats,  
Till sense has wished the noodles and their notes,  
With other nuisances, at—well, Old Harry.  
Bugles and penny-trumpets silence now  
Before the rousing right official row  
Of the four heralds in their motley tabards.  
Now hurrying hotly up, the rival hosts  
Will tumble with loud tumult to their posts,  
Maces will lift, and swords will fly from scabbards.  
*Tan-ta-ra!* Tory SMITH, that herald sleek,  
Sounds an advance that is not wild or weak;  
So think at least the troops that heed its summons.

*Toot-toot!* That seems a friendly echo on  
The brazen bass of Herald HARTINGTON,  
Big-lipped, the steadiest twangler in the Commons.

Hark! *Tirra-lirra!* Surely that is not  
The silver clarion of Sir LANCELOT;  
'Tis strident, strong, a blast to fret and frighten.  
See, see, the Grand Old Trumpeter, with lips  
Full-puffed, and nervous tremulous finger-tips,  
Is blowing stoutly, like a Grand Old Triton.

No want of wind! Some hold there's overmuch,  
And that the ancient stately truth of touch,  
Famed in old tourney days, has now diminished;  
But blow he can, like Boreas, and will blow  
Until the tourney's issue all men know,  
Or the old Herald's fiery course is finished.

And in his rear what blast is that which blown  
Appears to blend and mingle with his own?  
The harp upon the tabard 'scutecheoned only!  
Yes, 'tis the new Hibernian Herald, he,  
Whose *tirra-lirra* has so little glee,  
Who, fixed amongst the four, yet looks so lonely.

Blow! Blow! Alarums and Excursions soon  
Will follow. 'Tis a more than doubtful boon,  
This innovation of the Fourfold Flourish.  
Blow! Blow! But, Heralds all, remember pray  
Your business is not *all* brazen bray  
Wisdom on wind alone you cannot nourish.

SCARCELY FIRST CHOP.—Count HERBERT BISMARCK, to judge from his demeanour towards ambassadors and others with whom he is brought in contact, exhibits himself in the character of a chip of the old block. A chip that (if rumour is to be believed) has recently been cut.

THE MOST CONSCIENTIOUS ALDERMAN.—Miss CONS, of course!





SWAIN 55

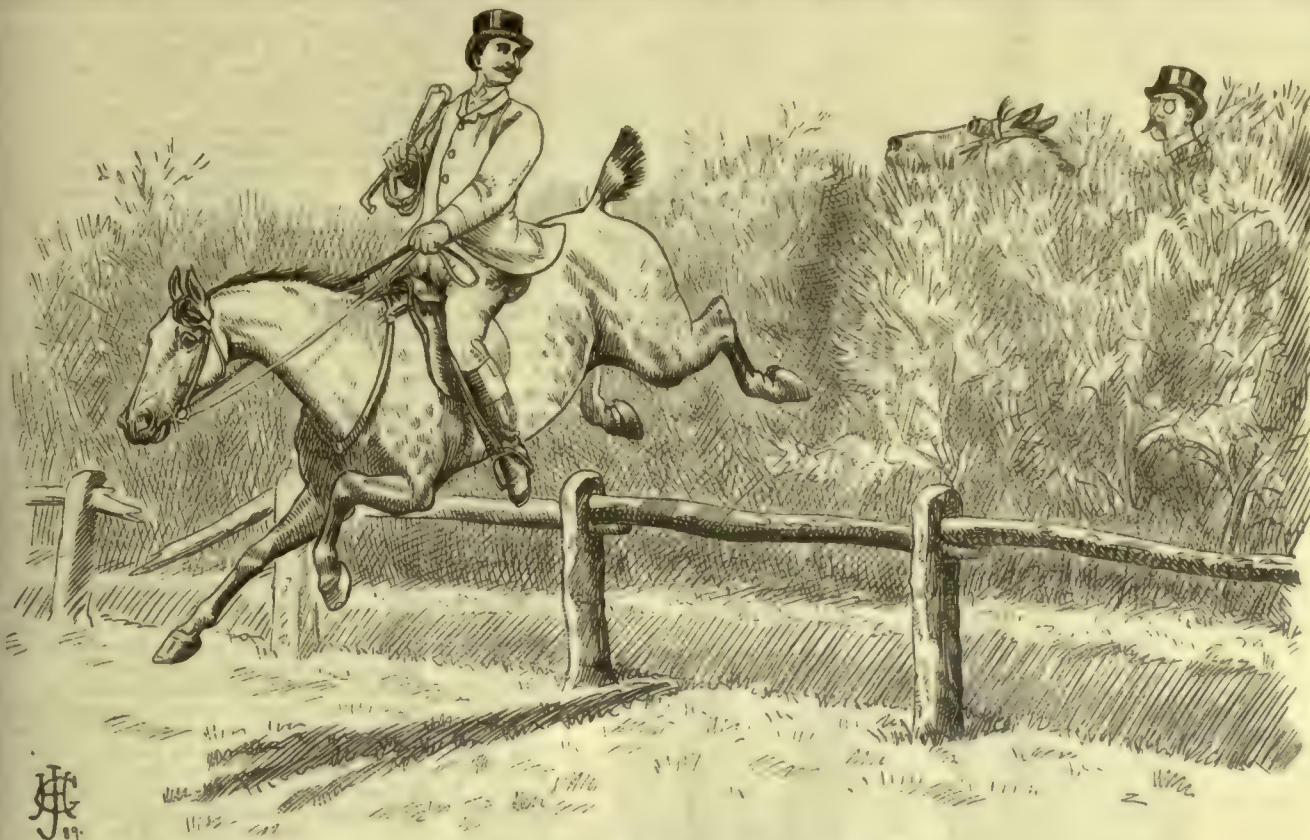
“A FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS!”

(“ALARMS, EXCURSIONS,” &c., &c.)









## A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Cautious Craner. "Hi! I SAY! WHAT'S THE OTHER SIDE?"

Sportsman (just landing). "YOU ARE!"

## VERY CIVIL LAW.

IN the course of the prosecution of PATRICK MOLLOY for perjury a witness of the name of DELANEY was examined, and informed the Court that he was "a convict undergoing penal servitude for life," for having conspired to murder Mr. Justice LAWSON. A little later Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS, the most courteous of Counsel, had occasion to recall this misguided and luckless individual, when the following dialogue is reported:—

"Mr. MATTHEWS: I think, DELANEY, you wish to make a correction in your evidence. You said on Friday that you had not seen the prisoner from the year 1882 until you saw him in the dock here, when you gave evidence. Is that so?—Witness: No. I saw him in Holloway Prison.

"Where you are at present detained?—Yes."

"Where you are at present detained" is delightful, and suggests reflections of the pleasantest character. Why should we not be polite with our prisoners? After all, harshness is a relic of barbarism. We have it on the authority of OVID that the polish of social life "*Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros*," and surely the Bench and the Bar should lay the lesson to heart. Instead of the usual painful conclusion to the more serious trials at the Central Criminal Court, which commences with "Prisoner at the Bar," and ends with "mercy on your soul," why should we not have something like the following?—

SCENE—The Old Bailey.

The Audience are awaiting the delivery of the Sentence.

Judge (assuming his black cap). Mr. WILLIAM SIKES, will you favour me by kindly standing at that Bar for a few moments—I will not inconvenience you for many seconds. Thank you. I must ask your pardon for wearing my hat while you remain uncovered, but the fact is this Court is terribly draughty, and I find that even my wig is not a sufficient protection against the chance of my taking a sudden chill. Coughs and colds are so very prevalent at this inclement season of the year. Hem! I am sure we are very much obliged to you for giving us so little trouble. Thanks to you, the evidence upon which the jury have founded the verdict they have just delivered is of the clearest possible character, and they have had no difficulty consequently in arriving at a just conclusion. I am sure that you will wish to join with me and the LORD MAYOR who

sits on my right in offering them our sincerest recognition of their valuable services. I will not weary you with the details of a matter in which you have taken a prominent part, and with which, therefore, you are equally conversant as myself. It is my duty, however,—a duty which is at once a pain and yet a pleasure,—to inform you that the law requires certain formalities to be observed which I am convinced will meet with your entire approbation. On leaving the particular portion of the Court which has been graced with your presence on this most interesting occasion, you will be invited to return to the apartments you have recently occupied. You will find that my worthy friend, the Sheriff, has studied your comfort by providing a handsome carriage and pair for your convenience. It is heartily at your service, and I hope you will have a pleasant drive. A little later, the Sheriff will call upon you and submit other arrangements in contemplation, for your consideration. I have no doubt everything will be entirely to your satisfaction, and—you will pardon the innocent pleasantry—that enough rope will be given to you. We must not be too strict with persons like yourself, accustomed to have their own way. In conclusion, believe me, you have my earnest desire for your future happiness. I must now reluctantly say adieu, as we both have engagements that require immediate attention—moreover, I am unwilling to trespass further upon your goodnature. I have the honour to wish you a pleasant afternoon.

[Raises cap, bows, and exit.

Surely this would be an improvement upon the present painfully disagreeable formula. Perhaps Mr. Justice HAWKINS (who has not unfrequently taken a part in proceedings somewhat similar to those to which we have referred) might like to inaugurate the new régime? His Lordship is never wanting in courtesy, even now. Were he to advance in the direction we have indicated, we feel sure that, in a very short time, it would be a genuine pleasure for all of us to hang upon his every word.

## Chess So!

[Dr. KING, Bishop of LINCOLN, is about to be tried for ritualistic practices.]

WHAT, going to try the great Bishop of LINCOLN? A terrible thing for a layman to think on. Their game? Oh! it's not an unusual thing, A Bishop to move to give check to a KING.





## SO VERY LIKELY!

"SHALL I TAKE CARE OF YOUR LITTLE DAWG WHILES YOU RE A SHOPPIN', MISS?"

## DOWN SOUTH.

Villa Rouge-gagne, Monte Carlo, Feb. 14.

CHEER ET CARO MONSIGNORE PUNCHIO,

HERE at 9'30 A.M., having just finished my early chocolate and my fragrant cigarette *per esser felice*—the adjective reminds me of what Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM said when, after telling her nephew not to smoke in the dining-room, she found him with what he called "a fragrant weed" in his mouth, so that, as she said, "I caught him in *fragrante delicto*"—but this quite "en parson," as the waiter said when he saw his white tie reflected in a looking-glass—here I am, sitting out amid the orange and lemon trees, feeling myself making part of a Burne-Jones picture, in summerish attire, under a sunshade, looking out on to the blue Mediterranean, down on to the hot and dusty road to Nice, and up at the saffron-coloured tiles and the pale white-and-yellow walls of the Citadel of Monaco. It is too hot to walk much—except, presently, down hill, as far as the terrace of the Casino—so I prefer to bask beneath the pleasant verandah while I read the day before yesterday's *Times*, which recounts how London is in difficulties, as usual, with the snow, how the sun has shone fitfully, for a few minutes at a time, during the day, and, in a general way, how beastly the weather is everywhere but here.

On Monday we had our share of wind, for there was what Mrs. RAM terms "a Minstrel," which raised blinding clouds of dust, and one minute you were hot, and the next you were cold, the whole entertainment "presenting," as the dear old lady above-mentioned says, "a complete illustration of one of ALLSOP'S Fables about the Sun, the Wind, and the Traveller." But to-day life is worth living,—and it would be still more so if one could look back without regret to the result of last night's *roulette*, when I lost quite fifteen francs, or could anticipate with certainty the successful issue of planking down the maximum on a single number,—and, at the present moment, life would be perfectly enjoyable, if two dirty raffish-looking troubadours, with a couple of guitars, had not invaded the gardens, and commenced a serenade. Where are the police? Where is the army of Monaco? They don't expect police, but they do expect "coppers." And I shan't be happy till they get them. Their style and manner reminds me of the Derby Day, and of the itinerant musicians whom one sees

outside public-houses in London, pursuing their calling, or rather, their bawling. I fancy under the influence of a Franco-Italian sky I am dropping into poetry. "It's the fine weather brings them out," says our confidential waiter at the Hôtel Windsor, "*Comme les oiseaux au printemps*," which is small compliment to the birds.

Everybody here, in this wonderful Casino! Many who, I imagine, must be neglecting their professional duties "to serve tables." Some excellent people would like to see each of these tables a "*tabula rasa*," but where's the special and particular harm, any more, that is, than in horse-racing, card-playing, Stock Exchange speculation, or any other form of gambling?

Perhaps all gambling is bad,—I don't say it isn't, and I certainly am far from saying it is,—but why is this particular form of it at Monte Carlo to be denounced as so utterly monstrous?

"Why," says some one to me, "notice the faces round the tables! Look at the people! Did you ever see such a set? Look at the women, regard the men! The Demon of Play has seized them all! It is a Pandemonium!"

"Quite so," I reply, "and by the way I observe several distinguished English Statesmen and highly respectable English ladies in that crowd—and—as the red hasn't turned up for the last four times, I shall put on *les quatre premiers*, and on red—excuse me." And turning to apologise to my companion for interrupting his flow of moral conversation, I find I am addressing myself to a perfect stranger, and that my virtuous friend has contrived to get a seat, and has his money on in four different places. The Mediterranean is blue, the oranges and lemons are yellow, the sun shines brightly, the air is exhilarating—health before everything by all means. But at Monte Carlo—as in Denmark where there was something rotten in the state *tempore Hamletto*—"the play's the thing"—*il n'y a que ça—rien ne va plus*—and so I finish my brief correspondence just to let you know where I am. Well, I am on the four first, the middle dozen, and red. I sign myself yours truly, singing—

"MONTE CARLO IS MY NAME!"

P.S.—I have returned from the Casino. Yes. The gambling ought to be stopped. The weather is chilly. I will have the fire lighted. Such a fire! Only wood—no coals. Bah! Why come here for health and change of climate? Isn't good honest snow and muck in England, and no sun, better than losing 500 francs in three-quarters of an hour? And to think that if I had only put on the *quatre derniers*, instead of the *quatre premiers* (as I did), I might have won something fabulous. I shall send for my bill. Where's a cheap restaurant? Shall I have one turn more at the tables? Well, just one. To-night.

P.S. No. 2.—Lovely night! Beautiful moon! Stars magnificent! Such an atmosphere! Who would stop in England, and, above all, in smoky London, if they could only get out here? Let me see; I'll just empty out my pockets—750 francs; that leaves me 250 to the good. After all, there's no harm in gambling; merely *pour passer le temps*. And then the place is so healthy! Why, one can be up till two in the morning, and take anything and everything, and smoke any amount, without feeling the effect. The air is so exhilarating. Shall stay here a few days more. Shall I play again? that is the question. At present I am inclined to say, *Monsieur, faites votre jeu! J'y suis!* I send you this as a sort of diary just to show you what good the climate here is doing to

Yours truly, M. C.

## Those Happy Japs!

(Mem. by a Parliamentary Cynic.)

AND so, without riot or revolution, Japan has got a brand-new Constitution, The which, according to quidnunc and quacker, Was the one lack in the great land of lacquer. From the Mikado's rule to true M.P.-dom Is a long stride in the great March of Freedom. Our western progress is more slow and breezy. Those Japanese do take it Japanese! They've taught in Art (though some that as an error rate) Next they will teach us how to job and perorate!

"A BOLT FROM THE BLUE."—Running away from the Policeman.





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of TOBY. M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—New Session opens to-morrow; old one seems to have closed only yesterday. Time coming when we shall refuse to make two bites at cherry, and, meeting on 1st of January, shall adjourn on Christmas Eve, as we did last year. Found OLD MORALITY here taking last glance round before battle begins. Looks plump and pleasant. Has laid in new stock of copy-book headings, a few culled from foreign languages.

"A little more flowery some of them," he said, affectionately turning over leaves of stout note-book, "but I fancy they'll fit in."

"Heard you were not coming back," I said. "Reported that you were going a step higher to consort with the Barons of England."

"Well, if you listen attentively you may hear a good deal of me that is not actually consonant with truth. Never was any foundation for this particular fable. Shall never desert the Commons until they wear me out."

Glad to hear this. OLD MORALITY not as brilliant as DIZZY, nor as eloquent as GLADSTONE. But everybody likes him, and wishes him luck in the new Session.

Business done.—Going to begin.



MEETING OF THE GODS.



## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

## SIXTH EVENING.

HEAR what the Moon told Mr. Punch:—"I knew an Ant some time ago. He belonged to the class of worker Ants, though he had been too much disturbed in his mind of late to attend to his duties. Often of a night, when I was at my full, and all the other ants in the hill were busily engaged in their various labours, he would come to the entrance of the ant-hill, and gaze up at me with sorrowful, hard, bright eyes. Frequently the other Ants would follow, and endeavour, by striking him with their antennæ, to recall him to the work he was born to perform—but he heeded them not. He complained bitterly that the whole universe was in league against him. Many a time has he reproached me for what he called my 'cold and passionless serenity'—and yet I could not help it," the Moon said, plaintively, "and I was really sorry for him. For a long time I did not know the reason for his unhappiness—I thought it was what in Germany is called '*Welt-schmerz*,' or despair over problems in life which his intelligence was powerless to solve. This is not uncommon among the more thoughtful Ants, and is a very sad thing to witness, because there is no certain cure for it.

"However, it was worse even than this, as I learnt a few nights ago. It was not to me, after all, that he confided his sad secret, though I happened to be shining when he unburdened himself to a Soldier Ant who was on sentinel duty at the gates. They conversed, of course, by touching one another with their antennæ, but I understood them quite well. From what passed, it appeared that this unhappy Ant was indeed to be pitied. He was suffering, as he said himself, from the pangs of hopeless love, an attachment for one so far removed from him in station that any return was impossible. The Sentinel was a rough old warrior, and I thought he might have shown more sympathy. Females, such was his opinion, were not worth so much fuss being made over them; he recommended the other to 'be an Ant,' and forget his infatuation, but this, the Civilian Ant declared, was out of the question while he lived. Then, gathering courage, he disclosed who it was that was the object of his passion; and I myself grew pale as I heard, for I could not have imagined such audacity. When I have told you, it will be your turn to be shocked. You may even disbelieve it, though it is quite true—the object of this misguided lover's attachment was no less a personage than the Queen of the Ant-hill herself! With antennæ that were quivering with emotion, he described how he had first beheld her, sitting in the State Apartment, surrounded by pupæ and eggs, and how he had never been the same Ant since. Yes," said the Moon, thoughtfully, "I have seen many lovers in my time, some of whom were in much the same position. I have seen ANTONY at the feet of CLEOPATRA, I have heard the lutes of RIZZIO and of CHASTELARD—but that poor, humble, labouring Ant showed a passion more really volcanic than any I had ever witnessed before. He absolutely rolled in the dust, and bit his hind legs in the agony he suffered, though the Sentinel remained unmoved by it all, and, as soon as the hapless lover had grown calmer, summoned the guard, and informed them of his monstrous presumption. Next I saw that they marched back through the gates into the Ant-hill with the labourer Ant between them—a prisoner. The whole affair must have been kept very secret," concluded the Moon, "for, up to the present time, I have not seen a word about it in any of your papers. Yet I should like to know his fate, for I have not been so interested in anything I have seen for a very long time."

## IN THE "SUNNY SOUTH."

(Notes from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.)

On bleak Bayonne  
No sunlight shone.

At Biarritz  
Wild hailstorm-fits.

At Jean de Luz  
Fur coats we use.

A peep at Spain  
Blinded with rain.

At crested Pau  
Shut in by snow.



Drifting to Lourdes;  
By fog immured.

At Arcachon  
Re-rained upon.

And at Bordeaux  
A gale did blow.

My box I pack,  
And hurry back,

Never to roam  
Again from Home.

**THE Curse of Koshiu**, by the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD. *Curse-o'-Koshoo!* Sounds like a sneeze, doesn't it? But, anyway, this is not a book to be sneezed at. It is an original story, treated in an original manner, which is mighty refreshing in these days, when most novelists run in the same groove. It is a thrilling romance, written in Japan, with real Japanese sensation, properties and scenery painted on the spot. It is a genuine Japanese story, which is not, to an untravelled chap, an easy task to write—a capital bit of Japanese lacquer, which should not lack a large number of readers.

## THE IMPROMPTU ARMAMENT.

*A Lay of the Gunless Fleet.*

"It has been circumstantially stated, that at least 15 great war-ships are useless for purposes of defence or attack, because they are without guns."—*Universal Review*.

"It's as fine a fleet as you'd put to sea,  
If you come to measure by steam and tons;  
But you see, my Lord, it's no use to me,  
If it ain't got none of them blessed guns!"

It was a rough old Admiral who spoke,  
And then a muffled oath or two he swore.  
The First Lord smiled. He recognised the joke.—  
The French in force were threatening the Nore.

For war had on a sudden been declared,  
And things had gone,—well, just a little wrong.  
In fact *Whitehall* had not been quite prepared,  
Although on paper they had come it strong.

The Channel somehow had been deftly cleared:  
And now the sole force left, the foe to meet,  
Was, as the evening papers truly "feared,"  
These fifteen vessels of the Gunless Fleet!

And so the First Lord thought it out a bit.  
"Look here," he cried. "Don't fear. We'll see you through,  
You'll have your ships all right and trim and fit;  
And this is all, you know, you'll have to do.

"Behind the Horse Guards—there, two guns you'll find;  
They mayn't, perhaps, prove quite the proper sort—  
But take 'em. Then a third I've in my mind,  
At Margate, by the flagstaff on the Fort.

"On Ramsgate pier you'll find a couple more.  
If of their size you're going to complain,  
Well, go to Mr. HARRIS. He's a store,  
And p'raps might lend you some from Drury Lane.

"If you want more, there's some cracked thirty-twos  
They'll let you have, at Portsmouth, I'll be bound.  
So, though if not quite up to modern views,  
Your fleet in guns won't be half badly found!

"So set about your work without delay!"  
The Admiral responded, "Yes, my Lord!"  
And gloomily went on his darkened way,  
And, in low spirits, got his guns on board.

They had but one a-piece. He shook his head  
As he, in tears, surveyed the sorry sight:  
And then he called his Captains, and he said,—  
"D'you know, I think, we didn't ought to fight.

"But here's my orders sealed." He looked them o'er,  
Then shook his head again. "It's all no go!"  
He cried—"we've got to stop 'em at the Nore!  
So follow, Mates; I'm off to meet the foe!"

Then they set sail. They hadn't far to run  
Before they met the foe, and did their worst,—  
Which wasn't much, for every British gun  
That day, soon as they fired it, straightway burst.

And so the Frenchmen triumphed down the line,  
Sank half the fleet, and took the rest in tow;  
Sailed up the Thames, crushed Woolwich by a fine,  
And with a shot or two laid Greenwich low.

And when the *Times* came out next day and moaned  
In three long leaders o'er the "base defeat,"  
And let the First Lord have it hot, and groaned  
At his shortcomings with his "Gunless Fleet;"

Until it stirred the mob, who then and there,  
Determined jobbery should have its fall,  
Dragged the First Lord from his official chair,  
And lynched him on a lamp-post in Whitehall.

Rough justice, p'raps—but still it served its turn;  
For to the Board the revelation came,  
That this new lesson they might have to learn,—  
That public trust was not a party game!

And since that day each First Lord has relied,  
The chances of invasion to prevent,  
On ships with proper ordnance supplied—  
And not on an "*Impromptu Armament!*"



## THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

January 21.—I am very much concerned at LUPIN having started a pony-trap. I said, "LUPIN, are you justified in this outrageous extravagance?" LUPIN replied, "Well, one must get to the City somehow. I've only hired it, and can give it up any time I like." I repeated my question, "Are you justified in this extravagance?" He replied, "Look here, Guv.; excuse my saying so, but you're a bit out of date. It does not pay nowadays, fiddling about over small things. I don't mean anything personal, Guv'nor. My boss says, if I take his tip, and stick to big things, I can make big money!" I said I thought the very idea of speculation most horrifying. LUPIN said, "It is not speculation—it's a dead cert." I advised him, at all events, not to continue the pony and cart; but he replied, "I made £200 in one day; now suppose I only make £200 in a month, or put it at £100 a month, which is ridiculously low—why, that is £1250 a year. What's a few pounds a week for a trap?" I did not pursue the subject further, beyond saying that I should feel glad when the Autumn came, and LUPIN would be of age, and responsible for his own debts. He answered, "My dear Guv., I promise you faithfully that I will never speculate with what I have not got—I shall only go on JOB CLEANAND'S tips, and as he is in the 'know,' it is pretty safe sailing." I felt somewhat relieved. GOWING called in the evening, and to my surprise, informed me that, as he had made £10 by one of LUPIN'S tips, he intended asking us and the CUMMINGS round next Saturday. CARRIE and I said we should be delighted.

January 22.—I don't generally lose my temper with servants, but I had to speak to SARAH rather sharply about a careless habit she has recently contracted of shaking the table-cloth after removing the breakfast things in a manner which causes all the crumbs to fall on the carpet, eventually to be trodden in. SARAH answered very rudely, "Oh, you are always complaining." I replied, "Indeed, I am not. I spoke to you last week about walking all over the drawing-room carpet with a piece of yellow soap on the heel of your boot." She said, "And you're always grumbling about your breakfast." I said, "No, I am not, but I feel perfectly justified in complaining that I never can get a hard-boiled egg. The moment I crack the shell it spurts all over the plate, and I have spoken to you at least fifty times about it." She began to cry and make a scene, but fortunately my 'bus came by, so I had a good excuse for leaving her. GOWING left a message in the evening that we were not to forget next Saturday. CARRIE amusingly said, "As he has never asked any friends before, we are not likely to forget it."

January 23.—I asked LUPIN to try and change the hard brushes he recently made me a present of, for some softer ones, as my hair-dresser tells me I ought not to brush my hair too much just now.

January 24.—The new chimney-glass came home for the back drawing-room. CARRIE arranged some fans very prettily on the top and on each side. It is an immense improvement to the room.

January 25.—We had just finished our tea, when who should come in but CUMMINGS, who has not been here for over three weeks. I noticed he looked anything but well, so I said, "Well, CUMMINGS, how are you? You look a little blue." He replied, "Yes; and I feel blue, too." I said, "Why, what's the matter?" He said, "Oh, nothing, except that I have been on my back for a couple of weeks; that's all. At one time my doctor nearly gave me up, yet not a soul has come near me. No one has even taken the trouble to inquire whether I was alive or dead." I said, "This is the first I have heard of it. I have passed your house several nights, and presumed you had company, as the rooms were so brilliantly lighted." CUMMINGS replied, "No. The only company I have had was my wife, the doctor, and the landlady; the last-named having turned out a perfect trump. I wonder you did not see it in the paper. I know it was mentioned in the *Bicycle News*." I thought to cheer him up, and said, "Well, you are all right now?" He replied,—"That's not the question. The question is, whether an illness does not enable you to discover who are your true friends." I said such an observation was unworthy of him. To make matters worse, in came GOWING, who gave CUMMINGS a violent slap on the back, and said, "Hollo! Have you seen a Ghost? You looked scared to death, like IRVING in *Macbeth*." I said, "Gently, GOWING—the poor fellow has been very ill." GOWING roared with laughter, and said, "Yes, and you look it too," CUMMINGS quietly said, "Yes, and I feel it too—not that I suppose you care." An awkward silence followed. GOWING said, "Never mind, CUMMINGS. You and the Missis come round to my place to-morrow, and it will cheer you up a bit, for we'll open a bottle of wine."



Nobody did it.

January 26. An extraordinary thing happened. CARRIE and I went round to GOWING'S, as arranged, at half-past seven. We knocked and rang several times without getting an answer. At last the latch was drawn and the door opened a little way, the chain still being up. A man in shirt-sleeves put his head through and said, "Who is it? What do you want?" I said, "Mr. GOWING. He is expecting us." The man said (as well as I could hear, owing to the yapping of a little dog), "I don't think he is. Mr. GOWING is not at home." I said, "He will be in directly." At this moment CUMMINGS and his wife arrived. CUMMINGS was very lame and leaning on a stick, but got up the steps and asked what the matter was. The man said, "Mr. GOWING said nothing about expecting anyone. All he said was he had just received an invitation to Croydon, and he should not be back till Monday evening. He took his bag with him." I was too indignant to say anything. CUMMINGS looked white with rage, and as he descended the steps, and struck his stick violently on the ground and said, "Scoundrel!"

## A WEATHER WAIL.

"I wonder whether, bless your eyes,  
Can any man be weather-wise!"—*Songs of a Bangororum.*



WHAT is the use of forecasts and barometers?

Silly the study of air and of sea.  
Useless are weather-cocks, warn-  
ings, thermometers,  
Storm-drums and signals mean  
nothing to me!

Hopeless the conning of clouds and  
hygrometers,  
No one can tell what the weather  
will be!

*Captious the climate, I  
think you'll agree,  
No one can tell what the  
weather will be!*

Weather-wise prophets, precise  
and emphatical,  
Heed not their prating at night  
or at morn!

Do not take notice of twinges  
rheumatical,  
Treat all catarrhical symptoms  
with scorn;

Disregard dardings in regions he-  
patical,  
Mind not the shoot of your  
favourite corn!

*Thoughtless the Clerk of  
the Weather is he—  
No one can tell what the  
weather will be!*

Lured by the sunshine, so bright  
and magnetical,

How you will grieve if your  
Gamp you've forgot!  
If in fur garments you're peripa-  
tetical,

Doubtless you'll find that the  
day will be hot:

Should you wear clothes that are  
thin and aesthetical,

Then the Nor'Easter will blow  
—will it not? [*as she,*

*Coy as a woman, and fickle*  
*No one can tell what the  
weather will be!*

THE WATER-COMPANIES' VIEW.—An eye to the Main Chance.



## LA FRANCE'S LAMENT.



"I HAVE no Men to govern in this wood :  
That makes my only woe!"

So CLEOPATRA cried in mournful mood.

(TENNYSON tells us so).

My only woe is of another kind.

'Tis no MARK ANTONY  
I seek ; my sorrow is that I can find  
No Men to govern me.

MARK ANTONY indeed ! That steel-clad tool  
Of silken fingers ? Nay !  
Rather some CÆSAR who at least can rule.  
And where is such to-day ?

They come like shadows, and they so depart,  
These mannikins of mine.

Not one with a strong head and dauntless heart  
Like a fixed star to shine.

GAMBETTA's gone, brave little THIERS is dead.

No CÆSARS they, and yet  
That fiery spirit, that sagacious head,  
I cannot but regret.

Nay, even perjured LOUIS, for a space,  
Made shift to stand and seem  
The hero he was not. But this new race  
Of pigmies ? A bad dream !

Not AMURATH to AMURATH succeeds,  
In my disordered state ;

Midget to midget, rather. My heart bleeds  
O'er such a petty fate.

TIRARD to FLOQUET, and to TIRARD whom—  
In, say, six weeks or so ?

No Men to govern me, that seems my doom,  
And that's my only woe.

But for this Phrygian cap I could cry out  
For CÆSAR's self again ;

If there be any CÆSARS—which I doubt.  
BOULANGER ? He may strain,



And strut, and crow; but, after all, a cock  
Is not an eagle—no!—  
And yet—and yet—when all the others mock  
My hopes, rise, fall, and go,  
E'en a NAPOLEON *pour rire* attracts.  
He poses well, but then  
Should disillusion come when he once acts?—  
I'm sick—for want of Men!

[Left lamenting.]

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**AN AMATEUR MENAGERIE.**—Your determination to make the two full-grown Bengal tigers and the boa constrictor, that have recently reached you as a present from your friend the Indian Nabob, the nucleus of a little private Menagerie, which you purpose starting for the amusement and entertainment of your friends, does credit to your spirit and enterprise, and your temporary sojourn at your invalid Uncle's suburban residence seems, on the whole, to offer some conspicuous advantages for the inauguration of your little project. It is certainly a matter of congratulation that, with the aid of the sixteen dock labourers who brought them, you were able, by getting their heads into a couple of coal-sacks, to move the tigers up to the back drawing-room; and that, though they have torn down the looking-glass, the chandelier, the wainscot, and have eaten away the inside of a cottage-piano, as you keep them supplied with a fresh leg of mutton every half hour, you may consider that, for the moment, at all events, you have them fairly under control. Your having, however, consigned the African lion you purchased at the Wild Beast Emporium at Mile End the same evening to the bath-room, though only a temporary measure, strikes us as slightly injudicious; for, in the event of your invalid Uncle wishing to take his customary bath before retiring to bed, the creature could hardly be got out of the way at a moment's notice without the intervention of at least a dozen policemen, provided with red-hot pincers, gags, and other suitable apparatus, thereby causing a commotion, calculated to act prejudicially on the nervous system of any one who, like your Uncle, is under strict injunctions from his Doctor to avoid, at all costs, any unusual or unnecessary excitement. The elephant that you have managed to get into the front area seems all right, though his "trumpeting" all night appears to have annoyed your neighbours opposite; but it is a great misfortune that you have let the boa constrictor escape out of the attic window, and that it should have terrified a five o'clock tea-party next door by coming down the drawing-room chimney. By all means send round a clothes-basket for it, with your apologies, as soon as it is dark, and keep it in future, as you propose, in the linen-cupboard. As your Uncle is still keeping his room upstairs, perhaps it would be as well not to mention the arrival of the creatures, especially as you are intending, as you say, to get them all down to-morrow to the house of a friend in the country, who has given you leave to bring a few domestic "pets" with you. Yes, certainly, if you can't get an omnibus big enough, take them all down in a furniture-van. The elephant, by the way, might walk. It would perhaps be as well to arrive in the dark.

**RARE PLANTS.**—The itinerant vendor who persuaded you that he was letting you have a selection of "the choicest Orchids out" at one-and-twopence a dozen, must have been deceiving you. We don't know the *Tropica gigantiflora Hackneywicki*, but feel sure you can't have been offered the correct thing at two plants for three-halfpence. We are afraid that you have been taken in.



## 'THE FOURTH ESTATE.'

*Dapper Gent (former Employer).* "WELL, BOWSER, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON? WHAT ARE YOU—?"

*Bowser.* "THANKY, SIR, VERY WELL, SIR. I'M ON THE PRESS NOW, SIR."

*Dapper Gent.* "OH, INDEED! EDITOR!"

*Bowser.* "NO, SIR. I DIRECT THE WRAPPERS, SIR!"

## VERY EARLY SPRING.

(By a Mixed-Impressionist.)

THE day lengthens  
In crocus and daffodil light;  
The cold strengthens,  
Till one's wife is a regular fright;  
Blinding and choking,  
Like a storm in a desert of sand,  
Is the dry joking  
Of the well-meaning mud in the Strand.  
Snowdrops tranquil,  
Glad of their snowdrop lot!  
Fragrant jonquil,  
Hyacinths, sixpence a pot!  
Yellow in Jaffa  
Oranges, juicy and sweet;  
Yellow in daffa-  
downdillies sold in the street!  
Copper and amber  
Over St. Clement Danes  
The clouds clamber,  
Then—oh, my hat!—how it rains!  
An hour's journey  
By a leisurely local train,  
And, furzy and ferny,  
Here is the home again.

The tree-tops feather  
The sharp, cold line of the sky;  
In the windy weather  
The clacketty mill-sails fly.  
The brown furrows  
Follow the sturdy team;  
On sandy burrows  
Patches of sunlight gleam.  
(The breezy vision  
Is banish'd from fancy's eye  
By fierce collision  
With a corpulent passer-by.)  
Like solemn Hindoos  
The night-clouds are swathed in white,  
And the shop-windows  
Shame them with shameless light;  
But day lingers  
Over the weary land,  
With wan fingers  
Soothing its sleeping hand,  
As a lone mother,  
Weary with anguish wild,  
Her grief will smother  
Nursing a neighbour's child.

**IMPORTANT LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.**—Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is about to publish a *History of the Round Table*. He would doubtless like to end his prose epic as Lord TENNYSON did his poetical one, with a "Passing of ARTHUR" (BALFOUR).



## ON COMMISSION.

*Preliminary and Explanatory.*—I must confess that I felt very greatly gratified when my learned friend, Mr. TOBY, Q.C., M.P., having work in "another place," asked me to "take a note," for him, of the proceedings now claiming attention at the hands of the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, and Messrs. Justices SMITH and DAY.

"Just jot down what occurs to you, BRIEFLESS," he said. "You see we have a pretty full report in the daily papers, to say nothing of the verbatim shorthand note supplied by the Court itself, so that I am not very anxious about the evidence. But I should like to know how it's going. I give you the greatest latitude, and would suggest (if you have no objection) that you should not robe, for you will be more at home without your wig and gown."

I did not quite follow my learned friend's reasoning in the last particular. However, without further preface, I append the "note" taken in the unconventional fashion that has received his recommendation.

*Tuesday, February 19.*—Some difficulty in obtaining a seat.



Reserved for the Press.

Seemingly the place, if any, to which the green ticket I held entitled me was occupied. Upon remonstrating, I was informed that I could not possibly have it, and I felt that as I was not in my robes, I was practically powerless. I was glad at length to sit amongst the gentlemen of the Press, for whom a limited number of places had been reserved. The rest of the Court was occupied by persons who certainly did not look in the least like journalists.

I was forced, I fear, to be the cause of great inconvenience. I cannot sufficiently thank, under these trying circumstances, two eminent descriptive writers who, in the most courteous manner imaginable, permitted me, so to speak, to occupy a moiety of their laps,—each supplying one of their knees for my accommodation. However, in this position I suffered under the disadvantage of having to take my note with a very friendly (but still an) elbow in my ribs on one side of my body, and an equally friendly (but still equally an) elbow in my ribs on the other. My situation was further distracted by the movements of one of the officials, who while the Court was present, was forced to give directions to somebody (who I fancy was sitting on someone else's hat) in dumb show.

The proceedings commenced with an application by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL to commit someone for contempt of court. My hearing is scarcely so good as it used to be, and I regret to say I did not quite catch what passed. And this was the stranger, as Sir CHARLES and the President spoke with their customary distinctness. I asked a gentleman near me to tell me what had happened.

"The same old game," was the immediate reply. "RUSSELL to get the affidavit and the rest of the bag of tricks, and then those chaps on the Bench will think it over."

Scandalised at this disrespectful reference to their Lordships, I turned my attention to the witness-box, and found Mr. MACDONALD (the Manager of the *Times*) in possession. I must confess that I was astounded at the acuteness shown by this gentleman in answering some of my learned friend Mr. ASQUITH's questions. His caution, his candour, and his shrewdness were equally remarkable. As for my learned friend, he acquitted himself so admirably, that I made a mental note that, should an opportunity ever occur, I would do my very best to get him to consent to act as my devil. During the hearing a point of law was raised—Had a Counsel the right to ask the Manager of a newspaper for the name of a contributor? Sir CHARLES RUSSELL contended that he had, and when asked (by Mr. Justice SMITH) for a case, gave the instance of a witness refreshing his memory from a diary or an account-book. The Court



Reserved for the Public.

having (so it appears to me) shown some dissatisfaction that the name of the cause referred to had not been disclosed, I beg to supply the omission, speaking roughly, from recollection. I ask leave to instance the unreported case of *Brown v. Jones*, or was it *Smith v. Robinson*?

*Wednesday.*—As I had been so seriously inconvenienced on the previous day by having no seat, that I had had to abandon my note-taking prematurely, I entered the Court early. My right to sit down again being challenged, I appealed to the universally respected Secretary to the Commission for redress. That learned gentleman having explained to me the scope of the verb hypothecate, most courteously invited me to occupy a seat in the box usually reserved for the Jury. I was very grateful thus to find at length a spot, the possession of which could not be challenged, as I had hitherto felt a sort of Nineteenth Century forensic embodiment of the old legend (immortalised by the pen of SUE, and the pencil of DOXE) of the continually perambulating pedestrian, who, although travelling all the world over, had a legal domicile in Palestine. And here I may note that I was much amused at the changes of position of some of the spectators from day to day. The movements of Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, for instance, reminded me of a game of chess. On the Tuesday this eminent statesman had occupied a seat with the Junior Bar, but on the Wednesday he had moved down a bench, and, so to speak, had taken a Q.C.—presumably my learned and respected friend, Mr. LOCKWOOD, who did not appear during the sitting. Then there was Professor BRYCE (whose Lectures before now have filled me with a sensation of indescribable awe), who occupied a place next to a well-known artist, who on the previous day had been on the other side of the Court, and during the adjournment, presumably, had (once more to use the chess phraseology) "castled." The genial Professor appeared to take a great interest in his neighbour's sketches, and seemingly frequently encouraged him to renewed exertions with a smile of friendly approval. This being the case, I was sorry to find, later on, Mr. BRYCE shifted away from his neighbour, and carried (by a sort of Knight's move) from the right of the Bench to the left of the Witness Box.

The feature of the sitting was the cross-examination of Mr. HOUSTON by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL. It is my candid and deliberate opinion that more searching questions could not have been put to this witness, even had I cross-examined him myself.

*Thursday.*—I notice that a great deal depends upon the Ushers of the Court. Seemingly, when one of these officials thinks a statement of sufficient importance has been made to cause a sort of bold whisper (and thus warrant the parenthesis "Sensation" in the daily reports), he shouts "Silence!" He adopts the same plan to mark the proper insertion of "laughter" after some one has audibly smiled. To-day, for the first half an hour or so, there being nothing to do, the Ushers had a grand time of it. The Secretary was also well to the front. The celebrated Parnell Letters were examined in the course of the day's proceedings, and then came his opportunity. This resembles in some degree what followed, thrown into a dramatic form:—

*Mr. Attorney (addressing Secretary courteously).* Will you be so good as to separate these two letters, which, I find, are in the same case?

*Secretary (very distinctly).* You are quite right, they are in the same case. (*Solemnly.*) I put them in the same case myself, for convenience. (*As a concession.*) But if you think they will be more convenient in separate cases—(*with an air of authority.*)—I will have them divided, and put into separate cases at once!

*Mr. Attorney (bowing deferentially).* If you please.

*Secretary (good-naturedly).* Certainly. (*Decisively.*) The letters shall be put in different cases forthwith.

This dialogue, heard in a dead silence, was really most impressive and interesting. Exciting, however, as was the evidence given during the sitting, the day's sensation was, in fact, the sensation of the Day. It has been suggested (in my opinion most improperly) that the excellent Justice of that name, has occasionally, during this protracted inquiry shown signs of weariness. I must confess that, when the occasion warranted it, his Lordship was very much awake indeed. Several times during the course of the examination and cross-examination of Mr. PIGOTT, Mr. Justice DAY showed that he was following the inquiry with as much interest as the most excited spectator. It may have been a surprise to those who had a preconceived idea of his Lordship, but to those who have long known him as one of the ablest Judges on the Bench, and one of the witty and kindest of men, this demonstration of acute intelligence caused no sort of astonishment.

At the luncheon adjournment one of the officials, as usual, was good



The Sensation of the Day.



enough to give information on seemingly abstruse points of law to the more intelligent and younger members of the aristocracy, who very properly seemed to regard him as a second edition of that admirable legislator the present LORD CHANCELLOR. Again Sir CHARLES RUSSELL conducted his case with an ability that made me feel regret that I could not claim him as a pupil who had read in my own chambers.

Friday.—We have at length reached the end of the week, and my



STUDY OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

"Amongst those present was Mr. B-r-ne J-n-s, who seemed to take a great interest in the proceedings."

N.B. However, it is *not* suggested that the above sketch was extracted from his portfolio.

he asked, in a tone suggestive of great doubt, "Am I wrong in supposing that you are a Member of the Bar?"

This to me! After practising for— Well, such is fame!

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BEEFLESS, JUNIOR.

note. I must confess the last few sittings have been exciting ones, bristling with surprises. To-day the "laughter" and "sensation" were genuine enough. Whatever the Commission may yet bring forth, it will have served to prove that "Buckshot FORSTER" was the kindest-hearted and gentlest of men. Once again Mr. Justice DAY was very much on the alert as Mr. PIBOTT's statements were tested after the customary fashion.

During an adjournment, I had a pleasant chat with one of the officials, who (so I understood) had known everyone connected with the Law Courts for nearly half a century.

"Then," said I, with a pleasant smile, "you must know me."

"Well, Sir," he replied, evidently searching his memory, "I never forget a face, and yours, somehow, seems to be familiar to me"—He hesitated a little, as if about to put a fishing question. Then

he asked, in a tone suggestive of great doubt, "Am I wrong in supposing that you are a Member of the Bar?"

This to me! After practising for— Well, such is fame!

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BEEFLESS, JUNIOR.

## WATERLOO!

(A LONG WAY AFTER LORD BYRON.)

Being a Lay of the Leash written at the great Coursing Cup Meeting of 1889.



But Colonel NORTH's great puppy's flying feet  
Forge well ahead, the black-and-tan can't score.  
Great Herschel though his victory doth repeat;  
And nearer, nearer, deadlier than before,  
Comes the great final struggle. How the people roar!

And yet bad luck poor Herschel doth befall,  
For Mr. HORNBY's favourite, one must fear,

HARK! there is shouting  
at Hill House! Brave  
sight!

Rank, Sport, and Capital  
have gathered then  
Their 'cuteness and their  
coursing zeal, and bright  
The winter day shines on  
the sporting men.

A thousand hearts beat  
eagerly; and when  
Swift Miss Glendyne beats  
smart Happy Rondelle,  
Dark eyes look hate to eyes  
which gleam again,  
And some laugh merry as  
a marriage bell;  
To some the favourite's fall  
is as a gloomy knell.

See, there goes Sorais,  
swift as flies the wind,  
Rattling up points in  
fashion smart as fleet.  
Off with the leash! E'en  
Fullerton will find  
That Barbican the Second's  
hard to beat.

Is gravelled by that last fierce rush of all,  
That hare was a fair demon, fleet as deer,  
And there's a voice prophetic in our ear  
Which hints to-morrow Herschel won't be well,  
And Fullerton will have the pull, that's clear.  
Yes, Miss Glendyne as ever ran right well,  
But to young blood at last in rattling Troughend fell.

Third day! There is much hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering crowds, and signals of distress.  
Backers are pale that but two days ago  
Flushed with the cheerful prospect of success,  
Herschel runs pluckily, but the stern stress  
Of yesterday's grueler foils him, though he tries  
The North Star still is in the ascendant. Yes!  
Troughend beats Danger Signal, shouts arise  
And Fullerton and Troughend share the well-earned prize!

And there is mounting in hot haste; the wood  
Lights at pale lips, luck tends the Colonel's ear;  
He paid huge price for those two dogs indeed,  
And well they've served him in the long-drawn war.  
And the cheers thunder peal on peal afar,  
The Cup is his, bought at a tidy sum.  
Next year we'll follow the Great Northern Star,  
If to the slips again his dogs should come;  
But this year's "Waterloo" is o'er—the cry is, "Home!"



A LITTLE LESSON FROM MONTE CARLO.

## BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

DRIFTING.

(By Houquet Walkère.)

"WILL we walk a little faster?" said the Miller to the Maid.  
"There's the Cooper close behind us, and a Miller's ne'er afraid;  
But 'twould make the laddie's heart beat sair beneath the chestnut  
shade,

If he saw us walk together in the hey-day, yea-ho weather,  
Since hand in hand a week ago we you the Cooper stray'd."

"Oh, Miller, Miller, Miller," the winsome lass replied,  
"In flow'ring rush and meadow-sweet that grow the stream beside,  
The ferry-boy his ferry-boat against the bank has tied;  
Then, sweetheart, blithe and merry, you shall row me o'er the ferry;  
Though Cooper JOHN is cross and sad, the stream is deep and wide."

He has row'd her o'er the river; they have climbed the fencing  
slight,

Where LETTICE fair, the laundry lass, has hung the kirtle white,  
And in Farmer GILES's clover-field their troth they're fain to plight;  
But the brindled bull was feeding, broke in upon their pleading,  
And toss'd them o'er the palings in the golden evening light.

Up to the star-land sailing,  
Over the pleasure paling,  
It is merrie, merrie merrie in the crimson evening glow;  
Birds in the orchard housing,  
Kine in the clover browsing,  
And a ferry-boat is drifting fast where deep weir-waters flow.





### WHAT TOMMY DREAMT ONE NIGHT

AFTER MISS SMITH HAD TOLD HIM THAT THE MAMMOTH WAS LIKE AN ELEPHANT, ONLY EVER SO MUCH MORE SO—AND THAT ITS LIMBS WERE LIKE THE TRUNKS (AND ITS TRUNK LIKE THE LIMBS) OF THE TREES IN KENSINGTON GARDENS!

#### PATCHING THE "PALLADIUM."

*Mr. Nestor-Punch speaketh:—*

Who knows not Ilium's tale? How, dropped from heaven,  
Pallas's statue, to King Ilus given,  
Assured the safety of Troy's citadel  
So long as Troy that image guarded well?  
True patriot's charge was the Palladium's  
Neglected, lost, or out of due repair, [care;  
Its power-protective property was lost  
To traitors shrinking from its charge or cost.  
For what could reconcile "the blue-eyed  
maid" [trayed?  
For her stol'n statue, and her tower be-  
"For so religion and the gods ordain,  
That if you violate with hands profane  
Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall  
burn." [learn

JOHN BULL, from the old legend you may  
Opportune lesson. Trust your *Punch*, old boy,  
And take to heart this ancient Tale of Troy.  
Traitors kick out, strike dogs of faction dumb,  
England, like Troy, has her Palladium,  
BRITANNIA rules the waves! The brave old  
boast [cost.

If you'd maintain, you must not count the  
BRITANNIA's self in crested helm arrayed  
Resembles wondrously the blue-eyed maid  
Whose shield was Troy's assurance, and  
whose spear, [fear.

Unblunted, shock Troy's fiercest foes with  
The helm, the trident, and the buckler, JOHN,  
Are arms that Pallas would be proud to don  
As goddess-guardian of our sea-girt isle.  
One pictures Neptune, with a pleasant smile,

\* VIRGIL, *Æneid*, II.

Placing his tri-pronged fork, the emblem  
grand

Of ocean rule, in his great sister's hand.  
"Here you are, Pallas! JOHN's a pal of mine,  
My pet and partner on the billowy brine;  
Your head-piece and my trident ought to be  
Combined to keep him ruler of the sea—  
Minerva armed by Father Neptune! Come!  
That's something like a New Palladium!"

Twig, JOHN? The truth is patent to your eyes,  
Though put by *Punch* in semi-classic guise.  
Ilium's Palladium was Minerva's form—  
Whilst Troy held that, no foe its walls might  
storm:

Ours is BRITANNIA, armed to hold the main,  
So that no foe our citadel may gain;  
'Tis yours to keep the Sea-queen helmet-  
crowned,

Her trident pointed, and her buckler sound.  
That duty to fulfil grudge no expense,  
England's first need is National Defence.  
Patriots no wise expenditure would spare  
To keep our great Palladium in repair,  
Which lost, or left to fall into decay,  
England, like Ilium, shall have seen her day;  
Her pride is lowered, and her hope is sped,  
Then let Ulysses come, or Diomed,  
Alien astuteness, foreign valour, creep  
Into our citadel what time we sleep,  
Or count our coin, we by false thrift ensnared,  
For valiant onset shall be unprepared,  
And lost in petty reckonings of pence,  
Lack time or heart for National Defence.

No, JOHN; to do you justice, you'll not mind  
The cost of your Palladium, if you find  
Its guardians vigilant in honest care,  
And its proud panoply in full repair.

'Tis their first duty, all too long ignored,  
They've spent your money, but have not  
restored

That tutelary figure to such state  
As only makes you master of your fate.  
What mean those blunted points—that dinted  
shield? [should yield.

Not thus the crest should droop, the neck  
Erect and *cap-à-pie* the shape should stand,  
Vigour at heart, and valour in its hand.  
Cost money? Yes, good GOSCHEN, without  
doubt, [he's about,

And BULL—like *Punch*—would know what  
In loosening his purse-strings once again,  
So often loosed aforetime, and in vain.  
No trumpery temporary patching, pray,  
To furbish our Palladium for a day;  
No squandering of millions, spent *sans* wit,  
On arms that bend, and helm that will not fit.  
No, put it once for all in sound repair,  
JOHN BULL's Palladium, and he will not care  
To haggle over pence. But fumble on,  
As you, and those whom you succeed, have  
done

This many a weary year, and JOHN, tired out  
By rival bogglers turn-and-turn-about,  
Each potent in self-praise and party curse,  
Till each guards the Palladium—and the  
purse;

Kicks out the rival duffers—and does worse.  
JOHN will declare the whole bad squabbling  
batch

Not patriots but Sinons; not a match  
For hostile Greeks, or champions, or spies.  
But warders who invite the foe's surprise,  
Like those of old Troy's Temple, who slept on,  
Waking to find death near, and their Palla-  
dium gone!





## PATCHING THE "PALLADIUM."

LORD SALISBURY. "FIRST, WE MUST PUT *THIS* IN ORDER."

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "H'M!—IT WILL COST A LOT OF MONEY!"

MR. BULL. "I DON'T MIND,—IF YOU'LL ONLY DO IT THOROUGHLY!!"









"CLEVER WITH HOUNDS."—MR. TOPPLE'S SECOND HORSE.

### MOANS AT A MATINÉE.

"For years we've come to this decision,  
That lovely woman blinds our vision!"

*The Gloomy Gargler of the Ganges.*

In a well-cushioned ten-shilling Stall,  
An elderly gentleman sat;  
But he sat and saw nothing at all—  
His vision was barred by a Hat!

For a lady was  
sitting before  
—I fear the  
old gent  
muttered,  
"Drat!"—

When he saw  
that her lady-  
ship wore  
A marvellous  
steeple-  
crowned Hat!

It obscured e'en  
a glimpse of  
the stage,  
With feathers,  
and flowers,  
and plait;

And the playgoer got in a rage—  
His pleasure was spoilt by a Hat!

All the music he heard, it is true,  
And sound of the dance—pit-a-pat;  
But of singers and dancers the view  
Was hid by that horrible Hat!

Thus for aught he could tell of the play,  
He might have been blind as a bat;  
He had nothing to do but survey  
The build of a frivolous Hat!

So he dodged it each side with a frown—  
And, testily, murmured he, "Cat!"—



He got up, but they all cried, "Sit down!"  
He wished he could sit on that Hat!

Now let Managers quickly decide  
To issue at once their fi-at,  
That the ladies should all be denied  
Such tyrannous use of the Hat.

For why should we ten shillings pay—  
Can Managers answer me that?—  
To see, at a long *Mati-née*,  
Just naught but a feminine Hat?

### WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW. SEVENTH EVENING.

"I LOVE the Children," said the Moon,  
"especially the quite little ones—they are  
so droll. Why do you look like that? I  
will know. . . . Oh, so HANS ANDERSEN  
declares I said the same thing to him long  
ago, does he? I should have thought it  
would have been more polite to put it down  
to a 'literary coincidence;' but, as you will  
probably be able to find all that I was going  
to tell you in his book, I shall evidently  
waste my time in talking to you!" said  
the Moon, looking distinctly flushed.—"Good  
evening!" and, drawing a cloud around him,  
he promptly became invisible. *Mr. Punch*,  
however, "lay low and said nuffin," and  
presently, as he had foreseen, the Moon came  
out again. "If you really *want* me to go on,"  
he said, in a much milder tone, "I will—  
but please have the goodness not to mention  
HANS ANDERSEN to me again. I know very  
well that I am not clever, and that he was a  
genius—but, for all that, one doesn't care to  
have words put into one's mouth, even by a  
genius, does one?"

"Last night, then, I shone down on a small  
garden at the back of a suburban villa. Two

children, a little boy and a still smaller girl,  
were digging in one of the side-beds; both  
looked very solemn, and this was proper, as  
they were engaged in a sad occupation. They  
were burying the little girl's doll, which had  
died that morning, of scarlet fever and old  
age. At least, the boy said so most positively,  
and his sister,—although she would never  
have discovered for herself that the doll had  
died, and could not, even now, see any striking  
difference in her ap-  
pearance,—had too  
much respect for his  
opinion to dream of  
contradicting it. So  
the doll—a forlorn-  
looking object, cer-  
tainly,—was being  
buried, and the boy,  
who was grave-digger,  
undertaker, and chief  
mourner, all in one,  
was enjoying himself  
in a decent and sepul-  
chral fashion. Before  
he had quite finished  
digging the hole,  
(which he made deep  
enough to hold a doll's  
house), the little girl slipped quietly away,  
because, so I thought at the time, she could  
not bear to stay to the very end. Presently,  
however, she came back, carrying some little  
china dishes, which, to my great surprise,  
she placed in the grave with the doll. "*For  
the worms*," she said in a whisper, and I  
really think she found an odd comfort in  
this forethought of hers, for when I left the  
pair, she was planting a garden-stick bearing  
an appropriate inscription above the doll's  
resting-place with what was almost a cheer-  
ful air."





## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 58.



MEETING OF THE NEW LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, GUILDHALL.



## "BUS"-ING ON THE CHEAP.

(What it may Come to.)

CONDUCTOR, I have come from Hammersmith, and wish to be set down at the Bank. Here is a half-penny—could you oblige me with change?

What! Twopence for the journey from Greenwich to the Royal Exchange? Oh, this must be a Pirate Tram, and I shall certainly speak to a Policeman.

It is satisfactory to have hot-water tins and the electric light provided in the 'busses of the Universal Omnibus Company; but I should feel more comfortable if the Conductor always got his "Sunday off."

This Tram Line must be a triumphant success! Not only does it return fifty per cent. dividend to its shareholders, but it takes passengers from Hampstead to Croydon for three-halfpence, and gives them mulled claret in winter, and iced champagne-cup in summer, gratis, on the journey.

No wonder that the Underground Railway has closed its stations and gone into the Insolvency Court. The rivalry between the "Road Saloon Company" and the "General Car Company" is so great that the latter actually carry their passengers for nothing, and supply them with concertina melodies, sandwiches, and the daily papers to beguile the tedium of the way.

Yes, that "wheeler" certainly does appear to be rather thin, and I am convinced that he is only supported on his legs by the rigidity of the pole to which he is attached. But it is, of course, impossible for the Company to pay thirty per cent., and carry passengers fifteen miles for a penny, without economising their quadrupeds' oats.

Hi, Conductor! I asked to be put down at Hyde Park Corner, and here I am at Piccadilly Circus! Why, the man looks just as if he had been asleep! It's abominable, and I shall complain to—eh, what? "Only five hours' sleep last night," do you say? "And fourteen hours' work a day, Sundays included?" H'm! Result of free competition in fares, I suppose. But is that the same thing as fair competition?

## DUE SOUTH.

*Evening of the Fifth Day.*—Beautiful night for walking home. Moon bright. Air fresh. Charming place! Lovely weather! After many ups and downs at the tables, I have come off a winner of ten francs. Had I lost ten francs, I do not think the night would appear to me so lovely as it does. It is a long way up to the Villa Rouge Gagne, so my companion, who says he is out to "see life," purposes taking light refreshment *en route*. Among the many light refreshment-places here, one of the most successful seems to be an English Bar, on a small scale. Here distinguished compatriots stroll in after the tables, to take a "John Collins"—I believe this is the name of the harmless beverage—or a few oysters and stout, or a glass of beer, or spirits and water. Odd to come all the way from London merely to play roulette in a hot and crowded room, and afterwards to sit at the bar of a small public-house overlooking the blue Mediterranean. But I do—and so do very many others. In front of this bar, within the last few minutes, the policy of an empire could have been quietly arranged over a "John Collins" or glass of whiskey-and-water and a cigar. We stroll out into the moonlight, and just look in "*Chez PETERS*." Here, while the dignified but obliging and industrious Monsieur PETERS serves behind the bar, sportsmen gather round the simple marble-topped tables, discussing pigeon-shooting, and strange stories of the chances of war, at *trente et quarante* and roulette. One very big man, with a loud voice, is energetically recounting to a small circle of admirers some wonderful coups that he had made at the tables. Thirty thousand francs at one go is the lowest amount he will condescend to talk about.

"I put down, Sir," says he, emphatically thumping the marble table with his fist, and addressing no one in particular, "four times I put down a thousand francs at each corner, and one of the numbers came up every turn."

"No!" exclaim some young men who are listening, open-mouthed.

"Very odd!" drily remarks a shrewd-looking person, with the cynical air of an elderly Mephistopheles.

"Yes, Gentlemen, I did," says the big man, emphasising his narrative with more thumps on the marble



## THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED OTHERWISE.

"WELL, I MUST SAY GOOD-BYE, MISS GREEN. I'VE GOT MY SERMON TO PREPARE."—"OH, SURELY YOUR SERMONS NEED NO PREPARATION!"

table, "and then I put down forty on *passee*, a hundred on *six premiers*, and another forty on 22. They all turned up, and so I went on, and that evening made just eighty thousand francs, in something under an hour."

"No!" again murmur the younger portion of his audience, while the elderly Mephistopheles, lighting a cigarette as he raises his eyebrows, and observes, "Did you really? Very strange!"

I certainly became interested in his stories. They made me thirsty. Some one suggests oysters and stout. I think, hearing of all these vast sums of money being won, has given me a strong inclination for oysters and stout, as suggested. Though I had not thought of them before, I now feel that I can't possibly go on for another five minutes without them. An additional incentive is, that the friend who has joined us, and who suggested this form of nourishment, is in excellent spirits, having unexpectedly won forty francs, and offers to provide the entertainment at his own expense. Offer immediately accepted. And so we sit down to oysters and stout, and bread and butter "*Chez PETERS*," at Monte Carlo, and for all that we see of the Southern sky, the brilliant moon, and the blue Mediterranean, we might as well be at Ryle's, in Maiden Lane, or Wilton's, in King Street, St. James's. But when we leave "Peters," and walk up the hill, then we feel the effects, not of the supper, but of the invigorating air, and the clear atmosphere; and as we look upwards at the deep blue sky, and the brilliant moon, we say to one another, Shakspearially, "'On such a night' we could stay out for any length of time, and walk anywhere, without fatigue"—which sentiment may be more poetically expressed in the words of the immortal bard, who sang, "We won't go home till morning. Till daylight doth appear." As a matter of fact, it is, 12'30, and we retire now, one of the party to Villa Rouge Gagne, and the other two to the Hôtel Windsor.

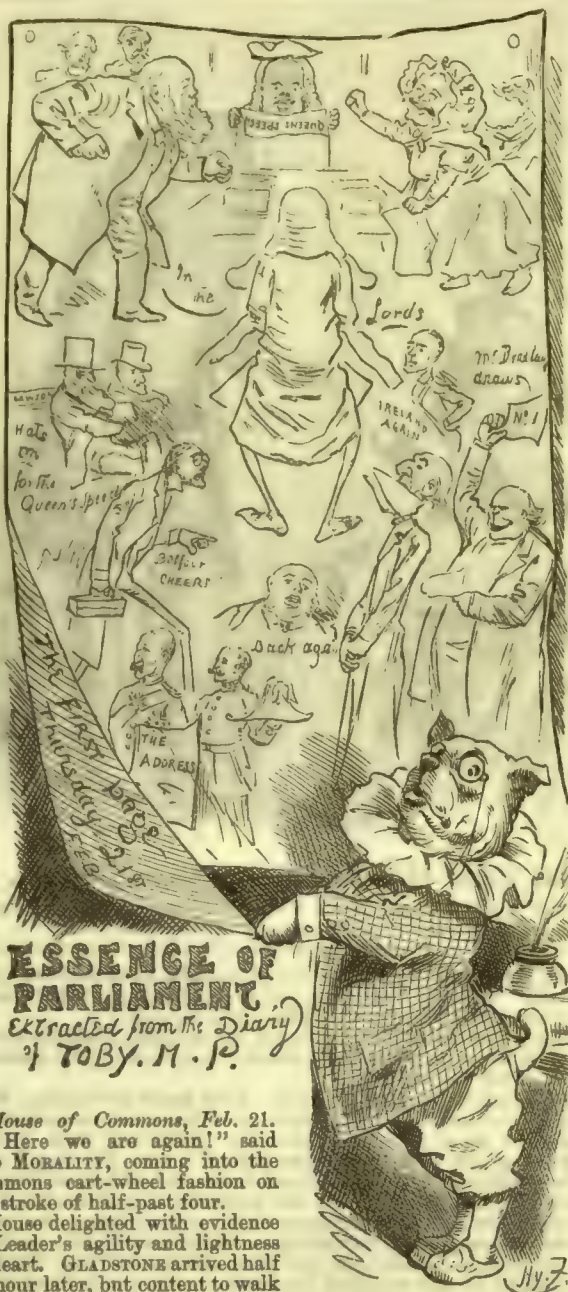
## On a Current Controversy.

(By a Sufferer from Smoke.)

No Coal! That's a prospect of which we the cost shun,  
Though seventy years hence, *savants* say, 'tis our goal.  
But Coal has cost me such a deal of exhaustion,  
I could almost desire the exhaustion of Coal!

WHEN dear old Mrs. R. was visiting her American cousins, "there was nothing," said she, "that I enjoyed so much as the Terrebene soup and sparkling Micawber wine!"





House of Commons, Feb. 21.  
—"Here we are again!" said  
OLD MORALITY, coming into the  
Commons cart-wheel fashion on  
the stroke of half-past four.

House delighted with evidence  
of Leader's agility and lightness  
of heart. GLADSTONE arrived half  
an hour later, but content to walk  
in ordinary fashion. "All very  
well for young fellows like O. M.," he said, "to betray this sportive-  
ness. Another letter makes all the difference. G. O. M. must  
eschew such vanities, and reserve strength for the final and crowning  
labour of his life."

HARCOURT, into whose sympathising ear these words were dropped,  
squeezed his revered Leader's hand, and wiped away a tear.

A pretty full House of Commons; but the Lords looked more  
lively, with benches well filled, rows of ladies in the gallery, and  
crowd of Privy Counsellors on steps of Throne; Bishops turned up  
in serried row, representing Peace below the Gangway, whilst  
LONDONDERRY and PENRYN, in military array, fittingly embodied  
martial strength of Great Britain. GRANVILLE played prettily  
around the Speech, dealing some nasty thrusts as he smiled. Brought  
up SELBORNE in state of almost Pagan wrath; accused GLADSTONE  
and his colleagues of "organising opposition not against the policy  
of their opponents, but against the administration of the Law." The  
MARKISS, with few rapid touches, sketched in real picture of  
Irish Question—O'BRIEN struggling into his small-clothes; HEALY  
dashing out of Police Court, and HARRINGTON mourning for his  
moustache. Noble Lords chuckled hugely over this, and, there  
being nothing more to be said, went home.

In Commons even less show of fight. Everybody agrees that there

shall be row over JOHN MORLEY's Amendment to Address: but that  
not coming on till Monday. In the meantime two sittings to dispose  
of. At eight o'clock some one proposes Count Out. Very nearly  
done, but just fails, and speech-making goes on till midnight.

OLD MORALITY in fine form. Sells the House once or twice by  
approaching table with portentous air, pausing till profound silence  
reigns, and then making formal announcement. Irish Members noting  
his serious look, thrilled by his deliberate manner, thought he was  
at least about to proclaim a Province in their unhappy country; so  
cried, "Ha! ha!" "Ho! ho!" and "PIGOTT!"

O. M. sternly regarded them, making  
their flesh creep: then solemnly said, "I  
beg to remind the House that, under Stand-  
ing Order No. 16, unopposed Bills may be  
brought in before the commencement of  
public business to-morrow."

Made impressive oration in reply to GLAD-  
STONE's disquisition on Speech from Throne.  
"I trust," he said, "due regard will be had  
to the exigences of the public service and to  
the duties this House has to discharge to the  
country." Later, evidences of foreign  
travel manifested themselves. Extolling the  
Government as the custodian of English  
honour abroad, and the fructifier of its hap-  
piness at home, OLD MORALITY, glancing at  
his note-book, said: "*Eviter les contre-  
façons! Exiger le véritable nom! Se  
méfier des imitations! Quant à moi, M. le  
SPEAKER, je frappe seulement sur la boîte!*"  
and suiting the action to the word, he  
brought his clenched hand down on the  
brass-bound box.

This splendid passage strangely moved  
audience. Two distinguished members of  
Parisian press in SPEAKER's gallery.

"*Quel homme!*" cried M. JOHNSTON, of  
*Le Figaro*.

"Wee, wee!" said M. BROWN-JONES, of  
*Le Temps*.

*Business done.*—Address moved.

Friday.—Business of Session really begins  
on Monday; but something must be done  
to-night, to keep up appearances. So BRAD-  
LAUGH, taking foreign affairs under care,  
discourses at length about Suakim, Red Sea,  
Thibet, China, coming home by Leicester  
Railway Station, where, as he told House,  
he "met a railway porter." Understood  
that Ireland shall stand over till Monday.  
JOHN O'CONNOR no party to such arrange-  
ment. Gradually drawing himself up to  
full length, discoursed about state of country between 1880 and  
1841. Everyone going to sleep, when PARNELL came in with news  
that CAREW had lost not only his flannel shirt, but his hair and  
moustache. BALFOUR tried to laugh the little incident away; but  
Opposition very angry, and sitting closed in a storm.

*Business done.*—Debate on Address.

### The Rule of the Ring.

RING here, and ring there. Everything seems to indicate  
That Mammon his right to sole rule means to vindicate.

He'll ne'er be content

Till, at sixty per cent.,

The whole Solar System is run by a Syndicate;  
And then some shrewd knave, since Old Sol is our one light,  
Will want to establish a "Corner in Sunlight!"

PITY THE PUGS AND POODLES!—On Monday, March 4, a Dramatic  
and Musical Entertainment is to be held at Grosvenor House, for the  
benefit of the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs. A host of talent  
will assist in the good cause. Mrs. BANCROFT and Miss ELLEN  
TERRY will both be there to kindly give their services. Fearless of  
a possible attack by his *protégés*, a WOLFF (a gentleman, although  
a Herr) will play the violin, and a GEE GEE give a musical sketch.  
There will be songs, too! And all for a guinea, or half-a-guinea!  
Surely this will not be an extravagant price for a ticket, although  
the money will go to the dogs!

IDIOTIC REASON.—The only excuse the absurd people have who  
want to pull down GEORGE DANCE's picturesque old prison—that has  
frowned on London for more than a century—is that such a proceed-  
ing will render Newgate nugatory.



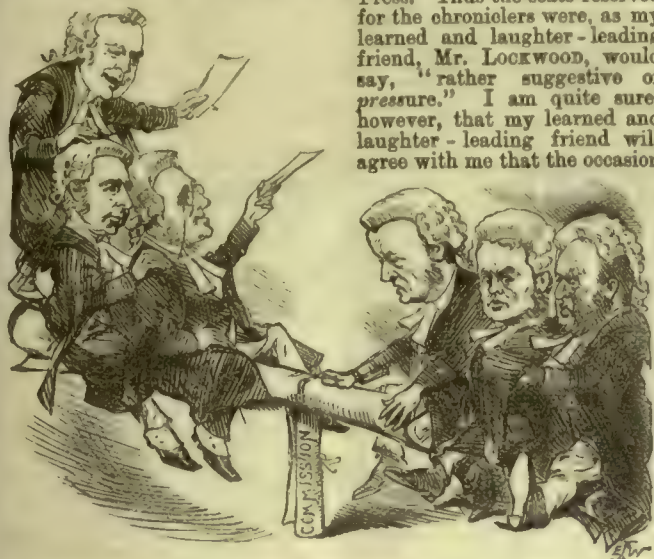
Long John.



## ON COMMISSION.

Tuesday, February 26.—Quite delightful to find so many persons of distinction turning their attention, at length, to the Law. The wife of an eminent ex-Premier was accommodated with a seat amongst the Press. So far as I can understand, it seems to be a rule of Court, when in doubt as to what to do with an importunate celebrity, to find him or her (as the case may be) a seat amongst the

Press. Thus the seats reserved for the chroniclers were, as my learned and laughter-leading friend, Mr. Lockwood, would say, "rather suggestive of pressure." I am quite sure, however, that my learned and laughter-leading friend will agree with me that the occasion



See-Saw.

scarcely warranted a distinctly mirth-provoking display of what (in our opinion) might be termed forensic jocularity. For the occasion was certainly a solemn one.

On the Commissioners taking their places, after bowing to the Bar (by the way, I fancy their Lordships must sometimes miss the cordial courtesy of the briefless brotherhood who have had to surrender their benches to others), there was a slight pause. My learned friends, the leaders on both sides, were present, but the witness-box was empty. Then it transpired that Mr. Pigott (a gentleman whose cross-examination, I think I may venture to say, without laying myself open to a charge of contempt, was becoming quite a feature in the case), had removed himself without giving reasonable notice of his intention so to do. Immediately Mr. ATTORNEY—(by the way, how sincerely my learned friend Mr. SOLICITOR must regret that he is not associated with his brother Law Officer of the Crown in this deeply interesting case)—had announced and proved that Mr. Pigott was *non est*, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, in his most persuasive manner,



Ready for a Box.

eloquence. Then there was quite a competition for a place in the witness-box. Mr. SOAMES was Sir RICHARD's candidate, and Messrs. LEWIS, LABOUCHERE, PARNELL, and persons of lesser note were ready to represent the other side. Ultimately, Mr. SOAMES appeared, and gave additional particulars about Mr. Pigott's correspondence—a correspondence always of a more or less interesting character. After Mr. GEORGE LEWIS had been called, came an adjournment—nay, I believe many adjournments—in fact, I do not think I should be far out if I describe the day's proceeding as "intermittent adjournment." The order was somewhat as follows:—1. Fiery

address of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL about something or other. 1. Mild remonstrance of the Bench. 3. Renewed fiery address. 4. Desire of Mr. ATTORNEY and "the friends, with whom he was associated," to consider their position. 5. Adjournment. Their Lordships' appearances and disappearances were not only frequent, but (from a spectacular point of view) most pleasing—the Commissioners seemed to be taking part in a new figure of a sort of forensic set of legal Lancers. The "setting" every time the Commissioners appeared on the Bench of the Judges to the Bar was full of a semi-gay and semi-gloomy grandeur. During the absence of my learned (but slightly embarrassed) friend, Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, and those with whom he was acting, my learned and laughter-leading friend, Mr. Lockwood, occupied his place, and I have reasons for believing employed his brief leisure in preparing proofs that, had they been made exhibits in the case, would, I fancy, have illustrated the situation in a manner entirely satisfactory to all parties. And here I may note, that during the absence of the Commissioners, their ever courteous Secretary served as a truly admirable *locum tenens*. One of the most dramatic situations of a day full of excitement was the moment when a loudly-talking audience were hushed to a deathly silence to hear the ever courteous Secretary ask (in tones at once solemn and business-like) for the name of the constable who should be charged with the duty of apprehending Pigott. The day's proceedings were brought to a pleasant close by a merriment-compelling joke of Sir JAMES HANNEN about "catching a hare," which sent me and the rest of my learned friends into hearty but respectful convulsions.

Wednesday.—Again the Court was crowded. Since the adjournment it appeared Sir RICHARD WEBSTER had devoted his whole attention—"almost entirely every second of his time"—to the grave matter claiming their Lordships' consideration. My learned friend handed to the Court a packet bearing a superscription, which was alleged to be in the handwriting of Mr. RICHARD Pigott. Sir JAMES HANNEN gave the necessary permission to the ever courteous Secretary to read the documents which the packet was found to contain, and the obliging official (with the zealous aid of talented assistants), carried out his Lordship's instructions. The documents consisted of a signed confession, witnessed by Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, and a brief but cheery letter from Mr. Pigott, pleasantly intimating that he "would write soon." The ATTORNEY-GENERAL then made a statement, in which he presumed (and, if I may humbly suggest, rightly presumed) "that everyone would agree with him that no one ought to attach any weight to the evidence he (Pigott) had given." He further expressed sincere regret, in which I think all of us (and I even venture to include the persons accused in the number), must have shared, that the letters received from Mr. Pigott had been published. Mr. PARNELL was then called, and on oath denied the authenticity of the letters which had been imputed to him—he had neither written them nor authorised them to be written. He moreover gave evidence of his skill as an expert in the comparison of penmanship. During the examination of this witness Sir CHARLES received assistance from my learned friend Mr. ASQUITH, whose services in the case (if I may be permitted to suggest) have been of very great and very distinct value. My learned friend's learned leader listened with the greatest attention to his Junior's remarks.

However, this did not create surprise, as Sir CHARLES is well known for the marked courtesy he invariably displays to those members of the Outer Bar who have the honour to act with him. Shortly afterwards, as there were no other witnesses ready for examination, and Sir RICHARD WEBSTER having also expressed a desire for further time, the Court adjourned. Thus the proceedings of this sitting only occupied about forty minutes, and were not quite of so exciting a character as those of the previous day. Indeed the rising of their Lordships was at so early an hour, that my learned friend Sir CHARLES RUSSELL did not consume his usual self-strengthening "refresher"—a compound in a soda-water glass, that, from a distance, suggests some delicious preparation of coffee. However (and I have no doubt my learned and laughter-leading friend, Mr. Lockwood, will confirm the assertion), the documents received from Mr. Pigott were in themselves a "refresher" of a sufficiently supporting character.

Friday.—Only formal evidence and paper-reading. However, the law-loving spectators were cheered by the promise that an important statement would be made to them on the following Tuesday.

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.



A Refresher.





MR. PUNCH'S NOTES—IN CORRECT TIME.



## REALA.

*Another Study from Life, after "Ideala."*

SHE came among us with a flourish of trumpets, and we have never been able to get rid of her since. We have leaped over her, careered around her, and yelled at her. Yet there was nothing very remarkable about her. I think something was wrong with her hair. But she had those lustrous and translucent eyes, like great saucers of whelks, which thrill yet confound the unobservant spectator with a sense as of some remote and ill-disciplined longing. She had curious notions on the subject of dress, and it was never easy to say exactly what she had got on. Sometimes she would appear in a sort of loose bed-curtain that fitted her like a sack; sometimes in a *cretonne* tea-gown *bouillonné*, with a ruching of antimacassars; but whatever she wore it was sure to be staring and inappropriate. "It isn't the clothes that make the woman, but the woman that makes the clothes," she said to me one afternoon, throwing off with her rich aluminium laugh one of those profound philosophical aphorisms that used to fall from her so plentifully at about this time; and we all clapped our hands and capered after her.

It was at a garden-party at the Bishop's that I first met her, and she was in one of her absent moods. A performance of Punch and Judy had been provided for the entertainment of the guests, and she was seated opposite this watching the progress of the story with a rapt and earnest gaze, slowly helping herself the meanwhile from a large plate of muffins that she had unconsciously appropriated and held on her lap. At length she reached the last half-slice that made up the dozen, and apparently realised the feat she had accomplished, for she rose with an impatient sweep of her head, and made for the house. I don't think she can have been feeling very well after that, but we were anxious to see what she would be up to next, and we followed her. REALA was in a curious mood that afternoon. She found the dear good old Bishop fast asleep in an American rocking-chair with his feet on the drawing-room mantelpiece; and she tilted him out of it under the grate. We quickly rescued him, and sat him up on a sofa, and rubbed his legs for him, but on being informed what had happened, he only smiled feebly and shook his good old head and said, "It was so like REALA!" REALA meantime was supremely unconscious of the whole incident. She had taken the red-hot poker from the fire, and in a dreamy abstracted manner was drawing patterns with it on a blue satin ottoman. On one of us pointing out to her the damage she was doing, she suddenly looked up with a surprised smile, and saying, "Dear me, I thought I was stirring the fire!" deposited the poker, still red-hot, in the gold-fish globe. In less than two minutes the fish were boiled, and as she swept out of the room, humming the refrain of a low music-hall comic song, we all with one accord, echoed the good old Bishop's words, and said, "How like REALA!"

But a great change had come over REALA latterly. We had all noted it, and agreed that her moral nature had undergone a pantomimic-transformation scene. The truth was she had met JERRYMANDER. I don't know where she picked him up. "I just saw him, and went for him," REALA had said to me one day, with her own marvellous incisiveness of expression, when I asked her about him. She had found him at the Pauper's Cosmopolitan Palace of Superfluous Delights, a colossal undertaking to which he had been appointed managing director. She was at that time thinking of putting *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* into blank verse, and I fancy she went to him to give her a hint or two how to set about it. They took in the half-penny papers at the palace, and so she would naturally have had these to fall back upon as a library of reference.

But it was a peculiar institution. It had been founded by several millionnaires, for the purpose of supplying indigent paupers with useless commodities. These were arriving all day, at the front entrance, in waggon-loads; and JERRYMANDER's spacious eight-windowed room, to which they were continually being transferred, afforded a spectacle of chaos and confusion that defies description. The splendid Louis Thirteenth silk-brocaded furniture of the apartment was literally covered with piles of jam tarts, diamonds, pork chops, heads of celery, unstrung pearls, rich Eastern silks, choice *objets de vertu*, patent



## WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

He. "BY JOVE, IT'S THE BEST THING I'VE EVER PAINTED!—AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT; I'VE A GOOD MIND TO GIVE IT TO MARY MORISON FOR HER WEDDING PRESENT!"

His Wifey. "OH, BUT, MY LOVE, THE MORISONS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN SO HOSPITABLE TO US! YOU OUGHT TO GIVE HER A REAL PRESENT, YOU KNOW—A FAN, OR A SCENT-BOTTLE, OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT!"

blackening-bottles, polishing-paste, jewellery of the most delicate description, kitchen utensils, cases of British wine, and a thousand-and-one other miscellaneous articles.

Here REALA would sit watching JERRYMANDER as he rushed raving about the room, tearing his hair, and maddened by the confusion and disorder which he was powerless to control. They would be for hours together like this, then he would suddenly start up and say, "There is no means of getting a sandwich in this confounded establishment; let us come to the railway buffet round the corner, and have a regular champagne luncheon." REALA asked no questions, but followed him. And this went on daily. But things came to an end at last.

One afternoon, when the customary champagne lunch was over, and they had returned again to his quarters, JERRYMANDER, looking at her almost savagely, said, "I tell you what, this can't go on."

REALA faced him steadily, and drank him in with her large melting saucer eyes. "Can't you guess?" he hissed, slowly. Then he groaned and tore his hair, and rolled about the floor, in a paroxysm of uncontrollable emotion, knocking over chairs and tables as he proceeded, and scattering pearls, pork chops, diamonds, patent medicines, mechanical toys, and new potatoes in every direction in his progress. REALA got on a chair and watched him.

"I guess," she said softly, to herself, "I had better get out of this." Then she left him.

After this, she disappeared for several years; but one evening, when we had invited a few dozen friends to meet the Bishop at a quiet little dinner, she suddenly turned up with the railway omnibus, and took us all by surprise. We rushed at her in a body, gave her three cheers, and carried her up in triumph to the drawing-room. She bounded from us, and came down with a heavy *pirouette* upon the good old Bishop's toe. He started with the pain, and, rubbing his glasses, said, "Why! bless me, if this isn't REALA!" "Yes, my Lord," she answered, chucking him, in her old familiar manner, playfully under the chin—"and, what is more, I've come to stay for six months." She had—for she is with us still—and how we shall ever get rid of her again—Goodness only knows!



## THE LITTLE FLIRT'S LETTER.

"There is no doubt about it. There is a distinct and steady decline in the time-honoured office of a Chaperon; and, as far as we can see, there is every prospect that this much-maligned, long-suffering individual will soon cease to exist."—*The Lady.*

My dear Mr. Punch, I must shout *Hip! Hurrah!*  
You really don't know how delighted we are,  
To read there's a prospect, at no distant day,  
Of ending the grim chaperonical sway:  
When girls will be able to do as they please,  
With no one to counsel, or worry, or tease!—  
When I may sit talking with *Someone* alone,  
Unmindful of frowns from a prim Chaperon!



If I'm at the Play, in the smartest of frocks,  
And BERTIE should chance to look in at our box:  
(He's tall and extravagant, well-dressed and dear—  
*A poor younger son, who has nothing a year!*)  
I know why he comes, for he's bored with the play,  
I see, by his eyes, what he's longing to say—  
Though forced to reply in my frigidest tone,  
I wish I could strangle my stiff Chaperon!

'Tis hard that I always am under her thrall,  
That I ne'er can escape at a rout or a ball;  
She vows I shall dance with Sir CHARLES CLARRIVIERE,  
Because he's a banker with thousands a year!  
He's fat, and he's gouty—just look at his shoes—  
If ALEY should ask me, I'm bound to refuse!  
Though none can value better than he, I must own  
Such partners are gall to my sharp Chaperon!

Her eye is a piercer, which few can evade—  
I loathed her last Sunday at Prayer-Book Parade!  
When innocent HUGHIE, who tried to look good,  
Found all his nice speeches were misunderstood.  
She saw through my semblance of haughty disdain—  
He spelled for an invite to luncheon in vain!  
How I longed for some power to swiftly dethrone  
And quite disestablish my strict Chaperon!

Thank goodness, the Chaperon's dynasty's past,  
And there is some chance of enjoyment at last!  
Her dull, rigid reign let us try to forget,  
The irksome restraint of her cold etiquette:  
For we will decide what is quite *comme il faut*,  
The men to be danced with, the people to know!  
So, dear Mr. Punch, let it widely be known,  
In future a girl is her own Chaperon!

"If I've no appetite," says Mrs. R., "I always find  
the best thing to take is a glass of nice Manila Sherry  
and Ananoda Bitters, about half-an-hour before dinner."

## Bo-Peep in the Peers.

LORD CARNARVON would keep  
From the Peers all "black sheep;"  
Says SALISBURY, "Where will you find them?"  
Let them alone,  
There are few, almost none,—  
Best go on our way, and not mind them!"

## DUE SOUTH.

MONTE CARLO, February, 1889.

ON my road to the Casino at Monte Carlo I meet HODGKINS, PETERSON, and FLICKMORE. "How have you done?" I ask, as I am collecting all the information I can about the country, so to speak, in which I am about to try my fortune. "Pretty fair," answers HODGKINS. "Not bad," says PETERSON. "Might have been worse," observes FLICKMORE.

"Lost five hundred louis first day," says HODGKINS, looking sharply at his two friends.

I smile sympathetically. Five hundred! Dear me, a large sum to lose. And I began to think that I'd better reflect before I tempt the hazard of roulette.

"We picked it up next day, though," puts in PETERSON, also looking round at his companions, and smiling.

"And the second day were two thousand to the good," says FLICKMORE. "Not pounds—louis; but not bad business even in that."

Bad business, indeed! I wish it would happen to me even in francs—or half francs, for the matter of that. I am eager to know the system.

"Well," answers HODGKINS, "you see it's a little difficult to explain and to carry out, unless you're really going in for it. Perhaps you'd hardly understand it."

Well, I think my powers of comprehension are quite up to this; I mean that, if these three chaps, who are mere *flâneurs* on the face of the earth (except when they are in their business in the City) can master the system, I'm pretty sure that I can.

"Can't you give me an idea of it?" I ask, almost piteously.

"Well," says FLICKMORE, "it takes a day to carry out properly, even with luck, and it requires three fellows to play it. We're a Syndicate, and we bring in five hundred apiece. Lose that, we stop."

Thank you. Much obliged. I needn't trouble them for their system, as I am not "three single gentlemen rolled into one," and so can't be a Syndicate.

They are going in to the Casino, and pass me on the steps. Now what shall I do? While I am meditating on my plan of campaign, Lord ARTHUR STONEBROKE, passing me hurriedly, cries, "Halloa, old chap, going in to break the Bank, eh?" I reply, as he halts for a second by the door, as carelessly as I can, as if I hadn't quite decided whether I should let the Bank have another day's grace or not,—"Well, I don't know." And then I pay him the compliment of asking "what he is going to do," as if to imply that my movements shall be decided by his.

"Oh," says he, in an off-hand manner, "I'm just going in for a flutter before dinner. Only taking in five hundred louis."

I nod to him pleasantly, and he passes in, and disappears. "Only five hundred louis to play with before dinner!" I am debating with myself whether I shall put on three five-franc pieces all at once, or extend the operation as they used to do the torture of the rack by doing it in three turns. Shall I stop at three five-franc pieces, or shall I go on to six? Let me see—five five-franc pieces are a sovereign, and therefore ten make two sovereigns. I wish one could make two sovereigns—and that one be myself.

*First Decision.*—I settle that it is better to have the ten five-franc pieces in my pocket, in case I want to play.

*Second Decision.*—The number of my coat is 200. I've often heard that a man backing the number of his coat, or multiple of it, or some division of it, makes a heap of money. *Happy Thought.* Try it. I ask SMITHSON, who has been an *habitué* for years, how he would divide 200 so as to make it into playable numbers. SMITHSON, with an air that inspires me with confidence, says offhand, "Put on the six *premiers*—that includes the two—on the middle dozen, so does that—on the pair, which includes the 20, and on zero, that's your game." And, nodding knowingly to me, he walks away with the satisfied air of a man who has done the best he can for a friend, and who, throwing off the responsibility there and then, leaves the friend to do the best he can for himself. I note it down, and determine to act upon it. It is, one fiver—I mean one five-franc piece—that is, four-and-twopence, only it sounds more sporting to speak of them as "fivers"—one fiver on the first six numbers, another on the middle dozen, another on "even," and another on zero. Good. Stay—that makes four all at once, and I only intended to put on three. If I lose these, then on go four more—that's eight—and I shall only have two left.

I decide to change a third sovereign—just as well to have fifteen "fivers" (silver fivers) in my pocket as ten.

I enter the room. I walk up to the Changers' bureau, and get my fifteen French five-franc pieces in exchange for three beautiful golden English sovereigns. It doesn't seem fair, to begin with. I look upon them as counters, and three sovereigns seems a lot of money to pay for fifteen counters. I go to a roulette-table in first room. Crowd. No getting near it. I see PETERSON with a pile of gold before him, looking very serious; behind him stand HODGKINS and FLICKMORE. Their eyes are on the table. They don't see me. Next moment the *croupier* cries out something that I don't catch, and the effect of it is that a lot of money is swept off one way, a lot another, and then HODGKINS and FLICKMORE seem to breathe again as PETERSON has notes and gold pushed towards him with the *croupier's* rake. Somehow I don't like this table. I leave it. I don't even visit the one opposite, and enter the middle room. Here the table at the lower end has an attraction for me. Some one standing by one of the *croupiers* just moves out, and leaves a momentary vacancy, which fate seems to point out to me as the very place for me. It is almost opposite pair, which just suits my plan, the only difficulty being to get at the other end of the table, and deposit my five-franc piece on the middle dozen, and to get



it back again, with the companion which it ought to win, from that distance in safety. At the tables I have often heard of old French women collaring what doesn't belong to them; and then, indignantly protesting that the expostulating Englishman had tried to rob them.

This rather sets me against the middle dozen. Also somehow I don't fancy zero. If I snub the middle dozen and zero, then I only need risk two fivers each time, and this will give me more sport for my money. And, after all, on the middle dozen you only get two to one, and the odds against zero turning up are greater than against anything else on the table. Besides, instead of losing four each time, I should only lose two. For all these excellent reasons I decide to follow only half of my friend's advice, and I select the *six premiers* and *pair*. When shall I begin? No time like the present. Now: this next turn. I brace up my nerves, I give a nod that the Duke of WELLINGTON, at Waterloo, might have copied, when he shut up his telescope with a snap and gave the word to charge, and producing two five-franc pieces, I lean over the man in front, and with a polite "Pardon, M'sieur!" I take his rake from him, and push my piece on to *pair*, nearly jolting him in the eye with the handle as I draw the instrument back again. Elderly Frenchman looks up angrily. I feel hot and awkward: I foresee a duel, and so give him a smiling apology to turn away his wrath (which it doesn't), and then catching the *croupier's* eye—not with the rake this time, but figuratively with my eye—I ask him to shove my other five-franc piece on to *six premiers*, which he does with a careless air as if it didn't matter twopence to him (and it doesn't), or to anybody (no more it does except to myself and family), what becomes of this absurd stake.

Then I draw back, fold my arms, try to appear utterly indifferent, look round the table to see if I can spot a friend to nod to, fail, and then I keep my eye on my pieces, and stoically await the issue. "*Rien ne va plus!*"—click!—it is over. *Vingt-cinq*—middle dozen and uneven. Thank you—five-franc pieces, fare ye well!

Two more on the same. Same business of jobbing Frenchman's eye with rake, catching *croupier's* eye, folding arms, awaiting verdict—which . . . nineteen.

Thank you. Excuse second supply. Upon my word, I think I'll try the whole lot at once. *Six premiers*—zero (hate zero)—*pair*—and middle dozen. I do. MIDDLETON comes up at the minute. "Doing any good?" he asks. I shrug my shoulders. As I turn round, the number is called—I don't see what it is—but whatever it was, I find that it was neither zero, nor *pair*, nor middle dozen, nor *six premiers*, and all my pretty chicks are gone at one fell swoop. No, I'll limit myself to two. It's quite enough to lose at a time. And those two shall be—stay . . . shall I change my plan—evidently I'm not in luck. Wish I hadn't asked SMITHSON how to divide 200. Also wish I'd never heard that some gamblers choose the number of the ticket given them for their coat, and have immense luck with it. Stupid story: it's stories like this that lead one so astray.

My last two. I object to zero. The first six have played me false. The middle dozen can no longer be trusted. *Impair* has once stood my friend. Suddenly the number 19, which has nothing whatever to do with my calculations, seems to stand out from the rest, and invite me. It absolutely seems to say, "Put five francs on me, and one on the red." My whole plans are deranged. Nineteen is staring at me. "You'll regret not planking down on me," it says. "*Messieurs, faites le jeu!*" "*Faites!*" Fate it is. Once more "pardon," and I job the irate Monsieur in the eye with the end of the rake. On to the 19 plump, *en plein*. Already I see the *croupier* preparing to pay me thirty-five times my stake. Shall I put another, the other—and the last—on something? If so, on what? The ball is whizzling round! The second—shall I on zero? SMITHSON said zero—it was part of his original plan—as I catch the *croupier's* eye—an inspiration. "*Six premiers, s'il vous plaît!*"—he pushes it on just where I would give any amount—another five francs to recall it. The *croupier* opposite says, inexorably, "*Rien ne va plus!*" and—click! . . . zero!! Ha! ha! and I was within an ace of putting on zero. O SMITHSON! When I tell you that, after asking your advice, I've not acted on it, you will think I've been making a fool of you—and of myself.

Shall I change another sovereign? And try another table? I will. I go to the magician who warily examines and changes the gold into silver behind the pigeon-hole of the bureau, and get my five-franc pieces. Odd! this time as I slip them into my pocket, I feel as if I'd won them from the man behind the pigeon-hole, and somehow, I experience the pleasant sensation of having somehow or another got the best of him in a bargain. To which table shall I go? What plan shall I pursue? With SMITHSON'S I can only play once with four francs, and if I lose, then once with one. At this moment up comes BINGLEIGH.

#### Now and Then.

A LITTLE while ago the Knights of the Modern Round Table, were, according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "within sight of each other." Now they appear (politically speaking) to be taking sights at each other all round.

#### ALL IN PLAY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

As the most recently produced piece at the Princess's will, no doubt, sooner or later, find its way to the Provinces, I give you a few particulars for the information of all England, Scotland, Ireland, India, and the Colonies. It is "a new Romantic Drama," and also "a Tale of the Turf;" it is called *Now-a-Days*, and is written by Mr. WILSON BARRETT (again to quote from the programme), "the most popular actor of the age." So far as incident is concerned, it is



Now-a-Days.

very like *Flying Scud* and *The Odds*—two sporting Dramas that were exceedingly popular some ten or twenty years ago. There is also a savour about it of the *Run of Luck*, which was produced a little while back at Drury Lane. The dialogue is rather uneven—some of it not very good; some of it very far from bad. The author introduces us to a strange set, in which are included a "heavy father," who makes an honest livelihood by gambling; a pathetic bookmaker, who is the bosom friend of a country squire; a masher jockey, who is joyfully accepted as the said squire's son-in-law; and a wicked baronet, whose better nature comes well to the fore in the last Act. So far as I am aware, it is not a very correct realisation of modern society. To go into details, the scenery is excellent, and the acting quite as good as the piece deserves. Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD greatly distinguishes himself in the part of a low-class betting man. It is a very clever sketch, and quite worth seeing. Mr. WILSON BARRETT (who reminded me not a little of Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH), appears in a character that I fancy is intended to be more comic than tragic, but of this I will not be sure. Mr. GEORGE BARRETT is the pathetic bookmaker, and certainly the creation is an interesting one. Still I think the two brothers might swap parts with advantage. Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE, "the sole lessee of the theatre," is also included in the caste. I may add that the "most popular actor of the age," although fairly amusing in the last scene (especially when he condescended to show nothing but his legs kicking over a hoarding), was more to my taste as the *Silver King*, or even in *Hamlet*. I shall not be surprised if *Now-a-Days* is very well attended during Lent.

*The Yeomen of the Guard* is going merrily at the Savoy. The music improves on acquaintance, and the acting is excellent all round. Sir ARTHUR, I fancy, will not be required to supply anything better to fill this popular house for a very long time to come.

Weather, as I write, bitterly cold, consequently I shiver as I sign myself, once more at home,

THE CRITIC FROM THE HEARTH.

#### What Next?

(By a Votary of the Wood.)

THESE Leagues are just getting too doosed despotic.

There are Leagues against Landlords, and Leagues against Drink; And now here's another called "Anti-Narcotic,"

Whose object—confound it!—is—what do you think?

To put out our pipes, and taboo our Tobacco!

By Jove, Mr. Punch, 'tis too much of a joke!

Many Leagues we to faddist, fanatic, and quack owe.

But this?—Well, thank goodness, it must "end in Smoke!"

A MISSING COLLIE.—"IGNORAMUS" writes to say that he went to the Collie Show held last week at St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster, and was disappointed. Among all the Collies, he didn't find a single CIBBER.





## NORTH AND SOUTH.

(Differences of Dialect.)

The "Macwhiskey." "WEEL, MY BRAW WEE ENGLISH LADDIE! HERE HAVE I COME A' THE WAY TO LONDON TO VEESIT Y'R GUID FEYTHYER AND MITHER, THAT BROUGHT YE WITH 'EM TO SEE ME IN THRUMNITROCHIT LAST YEAR—WHERE YE RODE A COCKHORSE ON MY KNEE! D'YE MIND ME, THE NOO?"

The Braw Wee English Laddie. "OH NO—I DON'T MIND YOU—NOT A BIT. IT'S PAPA AND MAMMA!"

## BLOW IT, BOREAS, BLOW IT!

A PLAIN MAN'S ODE TO MARCH.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"ROARING moon of daffodil and crocus!"  
(As I think you once were dubbed by  
TENNYSON.)

Clear us of foul cants that blind and choke us,  
And you'll earn our benison.

Your East Wind is an ill wind to most of us,  
Torment to our lips, our lungs, our livers;  
Giving to the suffering human host of us  
Shock, and smarts, and shivers.

Yet if you will only waft away from us  
Much that makes our public life so hateful,  
Blow the foul miasmas of the day from us,  
We shall be quite grateful.

Life, dear March, is getting *too* mephitic.  
Clear us, if you can, of scurril shindy,  
Party Pasquin, and log-rolling critic,  
Spouter wild and windy.

Blow away the blatant Boanerges,  
And the perorating public liar.  
Yes, the year on vernal verdure verges,  
Whiff from budding briar

Soon shall greet us when abroad we wander;  
But there's an effluvia foul and sickening—  
'Tis the pestilential breath of Slander,  
Daily, hourly thickening.

Oh, for any Boreas-cum-Eurus,  
Though as fierce as HARCOURT's hot  
polemic,  
That should clear the atmosphere, and  
cure us  
Of this epidemic!

This fierce Saturnalia of Spitefulness,  
This base Billingsgate of mutual "slating,"  
Robs the dawning Spring of all delightful—  
'Tis asphyxiating. [ness—

Blow these mad M.P.'s, all blare and blether,  
Madly bent on mutual provoking,  
While in all this fury of foul weather,  
Public spirit's choking!

Blow these big and little party papers,  
Basely slandering and boldly lying,  
Whilst amidst their mean, malignant capers,  
Common sense seems dying!

Blow the whole vile, venomous fraternity,  
Tools of huckster greed or party profit,  
Who, for pence, would make to all eternity  
Public life a Tophet!

Yes, loud March, I own I do not love you;  
But I'd brave your asthma and bronchitis  
If you'd scatter—is the task above you?  
Malice's mephitic.

Cant, and calumny, and mean mendacity,  
Cloud our civic atmosphere—all know it.  
If March winds can clear the foul opacity,  
Blow it, Boreas, blow it!

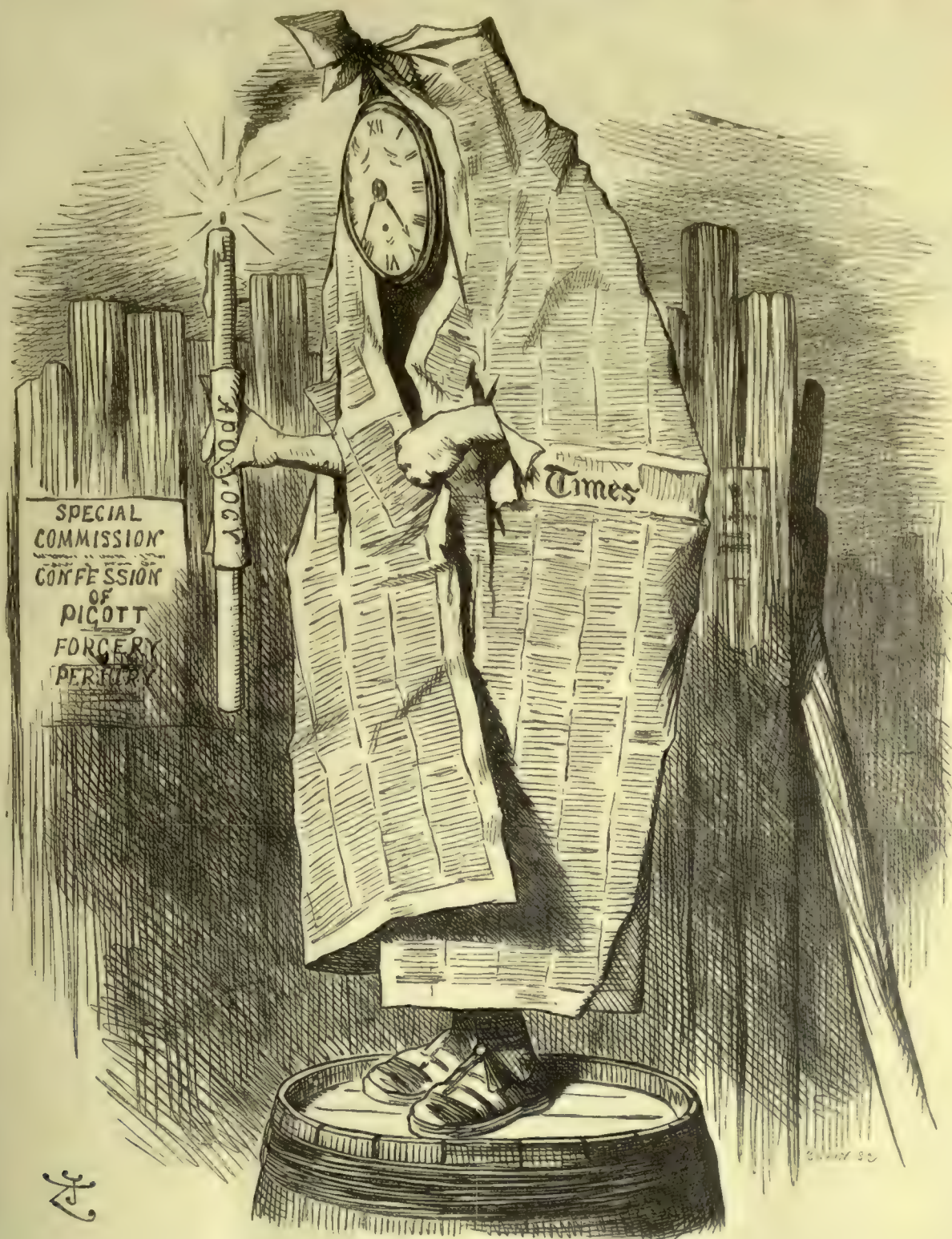
## VERY O.U.D.-ACIOUS!

"Ho! Lictors, clear the way!" This is just what the Lictors at the Oxford revival of *Julius Caesar* failed to do. They didn't even "clear" the Curtain, but got their "fasces" mixed up with it in such a curious fashion that the audience tittered. Probably they were not aware that Lictors and "sticks" have been connected from the earliest classical ages. Then, weren't there too many women and children about the stage? We confess not to know much about these classical occasions, but surely when a revolution was going on, all the little Roman girls didn't appear in the streets? Anyhow while *Antony* was making his funeral oration they seemed superfluous.

Mr. ALMA TADEMA must have revelled in that Scene of the Forum! He and Mr. HALL between them have made an admirable thing out of it. The Temple of Janus and the Capitol in the background are picturesque, and so is the "Rostra" in front—so-called, we were told by an undergraduate who accompanied us, because it was the place where the Roman "beaks" used to give judicial decisions. Some old Roman wag had actually painted pictures of beaks on the pedestal! Very disrespectful! Perhaps one of the classical children before-mentioned as pervading the performance did it.

As a whole, the play was good, and interesting. Lovers of the Bard might have done much worse than take a return-ticket to the Isis to see it.





## PENANCE !

"HIS HONOUR ROOTED IN DISHONOUR STOOD,  
AND FAITH UNFAITHFUL MADE HIM FALSELY TRUE."—TENNYSON.









JUST OFF!

'RIDE HER ON THE SNAFFLE, TOM! DON'T RIDE HER ON THE CURB!'

'HANG YOUR CURB AND SNAFFLE! I'VE ENOUGH TO DO TO RIDE HER ON THE SADDLE!'

### WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW. EIGHTH EVENING.

"THERE is a Blind Man whom I know very well," the Moon told Mr. Punch. "He has never seen me, but I have seen him for many years now. All his dogs I have known, too—some of them really intimately, for most dogs are in the habit of telling me their private affairs, when they are tied up alone and I am at leisure to listen to their grievances. One dog of his was a particular friend of mine, and it is about him that I am going to tell you this evening. He was a terrier, with long bluish hair, and a face that somehow always put me in mind of a pansy. His master had trained him very well, and he was naturally intelligent. Every morning when the Blind Man left his lodging, the dog would take him to a corner, where the omnibus passed, and, when he had seen him safely inside, would run away across the Park, and wait for his master there; and when the omnibus arrived, and put him down, the dog's leash was fastened on again, and he led the Blind Man to a certain passage behind a church, where he sits all day and makes nets. I have seen this myself on many a morning, when I have been up later than usual. And the dog would lie by his side with a tin cup under his chin, and, whenever a passer-by dropped a coin in the cup, the dog would thump his thanks with his tail on the pavement. He was, of course, deeply attached to his master. One night, when I came out as usual, and looked down into the deep narrow passage, I found the Blind Man sitting all alone; and for many nights after that he sat there, netting by the light of a candle stuck in a lump of clay, with no dog by his side. The fact was, that some thief (who must have been more wicked than most thieves) had stolen the poor man's dog. However, before very long, a kind-hearted person gave him another—a great ugly lurcher this new dog was, who would not wag his tail even for silver, and who growled, and showed his teeth, if any stranger attempted to pat him. Still, he was honest and faithful, in his way, and his master soon grew used, and even attached to him.

"Well, and this is my real story:—One evening, long after this, I saw another dog come hurrying down the passage, and I recognised him instantly—it was the pansy-faced terrier, the one that had been so cruelly stolen. He was greatly changed, and, I am glad to say, for the better, since I had seen him last. Then he had been gaunt,

and his coat harsh, and uncared for; now he was sleek and smooth, he wore a silver collar, and his hair was carefully parted all down the middle of his back. But, for all that, he seemed overjoyed at getting back again to his old master, and the leash, and the tin cup, and lying still all day, and he danced round him, barking violently, and leaping up frantically to fondle and caress him.

"The Blind Man sat there, puzzled. He could only recognise objects by the touch; and this silky-coated, well-fed animal, did not remind him in the least of his shaggy old servant—he imagined it was some gentleman's pet, who had taken a sudden fancy to him. I longed to tell him who it was; but a poor Moon can't do everything, and I found I could not make him understand me.

"All at once the original dog saw his successor, and grasped the situation in an instant. Before he could take his old place, he must drive the intruder away—so, though he was no match for the lurcher, he flew at him furiously.

"There was a terrible combat; the coppers flew out of the tin cup, and went rolling and chinking over the flagstones; the lurcher, though hampered by his chain, fought savagely, and the pansy-faced terrier was generally undermost, though that was, in some ways, better for him, for then he escaped the heavy stick with which the Blind Man laid about him in all directions.

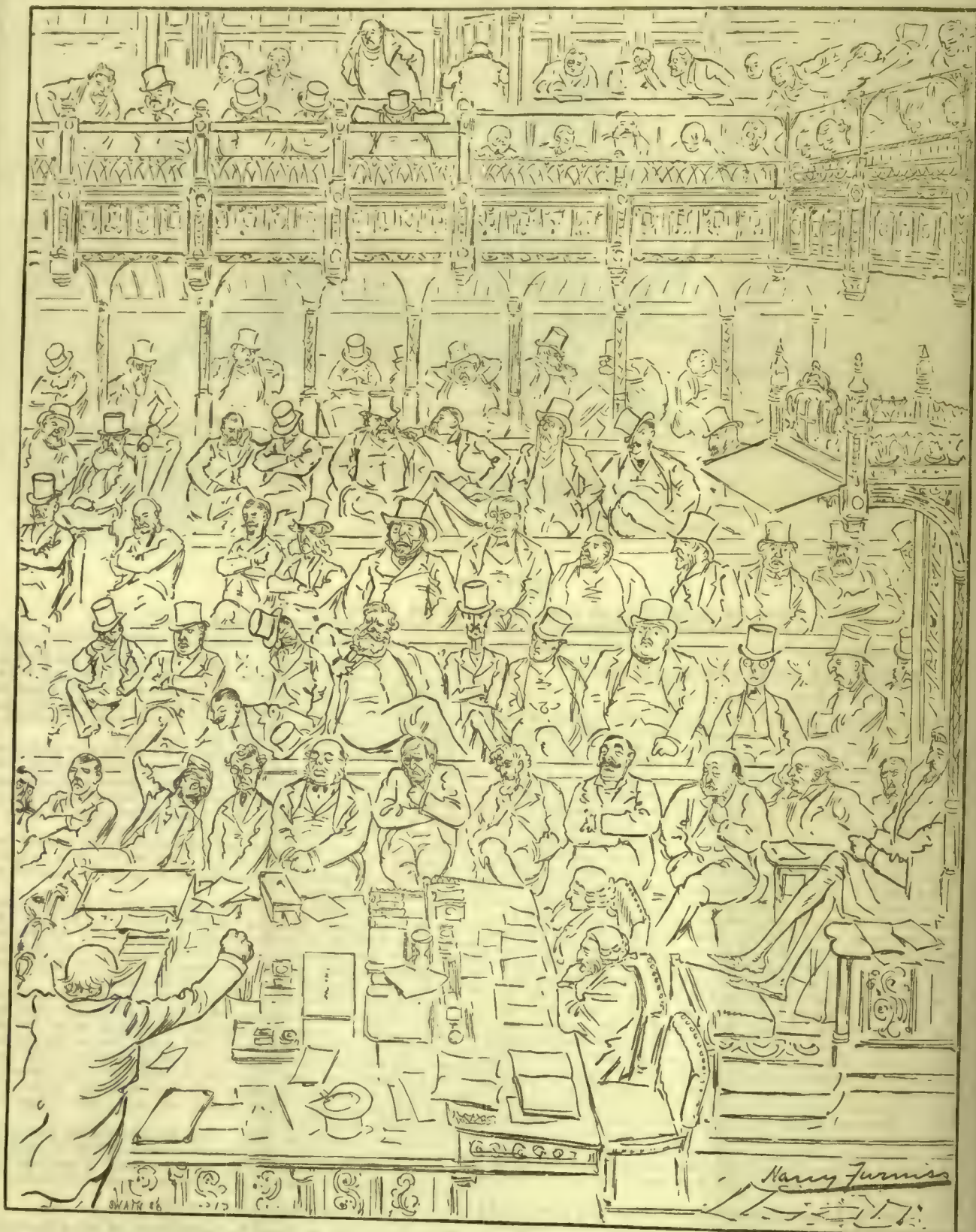
"The fight could only end in one way; the lurcher was so much stronger, and the original dog seemed to get so much more than his share of the stick. He fought on as long as he could, but at last he saw that he was beaten, and must give it up. So he disengaged himself, all torn and bleeding, crept up to his master's side, and licked his hand once more, in token of forgiveness and farewell, and then limped away, whining, into the darkness, while the lurcher, still grumbling, coiled himself up, and, after licking his wounds a little, went to sleep.

"I think," concluded the Moon, "that the defeated dog went back to his new owners, where he was certainly much better off, and he has certainly never returned to the passage again. I am sorry for him, nevertheless, and I wish he could have been allowed to stay."

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."—Anglo-Saxon is being hurriedly acquired in Biarritz in honour of the QUEEN'S visit. A shopkeeper already hopes "to be a *rits* person" before HER MAJESTY'S departure.



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 59.



ROUGH SKETCH OF MINISTERIALISTS LISTENING TO THE G. O. M.



## BELGRAVIA V. BOHEMIA;

OR, ART AND ADVERTISEMENT.

SCENE—A Studio. *The Bohemian speaks:—*

So his picture's sold, and mine isn't!  
Well, I own it is rather a blow.  
My coat is so painfully shabby,  
And my friends are so painfully low.  
They say that I keep in the background,  
Don't put myself forward enough,  
For these are the days of advertisement,  
Paragraph, Posters, and Puff.  
Well, no one can say that of him,  
No bushel hides his little light;  
He's nobbled the Press pretty well,  
And perhaps, after all, he is right—  
There's nothing he's kept from the Papers,  
Nothing he's ever conceal'd.  
Except, p'raps, his talent for painting,  
And that is—as yet—unreveal'd.  
You may read of the servants he keeps  
Of his butler, and coachman, and groom;  
Of the size of the bed that he sleeps in,  
And how many sleep in a room.  
Of the lemon-pink of the doorway,  
The hall with its luminous mauve;  
And the duck-weedy green of the boudoir,  
And the soft yellow-tinted alcove.  
The lamp that's so quaint and artistic,  
With its gentle and soft diffused light—  
So soft that you can't see to read by it.  
And certainly can't see to write,  
You can read of the terrible quarrel  
He had with his whilom dear friend  
When one of them wanted to borrow  
And t'other dear friend wouldn't lend.  
You can read of the parties he gives,  
And the dresses the fine ladies wear, [them,  
With the names of the firms who supplied  
And a list of the "smart" people there.  
Some two or three ladies of title,  
Who really don't know why they go; [dear,  
'But those artists you know, are so odd,  
And quaint in their ways, don't-cher know.'  
Then forsooth he declaims about Art,  
The Beautiful, Chaste, and Sublime;  
How Art must be kept Pure and Holy;  
Art is not for now, but all time!!  
Fugh! why can't he try and be plainer,  
And placard himself once for all  
With saucers, and boots, and mix'd pickles,  
On ev'ry street-boarding and wall?  
But why should I bother about him,  
It's no use to snarl and to whine;  
If he chooses to crawl in the gutter,  
It's surely no business of mine.  
What reason have I got to grumble?  
'm not badly off as I am.  
What I've earned, I have honestly earned,  
And never by shoddy or sham.  
've plenty of friends at my back,  
'ho you wouldn't describe them as "smart;"  
But they've brains and, moreover, they've  
what

Some "smart" people haven't—a heart.  
So I think I'll go quietly on  
Independent and free while I can,  
After all, tho' my coat is so shabby,  
There's something in being a Man!!  
Wonder now if he remembers  
The old student days long ago—  
Here were four of us chumming together  
In a little back-street in Soho—  
How hungry we were in those days,  
And how seldom we had any meat.  
When we hadn't we eat baked potatoes  
"All hot," from a can in the street.  
Wonder now if he would come  
And sup with us three as of yore?  
O! I don't think he'd like baked potatoes,  
And beer from the public next door.  
O! Farewell, my old student friend,  
We can never recall the old days.  
You stick to your new-found Belgravia,  
And I to Bohemia's ways.



## "A STRICT REGARD FOR TRUTH."

Nephew, "HOLD UP, UNCLE! PEOPLE 'LL THINK YOU'RE SCREWED!"

Uncle (the Wedding Breakfast had been hilarious). "SHEW'D! NO, NO, SHEORSH! NO SH' BAD 'SH THAT! 'SHAME TIME—DON' LE'SH BE"—(lurching heavily)—"OSH'TNASH'LY SHOBER! 'CAN'T BEAR OSH'TNASH'N!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 25.—House wore business air to-night. Two days spent in getting ready for work; ready now. Opposition Benches crowded; electrical condition; going off in startling pops at slightest provocation. ATTORNEY-GENERAL innocently brings in two Bills. One deals with Criminal Evidence, the other with Disclosure of Secret Official Information. Amazing reception from Opposition as he strolls towards table with measures in hand. A quick-witted spontaneous flash of humour.

Windbag SEXTON, who always underlines his jokes, fearful lest meaning of this should escape attention, asks whether one of the Bills will prevent disclosure of documents and information in possession of the Government in a case in which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL holds a brief for one of the parties?

"PIGOTT! PIGOTT!" Irish Members cry. A new sort of incantation this; a strange weird light illumines countenance of JOSEPH GILLIS as he utters it; it stops the mouth of



CHIEF SECRETARY when presently he rises to reply—"as if it were spigot," says JOHN O'CONNOR, who is presently going to prison, and in meantime claims all sorts of licence. It breaks out now and then *à propos* of all kinds of unlikely things, but always with the same effect.



"Here to-day—gone to-morrow."

Got his notes with finely-turned, adroitly balanced sentences; but has learned how to use them. Good hard-hitting, slashing, debating speech.

"By far the best thing MORLEY has done yet," said WHITEBREAD. "He has discovered the secret of his certain success. Always marvel to me that his platform speeches should be so effective, and his House of Commons lectures so inadequate. What he had to do when standing at table of House was, to imagine he was on the platform at Newcastle. Did it to-night, and made a great hit."

Weighty words these. No one who has not lived in House of Commons for twenty years knows how wise is WHITEBREAD. "Solomon in all his habiliments," as LAWSON says, "was not half as impressive as WHITEBREAD's waistcoat."

BALFOUR brave to the last; his back to the wall. So far from being depressed, he is defiant. Instead of retreating, sallies forth on encompassing array. Perfect the single stroke by which he smote O'BRIEN and GEORGE TREVELYAN. TREVELYAN, he said, had gone so far as to found upon the eloquence of O'BRIEN the argument that he ought to be treated better than other people. "About the merits of Mr. O'BRIEN's style," BALFOUR went on to say, with a graceful obeisance to TREVELYAN, "no man has a better right to judge than the Right Hon. Baronet. Few have had fuller experience of it;" an awkward reminiscence of the days when TREVELYAN sat in the place of Chief Secretary, and the Irish pack, who now applaud, nightly howled at him.

*Business done.*—JOHN MORLEY moved Amendment to Address.

*Tuesday.*—Only one subject of conversation in either House to-day.



Saunderson's Bottle-holder.

PIGOTT first, the rest nowhere. Debate on Address goes forward in Commons, but all ears strained for mention or reference to the, but yesterday, obscure scoundrel whose name now echoes to uttermost ends of earth. TIM HEALY back, in high spirits. Has suggestion to make to First Commissioner of Works. On walls in Octagon Hall is a vacant space for a fresco. Long been question what shall be done with it. TIM has idea. Why not "The Parting of PIGOTT?" he says. PIGOTT making off with a black bag, and in the background two "old friends" wringing their hands in despair. PLUNKET says he'll think about it; but really so hard at all times to get any money for Works purposes out of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, that hardly likes to broach the topic. Still, if TIM will leave it in his hands—and TIM does.

Comedy and tragedy take turn in debate. Comedy, SAUNDERSON, full of quips and cranks, keeping the House in constant roar. Tragedy by JOHN DILLON, pale-faced, dark-haired, sad-voiced, denouncing a system of Government, which

he says "breeds PIGOTTS as corruption breeds worms." SAUNDERSON brought down prodigious number of *impromptus* neatly written down on note-paper. WARING takes charge of manuscript, as, sheet after sheet, SAUNDERSON flings it back on the bench. Also carries in hand a tumbler containing refreshment. Hands it up at regular intervals occupying spare moments with collecting and rearranging the used up manuscript. A pretty, touching sight!

*Business done.*—More debate on Address.

*Thursday.*—Thought just now there would be bloodshed under black shadow of gallery on left of SPEAKER. An outburst of angry conversation; a sudden tussle; and O'HANLON discovered on his leg excitedly throwing his arms about.

"I want this Gentleman to apologise," he said. "I'll just give him a minute to think, and if he doesn't apologise I will—"

What O'HANLON contemplated drowned in roar from shocked House. "This Gentleman" evidently HAVELOCK, who sat bolt upright looking into space.

This was O'HANLON's second incursion into proceedings. A few minutes earlier had interjected remark from one of the side-galleries and been repressed by SPEAKER's stern cry of "Order!" Had thereupon descended, entered from behind SPEAKER's chair, skirted bench from which T. W. RUSSELL was addressing House, and *à propos de bottles*, persuasively whispered in his ear the magic word, "PIGOTT!" Precisely what followed is a matter of contention. HAVELOCK, called upon for explanation by SPEAKER, said

he "happened, by accident, to come into contact with O'HANLON." O'HANLON, on the contrary, shouted out, "The Hon. and Gallant Gentleman, as I suppose I am bound to call him, comes over and throws himself on me." However it was, here was O'HANLON angrily regarding the clock, and narrowly limiting HAVELOCK's opportunity.

"I'll not give him much time," he said. "Just a minute to think."

What a position for a man who had ridden into Cawnpore and won the Victoria Cross! Only sixty seconds and his blood would dapple the walls of the House of Commons! CHAPLIN, standing at Bar, in Heavy-Father attitude, held his breath.

SPEAKER attempted to bring about strategic movement in relief of gallant General. Called on RUSSELL to proceed. RUSSELL went on with his remarks; hadn't got through many sentences when O'HANLON discovered once more on his legs, waving his arms semaphore fashion, blood-thirstiness in his eye and a crumpled copy of the Orders in his hand.

"Mr. SPEAKER!" he roared, "I beg your pardon again, but he says I had better get out of this." "He," the indomitable HAVELOCK.

SPEAKER interposed with increased gravity, and HAVELOCK, casting on O'HANLON a glance that should have withered him, stalked away with his still uncrushed head defiantly upcast.

*Business done.*—Debate on Address.

*Friday.*—G. O. M. resumed Debate to-night. Seems to have renewed his life, like the eagle, in foreign parts. Voice come back in all its force; bubbling over with high spirits, particularly tickled by proximity of CHAMBERLAIN; goes through some high comedy scenes with him, amid rapturous cheers from Pit and Gallery. Parties in the Stalls a little glum. Been the usual *lever de rideau*, in which Ministers called over the coals about alleged connection with the departed PIGOTT. TIM HEALY got his back up; cross-examines OLD MORALITY with pitiless persistency. HARCOURT tries to put an oar in; but not to be mentioned in same boat with TIM.

Just before midnight ended Debate, PARNELL turns up. Enthusiastic reception; disposition to chant, "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," stopped by SPEAKER. *Business done.*—JOHN MORLEY's Amendment to Address rejected by 339 votes against 260.



The Heavy Father of the House of Commons.

AN IMPERFECT RIDDLE.—When is a Joint Stock Company like a watch?—When it is wound up. Obviously. Only then the watch will go, but the Company stops.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



## ON COMMISSION.

Tuesday, March 5.—The aristocracy becoming slightly bored with Law. Still a fair number daily tax the amiability of the ever-courteous Secretary. Having settled in our places, the Commissioners prepared to take the armchairs, which had been arranged beforehand for them at an angle calculated to allow of their entrance with a dignity fitting to their exalted station. There was the usual bow from the Bench to the Bar, which, alas! had no briefless brotherhood (in the back rows) to gratefully and gracefully return it! Then Sir JAMES HANNEN gave a decision about the admission of certain newspapers, which, it was alleged, had been used by the staff of the Land League for disseminating disaffection. That decision once known, Mr. ATTORNEY was called upon to read the paragraphs complained of. It was then that I fully appreciated how disastrous it would be were ladies ever admitted to the Bar. I could not help feeling that had two aged females been in the place of my learned friends, Sir RICHARD and Sir CHARLES, there would have been any amount of squabbling and loss of time. As it was, it is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. ATTORNEY was ready on the instant to go on, and that he received the greatest possible assistance from his learned friends on the other side. The Commissioners could scarcely conceal the gratification they evidently felt in presiding over so happy a family. It was a pretty and touching sight to gaze upon Sir RICHARD as he turned to his learned friends and asked, "Are you ready?" In a moment any number of miscellaneous documents were handed to him—all, no doubt, of the greatest possible value, if put in at the proper time. Mr. ATTORNEY's gratitude to "those associated with him" seemed to be unbounded, and he constantly called for Mr. SOAMES, no doubt to express to that learned gentleman his warmest acknowledgments for the valuable assistance that was being so copiously extended to him. Then came a few witnesses full of "information," as, no doubt, my learned and laughter-leading friend Mr. LOCKWOOD would say, as they were informers—hence the smile-compelling pleasantry. The last was seemingly a youth of somewhat tender years; and when my learned and laughter-leading friend suggested that Mr. RONAN should wheel the witness home (after re-examination) in a perambulator, the Court became quite Christmassy in its merriment before adjourning to the morrow.



"Well supplied with noble counsellors."  
Shakespeare.

Wednesday.—Interest in Law once more on the wane. The perusing of extracts continued at the rate (after taking into consideration the expense of the inquiry), of I suppose, about a pound or so a minute. However, this rather costly exercise was of distinct value to my learned friend, Mr. ASQUITH, who had the benefit of a reading lesson, personally conducted by Sir JAMES HANNEN. "May I ask you, kindly," said the revered President of the Probate Division, courteously but firmly, "to raise your voice, and hold your head up?" For a moment I almost expected to hear his Lordship add, "And slap your right leg with your cane, Sir, and wink at the girls!" I hasten to say, with heartfelt respect, that Sir JAMES gave no such martial, but entirely unlaywerlike direction. Moreover, it is only just to my learned friend (whose services in the case have been of the greatest value to his leader) to express my opinion that had he received such an order he would have hesitated, and rightly hesitated, to have carried it into execution; and this would have been the more commendable, as my learned friend has other than forensic claims to the title of "Junior," and Beauty in the Court has never lacked representatives. But it will be patent to everyone that it is no part of a counsel's duty (even under direction of the Bench) to recognise female comeliness by the sudden drooping and upraising of a wig-mounted eyelid. This reminds me that some of our forensic perukes are far from perfect. Had I frequent occasion to renew



Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., kindly assists  
Mr. Ronan to act on Counsel's Advice.

my own, I should go to Mr. Fox (whose wigs at the *Maske of Flowers* at Gray's Inn during the Jubilee were, so to speak, the toast of the Bench and the Bar), who, I feel sure would always fit me to my entire satisfaction. To return, the reproduction of the speeches of eminent statesmen and others (declaimed in his most brilliant style by my learned and energetic friend, Mr. ATKINSON) had certainly one advantage—it nearly cleared the Court. After the midday adjournment, the proceedings (like "grey shirtings" on certain interesting occasions in the City), became more "lively." Thanks to the gallant conduct of my learned and fiery friend, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, there were several little "scenes in Court" (subsequently found of great benefit by the gentlemen of the Press) and now and again there was quite a "sensation." I left before the adjournment, and was surprised to hear a rumour that, after my retirement, in spite of the ample room in court for all present, the President was reported to be quietly sitting upon Sir CHARLES RUSSELL with every sign of satisfaction.



A Consultation.

Thursday.—A further falling off in the attendance. Mr. SOAMES (the most hard-working of solicitors) of course was present, and if Mr. GEORGE LEWIS was less *en évidence*, that learned gentleman left matters in the able hands of a most efficient representative. It was a very pleasing sight to see the principal conversing with his devoted adherent. My learned and fiery friend Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, however, was instrumental in giving a distinct interest to the proceedings. With evident disinclination (for he assured us that he was "singularly averse" to interrupting anyone), he somehow contrived to have quite an exciting little altercation with the Bench by (so it seemed to me) the introduction of contention-breeding interpolations. He also cross-examined a witness with a verve and a go that may have recalled to some of us the most respected memories of that grand old institution, the Ancient Bailey. But when he accused my learned and apparently rather depressed friend, Mr. ATTORNEY, of making an "audacious request," I reluctantly confess I could not enthusiastically follow on the same side. However, we were so pleased when we learned that Sir RICHARD expected to complete his case in the course of a day or two, that Bench and Bar seemed prepared to forgive and forget everything. As a matter of fact, when the Commissioners retired for the week, they took their departure with an air of relief that conjured up a vision in my mind of three of the best and ablest of our Judges dancing with dignified joy in their own private apartments.

And now, as this seems to be a suitable time for explanation, perhaps I may be permitted to make a personal statement on my own account. I have reason to believe that there has been some surprise expressed that I have not myself been "retained" either on one side or the other in this very interesting case. I must admit that it is certainly a fact that no brief has been delivered at Pump-handle Court (up to date) desiring me to appear either "with me the ATTORNEY-GENERAL," or "with me Sir CHARLES RUSSELL." However, on reflection, I commend the judgment of Messrs. SOAMES and LEWIS in making what at first sight may have appeared (to the uninitiated) an omission. I venture to suggest that it may have occurred to certain eminent Solicitors in Ely Place and Lincoln's Inn Fields, that perhaps, if at any future time I desired to enter Parliament, I might wish to join that august assembly untrammelled by associations which, although absolutely professional, to the lay mind might be suggestive of Party predilections. And not having been engaged in this matter, of course such bonds, so far as I am concerned, are non-existent. For the rest I feel sure the Juniors associated with Sir CHARLES RUSSELL have got on very well without me; and as for the case of the *Times* (especially that branch of it that engravers would scarcely term "proofs before letters"), I honestly do not think any effort on my part could have materially improved it.



Au revoir!

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.



## THE OSPREY AND THE EAGLES.

"The abdication of King MILAN of Serbia . . . has at length fallen like a thunderbolt on the State-craft of Europe."—*Times*.



FALLEN at last, but not quite like a thunderbolt!  
 Osprey is hardly a Jovian bird;  
 Rather a fowl that will, after big blunder, bolt;  
 Timid rapacity's slightly absurd.

True birds of prey should be boldly belligerent,  
 Dauntless in danger, and strong on the wing;  
 Crises on cocktails will act as refrigerant,  
 Courage he needs who of air would be king.



Fish-eating Osprey—men do not think much of him ;  
Not e'en a white-tailed Sea-eagle is he. [of him,  
His prey, when he's pressed, he lets slip from the clutch  
Shrieks, and seeks safety in flight o'er the sea.  
*Aquila imperialis* is chasing him ;  
Osprey now hears his strong wings on the wind,  
Hates him, but has little fancy for facing him,  
Hooks it—but leaving his booty behind !

Obrenovitch Osprey, you never were eagle-like,  
Jackal at best to true kings of the air.  
Nemesis long on your track has hung, beagle-like,  
Destiny's down upon those who can't dare.  
Yes, you have made a big splash, there's no doubt of it,  
Dropping your prey in this summary style.  
Poor puzzled fowl, you are surely well out of it,  
Osprey ; but *apres ?* A deluge of guile,  
Or war's cataclysm ? The prey you have parted with,  
Drops from your clutch ; will it fall where you please ?  
Swift on your track two true eagles have darted, with  
Eyes on that prey. These are turbulent seas,  
Wild and wind-swept from the East ; fierce and furious  
Swoop those two fowls in competitive chase,  
Whilst on his crag, in an attitude curious,  
Watching the fray with a Sphinxian face,  
Perches a third one, Teutonic ; the Thunderer  
Throned on Olympus might own him for mate.  
He is no rashly belligerent blunderer ;  
Watchful as Memnon, he's silent as Fate.  
What shall the issue be ? Poor pusillanimous  
Osprey, the Eagles are gathered ; you go !  
Iron-winged might is not mild or magnanimous,  
*Aquila's* ever a pitiless foe.  
Into whose claws will the quarry you're frightened from  
Fall in the end ? The horizon looks black ; [from,  
When the far East a fresh storm shall have lightened  
Which of those Eagles will ride out the wrack ?

DR. ROBSON ROOSE has written an admirable article on the Water Supply of London in the current Number of the *Fortnightly Review*. Seemingly, we poor Cookneys are fairly well off, if we take care to keep a filter in the house. However, it is as well to see that it is not supplied (like another philter) by some modern *Dr. Dulcamara*. While thanking Dr. Robson Roose for his really valuable contribution to the welfare of mankind, *Mr. Punch*, in dealing with the subject, has a natural preference for a rather more spirited policy—a policy which would include in its scope lemon, nutmeg, alcohol in various forms, and other pleasant ingredients. The water used in this mixture should of course be heated to a suitable temperature.



### AN APPEAL.

"NOW, SMITHERS, LET ME EARNESTLY EXHORT YOU TO TAKE THE PLEDGE."  
"CERTAINLY NOT, MY LADY ! I'M NOT ONE O' YOUR PEOPLE AS CAN'T KEEP  
SOBER WITHOUT GOIN' AND TAKIN' HOATHS ABOUT IT !"

### WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

#### NINTH EVENING.

"Nor very long ago," said the Moon, "I shone down on the deck of a large Emigrant Ship, which was just leaving its moorings. It was crowded with people—men, women, and children, and many of the faces I saw wore a very sad expression. They were leaving the country of their birth, and the friends and scenes they had grown up and lived amongst, to begin life again in a strange land ; so it was not wonderful if they were not in the best of spirits. Still they bore up bravely, especially the men, though some of the women wept a little behind their shawls, and the children cried too, for company and the strangeness of it all. But they were sensible people at heart, and they quite understood that it was best for themselves, their country, and everybody, that they should go. They were strong, industrious, and sober, but there was no room and no work for them at home, the population was too large already, and by going they were making it better for the others who remained. And in the New World, far away, with their energy, industry, and health, they would be sure to prosper and become a credit to the colony. All that they knew—and yet, now the time had come to quit the old country for ever, they could only feel how dear it was ; and some of them would have given all they had in the world just then to be allowed to stay in their own land, even though they starved there."



Moonshine.

"As the great ship began to move slowly, another vessel passed it

quite close in the opposite direction. Its deck was as crowded as the first, and the passengers on both thronged to the sides and looked curiously at one another. I could not help noticing," said the Moon, "what a difference there was between the two sets of passengers. The first were peasants and artisans, sturdy, honest-looking, self-reliant, pinched some of them by recent privations, but all belonging to a class of which a great country might well be proud. Of the others—those in the vessel that was arriving—as much could not be said. They were undersized degraded-looking creatures, ignorant and filthy, of whom their own land was only too glad to be rid. They were coming to your shores with vague ideas of getting more money and living better than at home. I know what will happen to them!" said the Moon, "for I have seen it many a time. They will fall into the power of some of their own countrymen, only a little less degraded than themselves, and they will become slaves, herding together in horrible dens, and spreading disease and squalor and general bestiality in the neighbourhood they dwell in."

"And as the English emigrants looked at these foreigners, I know what the thought was which rose unbidden in all their minds. 'If there is no room for us,' they were asking with their sad eyes, 'Why is there room for these?'

"And, upon my word," concluded the Moon, "although I suppose your clever statesmen could answer the question satisfactorily, I have not found it so easy myself !"

#### Nemesis.

(By a Sufferer from the Ring in Copper.)

THAT huge Copper Syndicate came a huge cropper !  
Hooray ! Like Hoon's laundress they shiver and quake ;  
For, like her, they went in for "Skying the Copper,"  
And blew up themselves—by mistake.

NEW NAME FOR THE CAPTAIN OF H.M.S. "SULTAN."—Ground-Rice.



## DUE SOUTH.

THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT NICE.

WHAT I did with BYNGLEIGH, who came up after I had lost my little all, and had changed some more gold into five-franc pieces, I will recount on a future occasion. At present a day must intervene, a *fête* day, which removes me away from the tables, and takes me over to Nice. Certainly, being at Monte Carlo, let us go to the second day of the "Battle of Flowers." This is March the 4th, and the Battle of Flowers does sound such a summery proceeding.

"Mrs. GRAYLING and her niece MABEL want to see it," says Mrs. GRAYLING's brother-in-law, the generous TAPLIN, who, when out for a holiday, likes to do the thing well; "and so, if you'll come,"—this to me,—"I'll take the lot of you. One more or less makes no difference."

Being delighted at hearing that my presence will make no difference, I embrace the offer.

The carriage is at the door. There are two baskets of flowers and two bouquets. This looks like the First of May, old "Chimney-sweepers' Day." It may "look like" the First of May; but with a



Going to the Battle of Flowers at Nice.

cutting North wind, with just a touch of East in it, it *feels* like the time of year it is; namely, the fourth day of March, at Monte Carlo and elsewhere. At all events there is no fog, as there probably is in London at this moment. The sky is clear, the Mediterranean is blue, the sun is bright, the view is lovely; yet the wind is cutting. We take rugs, wraps, and overcoats, but out of compliment to the appearance of the place, with its hedges of geraniums, its red roses on the walls, the spreading palm-trees, the cactuses, the olive-trees, and the prickly pears, "all a-growing" and looking tropical—(how they do it is a wonder to me! I am inclined to think they're most of them sham, the deception being connived at by the authorities, and kept up by the hotel-keepers and the Casino officials at an enormous cost)—so, as I say, out of compliment to the tropical "scenery and properties," we decide on *not* having foot-warmers in the carriage.

TAPLIN, huddled up in rugs, with only the upper part of his head, under a pot-hat, appearing above (so to speak) the bed-clothes, exclaims, from time to time, "There's a beautiful view!"—nodding at it, for he won't take his hands out from under the coverings,— "Lovely, isn't it?" to which we all assent, the pair on the back seat not turning their heads to look at it, for fear of getting a stiff neck and being "struck so;" and then TAPLIN, wriggling down lower than ever under his counterpane and blankets, murmurs, with conviction, "But, *I say*, it is cold!" And so say all of us, and all snuggle down under the rugs. For all this, we are going to the celebrated Battle of Flowers at Nice.

Nice.—We pull up at the *Restaurant Français*. Descend. Nice is *en fête*. Flower-baskets everywhere. Fans for sale. Ragged urchins with baskets of flowers. Everybody moving about. Fortunately we find one table unoccupied. We swoop down on it, and occupy it bodily. We are here for the Battle of Flowers; so *à la guerre comme à la guerre*!

Restaurant doing enormous business. Crowd too big for the small room. Prices up probably in consequence. It will be "breakfast at the fork out." Head-waiter imposing personage, but with his wits about him. Good breakfast and good wine. We begin to feel warm and comfortable.

"Amusing scene," says Mrs. GRAYLING, patronisingly. Miss MABEL is delighted with everything. TAPLIN says, "I don't see anything very Carnivalish about the place." Miss MABEL exclaims, "Oh, don't you think so!" She is evidently afraid that if Uncle TAPLIN begins to be disappointed with it, he may suddenly decide to return without seeing any more. So she continues, "Why, Uncle, look at all the people! And then, you remember, we saw that figure of King Carnival sitting in a ship as we drove in!" "Ah, yes, so we did," replied Uncle TAPLIN, brightening up. Whereat we all brighten up too, and Uncle TAPLIN insists on our having some old

Burgundy, whereupon we brighten up still more, and become warm and genial. We expand like the flowers, and by two o'clock, when we get into the carriage again,—this time with the rugs concealed, and only the flowers displayed,—we are all in full bloom. The North wind has blown itself out,—at its own luncheon, perhaps,—at all events, we don't feel it so much in the town, and the sun is shining.

Everybody is now *en fête*. Shops are closed, all business suspended for the rest of the afternoon. It is the Flower Derby Day. All sorts of Tom-fools among the populace in false noses, dominoes, as Pierrots, and in a variety of shabby fancy costumes, the odds and ends of costumiers' old clothes. A carriage comes along, being one mass of flowers, wheels and all. It is Jack-in-the-Green on wheels. These faded costumes, and ruddled cheeks, these clowns, and harlequins, and columbines, do certainly recall my boyish recollections of Chimney Sweeper's Festival in London, with My Lord and My Lady, Pantaloon, the Swell, and Clown with the ladle collecting the coppers.

It is a great day for the *Niçois* 'ARRY and 'ARRIET. It is a great day for everyone who has anything in the way of a fan or a bouquet to sell. Any price. How much for that fan? "Fifteen francs." Bah! "Then how much will Monsieur give?" Monsieur will give a third of the price. "Oh, impossible!" Monsieur passes on, and purchases two fans (with which the ladies are to protect their faces), for one franc each. "Let's have two good bouquets," says Uncle TAPLIN, becoming enthusiastic; and the ladies exclaim, "Oh, yes, do! Let's!" So Uncle TAP purchases two bouquets, and our coachman, being an ingenious creature, and a bit of an artist in colour,—having already decorated his horse's heads with small nosegays,—now takes the carriage-lamps out of their sockets, deposits them in a shop (I hope with a trusty friend), and in half a minute, the two bouquets have replaced the lamps, and give quite a gay and festive appearance to our equipage.

Basket after basket of flowers is offered to us. Ten francs, nine francs, any francs, down to one franc, according to size. Here's a good basket-full. How much Madame? Madame replies readily, hazarding a likely price, "Monsieur shall have it for nine francs." Monsieur, who is hard at a bargain this morning, won't hear of it. What, then, will Monsieur give? Monsieur will give five francs. "Tenez!" she exclaims, shoving it into my hands, "*prenez-le, prenez-le!*" She won't wait—the bargain is concluded—she is afraid I shall change my mind. I take the basket, and, my hands being full, I ask Uncle TAP for the money. "*Et encore un franc pour la corbeille!*" shrieks the lady, who is a type of a *Niçoise* as an outside-Covent-Garden market-woman.

"Hey, what's that?" asks Uncle TAPLIN, suspiciously, under the impression that something has gone wrong with the bargain.

"One franc more for the basket," I say, carrying it off to the ladies.

"All right!" says Uncle TAP, much relieved, and pays up.

Boys surrounding us, begging to be taken as *ramasseurs*. Fortunately some one has told me beforehand that a *ramasseur*, at two francs for the afternoon, is necessary as a sort of running footman, to pick up the nosegays, and return them to the carriage. I select a sickly-looking chap, who really does seem in want of a job. Five francs he wants. No. Three. Very good, he'll undertake it for three,—and will Monsieur pay beforehand? No, Monsieur won't. This engagement being made, our successful *ramasseur* shows that he is not quite the sickly creature he appears, by kicking and cuffing all the smaller and unsuccessful candidates for our *ramasseurship*, and then he mounts by the side of the coachman, and we are off to the *Promenade des Anglais*.



Before the Battle.

At the entrance we are stopped, and a *louis* is demanded. "Halloa!" says Uncle TAPLIN, induced to resent the demand as an imposition on confiding foreigners, "What's this for?" I remember the Derby Day, and remind him that even in free England we have to pay a guinea to take our place among the coaches on the hill. "Ah, so we do!" says Uncle TAPLIN, and seeing the matter in a different light, and rather pleased that this price of admission should be an imitation of an English custom, he pays it with cheerful alacrity, and the coachman receives a yellow ticket, while for one franc more, our consumptive *ramasseur* has purchased a Carnival fool's cap, which is the badge of his official connection with our carriage, and so we enter the rank as combatants in the Battle of Flowers.

The Drive is not crowded at first. It is railed in on both sides. There are mounted *gendarmes* keeping the course, and, occasionally, when tired of standing still, taking short sharp gallops from one



point to another, on the evident pretence of giving each other orders, or delivering official messages. There are important personages, stewards of the course, on foot, wearing red rosettes, who are very ill-tempered, cross, and fussy. By the *Hôtel de la Méditerranée* the crowd is really dense,—but never at any one point, or at any part all along the course, does it ever exceed the crowd to be seen in Hyde Park by the Serpentine on a fine day at the first meet of the Four-in-hand, or Coaching, Club. Here are the Tom-fools and clowns, and other professional gentry going about just as the acrobats, and the conjuror, and the strong man, and so forth, do on the Derby Day. There are very few good turn-outs, and the presence of *voitures*, hired traps, and vans, are rather suggestive (to the Englisher of Cockney experience) of a “day out” with the Foresters, ‘Appy ‘Ampton, or Odd Fellows. There is a band playing somewhere, which is to be heard occasionally.

“When is the battle going to begin?” asks Mrs. GRAYLING, who is a trifle nervous.

“O Aunt!” exclaims MABEL, “look—they’re throwing already.” And scarcely are the words out of her mouth than three small nose-gays fall lightly into our carriage, and a fourth drops outside, which is immediately picked up and given to us by our *ramasseur*, who from this moment has his work cut out for him. A gaily-dressed lady drives by, and throws a bouquet at Uncle TAPLIN.

“Ha!” he exclaims, his eyes sparkling with delight at the compliment thus paid him by the fair stranger, and he discharges one at her, which misses. Mrs. GRAYLING receives nice little nose-gays on her bonnet or her face, and returns them with a graceful sort of movement, as if she were courtising on her seat. Miss MABEL becomes energetic, and goes in for rapid pelting, keeping the consumptive *ramasseur* hard at work.

“Really,” says Uncle TAPLIN, chuckling, “this is capital fun.” Here comes at him a small bunch of violets, which he returns so quickly that it gently hits his assailant—a very pretty woman—on the corner of her ear. “Aha!” laughs Uncle TAP—“and all done with such good-humour! Oh!” he cries, suddenly, “who the deuce did that?” as a heavy-handed bouquet, bound with wire, gives him a stinger on the cheek. I can’t help laughing. “That was a nasty one,” I say, and, seeing a big man, in a white hat, pass, I hurl the heavy bouquet at him. Bang goes his hat, and there is a shout of laughter. It is too late to retaliate,—he has been driven off one way, our carriage another.

“Capital!” I exclaim. I’m really getting quite warm with the exertion of throwing. I select prominent personages, on coach boxes, or sitting up at the backs of the carriages.

“Now look here,” I say to Uncle TAP, “see me catch that chap on—Ha! conf—.” A heavy blow, as if from a tennis-ball,

catches me behind the ear, another whack in my eye, and a third bang on the cheek —“*en plein*”—as we say at roulette. Shouts of laughter from the bystanders. My cheek is smarting painfully, and my eye is watering. This is horse-play. This is not good-humoured. That blow on my ear—my, how it tingles!—was vicious, distinctly vicious. I prepare a heavy, well-wired bouquet. If I could only catch the confounded fellow who—Ah! bang on my hat. I turn sharply and discharge, savagely, my life-preserver bouquet,—“as an olive-branch out of a catapult,”—whack, on to the nearest Tom-fool’s head. He flinches and goes down to avoid, whereupon, my life-preserver bouquet catches an entirely innocent person, standing just behind him. A laugh—and a whack at me—right on the tip of my nose—which feels smashed in. Nose-gay indeed! I feel my nose is anything but a nose-gay now. Shouts of laughter, in which Uncle TAPLIN joins. This reminds me suddenly, that I must keep my temper, or at all events, keep up appearances of being in the best possible humour; otherwise, if the crowd becomes nasty, vegetables might follow. So I take my punishment smiling.

Mrs. GRAYLING and MABEL have recognised lots of friends, and have been pelting and pelted right and left. Once MABEL gets rather a nasty one, and retaliates with all her might and main. Mrs. GRAYLING has her hat knocked on one side, which gives her a momentarily dissipated appearance; but she only smiles, and tosses back upon her fierce assailant a pretty little bouquet, making her usual half-curtsey on the seat, and then puts her hat to-rights.

*Happy Thought.*—As our baskets of ammunition may be soon exhausted, let us attract the fire of others upon ourselves by feigning to be preparing to throw. This succeeds admirably, and in a few minutes our baskets are choke full again.

Some one cries out, “There’s the Prince of WALES!” and in the distance we hear the band playing our National Anthem, but I am unable to catch sight of His Royal Highness, as, just when I am

raising my hat to salute him, I receive a heavy bouquet full in the face,—“*en plein*” again,—and can’t distinguish even the most distinguished persons for the next couple of minutes.

Having driven up and down the promenade three times, and having, all of us, received “nasty ones,” more or less, in the eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, isn’t the amusement becoming a trifle monotonous? Isn’t the fun a little forced? Isn’t it rather devoid of “life” and “go”? “Is there anything else to do or to see?” I ask the driver when we get into a quiet part of the promenade where there is only a single line of carriages. The coachman shrugs his shoulders; no, this is all. “*Tout ce qu’il y a à faire, ou à voir.*” When does it finish? Well, about 4:30, the coachman says, naming an early hour, as he probably is becoming tired of it, and wants to get home to tea.

“It’s not well arranged,” says Uncle TAPLIN, with his hat smashed in, and one side of his face as red as a rose from a recent violent blow.

“No,” I reply, feeling very hot and very angry, because with a swollen cheek, a burning ear, and a partially discoloured eye, I have

not been able to be revenged on

“The Man who struck O’Hara.”

—(Oh, if I had only been near him with a thick stick! I’d have shown him what a

Battle of Flowers ought to be, and be blown to him for a cowardly).

“Let’s turn back and cut it,” I suggest. Yes—

the ladies have had enough of it.

We are not vanquished. We do not retreat. No; we simply don’t want to play any more—and—ha!—a drop of rain! Rain it is! and rain it will be, when it once begins. So hurry back, Coachman. Out with the bouquets, in again with the lamps, lighted this time, for the gloom is coming on, all the forces are routed, and in full retreat we drive along the road to Monte Carlo, arriving in time to vaseline our wounds, and prepare for dinner.

It has been a glorious fight, this Battle of Flowers. Not quite so lively as we expected, and yet a little too lively occasionally. We all agree that it is a pretty sight. But Uncle TAPLIN and myself are of opinion that it is badly managed, and that the horse-play spoils it.

In excellent form for dinner. The very evening for a glass of real good champagne. Now in France, as a rule, this is just what you can’t get, pay what you will for it. But, to the eternal praise of

Signor ZUCCHI (of our Hotel) be it recorded, that he is able to produce for our benefit Pommery and Greno ’80, and very soon we are all unanimous in our expression of opinion that the Battle of Flowers at Nice is well worth seeing, that we wouldn’t have missed it for anything, that all the pelting was most good-tempered, and that if there were, now and then, a little horse-play, it must be expected from a crowd; and—after all—didn’t we join in it as heartily (and as fiercely) as any one? Certainly. Another bottle of Pommery, ’80 or 84, and here’s the health of the Battle of Flowers at Nice!



Sudden Interruption of the Battle of Flowers at Nice.  
“Sauve qui peut!”

### Tips to the Two Sides.

*To an Ululating Unionist.*

“UNION is strength,” when sense cements communion,  
But strength (of language) is not always Union!

*To a Shrieking Separatist.*

“FORCE is no remedy”—that’s true, of course.  
Then why seek remedy in (verbal) Force?

### “Dust Ho!”

“A FAIR day’s work, and a fair day’s pay!” used to be considered the modest ideal of male labourers. A day’s labour of eleven hours knee-deep in a foul-smelling, disease-disseminating dust-heap, for *tenpence* seems, according to recent Clerkenwell revelations, to be the wretched reality amongst some of our modern women-workers. If this is how our “Golden Dustmen” gather their gold, the cry will be, not “Down with the dust!” but “Down with the Dustmen!”

OF THE TURF TURFY.—The case against Messrs. SANGER, on account of the accident to the “Baldwin Pony” was dismissed by the Bench. “Quite right too,” says little PLUNGER. “Betting may be illegal—more or less—but it would be a pretty state of things, by Jove, if a fellow were liable to be had up for the quite too awfully common misfortune of ‘dropping a Pony,’ don’tcher?”



After the Battle.





## KINDLY MEANT.

SCENE—A Dance at the Portman Rooms (late Madame Tussaud's).

*Ingenuous Masher (to Ancient Chaperons). "Aw—I say—awfully draughty here, don'tcherknow. Won't you go and sit in the 'CHAMBER OF HORRORS'!—they've got a stove, and you'll feel so much more at home there, don'tcherknow!"*

## A WHITEHALL CANTATA.

**ARGUMENT.**—The Wizard of the Admiralty attacked in his Official Mystic Domains by Malcontent Spirits of the Opposition, defends his programme, and ultimately, spite the intervention of the Melancholy Demon of Peace-at-Any-Price, carries it through triumphantly amidst the acclamations of his supporters.

## CHORUS OF MALCONTENTS.

We wait here in our silent watch of wonder,  
Mark everything you leave undone or do,  
Keen to exult o'er every slip and blunder  
That indirectly may be traced to you.

We care not for your facts, nor what your case is,

The whole may be well drowned in party din,  
Provided it supplies us with a basis  
Of ousting you,—and getting ourselves "in."  
So mark us. If you prove to demonstration  
The Navy for its work is all too weak,  
And that the very safety of the Nation  
Hangs on your getting the increase you seek:  
If you prove this, and count on our assistance,  
You'll find that you'll be disappointed quite,  
For what you say is black, with much persistence

We're perfectly prepared to swear is white.  
And this we'll do with will right true and hearty,

For as a Politician you must know  
That when the question's simply one of Party,  
The "Country" to the dogs may straight-  
So here we keep our silent watch of wonder,  
Mark everything you do or leave undone,

And mean to trip you up. You're safe to blunder,

And if we oust you, then begins the fun.  
But as for danger threatening the Nation,—  
That possibly may be, or not, the case:  
But anyhow it means to us Salvation.  
If it, 'mid chaos, brings us into "place!"

## THE ADMIRALTY WIZARD.

What venomous streams on Office seem to pour  
From these malignant Opposition shelves!  
And yet, such sentiments I've heard before!  
When "out," we've given vent to them ourselves.

But as my wish at present's to keep "in,"  
I'll with my spirited demand begin,  
And boldly public agitation meet  
By asking means to build a brand-new fleet!

## CHORUS OF ALARMISTS.

Ask what you will! For untold millions call.  
We're dazed with terror, and we grant you all!  
[They are about to kneel to him, when The Melancholy Demon of Peace-at-Any-Price slowly rises from the depths of an official wastepaper-basket. The Malcontents crowd about him, and greet him with manifestations of welcome.]

## THE MELANCHOLY DEMON OF PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE.

Not so! Already far too much you spend!  
Why fancy every foreign Power your foe?  
In every neighbour you should see a friend,  
And at no outrage e'er resentment show.  
Should war break out by chance, amid the scare  
[prepare.] 'Twould be quite time your programme to

A HALF-PAY ADMIRAL (*con fuoco*).

Great Heav'n! Must I such rubbish sit and hear!

[Addressing The Wizard of the Admiralty. We'll listen, please, to what you've got to say.]

## THE WIZARD OF THE ADMIRALTY

I think that I can make my purpose clear.  
Shall I begin?

## CHORUS.

By all means. Fire away!

## SONG.

## THE WIZARD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

With reproaches too long I've been loaded  
That the Navy's deficient and weak;  
Till, by experts and Admirals goaded,  
At length I've determined to speak.  
It appears that, if we were invaded,  
We should have no first line of defence  
And, of this as you all seem persuaded,  
You will not mind a little expense!—  
And Twenty-one Millions is all that I ask,  
With which to accomplish this National task.

Don't imagine the matter I'm hot on,  
Though I badger you here for a Fleet:  
It's the experts who've put the whole pot on,  
And have left me no means of retreat.  
So I've bid the Departments get ready.

If the F. O. meantime makes no slips,  
In five years, should things keep pretty steady,

You'll possess your new "seventy ships,"  
So give me the Twenty-one Millions I ask,  
And I'll soon accomplish the National task!





NAILED TO THE MAST!







## CHORUS (Anale).

Gleefully your Millions voting,  
All your facts and figures noting,  
We will give you what you ask.  
So all Opposition scouting,  
Nothing fearing, nothing doubting,  
Set about your promised task!

[The Melancholy Demon of Peace-at-Any-Price sinks once more, and disappears in the official waste-paper basket, as the Malcontents cower away in the distance, crouching in threatening attitudes, while the rest join in a wild dance around the Wizard of the Admiralty, who surveys them with a sickly smile of satisfaction as the Scene closes.]

## PAINTER-ETCHERS IN PALL MALL.

It has been said that "pleasure is pain in disguise." If that be the



case, possibly pain is but pleasure masquerading. Any way, painter-etchedness, as exemplified by the Exhibition now open at the Royal Water Colour Society's Rooms, is in all respects likely to produce joyous sensations. The President, Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN, contributes over 140 examples, and if we see more of his work than anybody else's, he is doubtless aiding the success of the show by contributing so largely to the collection. Most of the exhibitors seem to have "got the needle," and having got it, it is needless to say they have used it with point and dexterity. There are over 350 examples on the walls, and in most of them the lines seem to have fallen in pleasant places. It is strange that in so large an exhibition of needlework there is but little that is so-so.

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE IN A NUTSHELL.

OUR Policy, friends, may be briefly displayed:  
Keep out Foreign Labour, keep in Native Trade!  
Protection's our ticket, Free Trade is no go;  
We have small faith in MILL, but we've much in MONROE.  
Of alien Cadgers we'd make a good clearance;  
We won't interfere, and won't stand interference.  
If 'twixt East and West seaboard we wish for a shorter way,  
Uncle SAM, it is clear, must be boss of the water-way.  
We won't trust for freedom to Franks; what Lord BYRON meant  
I mean—we will not have "hostile environment."  
We are quite snug at home, and have no need to "collar."  
But—well, you may just lay your bottomest dollar,  
Our continents Europe must not take a stand in;  
We'll want North and South—by-and-by—to expand in.  
We'll leave—for the present—the small states their freedom,  
But Europe must kindly "hands off" till we need 'em.  
We'll respect foreign flags, in the spirit and letter,  
If they'll respect ours—and, by Jingo, they'd better!  
We do not much mind "diplomatic adjustment,"  
If we get the pull; if we don't, there's a dust meant.  
Our Surplus—well, that need not much rough your hair, if  
We trim things a bit without touching the Tariff.  
That's sacred, of course. If you don't make a bother,  
You bet, we shall fix it up, somehow or other.  
Protection we'll back without making it bigger,  
If "sections" you'll drop, and—make use of the Nigger!  
Civil Service Reform? That, of course; bless you, yes!  
We shall tackle that job, with the usual success.  
Party Service from office a man won't disqualify  
(A principle that which a CARO might mollify),  
But fraud or incompetence winked at by Me?  
Snakes! What do you take me for? Fiddlededee!  
I'll do quite as much for Civilian Virtue  
As CLEVELAND—and that, I suspect, will not hurt you.  
That's all—save the usual rhetorical flourishes.  
Our Big Bird o' Freedom its noble youth nourishes  
On—whatever comes in his way. While he carries on  
This game, it's all right with that Fowl—and with HARRISON!

NEW CLASSIFICATION.—The division of Society into the "Classes" and the "Masses," though popular at present, is vague and inexact. Society is really made up of Toilers, Idlers, and Criminals; which may be fitly called, respectively, the Working, Shirking, and Lurking Classes.

## A DOG'S TALE!—THE STORY OF STING!

[N.B.—Please to remember the poor Bow-Wows, who are in a sorry plight at the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, at Battersea.]

AH! Sting! my old friend, as you sit by the fire, and gaze so contentedly into the coals,  
Can I wonder when men have no need of their hearts, why it should not be true that some doggies have souls?  
It is folly to say that you never have thought, when you turn from your retrospect into the past  
And leaving the vision of what might have been, you rest your dear eyes on your mistress at last!  
Ah! many's the mile, in this weary old world, we have jogged on together in sun and in snow,  
There was never a pain at my heart but you felt: there is never a day of distress but you know;  
When joy has been with me you've capered at heel, in days less distressful, 'neath sunnier skies,  
But the tears that in solitude wetted my cheeks, were mirrored, dear Sting, in your faithful old eyes!

Come, leave that old rug where you're scorching your nose, and turn round and round in your home on my lap,  
And see if we both can reflect and recall how I found out my friend, and poor Sting a mishap. [ory touched each sensitive heart.  
I was strolling alone round old Lincoln's Inn Fields, when a piteous Ah! it pierces me now, that sharp anguish of pain, "Run over, 'a poor little dog,' by a cart!"  
And the brute drove away with a laugh and a leer. There were few who could help, but a hundred to see.  
So I pushed through the crowd, and your eyes fell on mine, as with poor damaged paw you came limping to me!  
To the Hospital straight, with my friend in my arms, who moaned, and then licked me in pain and despair;  
But at night, when I'd done all my work in the wards, my patient I found in my Hospital Chair!

Ah! Sting, you old scamp! Shall I ever forget, when you took to your food and were able to play,  
That I found your chair empty! A desolate hearth! for the friend I had found—well! had bolted away.  
Then I flung myself down in disconsolate mood—the ingratitude yours, and the folly all mine,  
But at last from my reverie woke when I heard at my door most distinctly—a scratch! then a whine!  
I could scarcely believe my own eyes!—bless your heart, never tell me that dogs' cannot think—when I saw  
The Dog who was well—with a tear in his eye—was conducting a friend who had damaged his paw!  
Alone he had hunted his playfellow out! Alone he had helped his lame friend up the stair,  
And at night, curled together, a paw on each neck, my Sting with his Snip were asleep in their chair!

And now, my old friend, as we doze by the fire, our wandering done, we are lonely at last! [from both of us, into the past!  
For Snip, who once gambolled around us in youth, has travelled  
When I think of the years that have faded away, I look in your face, and I surely see there  
The eyes of a friend who has never proved false, and the sign of the love that you meant me to share!  
The dear ones who loved and caressed us are gone; we gave them our hearts; there was nothing to save,  
But the picture of parting that never is lost, and a rest on the hill by a desolate grave! [faithful companions a crumb,  
Let us never forget just a shelter to give, and to throw to your  
Since the fate that denies us the voice of a friend, can comfort our hearts with a Love that is Dumb!

## GOOD WOOD!

THAT delightful writer on Natural History, the Rev. J. G. Wood, died the other day, to the regret of everyone who ever dipped into his multitudinous books. Notwithstanding its unfailing industry and perennial charm, his prolific pen was unable to make provision for his sick widow and her six children. The Vicar of St. Peter's, Kent, where Mr. Wood resided, has made an appeal to the public in this case, which he says is "very urgent," as it is surely very deserving. If every reader, boy or man, who owes any number of happy hours to the author of so many charming works, were moved to pay some minute portion of his debt by sending his mite to the "J. G. Wood Fund," that Fund would speedily become a pretty plump one. Mr. Punch gladly announces that the mites in question—may they be many!—may be sent direct to the Rev. ALFRED WHITEHEAD, Vicarage, St. Peter's, Kent, or to the "J. G. Wood Fund," Messrs. HAMMOND & Co., Bankers, Queen Street, Ramsgate. Now, boys!



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 60.



ROUGH SKETCH OF THE OPPOSITION LISTENING TO MR. BALFOUR.



# A VICAR OF —?

THE Vicar of Great Barling  
Is of bigots quite the darling,  
Denunciation equally applying  
(To his Bishop's small content)  
Unto dallying with Dissent,  
As to other deadly sins—like theft and lying.

O Rev. F. A. GACE,  
You *must* be a babe o' grace,  
A (let us hope) anachronistic rarity!  
One feels, did you begin  
At codifying sin, [Charity!  
Your cardinal transgression would be—

# THE USE OF MICE IN POLITICS.

*RICULUS MUS*, who, according to the old fable, once released the lion from a net, may yet save the British Lion from the meshes of female domination, which some deem to be closing on him. A meeting of a Woman's Suffrage League is said to have been hurriedly broken up by the scare created through the sudden apparition of "a little mouse"! Fancy, strong-minded Blue-Stockingdom beaten by the tiny household rodent! The ladies were assembled "to appoint female Candidates for Poor Law Guardians." To them in solemn conclave gathered, enter one little furry creature with sparkling eyes and long tail, and lo! a hasty gathering of skirts, and a hurried flight! Would-be Women Guardians scattered by "the most magnanimous mouse." Fancy a modern Mock-Heroic on the "Battle of the Female Suffragists and the—Mice!" The "Rat" has long had his place in the Political World. Now is the time for the Mouse. The story has, of course, been denied, and perhaps is too good to be true!

# A Song of Street Barriers.

AIR—"The Wolf."

[The County Council threatens the existence of Street Bars and Gates.]

'Tis the County Council's hour,  
Ducal Landlords harsh and dour.  
(Won't it make their blue blood creep?)  
Street-bars shall not longer keep.  
Cabby soon shall freely prowl;  
("Compensation!" Dukes will howl.)  
Gates and Bars will fly asunder!  
Won't the Landlords call it plunder?

A RUNNING ACCOUNT WITH THE FRENCH.—  
The seasons of the year do not seem to affect the success of the *Babes in the Wood*, at Drury Lane. Ever since Christmas the theatre has been crammed daily, and when Easter is reached, the house is sure to be crowded, or as "our lively neighbours across the Channel" would say *pacqued*. Meanwhile (they might also remark) the *Babes*, even in Lent, are visited nine times a week by the *carême de la crème* of Society.

# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, March 4.*—Things delightfully dull to-night after fervour of last week. At Question Time Irish Members tried to get up little breeze about mysterious movements of Head Constable PRESTON. HARCOURT, incited by previous successes from below Gangway, followed on same tack. MATTHEWS blundering as usual; but even that didn't succeed in bringing on a row.

"Must have a quiet night sometimes," OLD MORALITY pleaded. "Quiescence plays in daily life the part of nitrate on the exhausted soil. It fructifies it; or, as I might say, it makes it fruitful."

Some promise of diversion from unexpected quarter. Anonymous Gentleman rose from Bench behind Ministers; attempted to counter-



# "THE RESERVE FORCES."

Militia Officer. "AUGH!—A NEW MAN. AH—'VE YOU BEEN IN 'SERVICE BEFORE?"

Recruit. "YES, SIR."

Officer. "AUGH—WHAT REGIMENT?" Recruit. "MRS. WIGGINS'S COACHMAN, SIR!!"

veil designedly awkward question by HARCOURT as to vagaries of Lieutenant in Command of Detachment of British Army at Church at Clonmel on Sunday. Diligent inquiry made known fact that anonymous person was THEOBALD, the Member for Romford. This question his maiden speech; evidently prepared with great care. But, whether owing to nervousness or bad writing, could not make out contents of manuscript. Doggedly stuck at it; forged ahead, mixing up alternate lines; talking about the "Commanding Priest" and the "Reverend Officer." At last, SPEAKER interfered; suggested notice had better be given of question. THEOBALD, looking up over manuscript, affected not to see SPEAKER; stumbled on again; loud cries of "Order! Order!" SPEAKER and THEOBALD on their legs together; THEOBALD only got two more folios to read: might do them at a trot. Came another cropper; not quite clear whether the



priest was "publicly rebuked by said officer," or whether said officer was publicly rebuked by priest.

"Order! Order!" cried SPEAKER, with increased sternness.

"Order! Order!" roared Irish Members.

THEOBALD, popping head again up over manuscript, looked round the House with anguished expression, and sat down on his hat. Irish Members, soothed by this little incident, subsided, and talking went drowsily forward. *Business done.*—Still harping on Address.

*Tuesday.*—A little froth left on top of Parliamentary bottle. Wanting to know all kinds of things about secret interviews between emissaries of the *Times*, and prisoners in cell. Emissaries alleged to be Government officials. COBB very anxious to know how the Chevalier LE CARON came to be introduced to Mr. HOUTON; whether an official of Scotland Yard gave the Chevalier a number of confidential documents, forming part of correspondence that had come into ANDERSON'S possession in his official capacity. MATTHEWS, assuming early-morning attitude of Sphinx, knows very little about anything. What little he does know, declines to disclose. BALFOUR equally reticent. Irish Members pepper away. HARCOURT, unable to resist temptation, plunges in, and splashes round. BALFOUR and MATTHEWS, standing back to back, face the crowd. After squabble, lasting nearly an hour, attacking forces withdraw. BALFOUR reclines in graceful attitude on Bench; HENRY MATTHEWS mops his forehead, and wonders why he should have consented to be HOME SECRETARY.

AKERS-DOUGLAS moves new writ for Kennington in place of GENT-DAVIS. GENT-DAVIS person of renown. His history told in two chapters and eight stars; thus:—

#### CHAPTER I.

Mr. GENT-DAVIS, M.P., brings action against Mr. Punch.

#### CHAPTER II.

Mr. GENT-DAVIS, M.P., comes a cropper. No longer M.P. *Exit.*



Robertson, M.P.

"Yah! yah! yah!" roared ROBERT FOWLER. Cheer taken up from all the Ministerial Benches, and SMITH resumed his seat suffused with consciousness of virtue. *Business done.*—Debate on Address.

*Wednesday.*—A Conybeare-cum-Cunninghame-Grahame sort of day. CUNNINGHAME speaking when Debate on Address adjourned at midnight; comes up quite fresh this afternoon, and continues speech for an hour. Then enter CONYBEARE, and exit the few Members left by CUNNINGHAME. CONYBEARE growls and snarls for space of an hour and a quarter. Subject, neglected condition of Working Classes. FENWICK points out that a day has been secured for regular, full discussion of subject on Motion by BROADHURST. A working-man himself, representative of a great constituency, FENWICK will have nothing to do with Conybeare-cum-Cunninghame-Grahame. Rather hints that they are wasting time and spoiling



Inquiring Cobb.

good cause. OLD MORALITY moves Closure. BRADLAUGH votes with Government.

"Ha! ha!" said PICKERSGILL, gloomily regarding Member for Northampton. "The time will come when Brother BRADLAUGH, too, will join the Gentlemen of England, and go out to dine with Dukes."

*Business done.*—Address voted.

*Thursday.*—W. REDMOND wants to know whether it is true that on night of his arrest Dr. TANNER was obliged to sit in a chair, the HOME SECRETARY having omitted to provide him with a bed? Irish Members prepared to be thrilled with this fresh enormity. But presently REDMOND wishes he hadn't spoke. HOME SECRETARY tells plain unvarnished tale. Draws with firm yet sympathetic hand cosy picture of TANNER, seated in only armchair possessed by Scotland Yard, specially drawn in for him, with whiskey *ad libitum*, sandwiches *ad infinitum*, and cigars of the best British make.

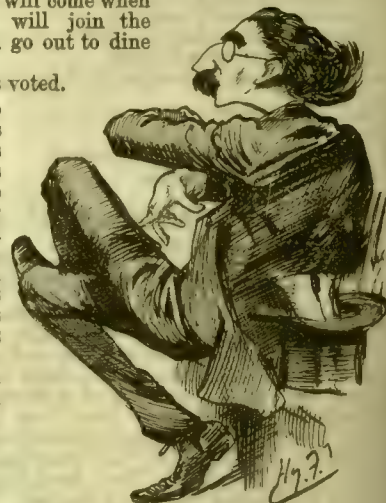
The O'GORMAN MAHON listened with glistening eyes. "Begorra!" he says, smacking his lips, "if that's the way they're treated at Scotland Yard I'll get taken up meself. Go and see about it at once." And he strode forth with his stately gait.

W. REDMOND still takes tragic view of situation.

"Does the HOME SECRETARY," he asked, "mean to say that cigars and sandwiches are a sufficient substitute for a bed?"

"My Right Hon. friend," said OLD MORALITY, coming to the table, "has asked me to answer the question of the Hon. Member. As we have all read somewhere, the bearing of his observation lies in the application of it. Are sandwiches and cigars a sufficient substitute for a bed? he asks. I answer, 'That depends.' If you have a sufficient quantity of sandwiches, and they are spread out mattress-fashion, accommodation for a night's repose might be obtained. I would point out to the Hon. Member that if choice is open to him, it would be well to select beef as the viand, being softer—I may say more springy—than ham, especially ham of American or highly-salted brands. The cigars, also presupposing that they are furnished in sufficient numbers, would, properly treated, admirably serve the purpose of a bolster. I have now given the Hon. Gentleman every information in my power, and I sincerely trust that he will accept the explanation as satisfactory, and that we shall be permitted to go forward with the business of the House. HER MAJESTY'S Government have nothing to hide in the matter, their single object being to consult the convenience of the House, and perform their duty to the QUEEN and the Country." Loud cheers greeted these few remarks, and the subject dropped. *Business done.*—Lord GEORGE HAMILTON brought in scheme for strengthening Navy.

*Friday.*—That subtle humorist, JACKSON, prepared little surprise for House to-night. Sort of double-cutting joke. Ministers and Ministerialists thought they were going to have a good grind at Supply, already in urgent state. Opposition had noticed Supply not put down in first edition of Orders, and assumed it could not come on. Notice absolutely necessary to dealing with Supply. Nett consequence was, that it could not be taken, and sitting cheerfully wasted. By Ten o'Clock everything wound up, and surprised, if not delighted Ministers, went home. *Business done.*—None.



Anxious about Bradlaugh.



"Going to see about it."



## ON COMMISSION.

*Tuesday, March 12th.*—Those who had come to see those eminent Counsel, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Mr. LOCKWOOD, must have been disappointed as neither of my learned friends put in an appearance, during the whole day. However, my learned friends, laughter-leading and fiery, were admirably represented by Mr. R. T. REID, a gentleman of infinite jest and judgment, and consequently the appropriate spokesman in Parliament of the rollicking borough of Dumfries. The artists of the illustrated papers were also in attendance, ready to seize upon, for pictorial embellishment, such striking incidents as "Mr. GEORGE LEWIS drops his eyeglass," or "Mr. HARDCASTLE, the accountant, examines the bankers' pass-book," or to give a carefully-finished sketch (that, if executed, would have a distinct historical value) of "Mr. CUNNINGHAM, the Secretary, attentively reads a letter asking for seats." By the way, it seems



Sudden appearance of a Mysterious Stranger on the Bench.

a pity that the artists in question do not now and again depict subjects a little more sensational. For instance, on this occasion, a visitor appeared conspicuously on the Bench, whose identity no one could ascertain. It was suggested that he might be a Judge.

"Not one of our lot," said an official of the Court.

"Nor an Irish Judge either," returned a gentleman of the Press, who, from the purity of his accent, I imagine, must have been an Englishman born in Dublin.

If the Bar for the defence was weak in members, the *Times* was exceptionally well represented. All the leaders were present; and it was a touching sight to see Mr. ATTORNEY offering to assist Sir HENRY JAMES to examine a Witness. My learned and right hon. friend, the Ex-Home Secretary, however, seemed to me a little ungrateful when he asked the Senior Law Officer of the Crown to elect to keep silence, or to examine the Witness all by himself. The feature of the sitting was the committal of this very Witness to gaol for contempt of Court. The man was rightly described as



Taking a little Coffey.

his was a case of intimidation of the worst sort." The fellow's name was COFFEY—a fact that, I fancy, suggested a thought to Mr. Justice DAY (a thought that, if it ever existed, however, was never revealed) that "COFFEY, in prison, would be suited to a T!"

*Wednesday.*—Unquestionably a great day for Ireland. In the

first instance my learned and erudite friend, Mr. MURPHY, Q.C., had an opportunity of declaring to the world in general, and to Mr. ATTORNEY in particular, that the 17th of March was the date of the *fête* of St. Patrick. Encouraged by this valuable assistance, to be generous to others, Sir RICHARD, in his turn, once more gave Sir HENRY JAMES the benefit of his support and advice, when my right hon. friend the ex-Home Secretary had a Witness under examination. It is needless to say that Sir HENRY made suitable acknowledgment of the kindness. The second time "Ould Ireland" scored, was when Mr. BIGGAR, representing himself (and really no better representative could be possibly found for so difficult a rôle) showed how much was lost to the Bar, and even the Bench, by the Hon. "apparition in person" (if I may use such a term) not having qualified for the Lord High Chancellorship. On two distinct occasions, Mr. BIGGAR was well to the fore, obtaining results that must have filled him with (perhaps) surprise, and (no doubt) sincere gratification. The rest of the morning was taken up with the last of the *Times* Witnesses, tempered with the occasional appearance of Mr. SOAMES, as a sort of forensic Chorus, explaining everything to everyone's entire satisfaction. I was glad to see during the sitting my ever-courteous friend, Mr. CUNNINGHAM, also seizing an opportunity for personal distinction. It having become necessary to produce a letter, the Secretary set to work to hunt it up, and during the interesting process managed to give quite a little entertainment. Mr. CUNNINGHAM, by his expression, (while engaged in the search), contrived to suggest anxiety, doubt, sorrow, hope, determination, despair, and ultimately triumph. When the letter was at length run to cover (in a portfolio), Mr. CUNNINGHAM produced it with the air of a conjuror, who, after piquing curiosity by several simulated failures, finally draws from a seemingly empty hat an unexpected bundle containing a loaf of bread, a wig, a bird-cage, and a pair of infantine leggings.

It was not until after the midday adjournment that the case of the *Times* concluded. Then it was that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL (who had been away during the morning, leaving my learned friends, Messrs. REID and ASQUITH, to represent the accused during his absence), rose to put several questions to the Bench. He asked would the Commissioners make any interim report. "No," courteously explained the President, on behalf of himself and colleagues, "they would not," on the principle (so I understood), that it is bad in law to make two bites at a cherry. Then Sir CHARLES explained the great possibilities of expansion the inquiry possessed. He made a calculation, which seemed to suggest that, under certain pleasing and favourable circumstances, the Commissioners might be invited to sit, "it might be for years, it might be for ever." He assured their Lordships that he was well aware that, if necessary, they would willingly assent to such an arrangement. No doubt he was right in his assumption, but, as a matter of fact, the Commissioners gazed into vacancy as they listened to this merited recognition of their devotion to duty with a stare painfully eloquent of the strongest emotion. My learned friends for the *Times* also looked



Rather a Black look-out.

rather black. Then Sir CHARLES held out a brighter prospect. If they might adjourn until Tuesday fortnight, he fancied that he would be able to so arrange the case for "what he might term" the defence, that a great portion of it might receive development by the Easter Vacation. He (with the consent of his learned friends) would be the only Counsel to open the case. He laid a stress upon the word "counsel" no doubt with a view to leaving Mr. BIGGAR the opportunity of making an oration, the eloquence of which might live in the memories of generations yet to come. With a sigh of either sorrow or relief (I cannot say which), the Commissioners immediately assented, and the Court stood adjourned until the 2nd of April—the morrow of a festival that to many present had possibly a certain weird significance.

Thus my note ends. Whether I shall reopen it depends upon the claims that my clients may advance to my time and attention, as I (like the rest of the Bar) have made it a golden rule never to accept retainers to be in two or more places at once.

*Pump-handle Court.* (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.





### QUITE AT HOME.

*Madame La France.* "AH ! MONSEIGNEUR, SOYEZ LE BIENVENU !"

*M. le Duc.* "ET—SANS ADIEU, CETTE FOIS, J'ESPÈRE."

*Le Brav' Général.* "ENCHANTÉ, MONSEIGNEUR ! À BIENTÔT, MADAME."

[*Il se sauve.*]

#### "Arcades Ambo—blackguards both."

SOME of the amenities of the Kennington electors are worth notice, as specimens of political polemics. A (supposed) Radical abstracted Mr. BERESFORD HOPE's watch. By way, perhaps, of retort-uncourteous, a (believed to be) Conservative threw a lump of "concrete" at Mr. BEAUFOY. Whether the "abstract" argument or the "concrete" one be the worse or weaker, it is hard to say; but at any rate neither is conclusive—save of the irrational ruffianism of the rascals who used them.

REFRESHMENT FOR SPECIAL COMMISSION.—COFFEY, real Mocker, roasted by Sir HENRY JAMES, Q.C.

#### A Philosophic Reflection for Impatient Patriots.

SINCE Faction, ever on the wing,  
Vents folly in and out of season,  
The most unreasonable thing  
Is to expect it to show reason.

MR. STANHOPE says that the Ordnance Department are at last on their mettle, and are going to make up for lost time. It is to be hoped, for the sake of avoiding disappointments, that the material may not prove identical with that from which they have latterly been undertaking to supply the country with its big guns.





### THE COMING EXHIBITIONS.

*Smudger (who thought he really would "score" with his Landscape this year). "Now, what ought I to get for it?"*  
*Art Critic (Candid Friend). "THREE MONTHS!"*

*[And pulls it all to pieces!]*

### WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW. TENTH EVENING.

"ONE evening last year," began the Moon, "I looked down into a school where they were giving away the prizes. The school staff sat in a row on a platform, and as the Head Master read out the names, one by one, of the boys who had obtained rewards, each came up blushing to receive it from the honoured guest of the evening, generally stumbling at the top step, and marching back amidst handclapping from his schoolfellows and the visitors. At last one boy was called up, and the Chairman shook hands with him as usual, and presented him with the largest and handsomest prize of all—but, curiously enough, no applause followed from his schoolfellows, and as he made his way back to his seat beside his parents, there was a distinct sound of hissing. His father looked indignantly all round him through his gold spectacles, and his mother patted his hand, and admired the binding of the volume, which had the school arms on it in gold, but the boy did not seem to care to open it, as he sat there with burning

cheeks, while a little girl, who was in a seat some way behind, looked at him with pitying and curious eyes. After the prize-giving there were performances, and I saw them all from beginning to end. The boys dressed up like real actors, and acted scenes from plays in Latin and Greek, at which their parents, though they did not understand a single word, were thoroughly delighted, for it showed that their sons were receiving a really good education and fitting themselves to succeed in life. But the visitors whose sons were not acting thought the performance dull. The last play was in English, and in this the boy who had won the biggest prize took the principal part. All the visitors were delighted with him, for he looked very handsome and gallant in his stage-dress, and spoke his lines boldly and clearly; but his school-fellows made a point of applauding everybody else, and when he was called before the curtain, there was hissing to be heard again from the back benches. The little girl, who had asked her brother the reason of this unkindness, was told in a whisper that it was suspected in the school that the boy had won his prize unfairly, and that was why they were hissing.

"When it was all over and the visitors were going away, I happened to look down on the playground, and there, by the fives' courts, still wearing his gay dress, I saw the prize-winner who had been hissed. And the little girl must have seen him too and managed to slip away, for, as I was looking, she came out, looking rather shy and strange, and went straight up to him. 'I just wanted to tell you,' I heard her say to him, 'not to mind a

bit what those horrid boys say. I don't believe you cheated!'

"But he broke away without a word, leaving her standing there puzzled and a little offended—for he *had* cheated, and that was the worst of it!"

### "NOW, SIR!"

WHEN a crass Sir Oracle  
 Vents his bumptious Big-Bow-Wow, Sir,  
 Everyone his class may tell  
 By his frequent use of "Now, Sir!"

When your platform Boanerges  
 Rants forth what he calls a "rouser,"  
 Every pointless "point" he urges  
 Starts with an emphatic "Now, Sir!"

When a fool "writes to the Papers,"  
 ("ANTI-HUMBUG," "VINDEX," "TOW-  
 SER"),

Volubly he struts and vapours,  
 And his "note" 's the frequent "Now, Sir!"

Was there ever pompous prig  
 Swelled a shirt-front, hitched a trouser,  
 But conceived it brave and big  
 To belard his bosh with "Now, Sir!"?

Whilst a bumptious bore has breath,  
 Vanity finds vent, somehow, Sir,  
 And the Noodle's Shibboleth  
 Is the fierce thrasonic "Now, Sir!"

PLEA FOR POLITICAL OFFENDERS.—High  
 Treason being the highest crime known to the  
 law, therefore let everybody convicted of it  
 be treated as a First-class Misdemeanant.





## DUE SOUTH.

*Still at Monte Carlo—After the Battle of Flowers—Return to the Casino.*

BYNGLEIGH comes up to me at the table. He is a small man with a sharp shrewd manner, and a glittering eye,—strictly speaking, two glittering eyes. He is building a villa at Monte Carlo—that is, he



"Messieurs, faites le jeu!"

is building it with the assistance of an architect and gangs of workmen, and from being accustomed to deal, in his London house of business, with a large number of *employés*, to whom his every word is law, and with chiefs of various departments who do not attempt even to discuss his suggestions, he has acquired the habit of excoagitating complicated problems of trade in half a second, seeing all the pros and cons of a scheme at a glance like a First Napoleon, and of giving his orders with the same promptitude and decision that characterised the commands of the Iron Duke. His word, nay, even his opinion, is as the very concentrated essence of the spirit of the laws of the Medes and Persians. He stands behind me and closely follows the progress of the game.

"Well," he says in his crisp chirrupy manner, with his head a little on one side, addressing me, while he never takes his eyes off the board, "Well, what are you doing?" Now at this minute, I am hesitating whether I shall put on the *six premiers* or the sixteen *en plein*. "No good going on numbers," remarks BYNGLEIGH, curtly; "you won't do anything at that. Go on red." But I point out to him that on red you can win only the amount you stake.

"Well, he returns, "if you do that often enough, you'll make a good lot."

"No," I reply, with dogged determination, "I've made up my mind to go on the first six."

"I shouldn't," he says, decisively. But I do. "*Messieurs, faites le jeu! . . . Rien ne va plus!*" and I've lost.

"Told you so," says BYNGLEIGH, with a dry laugh, and shrugging his shoulders as much as to say, "if you will insist on running contrary to my advice, you know what to expect."

I quote to him the authority of SMITHSON, an old hand. SMITHSON, I remind him, advised me to put on the first six, the last dozen, and zero. "Oh, SMITHSON doesn't know everything," retorts BYNGLEIGH.

This I admit is true; but still, having trusted to SMITHSON, and SMITHSON having been right,—and if I had only stuck to what he told me, I should have been by now a richer and a gayer man,—I am a little hurt to hear SMITHSON'S advice so contemptuously treated by BYNGLEIGH. I can't help telling him that SMITHSON has played here for years over and over again, and that—

Here BYNGLEIGH cuts me short by saying authoritatively, "It's no use dodging about the table. You put on the red,—that's the best game."

No, I beg his pardon, I will put on the 16 to 21 "*transversal*," and also back the middle dozen.

It turns up "three, red," which is neither in my transversal nor in the middle dozen, and I lose on both. If I had stuck to my "*six premiers*" I should have won five times my stake, and only lost the middle dozen one.

"But it was red," says BYNGLEIGH, persistently.

Yes, it was; but I shall stick to the numbers. I like transversal. I like the *quatre premiers*, which includes zero, for which you get, as I explain to him, eight times your stake, and this time I shall go on the four first and the middle dozen.

"I wouldn't," says BYNGLEIGH, shortly. "I should go on the red."

I put my five-franc piece on the middle dozen, then, by an inspiration, on "*impair*," and finally I am just saying to the *croupier*, in my sweetest and politest manner,—nay, the words are actually on the tip of my tongue—"Les quatre premiers, s'il vous plaît," when BYNGLEIGH jogs my elbow and draws my attention to a large amount which somebody is putting on the red, and, by an otherwise utterly unaccountable *lapsus linguae*, I suddenly say, "*Six premiers*" instead of "*quatre*," and, before I can correct the mistake, the magic words, "*Rien ne va plus!*" are uttered, click goes the ball, and "Zero" turns up! Zero counts for *quatre premiers*, but not for *six premiers*, and I've lost again.

"Red's put in prison," says BYNGLEIGH. I mentally wish that he was sharing red's fate, that is while I am playing. "It'll win, you'll see."

It has been red so often, that I feel confident it can't come off this time. I tell BYNGLEIGH it was his fault that I didn't win just

now, because he jogged my elbow, and distracted me just at the critical moment.

"Oh nonsense!" he replies, with an irritating chuckle. "You go on the red."

"No, I don't care about colour. I feel an inspiration to try the middle dozen, and *impair*. It is 16 (red) which is in the first dozen. Lost again!"

"You would do it," says BYNGLEIGH, shrugging his shoulders with an air of supreme disgust at my inconceivable obstinacy. "It's no use your going on numbers. Stick to a colour."

"Which?" I ask, in despair.

"Ah," he replies, with another shrug, and a short cynical laugh—I hate a short cynical laugh—"I haven't been watching, but I should say black for choice."

Savagely I throw down one piece on black, and another I place *en transversal* 16 to 21, and, just as I am doing it, I feel a strong impulse to put it on 13—18. By a sudden impulse, and begging somebody's pardon for rubbing his ear the wrong way as I lean energetically over towards the *croupier* at the end of the table, I place a piece on the last dozen. "*Messieurs! faites le jeu! . . . Rien ne va plus!*"—it will soon be *rien ne va plus* with me—and—click!—up comes 14 red. Lost on all!

"Ah," says BYNGLEIGH, smiling sardonically, "you oughtn't to have gone on the black."

"But you said black," I retort, annoyed at his perversity.

"Oh," he replies, with the same irritating out-and-dried laugh, and the usual shrug, "you mustn't go by me."

"Look here," I say to him, in a manner which is described in the "business" of an operatic *libretto* as "with concentrated emotion,"—"look here, you bring me bad luck. I wish to goodness you'd go away." I feel that this is childish superstition. But, if you begin gambling, you'll find yourself giving in to all sorts of superstitions, and you can't help it.

BYNGLEIGH shrugs his shoulders again, and saunters off. I remain, and go on losing. Then I stop playing, just to see if I should have had any luck. I say to myself, "This time I should have put a five-franc piece on 13 and black." I stand calmly watching the table. No one puts on 13. "*Messieurs*," &c. Somebody suddenly stretches out his hand and puts a pile of gold coins on 13. "*Rien ne va plus!*" 13 by Jove!!! Now, that's worse luck than anything else. I turn away. "*Rien ne va plus!*" I retire into a corner and reckon. Bang has gone one hundred and seventy-five francs. "*Rien ne va plus!*"

It is just on eleven, and I stop at the last table. BYNGLEIGH is here. He shows me five pieces he has just won. "I went only on red," he says, smiling triumphantly. His manner implies that I am an idiot for not having done the same as he has. "Now," he cries, "look here!" and he chuckles in anticipation of good luck, as he puts his money on red and even. It turns up black and uneven. Bang have gone two out of his five. "The black's turn now," he says, and reaching out his hand deposits his three pieces on black. In a second it is raked up and disappears with all the other stakes, the *croupiers* descend from their perches, the servants are covering up the table, the players are dispersing, and BYNGLEIGH is left grabbing at the cloth, and exclaiming,

"Here! Hi! I hadn't any go for my money!"

But no one attends to him, the rules are inexorable, and BYNGLEIGH has lost all his hard-earned gains, and a trifle more into the bargain.

"My dear fellow," I say, not so much to console him as to rebuke him for having previously lectured me on my method of playing, and for his irritating style to me in the hour of my adversity, "there is no rule in this sort of thing. It is all luck."

"Yes," he mutters, bitterly, "and bad luck too."

"Let's go to 'Zero's,'" suggests JOHNNIE SPOFFERD, coming up in a great-coat and muffler, for it is uncommonly cold. We visit "Ciro's"—popularly known as "Zero's," which is a small American-English drinking-bar, where very soon some fifty persons crowd into a small space calculated to accommodate, with careful adjustment, about thirty-five. And here we are, on a balmy moonlight night, balmy but freshish, within a stone's throw of the blue Mediterranean (which we can't see), in the land of the Sunny South, sitting in a small bar, drinking Scotch whiskey-and-water-hot, gin-sling, "John Collins," stout-and-bitter, all of which beverages are, as is well known, peculiarly characteristic of the Sunny South of Europe.

## Crop v. Crop.

A CRUSADE against Rooks? To the thought ere one yields,

One must see how the whole matter looks,

By comparing the "State of the Crops"—in the fields,

With the "State of the Crops"—in the rooks.

We thought our black friends deleterious vermin ate.

Pause ere the poet-loved birds you exterminate!

Let us be sure how the rooks fill their craws,

Nor silence the chorus of caws—without cause.





MY BOYS..!!

## COMING OF AGE.

H.R.H. (log.) "ONLY £50,000 HAS BEEN SPENT ON HIS MOST LIBERAL EDUCATION, AND NOW THE EXTENT OF HIS ACQUIREMENTS IS WORTH DOUBLE THE SUM. GENTLEMEN, HE'S A WO-O-NDERFUL BOY! YOU WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT HIS LITTLE BROTHER, WHO IS NOT YET ABLE TO WALK ALONE, WILL BE ABSOLUTELY INDEPENDENT OF MASTER COLONIAL INSTITUTE, AGED TWENTY-ONE THIS DAY."—[*Vide Speech of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the Celebration of the Twenty-first Anniversary of Colonial Institute, March 13.*]

## A WELL-EARNED TESTIMONIAL.

LET every Theatre-goer give a hand, with plenty in it, to Mr. MADDISON MORTON, author of *Box and Cox*, and numerous first-rate farces. A Committee has been formed for the purpose of getting up a testimonial to JOHN MADDISON MORTON. Address "WALTER AMDEN, Secretary of M. M. Testimonial Fund, Terry's Theatre, 105, Strand, W.C." It is hoped that besides this Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN and his co-librettist in *Cox and Box* will be able to arrange a special performance with the assistance of Mr. D'OXYLY CARTE, of this celebrated triumvirate, which would not have existed but for JOHN MADDISON MORTON at the Savoy Theatre. By the way, Messrs. WARD and LOCK have published a volume of *Plays for Home Performance*, by the Author of "*Box and Cox*," with a short preface by J. M. MORTON himself, and an interesting monograph by CLEMENT SCOTT. J. M. M. acknowledges his indebtedness to "French Material," and the Theatrical Bookseller and publisher, of 89, Strand, would also be willing to acknowledge his indebtedness to MADDISON MORTON for a considerable amount of dramatic work, which has contributed to his French material prosperity.

## Vi et Armis.

A CRASS social tyranny dominates France,  
'Gainst which Common Sense seems to have scarce a chance.  
Yet would she attain true Civility's goal,  
She must free her fair hands from "the *Duel Control*."

ONE OF BEN TROVATO'S.—The other day the ATTORNEY-GENERAL wanted to purchase an original engraving—something of WEBSTER'S, R.A., probably—and the collector with whom he was dealing advised Sir RICHARD that the only really valuable originals were "proofs before letters." Mr. ATTORNEY gave up the case, and left the shop.

## "A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS."

(By a Prejudiced Spectator at Kennington Oval on the occasion of the Visit of the American Baseball Team, Monday, March 11, 1889.)

HUMPH! "New York Herald" wants to know what we think of the game, and sends round cards of inquiry to take our votes, eh? Hardly formed an opinion yet,—except that it's a beastly day. Wonder how "All America" and "Chicago" like playing their great national game in a fog on a mud-swamp. (No, my man, I'll not fill up the card yet. Give me time.) What a lot of left-handers! Fine-built fellows though, and natty dress. Look at that broad-shouldered chap in spotless—Bang! By Jove what a downer! He's not spotless now either; plastered with Surrey slime from neck to ankle. Doesn't seem to half like it. What are they up to? Look to me like a lot of tipsy fellows in a fog. Somebody sprawling every half minute. Find it difficult to follow the game, and as to the scoring—well, do they score at all? Br-r-r! it is cold! All out? Why, I hardly knew they were in. Score? Nothing? And after all that scampering and stumbling! Rum game this!

Ah! that's a good spunk! First fair hit I've seen. But what a skyer! Caught? Why, of course; dropped into field's hand as easily as an egg into a cup. What are they doing now? Ah! there's a swipe! Run, Sir, run!!! Why, he never stirs? Foul hit? Oh! hang it all! What with misses, and fouls, and skyers, and stumbles, and other mysterious movements I can't understand, they don't seem to score at all! It may be all very scientific, but we "don't get no forrader." Yes, they do catch well, certainly, and throw straight, only nothing seems to come of it.

Pitcher throws as if he were pelting frogs in a pool. As to Catcher, he looks a cross between *Falstaff*, a fencer, and a Thames diver. Game resembles a glorified—and more dangerous—Rounders, only nobody has made a "rounder" yet, as far as I can see. Gr-r-r! it's cold, yes, and "slow," distinctly slow! Without the prolonged charm of cricket, or the swift, short excitement of football, but with all the tedium of the one, and all the mud-tumbling of the other. Will that do for our N. Y. H. friend? Hardly, I fear.

What, all over? Why, they've done nothing yet. Oh! interval of ten minutes, eh? To take breath, and talk to the PRINCE, I suppose. Hope H.R.H. enjoys it inside the Pavilion. I don't outside. "Perfect frost?" "Utter fraud?" "Game for kids?" "Booziest business I ever saw?" Well, well, Gentlemen, I won't say I don't agree with you, to a certain extent; but don't put these sentiments down on the N. Y. H. cards. It might lead to—well, a breach of International Amity, eh?

Out again? Well, let's hope they'll make it a little more lively this time. Don't look as spick-and-span as they did at first. Too much Oval mud about them. Why are they always tumbling over those indiarubber hot-water cushions—(oh! bases are they?)—and dirtying themselves so dreadfully? Part of the game? Humph! Probable, but hardly explanatory. Hooray! First genuine cheer of the afternoon. Good hit, that; what, at Cricket, we should call a "swipe to the boundary," for—how many, four or six is it? Eh! What? Game altogether only five to two? Oh! dash it all, that's too draggy. Worse than SCOTTON at the wickets.

Humph! Slow again. And, by Jove, half the Spectators have "mizzled," like the rain. Think I shall do likewise, for I'm cold as ice, can't see anything but muddle and mist, and don't feel to care much for seeing anything more. Eh? Game's at an end? Well, well—and who's won? Don't know? Neither do I—nor care. Smart fellows, quick as cats, and straight as catapults. Should think they'd make splendid "fields," rattling "throws in," and superb "catches"—at Cricket. But their skill all seems chucked away at this game. "More scientific than Cricket?" Boah! "Likely to be popular in this country?" Walker! Fanny a grown-up Rounders, with few hits and scarcely any score, superseding Willow and Stumps! Don't understand the game? Well, no, I daresay not, and up to now, somehow, I don't seem to want to.

Oh! "Chicago" won, did she? Bully for Chicago! No, my man. I will not fill up the N. Y. H. card, thankye! Never "down upon" a fellow's wife, children, wine, cigars, country, or favourite game! I love America, but if I gave my true opinion about Baseball it might not be flattering enough to make public for a penny. And now, for a 'nip!'"



Base Bawl.





## TROP DE ZÉLE.

*Jones (who is canvassing the Borough). "Oh, what a VERY CHARMING BABY! I'VE ALWAYS TAKEN SUCH AN INTEREST IN VERY YOUNG CHILDREN. A—HOW OLD IS IT?"*

*Elector's Wife (with pride). "ONLY JUST FOURTEEN WEEKS, SIR!"*

*Jones. "REALLY! A—AND IS IT YOUR YOUNGEST?"*

## MR. MIDSHIPMAN UN-EASY;

OR, MISCHIEF AFLOAT.

*First Middy. Come along, CHARLIE! There's nobody looking. Won't we have a lark with the old Commodore's Big Gun?*

*Second M. Well—ahem, RANDOM—I—ah—don't quite know (hesitates).*

*First M. Don't quite know? Then, what are you here for? Thought we were in the same boat this time, CHARLIE. You don't mean to say you funk it, after all?*

*Second M. Not a bit of it. But what is your little game, RANDOM?*

*First M. Our little game, you mean. Why, to spike the Commodore's Big Gun, to be sure. Preposterous old piece of ordnance, though the old potterer is so fond of it. Yah!*

*Second M. Well, I don't think very much of it myself, I must say. 'Tisn't the sort of Gun I should like to see run out for action. But as to spiking it,—well, don't you see that's a strong order, RANDOM. Besides, what good will it do?*

*First M. (derisively). What good? Well, CHARLIE, you are a chap! Thought you had more devilry in you than that. (Sings.)*

*Goosey, goosey, gander!*

*Don't stay there and ponder,*

*You can't be the plucky chap*

*Who fought aboard the Condor!*

*Second M. Well, you see, RANDOM, I don't like the Gun, but I don't want to betray the ship or upset the Admiral.*

*First M. (sneeringly). Don't you, now, Master Goodchild? Nor yet have a dig at that cocky duffer, GEORGIE HAMILTON, I suppose, or a fling at spouty FORWOOD, or give ARTHUR HOOD one in the wind? Oh, you are a good boy, CHARLIE! Haven't GEORGIE and the rest of them been putting the kibosh on us for ever so long, saying that all was serene with the old Barky, and that we were troublesome youngsters, who wanted a good rope's-ending? Haven't they smuggled up to the Commodore and got us put out in the cold? And now, after stultifying themselves by admitting we were right*

*all the time in saying the ship wanted fresh armament, this paltry pea-shooter is their Big Gun, the best they can do! Why, CHARLIE, you can't have the spirit of a powder-monkey to stand it.*

*Second M. Well, I must confess it isn't my idea of a Big Gun! But, after all, half a loaf is better than no bread.*

*First M. Bah! Copybook Cant, CHARLIE. You've been sitting at the feet of OLD MORALITY. Burst up this bad Big 'Un, and they'll be forced to get a better.*

*Second M. And meanwhile?*

*First M. Meanwhile—we shall have a jolly lark, to be sure. Ah, CHARLIE, this isn't the sort of chat you gave us last voyage, when GEORGIE HAMILTON sat upon you so cheekily in spite of my backing you up. I began a fight with the Big-Wigs two years ago, and I'm not going to back down, as you seem inclined to do.*

*Georgie-Porgie, RANDOM's fly*

*Means to land you one in the eye.*

*Guess that when I've had my say,*

*Georgie-Porgie 'll run away.*

*Hope you won't do ditto, Master CHARLIE!*

*Second M. No fear! But I'm not going to round on the Admiral or betray the ship, RANDOM. That seems your racket, as far as I can make out. You're such a restless kind of a Midshipmite, you are. Larks are all very well, but spiking guns and scuttling ships go a bit beyond a joke. I should like to see the old ship with a better Big Gun; but, till she's got it, I'm not going to spike this; so I tell you. It seems to me, as the song says, that a true sailor should be*

*All as one as a part of his ship.*

*First M. (impatiently). Bah! You're not half a chap, CHARLIE!*

*Infirm of purpose, give me the—spikes!*

*I mean to have a try, anyhow. So here goes!*

*"THE 'COPPER' RING."—Sulky Policeman about Charing Cross refusing to interfere. [See recent articles on West End after Midnight, and Police Reports, *passim*.]*





## THE GOVERNMENT BIG GUN.

MASTER GRANDOLPH (Mr. Michipman *un-Easy*). "WHAT!—NOT SPIKE IT, CHARLIE?—OH, YOU AIN'T HAIF A CHAP!—I'LL HAVE A TRY!!!"



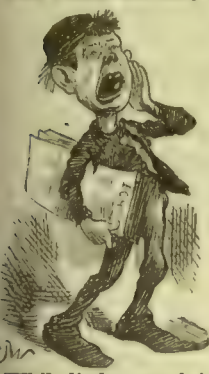




ECHOES OF THE STREET.

"On afternoons, in London streets,  
The Winner is proclaimed by boys;  
And ev'ry wretched lad one meets,  
Flouts Losers with prodigious noise!"  
*The Salsadmonger.*

WHEN the day is nigh done,  
And good folks have begun  
To think they will homeward be strolling—  
Comes a voice, does there not?  
Through cab-clatter, I wot,  
And busses eternally rolling;



It is piercing and shrill,  
And proclaims with a will  
Much comfort for toiler and spinner;  
You know, without doubt,  
From the news-vendor's shout,  
That someone or something 's a  
"Winner!"

If times have been bad,  
And you're sulky or sad,

While little enough in your purse is,  
If a victim to fate,  
You can naught contemplate  
But unbroken chains of reverses:  
If you're feeling put out,  
Or you're threatened with gout,  
(As trying to saint as to sinner),  
You are apt to get riled,  
For it makes you so wild,  
To hear such a shouting of "Winner!"

If you've just had to part  
With the girl of your heart,  
Who better loves some other fella;  
If the rain-clouds descend,  
And you find that your friend  
Has taken your silken umbrella;  
If you hail cabs in vain,  
As you trudge through the rain,  
While late, minutes thirty, for dinner—  
How you'd like then to flay  
Those young imps, by the way,  
Who wildly ejaculate "Winner!"

When, in spite of the cram,  
You ne'er pass your exam.,  
When plays you've annexed are detected;  
When your novel's a frost,  
Your election is lost;  
Or your wonderful picture rejected—  
Still each urchin will yowl  
O'er your downfall, and howl—  
Like a fiend o'er your fate he's a grinner—  
He will gaily rejoice  
At the top of his voice,  
And blithely vociferate, "Winner!"

THE attempt of his Servian friends to get M. PASCHITCH, the celebrated outlaw, whose only fitness for the post is supplied by the fact that he has been frequently chased across country by *gendarmes* for acts of brigandage, appointed Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, appears, as might have been expected, to have created a considerable hitch in the recent settlement of affairs at Belgrade. It need hardly be added that the *hitch* in question was supplied in the person of M. PASCHITCH himself.

THE ICE CARNIVAL.—According to the rather chilly reports we've seen, the Ice Carnival appears to have started with more or less of a frost. Rather a dull affair if contrasted with A Nice Carnival.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

(New Economic Version. For the use of Cheap Patriots and Purblind Party Spouters.)

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command  
Arose from out the azure main,  
This was the charter of our land,  
And guardian Chancellors sang this strain:  
Rule, BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA rule the waves—  
Provided always that her cash she saves!

Nations not half so rich as thee  
Must pay up sharp, or prostrate fall,  
Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free—  
On blunders big and taxes small!  
Rule, BRITANNIA, &c.

Still Mammon-nurtured shalt thou rise,  
Whilst other nations are stone-broke;  
Absorbed in small economies,  
Deriding danger as a joke.  
Rule, BRITANNIA, &c.

These haughty tyrant ne'er shall tame;  
His fleets shall sink, his tars shall drown;  
Whilst, vowed to the gold-grubbing game,  
Our Crown we risk—to save a crown.  
Rule, BRITANNIA, &c.

To thee belongs the God of Gain,  
Commerce's golden grain thou'lt reap,  
And thine shall be the subject main—  
If thou canst rule it on the cheap!  
Rule, BRITANNIA, &c.

The Muses, mute as a dumb hound  
For thy bare coasts feel scarce a care;  
Blest Isle, where blundering knaves abound,  
Burst guns, and ships that need repair!  
Rule, BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA rule the waves,  
Whilst Factions fight, and the Exchequer saves!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"WHAT's the odds so long as you're happy?" is a popular quotation, but, like many popular quotations, its meaning is not absolutely clear.



We would, however, vary the phrase, and say, "Take Long Odds if you'd wish to be happy!" Possibly, from a sporting point of view, this may be not altogether correct; but from a literary standpoint it is an "absolute moral." HAWLEY SMART has now contributed over a quarter of a hundred stories for the delectation of the reading public, and this one, his latest, shows no diminution in his power as a novelist. Long Odds, though in three volumes, oddly enough, never seems long; it is full of dash and sparkle, and thoroughly amusing from start to finish.

"Pickwick and Principle, always be thorough; Hie thee, boy, hie thee, away to the Borough!" So sings Mr. ARTHUR CECIL in the Dramatic Cantata at the Comedy Theatre, and this might almost be adopted as the motto of a most interesting and valuable volume, entitled, *The Inns of Old Southwark*. Both Mr. WILLIAM RENDLE, with his pen, and Mr. PHILIP NORMAN, with his pencil, have hied them away to the Borough to some purpose, and they have always been thorough. No pains have been spared to be exact down to the most minute details; and yet the terrible statistical dryness which is the characteristic of most books treating of antiquarian subjects, is altogether absent. Mr. RENDLE's knowledge of Southwark, like Mr. Weller's acquaintance with London, is "extensive and peculiar." He had an intimate knowledge of

the old Inns in the old days, long before the Demon Demolition had commenced what it is fashionable to call "improvement;" he has an excellent memory; he has an intimate knowledge of "authorities;" and he is teeming with lore concerning the old quarter and its associations. In his work he has been admirably seconded by Mr. NORMAN, who, besides contributing some of the best pictures in the volume, has superintended and arranged the whole of the illustrations which accompany the text.

THE LAY OF THE LADY CANVASSER.

A Study in Social Development.

WHEN lovely Woman stoops to tonting  
For Party votes, her pleasant way  
Is different from the male's mad shouting,  
But still she has her little say.

She does not stand at the street-corner  
And wave her arms like semaphores,  
Of "chuckers" she is no suborner;  
By other little tricks she scores.



She "takes a book" (and well she knows it),  
And on her canvas sallies forth;  
And by St. Jingo how she "goes it"  
From East to West, from South to North!

Amongst the poorest of the Voters,  
In humblest "diggings" she will pop;  
She shrinks not from the smell of "bloaters,"  
She shuns not the cheap barber's shop.

To her affairs of State are riddles,  
Not hers to know or reason well,  
But oh! the awful taradiddles,  
The Lady Canvasser can tell!

She tells them with tremendous unction,  
She tells them with a smiling face;  
You'd think bold lying was the function  
Designed by Nature for her race.

She fibs not feebly; no small "cracker,"  
No timid trifling with the true.  
She outs with some colossal "whacker,"  
And sticks to it till all is blue.

With open mouth the workmen's spouses  
Listen to "proofs" of GLADSTONE's crimes;  
The small shopkeeper's wife she rouses  
With awful tales about the "Times."

"That rival Candidate," she gurgles  
Into the Voter's ready ear,  
"Is a bad man; 'tis thought he burgles,  
'Tis known that he gets drunk—on beer!"

"He beats his wife, he was a waiter,  
He is an awful atheist,  
To our good QUEEN at heart he's traitor!"  
Such hideous "facts" who could resist?

As to insidious suggestions  
Of nameless sins—with such she teems;  
Her whispered and soul-withering questions  
Haunt honest Voters in their dreams.

And so, unscrupulous, seductive,  
Our latest Siren proudly floats  
On Party waves, with wiles obstructive  
Of truth, but telling much on—Votes.

Development? Some social DARWIN  
May show the genesis of her,  
Meanwhile they who would Party war win,  
Can't slight the Lady Canvasser.

MOTTO FOR AN OLD POET ABOUT TO PUBLISH.  
—"See me re-verse!"

ADMITTED BY BOTH PARTIES.—The present state of Kennington,—Hope-less.



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 61.



ROUGH SKETCH OF THE CONSERVATIVES BELOW THE GANGWAY.



# MORE DISCLAIMERS.

MR. FROUDE, having written to a Correspondent to say that he had been recently converted to a belief in Home Rule, there is no further reason why the following letters from other distinguished writers should not also be made public:—

SIR,—There is no truth whatever in the report that I have determined to “give up Science,” and have enrolled myself as a member of the “Salvation Army.” Whilst there are knaves in the world, such statements will occasionally be made, and, whilst there are fools extant, I suppose I shall be troubled by being asked to contradict them. The further reports that you mention—to the effect that I am about to publish a book, entitled *Genesis; an Answer to the Pseudo-scientific Attacks of Arrogant Ignorantists*, that I contemplate entering a Monastery at Jerusalem, and that I have adopted a hair-shirt next to the skin, by advice of “General” BOOTH, are equally silly, and devoid of foundation. You can make what use you like of this letter. It is the best you will get from  
Yours crustily,  
T. H.-XL-Y.  
To P. P. RY, Esq., Coventry.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose it is the distance from the centres of information at which you reside that causes you to be so strangely ignorant of my opinions on Home Rule and the Corn Law Commission. You may certainly contradict the rumour which you say you have heard, that I am writing a magazine article in defence of the Ministry, and of Sir RICHARD WEBSTER in particular; also that I am about to stand for Parliament in the Conservative interest, and as an “out-and-out supporter of the Unionist Government.” It is true that my services to the Gladstonian party—of which you seem curiously unaware—entitle me to election by some enlightened constituency; but at present, and until that constituency turns up, I must content myself with newspaper Philippics.

Yours positively,  
FREDERIC H.-RR-S-N.

P.S.—Be careful about the spelling of “FREDERIC,” if you have this letter printed. The last time that I saw a K added to my Christian name I remained senseless for five hours.

S. MACPHERSON, Esq., *The Hermitage, Mull.*

SIR,—The shortest way of answering your silly letter is to contradict each statement *seriatim*. I have not “in a fit of sudden repentance ordered my booksellers to destroy all the historical works I have ever written.” I have not given up “History,” nor do I intend “devoting myself in future to the production of cheap sensational fiction.” I have not altered all my opinions as to the unspeakable nature of Turks owing to the decoration of the Third Order of the Medjidie having been conferred upon me. I have not been insulted by being offered any such decoration,  
Yours categorically,  
E. A. FR-M-N.  
COLE NEIGH HATCH, Esq.



## THE FINE OLD SPIRIT.

“BUT IF YOU REALLY THINK JONES HAS INJURED YOU, MY DEAR FELLOW, WHY NOT CONSULT SOME CLEVER LAWYER?”

“LAWYER, INDEED! WITH MEN OF MY STAMP, THE ONLY POSSIBLE REPLY TO A MAN OF JONES’S, IS THE HORSEWHIP, SINCE IT CAN NO LONGER BE THE SWORD!”

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, March 11.*—STANHOPE made statement on introducing Army Estimates. Able, clear, and succinct; most cheering account all round; we’ve got the men, we’ve got the guns, only want the money too. A trifle over half a million in advance on last year’s estimates was what STANHOPE asked for, a mere nothing compared with state of perfection to which Army being miraculously brought.

“Not very well up in Army matters,” said Sir V. LAWSON, “but confess this puzzles me. Only other day we heard from the Colonels that we couldn’t put an Army Corps in field under a month, that our forts were ill-manned, badly gunned, things generally gone to the dogs. Now STANHOPE makes out that we’re invulnerable and irresistible. Like to hear Our Only General on the subject.”

GRANDOLPH sitting in corner seat worrying his moustache. Sat there in same attitude last Thursday when GEORGE HAMILTON brought in Navy Estimates. When he’d finished, jumped up and demolished him. Having thus finished off First Lord of the Admiralty, how would he deal with Secretary of State for War? OLD MORALITY, fervently rubbing his hands, turned from time to time and furtively regarded countenance of his young old friend.

“What do you think?” he whispered to GOSHEN, “Is the Young Min friendly?”

“Probably not,” said JOACHIM, with vivid recollection of Thursday night when GRANDOLPH,

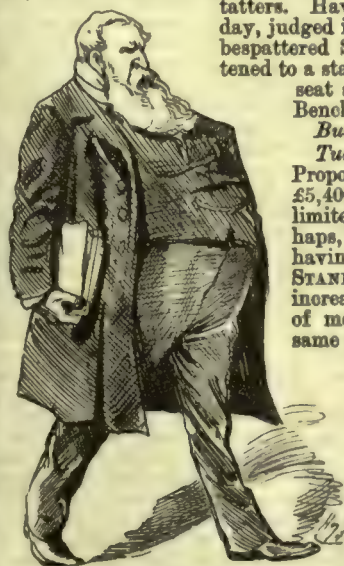
thirsting for Lord GEORGE HAMILTON’S blood, rudely brushed JOACHIM aside in springing on him.

But GRANDOLPH a great Parliamentary artist. Knows nothing so depressing as monotony. If he had not smitten HAMILTON hip and thigh on Thursday, he might, to-night, have torn STANHOPE to tatters. Having appeared with success in one character on Thursday, judged it best to select another for Monday. Accordingly, bespattered STANHOPE with praise. Declared he had never listened to a statement of the kind with more satisfaction; resumed seat amid murmur of grateful applause from Treasury Bench; whilst Opposition smiled a knowing smile.

*Business done.*—Army Estimates.

*Tuesday.*—Morning Sitting to discuss Army Estimates. Proposition being nothing more important than to vote £5,400,000 in shape of Army wage, attendance strictly limited. No one anything particular to say, except, perhaps, PICTON and CREMER. These high military authorities having gone into the matter, come to conclusion that STANHOPE’S proposals are quite unnecessary. So far from increasing Army forces, PICTON would decrease number of men; moved Amendment to that effect; CREMER of same opinion. STANHOPE, having also gone into matter, stood by his propositions, and military men taking part in Debate cruelly ignored Amendment before Committee.

Whilst PICTON speaking, Colonel HUGHES, of Woolwich, performed original and striking strategic movement. PICTON talking disrespectfully of improving the make of guns when the Woolwich Infant appeared in doorway, which he temporarily blocked; moving slowly down floor he got into position on eminence facing enemy. Could have blown ’em all clean away if he could only have gone off. But the SPEAKER, probably fearing con-



The Woolwich Infant.



sequences, withheld match, and Opposition escaped. But demonstration equally effective and weighty. "A twenty-three-tonner, at least," said DUFF, admiringly gazing over bulging proportions of the voiceless Infant. Vote for men carried only after Closure. OLD MORALITY quite apologetic in moving it. "I am under the necessity," he said, "of moving that the Question be now put."

Very different from old times, when he used to be always on the pounce. This carried vote for men; but STANHOPE wanted money too, and urged that the few moments remaining might be utilised for passing vote. This was enticing opportunity for CURSE OF CAMBORNE to rise. Thrust hands deep in trousers' pockets, as he has seen corner men do, and, scowling darkly around, began speech calculated to occupy rest of sitting, and leave Government moneyless. But this was only CONYBEARE'S fun; didn't really mean to do anything, but couldn't resist opportunity of remarking that "the Government is a discredited and disgraced faction, who know that they appear in the face of public opinion with a halter round their necks."

LECHMERE, who had first place at evening sitting for a motion with respect to public hangman, showed disposition to regard this as personal question. But he was kept out of the fray, and vote agreed to.

*Business done.*—Votes in Supply. *Wednesday.*—Missed JOSEPH GILLIS a good deal this Session. Like distinguished countryman, JOSEPH GILLIS cannot be in two places at the same time—unless he were a bird. A very shrewd sly old bird is JOEY B., devilish sly. Dropped in this afternoon on his way home from Probate Court. Smiled



"Off with the Hostile Captain's Head!"

grimly at BALFOUR and his declaration that "not humanity, but politics" is at bottom of all the bother kicked up about treatment of O'BRIEN in prison. Heard with approval JOHN MORLEY'S brief and trenchant reply. Went out to Division, but did not follow the giddy throng who thereafter hastened home. JOSEPH GILLIS resumed his seat, leaned his expressive head on his generously open palm; his two eyes twinkled like stars as he watched OLD MORALITY packing up his copybook headings, getting ready to trot off with all the eager



Smile and smile to be a Member for Liverpool.

delight of a schoolboy. Six o'clock close at hand; nothing more could possibly be added to the cares and worries of the day; House almost empty; hand of clock approaching six, when Adjournment must necessarily take place; pleased expression on OLD MORALITY'S face grew in quiet intensity; SPEAKER, with eye on clock just rising to declare House adjourned; half a minute to six; and behold! JOSEPH GILLIS on his feet, with right arm outstretched signalling the SPEAKER to resume the Chair. Through the quietened House rang the familiar voice: "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir, I wish to ask the Right Hon. Gentleman, the First Lord of the Treasury, if he will cause Messrs. W. H. SMITH & Co. to be prosecuted for selling libels?"

The SPEAKER: "The question is that the House do now adjourn." That was his remark, not at first sight *à propos*, but quite effective. Remaining Members trooped out; JOSEPH GILLIS radiant with delight, OLD

MORALITY an older and a sadder man. *Business done.*—Prisoners (Ireland) Bill thrown out by 259 votes against 193.

*Thursday.*—In Committee all night on Naval Estimates. CHARLIE BERESFORD a good deal to the fore. Incidentally defines a naval engagement. "One of the principal objects in war," he says, "is to knock the hostile Captain's head off." This way of putting it greatly inspires Committee. Proceeded with celerity to vote £3,201,700, wages of men and officers; and a trifle of £1,061,000 for clothing and victualling. "There," says WHITELY, smiling his

smile, clasping his knees with his hands, "they ought to knock a good many hostile Captains' heads off for that."

JOHN LUBBOCK perambulating House in search of GOSCHEN, who keeps out of way. Wants to get definite pledge from him that he means to deal in his Budget with the question of light sovereigns. "Why should we be behind a wretched little country like Servia?" says honest JOHN. "What do they do when they get a light Sovereign? Why, they change him; and that's what I want GOSCHEN to do with our light sovereigns." *Business done.*—Army Estimates.

*Friday.*—After dramatic disappearance of Dr. TANNER, a fortnight ago, and subsequent references to his sandwiches and cigars at Scotland Yard, general impression been that he was comfortably in prison. But the ways of Irish prisons past finding out. TANNER turned up to-night in ordinary dress; no signs of manacles about him; hair cropped short, it is true, but that was matter of precaution voluntarily taken when crisis seemed imminent.

"I won't," said the Doctor, when prison-gates loomed close at hand, "leave BALFOUR an eighth of an inch of hair." Nor did he. Personal appearance, for some days before final retirement, suggestive of having had his head scalded. But the prison barber certainly circumvented. Buzzing about to-night with gigantic green rosette in button-hole. As House adjourns, wants to know from CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER whether any intelligence has been received respecting Kennington Election? GOSCHEN stares grimly straight before him, and House adjourned. *Business done.*—None.

## "SPRING'S DELIGHTS."

"SPRING'S delights are now returning"—and though they return somewhat slowly, as far as genial weather, flowers, early vegetables, and sunlight are concerned, they return with unusual vigour at the



Artful Dodger among the Pictures.

Royal Institute of Painters in Watercolours in Piccadilly. Though we are still wandering about in fur coats, though umbrellas cannot be dispensed with, and though spring blossoms are scarce and weak, we find spring-pictures at these pleasant galleries uncommonly numerous and unusually strong. Sir JAMES LINTON and his merry men seem to have waterproof constitutions and mackintosh minds, and are quite indifferent to any meteorological influences. The gruesome climate and the hideous dark days we have experienced for so many weeks past seem to only have exhilarated them and spurred them on to greater efforts. The great charm of these rooms is that they are light, spacious, and airy, that there are comfortable seats, and that every picture is hung where it can be seen. At some shows we are grateful for the "skying" of pictures. At the Institute we should not be, for there are very few bad pictures in the collection. Among the notable contributions may be mentioned those by the President, MESSRS. KEELEY HALSWELL, FULLEYLOVE, W. L. WYLLIE, W. L. THOMAS, SEVERN, ORROCK, MAY, C. J. LEWIS, YEEND KING, EDWIN HAYES, CHARLES CATTERMOLE, CHARLES GREEN, DOLLMAN, CAFFIERI, J. A. FITZGERALD, TOWNLEY GREEN, GORDON BROWNE, J. NASH, HOBDEN, KILBURN, PYNE, HATHERELL, WARDLE, CARLTON SMITH, W. LANGLEY, F. M. EVANS, EAST, AUMONIER, STANTLAND, and E. J. GREGORY. There are over eight hundred contributions, and the show is one of the best the Institute has collected since they have been at their present gallery.

Spring's delights also return in considerable force and variety at the French Gallery. Mr. WALLIS has reared a very attractive collection of exotics in his pleasant conservatory at Pall-Mall. Though the collection is not large, it is choice, and the eye does not become weary, or the brain fatigued. Here one can emulate Mrs. Blimber, and become a bee, and sip sweets pictorial, as she desired to have a tasting order amid authors classical. We can improve each shining hour, and flit from MEISSONIER to HOLMBERG, and from HOLMBERG to HEFFNER with huge content. We can gather artistic honey all the day, if we are so minded, from JOSEF ISRAELIS, FRIELE, POETZELBERGER, ADAM, DE HAAS, DE MUNKAACS, KRÄMER, MOULINET, VON SPANYI, OREMICHEN, WAHLBERG, BERTRAND, COROT, MUNTZ, DUVERGER, AUGUSTE BONHEUR, BENLUIRE, and Mrs. BENHAM HAY. A pleasant pictorial banquet, well ordered, and excellently served, which is not likely to interfere with the most critical of digestions.

THE ART-FUL DODGER.



## NOTES ON THE PLAY.

*A Letter about "The Weaker Sex."*

MY OWN DEAREST ANGELINA,

As you begged me to see Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL in the new drama at the Court Theatre, so that I might tell you all about it, I outraged my feelings by going to the play without you and accom-



"Six of one and two of the other."

panying JACK CHAPPUIS instead. Need I say that you were never absent from my thoughts for a moment, and that I did not enjoy my dinner at the Epicurean Club in the least? How can I care for anything when you are away from me? However, as the piece did not begin until 8'30, JACK and I had plenty of time for a smoke, a cup of coffee, and a Kummel before attending the performances. *The Weaker Sex* is by Mr. PINERO, the clever author of *Sweet Lavender*, and many excellent plays.

For the old Court Theatre he wrote *The Magistrate*, and two other capital three-act farces which made the fortunes of the then lessees. As Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL are playing in it, I need scarcely say that *The Weaker Sex* is not a three-act farce, although I have seen those admirable artists at their very best in such pieces as *A Scrap of Paper* and the *Queen's Shilling*. But, as Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL, I regret to add, are shortly to leave us for America, of course it was only appropriate that they should bid us *adieu* in something sad, and *The Weaker Sex* is sad indeed. The story can be told in a very few words. Rather a feeble person is jilted by *Mary* (subsequently *Lady Vivash*), goes to America, turns poet, changes his name, and comes back to England engaged to *Rhoda*, *Mary's* daughter. But *Mary* has never forgotten him, and tells him so. Then the rather feeble person who loves *Rhoda* better than *Mary*, and his own comfort more than either, goes back to America, and the Curtain falls upon his never-to-be wife and his



"How happy could I be with neither."

found-to-be-impossible mother-in-law weeping in one another's arms. I believe when the piece was played in the Provinces, the rather feeble person (who must have been weak indeed to have preferred the daughter to the mother), married *Rhoda* and *Mary* paired off with someone else. The new ending reminded me strongly of a pathetic little one-act drama, in which the KENDALS made their mark at the Haymarket many years ago called *Faded Flowers*, wherein the hero, finding his lost love married to his dearest friend, although still attached to himself, nobly effaced himself by accepting expatriation for ever. How good Mr. KENDAL was in *Faded Flowers*! And how good Mrs. KENDAL is in *The Weaker Sex*! In fact, without her never-to-be-sufficiently appreciated assistance, I question whether the piece would have been successful. She could not possibly have been better, and yet, somehow, her superb acting did not bring tears to my eyes. This was not the fault of the actress, but the play, which when all is said and done, is not a pleasant one. Much as I like your revered Mother (to whom kindly remember me), should anything happen to you, I do not think it would be your latest wish that I should lead her to the altar, and sorry as I felt for *Mary* and *Rhoda*, and even the rather feeble person, who seemed to be passing his

entire existence in making melancholy trips to America, there was something so essentially comic in the situation, that for the life of me I could not cry. This was a great disappointment, as I like to be touched. JACK CHAPPUIS was equally indifferent, but then he is not in the least intellectual, and yawns at everything except a Gaiety burlesque. In real life I fancy *Mary* would have boxed *Rhoda's* ears soundly, and sent her back to school for another twelve months.

1st JAMES'S HALL.



"We should know one another."

For the rest, the satire upon Woman's Rights (which more or less made up the remainder of the piece), although fairly amusing, did not strike me as particularly novel.

And now, darling, I must say good-bye.

Your ever loving,

EDWIN.

## "DUX FEMINA FACTI."

By a Rabid Anti-Woman's-Rightist.

WHILST male Voters only, Rads or Tories,

Have the vote will the Election-Rough rage,

There is one thing that "emollii mores."

'Tis—so we are told—the Female Suffrage.

"Cherchez la femme," an old sagacious quip is,

She's at the bottom of War, Madness, Murder.

Will politics be purged by the Xantippes

From wrath and rancour? What could be absurder?

As well, when rival roosters will not cease

Their war, drive Partlet in—to keep the peace!

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GETTING A GOOD VIEW OF THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.—Your idea of hiring a couple of coal-barges, putting a brass band on board, asking your two hundred friends, and tacking them on to half-a-dozen steam launches, and then proceeding to view the race by leading the van, and going over the course in front of the contending crews, strikes us as a happy idea full of novelty, and only requiring, as you say, a little determination and energy to enable you successfully to carry it out. You ought certainly by this means to manage to get a capital view of the race; though, of course, as you suggest, if you cannot keep up the pace, and happen to get in the way, it may be rather embarrassing to the competitors, and may possibly involve you in some disagreeables. No, we would not advise you to take the River Police into your confidence. Take care to be early on the scene—say, at about 3 A.M., and take up your position—and stick to it. We shall be glad to hear how you have got on.



## Back Again.

ONE note of music sound we, *inter alia*,

A note of joyful welcome to

Composer FREDERICK COWEN, who

Returns, a conquering hero, from Australia.

GOOD OMEN.—MR. JOHN HARE's new Theatre will not be opened in March. The proverbial association, therefore, of "March" and "Hare" will not be realised in this instance.

MR. MANSFIELD'S "RICHARD THE THIRD."—A thorough Ciberite.



## THE ELEPHANT AND THE EEL.

*A Ballad of an Unequal Battle (with Apologies to Benny the Be'son.)**W. J. L. Sambrook, del.*

"Well, he" (Mr. BALFOUR) "is rather a slippery customer. He is like an eel. If you want to get hold of him, you must have sand upon your hand."  
—Sir W. Harcourt at the Lambeth Baths.

THERE was a Elephant,  
Brave boys!  
And a lumbesome brute was he;  
With tusks and a trunk  
Calculated for to funk,  
The pluckiest most skilful Shi-ka-ree,  
Brave boys!  
The pluckiest most skilful Shi-ka-ree!

There likeways was a Eel,  
Brave boys!  
So slithersome, and slippery, and slim.  
Now eels (for which you "sniggle")  
Are the things to writhe and wriggle,  
But there's none of 'em can twisticate like  
him,  
Brave boys!  
There's none of 'em can twisticate like him!  
Now that lollopping Elephant,  
Brave boys!

That Eel was werry anxious for to coteh,  
With a view to his spatchcocking  
(Which in course was werry shocking),  
So that Elephant was always on the watch,  
Brave boys!  
That Elephant was always on the watch!

But that limber Eel, he likeways had a heye,  
Brave boys!  
And that heye was fixed upon the Elephant.  
Says the Elephant, says he,  
"I will coteh you, as you'll see!"



## THE FAT OF THE LAND.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I SEE that an effort has been made by some misguided persons to establish a service of "Smoking Omnibuses" in London, which perhaps might, without impropriety, be called the "Service of Man," considering that none but members of the male sex would use such conveyances. Now, as I habitually ride in these cumbrous but still undoubtedly useful vehicles, I should like to suggest various reforms in them which are sorely needed, which is not the case with "Smoking Busses." Sorely needed! Ah! Sir, that expression recalls to my mind many a dreadful experience of an omnibus interior, when there have been six on one side and half-a-dozen on the other. I myself on such occasions have been "sorely kneaded" by the elbows of other passengers; I happen to be thin, and, perhaps, I feel the grievance (and the elbows) more on that account.

By some mysterious law of Nature, which no philosopher has yet explained, the persons who use omnibuses at a time of day when they are likely to be crowded are always stout. What is the result? The result naturally is, that an annexation of space rightfully belonging to us thin passengers follows; these elephantine individuals either "push us from our seats," or deposit themselves and their adipose tissue on our laps.

To remedy this all that is required is for the Omnibus Companies to erect a neat and compact weighing-machine at the entrance to their vehicles, so that the moment a passenger puts his foot on the step his correct weight would be registered on a dial. If he (or especially she) scaled over a certain number of stones, it would be the duty of the Conductor to inform him (or her), as politely as he could, that the conveyance was already "full inside," or that it had a case of measles in it, or that its journey ended at the next street—or whatever other excuse for non-admission his ingenuity and mendacity might suggest. Then there might be special roomy omnibuses constructed to meet these painful cases of corpulence, into which no thin person might intrude. But, for the convenience of the public, I would really suggest that the motto for ordinary busses should be, "Abandon fat, all ye who enter here!"

I have a good many other reforms to mention, but perhaps the above will be as much as your readers can digest at one sitting, so I will for the present subscribe myself, dear Mr. Punch, as yours devotedly,  
EIGHT-STONE-SIX.

WHEN the Chevalier, Sir VERNON HARCOURT, rode full tilt at the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, he aimed a blow at him which was intended to cut down his opponent's salary. Fortunately for Sir RICHARD, it failed; but, at the moment, there was a thrill of excitement in the Ladies' Gallery—the fans were agitated; and yet, in the absence of Sir CHARLES, there wasn't a rustle to be heard in the House.



## THE LOVE OF NATURE.

*First Chappie.* "LOVELY PLACE, MONTE CARLO, ISN'T IT! SUCH BEAUTIFUL SCENERY!"

*Second Chappie.* "BEAUTIFUL!—SUCH SPLENDID AIR, TOO!"

*First Chappie.* "SPLENDID!—A"—(pause)—"LET'S GO INTO THE CASINO!"

[*Exeunt to the tables, where they remain for the rest of the day.*]

The Eel he wunk, and answered, "Yah! you can't,"

Brave boys!

That Eel he wunk, and answered, "Yah! you can't!"

The efforts of the Elephant were huge,

Brave boys!

But they didn't, somehow, seem for to avail.

He trumpeted and snorted,  
And he trampled and evorted;

But he couldn't hold that wriggler, head or tail,

Brave boys!

He couldn't hold that wriggler, head or tail!

For he sinuously slithered, slopped and slipped,

Brave boys!

Till the Elephant almost began to feel,

That although the Elephant  
Is a ponderous giant,

He is scarce the sort of brute to catch a Eel,

Brave boys!

He is scarce the sort of brute to catch a Eel!

Then that Elephant he ups and says, says he,

Brave boys!

"I have got a ticklish task upon my hand;

But how'er he twist and squirm"  
(Says that ponderous Pa-chy-derm),

"I shall catch the wriggler yet—by means of sand,"

Brave boys!

"You cannot hold a Eel, except with sand!"

So a basket of fine silver sand he gets,  
Brave boys!

With a view to catch that slithery Silver Eel.  
Toes and trunk he then dips in it,  
And, says he, "In half a minute

"I shall have you, Mister Eel; how do you feel?"

Brave boys!

"I shall have you, Mister Eel; how do you feel?"

Then he blusters, and he flusters, and he pounds,

Brave boys!

Like a Mastodon a-dancing of a reel.

But, in spite of grab and clutch,  
He finds he can't do much,  
With his Elephantine toes against a Eel,

Brave boys!

With his Elephantine toes against a Eel!

A quick grab! a slick grab!! He's ours!!!

Brave boys!

When—fwish! The thing's like lubricated steel!

No sport could well be grander  
(To a cynical by-stander),  
But—he hasn't cotched that Eel,

Brave boys!

No, he hasn't yet cotched that Eel!

A SHOW THAT APPEALS TO THE UNDER-  
STANDING. — The forthcoming Exhibition of  
Boots and Shoes.

## A SONG BEFORE SUNRISE.

By a Sleepy Sufferer.

SEND not thy song before dawn to me,  
Rousing my soul from sweet sleep;  
Bringing the shuddering yawn to me,  
Making my tympanum creep.  
In morn's dim somnolent error  
Giving me twitchings of terror,  
Raucous asthmatical SW-E-E-EP!

MRS. RAM says that a dry air does not agree with her. It tickles her throat, and she doesn't like a tickling in her throat. So she is going to Bath, where, "I am informed," she observes, "there is so much humility in the atmosphere."

## "In a Pickwickian Sense."

MR. BRADLAUGH thinks that Joe is too egotistic (Oh!)  
For a funny reason. Why?  
JOE says "we" instead of "I."  
I is Ego, BRADLAUGH dear,  
So you can't be right, that's clear.  
JOSEPH, who's an artful feller,  
Takes a tip from Mr. Weller.  
He means "I," but, don't you see?  
Simply spells it with a *We*!

MOTTO FOR AN (EX) M. B. W. BLACK-MAILER.  
—"Give me neither poverty nor *Ritchies*!"



## DUE SOUTH.

*Last few Days at Monte Carlo.*

THE winning of one five-franc piece brightens existence. The loss of sixty sours it. Such is life at Monte Carlo.

*One more Attempt.*—At first table on the left. "Good business," says TOM WHIFFLER, showing me a handful of notes, "just played three coups. Two thousand francs. Not bad, in five minutes, eh?"

"What did you go on?" I inquire, earnestly. "I went on the dozens. First dozen, then middle dozen. Middle dozen," he adds, "was first-rate," which sounds as if he were talking of oysters. And off he goes, the lucky chap, nodding airily to me, and "chortling in his joy."

Think I'll try the "middle dozen." Difficult to find a place, so

crowded. I notice several people here, whom I had always understood, were "anything but well-off," playing with piles of notes and heaps of gold. How do they do it?

"Oh," JOHNNIE SPOFFERD explains, "they're playing with the Bank's money." Yes, but how did they get the Bank's money? I can't. On the contrary, the Bank gets mine.

Squeezing myself in close to a *croupier*, I present him with two five-franc pieces, and request him in the sweetest possible tone,—all novices address the *croupiers* in the sweetest tone, possibly with the idea of ingratiating themselves with them, and so squaring it somehow, as if being on speaking terms with a *croupier* could assist you to win,—to put one on the "six



Cooks Tourists.

*derniers*," and the other on "*douze premier*." Fifteen turns up, and I've lost. Then I try 19 *en plein*, and the first six, and again I lose, whereupon I change to a *transversal* which includes 19 (I've a fancy for 19), and *impair*. *Trente-trois* turns up. Out of it again. Whereupon I give up my fancy for 19 and leave it. Immediately up it comes! and this happens also with *trente-trois*.

Lost sixty francs. Time to go and dress for dinner. Chilly air. They cover up all the flowers and shrubs at 4 P. M. So the beauty of the place is artificially kept up. North-east wind. Queer sort of sunset. Seen sunsets twice as good as this in England, when I hadn't lost sixty francs. Meet DORDLY TAPP going to his hotel, "The Paris," to dinner. How has he done to-day? Any good? No, DORDLY has lost.

"Beastly place," he says, "and so cold too, eh?"

I remark that there is an odd sort of sunset.

"Ah!" replies DORDLY, "that is a queer sunset. Rum colour. I remember a sunset exactly like that the night before the earthquake. I shouldn't be in the least surprised if there wasn't a *tremblement de terre* to-night. There's one comfort, this place felt it less last time than any other on the Riviera. Still it's not pleasant. If I'd won, I should be off to-night, but I must have another turn at the tables. Ugh! Horribly cold!" and he shivers—he has a *tremblement* all over him—and hurries off.

*One more Attempt at the Tables, after Dinner.*—Luck turns. I say to Mrs. WETHERBY (who has had wonderful luck and made £1500), "Shall I put *en plein* on 32?" She replies quickly, "Yes!" It turns up. 32! by all that's lucky!

"I told you I should bring you luck," she says, as I receive thirty-five times my stake, which was only five francs—[ah, why didn't she tell me to put on eight louis?—and so pocket one hundred and seventy-five francs, that's seven pounds, in a second, merely for risking four shillings and twopence. This is exhilarating. This is the air of Monaco. I ask Mrs. WETHERBY, as she is so lucky, to stand by me, and give me some more tips.

"Ah!" she replies, smiling, "I'm afraid my luck has gone. I don't feel as if I could advise you correctly again."

"Shall I leave it on?" I ask, alluding to my five-franc piece, which is still lying on the 32.

"I think I should," she answers. "You may as well leave it on." But though her tone no longer inspires me with confidence, yet I leave it on; but, *rien ne va plus*, and the *croupier* takes it off. I'll



Going "À cheval."

take myself off. I'll be satisfied with this for to-night. Let us regale ourselves. Really nothing is so easy as winning. I meet friends. I tell them, seriously, as if it were a feat of dexterity or a well-calculated stroke of business, requiring great acumen and shrew, sharp clear-headedness, how, without any system, I put *en plein* on 32, and it turned up.

"Had you got the maximum on?" asks DORDLY TAPP, who has had a fair evening of it.

"No," I reply, carelessly; "no, I hadn't got the maximum on. Only a small stake." I don't tell him it was merely a five-franc piece. Probably my one bit of luck will be magnified into thousands as any one, who subsequently tells the story, may credit me with having put on any stake that suits his fancy.

Eight louis in my purse, and a lot of five-franc cart-wheels in my pocket. We regale. DORDLY has won, he says, a hundred. JOHNNIE SPOFFERD at once decides that DORDLY shall stand treat.

"How about the earthquake?" I ask DORDLY.

He has forgotten all about it. "Earthquake?" he asks, "What earthquake?" I remind him of the melancholy forecast he made only a few hours since. "Oh!" he exclaims, there's not a chance of one. I thought over it again, and now I remember it was quite a different sunset when we had the last earthquake. Besides, with such a lovely night! What stars! what a moon!"

We agree—JOHNNIE SPOFFERD, too, who has won a trifle—that Monte Carlo is a beautiful place, and that the nights are magnificent.

"I like this place," says JOHNNIE SPOFFERD—"it's so foreign. One couldn't do this sort of thing in London." It is half-past midnight, and JOHNNIE, wearing a soft felt hat, cocked very much on

one side, is perched on a high stool in front of the bar,—not at "Zero's," but "*chez PETERS*." He has just finished a plate of devilled oysters, and is now drinking stout, and enjoying a pipe. No, certainly, *we*—when we come abroad—manage these things better in France, in the Sunny South. But why travel all the way to Monte Carlo, in order to sit on a high stool in a public-house, to eat devilled oysters, to drink stout, and to smoke a pipe? We discuss this walking back to the hotel (1 A.M.), and JOHNNIE SPOFFERD's opinion, freely expressed, is that "he's blown if he don't think that the nights at Monte Carlo are about the best part of the amusement."

I find out that whenever DORDLY TAPP has had a bad time at the tables, he becomes an alarmist. I meet him next day with the longest face possible. What's the matter?

"Matter, my dear fellow? Haven't you heard?"

"No, I haven't. What is it?"

"My dear fellow, there's the measles and scarlet fever all over the place. We're going to pack up and be off at once."

"Really? It's very sudden. How did you hear all about it?"

"Oh, everyone's talking of it. Two or three persons died yesterday. And the place has no drainage. It's really too bad. I shall be off. Good-bye."

I confess I can hardly believe it, but I can't help repeating to several people what DORDLY TAPP has told me. No; they've not heard anything about it, but nothing is more likely. JOHNNIE SPOFFERD remembers to have heard a whisper about it before he arrived. Uncle TAMPLIN can't recall where he also has heard some rumour of the sort. And so within an hour or so there will be a scare sufficient to clear Monte Carlo.

"Well," I inform Uncle TAMPLIN, "DORDLY TAPP and his wife have packed up and are going off." And this I subsequently hear him repeating to his sister and niece, who at once commence the study of *Bradshaw*, with a view to as speedy a return as possible.

Next afternoon, going down to the Casino, I meet Mr. and Mrs. DORDLY TAPP. He and his wife are beaming with joy. "Halloa, not gone!"

"Gone!" he cries, "No; why should I go? Bless you, I've just been and won two thousand louis. Shall stay here any length of time."

"Well," I say, "but the measles or scarlet fever?"

"Oh, yes," he returns, in an offhand manner, "I did hear something about it, but my wife inquired and found it wasn't true." Mrs. DORDLY confirms this statement with an emphatic nod. "Oh," continues DORDLY, "it's all right. Monte Carlo's the healthiest place in the world."

"But you said yesterday that there was no drainage?"

"Did I! Ah, yes, so I did."

"But I asked two Doctors," interposes Mrs. DORDLY, coming to her husband's relief, "and they both say that where there are smells there is no danger, and there are lots of smells here; so it's all right. They explained about the gases, but I don't understand it. And," she goes on, "wasn't I lucky, while DORDLY was winning his two



"En plein."



thousand, I made a hundred louis, all out of a poor little five-franc piece to start with! I do like Monte Carlo! *Au revoir!*"

"Ta! Ta! *au plaisir!*" says DORDLY, jauntily, as they go into the Grand, where they have a dinner-party.

I return to Uncle TAMPLIN and explain. The ladies call on Mrs. DORDLY TAPP, and hear from her the Doctors' account of the salubrity of Monte Carlo, and in another hour or two the scare will be heard of no more—that is, not until some one has lost heavily, and is in a general way disgusted with everything and everybody.



*Obit., March 21, 1889.*

TO THE MELANCHOLY MEMORY OF  
THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.  
IT WAS AN UNFORTUNATE INSTITUTION.  
FLUSHED, IN THE EARLIER YEARS OF ITS EXISTENCE,  
WITH A LAUDABLE AMBITION  
TO COMMAND THE RESPECT AND ADMIRATION OF THE RATEPAYERS.  
IT GAVE AN EMBANKMENT TO THE THAMES,  
DRAINED LONDON,  
AND SUDDENLY SHOWED THE WORLD  
HOW JOBBERY COULD BE ELEVATED TO THE LEVEL OF THE  
FINE ARTS;  
THEN FIGHTING TO THE END, IT WAS MORE ANXIOUS  
TO LEAVE AN INHERITANCE OF SPITE TO ITS SUCCESSOR,  
THAN TO RETIRE FROM THE SCENE OF ITS LATE LABOURS WITH  
DIGNITY TO ITSELF.  
UNWEPT, UNREPRESENTANT, YET UNHUNG,  
IT HAS PASSED FOR GOOD AND AYE TO THAT OBLIVION  
FROM WHICH IT IS POSSIBLE THE MORE THOUGHTFUL AND  
PHILOSOPHICAL RATEPAYER  
MAY THINK IT WOULD HAVE BEEN AS WELL,  
FOR THE INTERESTS OF MUNICIPAL HONESTY,  
THAT IT HAD NEVER EMERGED.

"No Love Lost!"

*(At the Gaiety Theatre.)*

AWAY flew LOVE! But, LOVE's wings clipped,  
Back to England LOVE was shipped.

"IS CHIVALRY STILL POSSIBLE?"—"Certainly. Look at the list of Knights!" says the doughty Sir SOMERS.

## MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

### NO. I.—THE PATRIOTIC.

THIS stirring ditty—so thoroughly sound and practical under a its sentiment—has been specially designed to harmonise with the recently altered tone of Music-Hall audiences, in which a spirit of enlightened Radicalism is at last happily discernible. It is hoped that, both in rhyme and metre, the verses will satisfy the requirements of this most elegant form of composition. The Song is intended to be shouted through music in the usual manner by a Singer in evening dress, who should carry a small Union Jack carelessly thrust inside his waistcoat. The title is short but taking:—

#### ON THE CHEAP!

##### *First Verse.*

OF a Navy insufficient cowards croak, deah boys!  
If our place among the nations we're to keep.  
But with British beef, and beer, and  
hearts of oak, deah boys!—  
(*With enthusiasm.*) We can make a shift  
to do it—On the Cheap!

##### *Chorus.*

(*With a common-sense air.*) Let us  
keep, deah boys! on the Cheap,  
While BRITANNIA is the boss upon  
the deep.  
She can wollop an invader, when he  
comes in his Armader,  
If she's let alone to do it—On the  
Cheap!

##### *Second Verse.*

(*Affectionately.*) JOHNNY BULL is just as  
plucky as he was, deah boys!  
(*With a knowing wink.*) And he's wide awake—no error!—not asleep;  
But he won't stump up for ironclads—becos, deah boys!  
He don't see his way to get 'em—On the Cheap!

##### *Chorus.*

So keep, deah boys! On the Cheap,  
(*Gallantly.*) And we'll chance what may happen on the deep!  
For we can't be the losers if we save the cost o' cruisers,  
And contentedly continue—On the Cheap!

##### *Third Verse.*

The British Isles are not the Continong, deah boys!  
(*Scornfully.*) Where the Johnnies on defences spend a heap.  
No! we're Britons, and we're game to jog along, deah boys!  
(*With pathos.*) In the old time-honoured fashion—On the Cheap!

##### *Chorus.*

(*Imploringly.*) Ah! keep, deah boys! On the Cheap;  
For the price we're asked to pay is pretty steep.  
Let us all unite to dock it, keep the money in our pocket,  
And we'll conquer or we'll perish—On the Cheap!

##### *Fourth Verse.*

If the Tories have the cheek to touch our purse, deah boys!  
Their reward at the elections let 'em reap!  
They will find a big Conservative reverse, deah boys!  
If they can't defend the Country—On the Cheap!

##### *Chorus.*

They must keep, deah boys! On the Cheap,  
Or the lot out of office we will sweep!  
BULL gets rusty when you tax him, and his patriotic maxim  
Is, "I'll trouble you to govern—On the Cheap!"

##### *Fifth Verse (this to be sung shrewdly).*

If the Gover'ment ain't mugs they'll take the tip, deah boys!  
Just to look a bit ahead before they leap,  
And instead of laying down an extry ship, deah boys!  
They'll cut down the whole caboodle—On the Cheap!

##### *Chorus (with spirit and fervour).*

And keep, deah boys! On the Cheap;  
For we ain't like a bloomin' lot o' sheep.  
When we want to "parry bellum,"

[Union Jack to be waved here.]

You may bet yer boots we'll tell 'em!  
But we'll have the "bellum" "parried"—On the Cheap!

This song, if sung with any spirit, should, Mr. Punch thinks, cause a positive *furor* in any truly patriotic gathering, and possibly go some way towards influencing the decision of the country, and consequently the fate of the Empire, in the next General Elections. In the meantime it is at the service of any Champion Music Hall Comique who is capable of appreciating it.

\* Music-Hall Latinity—"Para bellum."





### LINES ON BASE-BALL.

(By an Aesthetic and Sentimental Young Lady.)

I FEEL THAT I COULD WATCH BASE-BALL  
WITH INTEREST, AND EVEN PASSION—

IF BUT THE PLAYERS WOULDN'T FALL  
IN THAT EXTRAORDINARY FASHION!

### THE BEWILDERED BUTLER.

OH dear! This is getting *too* dreadful!  
A decent old buffer like me,  
With a heart full of care, and a head full  
Of family business, you see,  
Can *not* be expected to stand all this shine,  
And yet do his duty, as I would do mine.

A noisier lot o'er the bottle  
I never have seen in my life.  
Each other they threaten to throttle,  
There's nothing but shindy and strife!  
And as for myself, I am always in dread  
Of kicks on my shins and of boots at my head.

I can't think it part of my duty  
To serve as a cockshy all round.  
That 'ARCCOURT—ah! *he* is a beauty!  
That TANNER—oh! ain't he a 'ound?—  
Are always, whatever I do, at full pelt,  
Till my pitiful case e'en a LABBY might melt.

The House is just getting too awful,  
The guests seem eternally "screwed."  
They always were jeery and jawful,  
But now they're so doosedly rude.  
In vain I smile sweetly, in vain I speak fair,  
Only twig my new necktie, just look at my hair!

For an old and respectable Butler  
To be lammed by a LABBY's too bad.  
Then MORLEY—his insults are subtler,  
But make me feel equally mad.  
E'en GLADSTONE, who ought to know better,  
Will try  
To land me a cork in the eye, on the sly.

Confound it!—(I trust that's not swearing,  
'Tis not OLD MORALITY's line!)—  
This treatment is getting past bearing,  
I really shall have to resign.  
My duty I feel is—by Jingo! there goes!  
A boot in my back and a tray on my toes!

A more aggravatin' young fellar  
Than TIM I declare I ne'er knew.  
I'm proud of the famous old cellar,  
I've no fault to find with the "screw;"  
But they break half my bottles, the best in  
the bin,  
When they're cockshying me. It's a shame  
and a sin!

I'm a Butler of worth, fine-old-crusted,  
Not one of your champagne sort,  
But steady, and quite to be trusted,  
As mellow and mild as old port.  
But, dash it, I will *not* be greeted with hoots,  
And pelted with bottles, and battered with  
boots!

I really shall have to give warning,  
If this sort of shindy goes on.  
I'll give Master the tip in the morning;  
I *think* they'll regret when I'm gone.  
I'll stick to my duty as long as I can,  
But there's still some pride left in the Simple  
Old Man.

And yet—well, I'm nuts upon Master,  
At home with the bin and the tray.  
'Tis the guests who bring row and disaster,  
The *Family* beg me to stay.  
So I think I will pocket my temper, and  
smile,  
And hold on to my office—at least for awhile.

### SONG OF THE BLACK SHEEP.

(Warbled by the Expostulating Peer.)

TELL me what is a "black sheep"?  
Does it mean a lack of *nous*?  
On the Benches going to sleep?  
Never entering the House?  
Living p'raps beyond one's means?  
Having lots of unpaid bills?  
Going too much behind the scenes?  
Selling advertised Quack Pills?  
Coming quite the City dab,  
Speculating in a shop?  
Starting a spry Hansom cab?  
Singing at a Monday Pop?  
Whist,—with cards hid up your sleeve?  
"Getting at" a favourite horse?  
Settling day mere make believe,  
Till you're warned off every course?  
Coming out with a decree  
Granted in a certain Court?  
With umbrellas making free,  
Doing things "you didn't ought!"  
Piling up a sorry heap?  
Is this being "a Black Sheep"?  
Is so, the wool that's on my back,  
As yet is not precisely—black!

THE LAST OF THE BARONS was in a happy  
vein when trying the breach of promise case,  
*Miss Smith v. Mr. Avery*, the butler, who  
looked uncommonly glum when the verdict  
was £70 to Miss SMITH, the laundress.  
"Avery man in his humour!" the merry  
Baron is reported to have said to himself—an  
excellent audience—as he quitted the Bench.





## THE BEWILDERED BUTLER.

W. H. SM-TH, "OH DEAR, OH DEAR! IF THIS SORT OF THING IS TO GO ON, IT WILL BE MY IMPERATIVE DUTY TO GIVE WARNING!"









"Age cannot wither—nor custom stale  
His infinite variety"!

Paddy (to Fellow-Passenger). "Oi'm SIXTY YEARS OF AGE, AND IVERY WAN  
O' MY TEETH AS PERFECT AS THE DAY I WAS BORN, SOR!"

### THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

*February 8.*—It does seem hard I cannot get good sausages for breakfast. They are either full of bread or spice, or are as red as beef. Still anxious about the £20 I invested last week by LUPIN's advice. However, CUMMINGS has done the same.

*February 9.*—Exactly a fortnight has passed, and I have neither seen, nor heard from, GOWING respecting his extraordinary conduct in asking us round to his house and then being out. In the evening CARRIE was engaged marking a half-dozen new collars I had purchased. I'll back CARRIE's marking against anybody's. While I was drying them at the fire and CARRIE was rebuking me for scorching them, CUMMINGS came in. He seemed quite well again, and chaffed us about marking the collars. I asked him if he had heard from GOWING, and he replied that he had not. I said I should not have believed that GOWING could not have acted in such an ungentlemanly manner. CUMMINGS said, "You are mild in your description of him; I think he has acted like a cad." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the door opened, and GOWING putting in his head said, "May I come in?" I said, "Certainly." CARRIE said very pointedly, "Well, you are a stranger." GOWING

said, "Yes, I've been on and off to Croydon during the last fortnight." I could see CUMMINGS was boiling over, and eventually he tackled GOWING very strongly respecting his conduct last Saturday week. GOWING appeared surprised, and said, "Why, I posted a letter to you in the morning announcing that the party was 'off, very much off.'" I said, "I never got it." GOWING, turning to CARRIE, said, "I suppose letters sometimes miscarry, don't they, Mrs. Carrie?" CUMMINGS sharply said, "This is not a time for joking. I had no notice of the party being put off." GOWING replied, "I told POOTER in my note to tell you, as I was in a hurry. However, I'll inquire at the Post Office, and we must meet again at my place." I added that I hoped he would be present at the next meeting. CARRIE roared at this, and even CUMMINGS could not help laughing.

*February 10, Sunday.*—Contrary to my wishes, CARRIE allowed LUPIN to persuade her to take her for a drive in the afternoon in his trap. I quite disapprove of driving on a Sunday, but I did not like to trust CARRIE alone

with LUPIN, so I offered to go too. LUPIN said, "Now, that is nice of you, Guv., but you won't mind sitting on the back seat of the cart?" LUPIN proceeded to put on a bright blue coat that seemed miles too large for him. CARRIE said it wanted taking in considerably at the back. LUPIN said, "Haven't you seen a box-coat before? You can't drive in anything else." He may wear what he likes in the future, for I shall never drive with him again. His conduct was shocking. When we passed Highgate Archway, he tried to pass everything and everybody. He shouted to respectable people who were walking quietly in the road to get out of the way; he flicked at the horse of an old man who was riding, causing it to rear; and, as I had to ride backwards, I was compelled to face a gang of roughs in a donkey-cart, whom LUPIN had chaffed, and who turned and followed us for nearly a mile, bellowing, indulging in coarse jokes and laughter, to say nothing of occasionally pelting us with orange-peel. LUPIN's excuse, that the Prince of WALES would have to put up with the same sort of thing if he drove to the Derby, was of little consolation to either CARRIE or myself. FRANK MUTLAR called in the evening, and LUPIN went out with him.

*February 11th.*—Feeling a little concerned about LUPIN, I mustered up courage to speak to Mr. PERKUPP about him. Mr. PERKUPP has always been most kind to me, so I told him everything, including yesterday's adventure. Mr. PERKUPP kindly replied, "There is no necessity for you to be anxious, Mr. POOTER. It would be impossible for a son of such good parents to turn out erroneously. Remember he is young, and will soon get older. I wish we could find room for him in this firm." The advice of this good man takes loads off my mind. In the evening LUPIN came in. After our little supper he said—"My dear parents, I have some news, which I fear will affect you considerably." I felt a qualm come over me, and said nothing. LUPIN then said, "It may distress you—in fact, I'm sure it will—but this afternoon I have given up my pony and trap for ever." It may seem absurd, but I was so pleased, I immediately opened a bottle of port. GOWING dropped in just in time, bringing with him a large sheet, with a print of a tail-less donkey, which he fastened against the wall. He then produced several separate tails, and we spent the remainder of the evening trying blindfolded to pin a tail on in the proper place. My sides positively ached with laughter when I went to bed.

*February 12.*—In the evening I spoke to LUPIN about his engagement with DAISY MUTLAR. I asked if he had heard from her. He replied, "No; she promised that old windbag of a father of hers that she would not communicate with me. I see FRANK MUTLAR, of course. In fact he said he might call again this evening." FRANK called, but said he could not stop, as he had a friend waiting outside for him, named MURRAY POSH, adding, he was quite a swell. CARRIE asked FRANK to bring him in. He was brought in, GOWING entering at the same time. Mr. MURRAY POSH was a tall fat young man, and was evidently of a very nervous disposition, as he subsequently confessed he would never go in a Hansom cab, nor would he enter a four-wheeler until the driver had first got on the box with his reins in hands. On being introduced, GOWING, with his usual want of tact, said, "Any relation to 'POSH's three-shilling hats'?" Mr. POSH replied, "Yes; but please understand, I don't try on hats myself. I take no active part in the business." I replied, "I wish I had a business like it." Mr. POSH seemed pleased, and gave a long but most interesting history of the extraordinary difficulties in the manufacture of cheap hats. MURRAY POSH evidently knew DAISY MUTLAR very intimately from the way he was talking of her, and FRANK said to LUPIN once laughingly, "If you don't look out, POSH will cut you out." When they had all gone, I referred to this flippant conversation, and LUPIN said sarcastically, "A man who is jealous has no respect for himself. A man who could be jealous of an elephant like MURRAY POSH could only have a contempt for himself. I know DAISY. She will wait ten years for me, as I said before. In fact, if necessary, she would wait twenty years for me."

RADICALS used to stigmatise their Conservative opponents as "bigoted Tories." At the present time the Ministerial Bench may be fairly described as "Pigotted Tories."—*Vide "Webster's Dictionary," New Edition.*





INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 62.



GUERRILLA WARFARE IN THE HOUSE.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Faithful "Co." says that he has had a grand time of it lately. He has been thoroughly enjoying Mr. INDERWICK'S *Side Lights on the Stuarts*, which he describes as "one of the most amusing books he has ever read. Although written in a thoroughly popular style, it contains a mass of the most interesting information, and is a solid addition to historical research." He adds that its rather unpretentious title imperfectly describes a work which, while sure to be found in the hands of the general reader, is also worthy of a prominent place



Book'd.

on the book-shelves of the antiquarian and man of letters. He has also read Mrs. OLIPHANT'S *Neighbours on the Green*, a number of short stories, which are welcome in their collected form. *Harvest*, by "JOHN STRANGE WINTER" did not impress him. It contains some clever sketches of studio life, but the motive is unpleasant. *The Quick and the Dead*, which has created more sensation than it deserved, he says, reminds him of bread-and-butter, boarding-school, SWINBURNE, and hysteria. He has been delighted with "*Heart to Heart*," the latest song of Mr. CHARLES SALAMAN, the world-famous composer of "*I Arise from Dreams of Thee*." It seems strange to "Co." that he should have to write of "Mr." SALAMAN. After fifty years of admirable labour in the cause of musical art, surely the composer of half a century of the sweetest song should be nothing less than "SIR CHARLES." Although "Co." hopes that the learned Musician's day is far from over, yet, in the cause of justice, he would like to see him become a Knight.

FACT OR FANCY?—A meeting of persons connected with the "corn and milling interests" was lately held at the Corn Exchange Tavern, Mark Lane. This accounts for the revival of Pugilism as evidenced by the merry little mill that came off quite pleasantly, without any unpleasant police interference, ten days or so ago. But how is "Corn" mixed up with it? Well, this may be also in the interests of the Ring, that is, of some sort of Ring. "The Milling Interest" would imply a revival of Pugilism. To be sure, the ideas suggested, as above, may seem to be somewhat mixed.



## ENGLISH AS SHE IS SOMETIMES SPOKE.

Principal Tomkinson. "BY THE WAY, MR. GREEN, IN YOUR NARRATIVE YOU HAVE SCARCELY GIVEN SUFFICIENT PROMINENCE TO THE DEFENESTRATION OF JEZEREL!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 18.—Cross-examination of Ministers recommenced today. HOME SECRETARY and CHIEF SECRETARY have high old time. Booming BALFOUR in Ireland having been put down by the military, horse and foot, baiting BALFOUR in Parliament goes on merrily. GLADSTONE, MORLEY, and HARCOURT put questions from Front Bench. HARCOURT'S long training at the Bar suggests to him desirability of moving that all witnesses not under examination shall leave the Court. HOME SECRETARY, he thinks, should withdraw whilst BALFOUR is put to the question. On reflection recognises inconvenience of the arrangement. Would utterly foil those brilliant movements by which, having drawn the admission from BALFOUR that he approved Dr. BARR sending a letter to the *Times*, he swoops down on HOME SECRETARY and asks him whether he reproved Dr. BARR for publishing a letter corrected by CHIEF SECRETARY for Ireland?

Only a section of examining counsel sit on Front Bench. Below the Gangway, half-a-dozen, eager and persistent, tumble over each other in haste to put fresh questions. TIM HEALY, quiet, acute, far-seeing, most terrible inquisitor of all; Windbag SEXTON, insolent and over-bearing, threatens to move Adjournment, when House shows signs of impatience on his thirty-fifth appearance; MCNEIL, tempestuous, inarticulate, incoherent,



Old Morality.

blazing with wrath, his mouth full of emotion and interrogation.

"I don't often come here now," said CHRISTOPHER SYKES, regarding scene from distant side-gallery. "Can't stand the worry and the noise; but must say, at this distance, like to hear MCNEIL joining in the conversation. Carries patriotism to extremest, even picturesque extent. Some of them wear sprigs of shamrock. TANNER hails approach of St. Patrick's Day by decking himself in green ribbon of atrocious shade. O'HANLON has altercations under Gallery with distinguished Military Officer; but MCNEIL has the subtlest, most original way of proclaiming his nationality. One has been taught to connect the potato with Ireland, the hot potato for preference. Now, MCNEIL always addresses the Chair in a tone of voice that suggests that, in addition to his passing remarks, he has a hot potato in his mouth. Curious effect; rather taking from a patriotic point of view;" and CHRISTOPHER, exhausted with this unusually long harangue, slowly rose to his full height, fixed his eye-glass, buttoned his new gloves, and strode forth.

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

Tuesday. — JENNINGS was to have made speech to-night on question of Pensions. Didn't mean to say anything about the Marlborough Pension, which has been commuted, and so leaves GRANDOLPH at liberty to back up his able lieutenant. But at spectacle of OLD MORALITY sitting limp on Treasury Bench, watching the hours pass



resembling each other, inasmuch as no progress made with Supply, JENNINGS's gentle heart was touched. Postponed Amendment, and saved up speech. Has got hold of a capital subject, and deserves encouragement. Shall back him up myself on parallel lines. Mean to take up the subject of the Rat Catcher. Just handed in Notice of Motion, which will appear on paper to-morrow.

"TONY, M.P. To reduce the Vote for the Royal Palaces by the sum of £18, being the salary and emoluments of the Rat Catchers at the Royal Palaces of Buckingham and Windsor."

Buckingham Palace man has £8 a year and residence; Windsor Castle dignitary runs up to £10. These sums paid year after year during present reign. Shall move for Return, going back to 1837, showing how many rats have been caught per annum per Palace. Not quite the breed for the business myself, but I know a friend who occasionally indulges in the rat business, and who would, if he could be induced to devote his attention to the affair for twelve months, not leave a rodent on the premises. Why should British taxpayer, in addition to other burdens, pay £18 a year for rat-catchers, when there are thousands of unemployed dogs starving in our streets? No desire to set class against class, but here is indefensible incursion upon the rights of a not unimportant portion of the community.

[These are quotations from my speech; look a little bald, perhaps, as they stand, but shall work them up. Believe HARCOURT's very best impromptus don't look any better at first.]

Morning Sitting; spent it in discussing whether and when we shall take Vote on Account. OLD MORALITY wants it on at once, and done with. Opposition burning with desire to discuss it; but, before they begin, want to know when they will be expected to finish? On this, talk for four hours. HARCOURT takes full share, in spite of engagement at Lambeth Baths to-night to deliver set oration. Meet him going out; condole with him; tell him his health too precious to the country to be trifled with. He says "Yes," but doesn't mind sacrificing himself for public weal.

"Besides, dear boy," he whispers in my ear, "it suits me exactly. Should like every day to make a speech or two in Commons, and address at night public meeting; say there all the things I cannot say in House. Don't you see?" *Business done.*—Hardly any.

Thursday.—Occasionally words pass between Irish Members and BALFOUR. They boo him; he intimates state of feeling with respect to them not altogether inspired by respect. But these only little affectations of manner. Deep underneath runs stream of affection binding Chief Secretary and Irish Members. They cannot bear him out of their sight; grudge every moment that parts them. To-night BALFOUR a little late in taking seat. Irish Members looked on vacant place with yearning eyes. TIM HEALY, not usually regarded as emotionable man, after long wrestling, breaks down. Cried aloud in broken voice for BALFOUR, and would not be comforted. Had question on paper addressed to him; declined to put it to anyone else. Other Irish Members, who had hitherto dissembled their love, blurted it all out when TIM gave way. In vain Solicitor-General for Ireland proffered his services. Wouldn't have him. BALFOUR, only BALFOUR!

"Send for him," said OLD MORALITY, himself not free from emotion. "There's something good in these Irish Members, after all. No one, to see them baiting BALFOUR, would imagine true state of their feelings. But man is a compound organism; here to-day, and gone to-morrow. Indeed nothing is quite as it seems. Have heat and cold any effect on the barometer? Certainly not of themselves; but as cold weather is generally dry, or accompanied with north-east winds, therefore the mercury rises in cold weather: And as warm weather is generally moist, and accompanied by south-west winds, therefore the mercury sinks in warm weather. So it is with the Irish Members. 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.'"

Scarcely a dry eye in assembly, when, a little later, BALFOUR entered. Parnellites almost leaped

at him; cheered vociferously. Immediately after began hanging him about the head, pinching him, pulling his hair, and otherwise maltreating him. But that's their way.

"They're like women," says FRASER, V.C., an authority on the

subject; "petulant, puling, but passionately devoted. Scratch your face in the morning, and hang round your neck as the dusk of evening deepens."

*Business done.*—Charges and allegations against Government.

Friday.—A long and lively night. ATTORNEY-GENERAL accommodated with seat in the dock. HARCOURT pluming himself on reminiscences of occasional practice at the Bar, assumes character of prosecuting counsel. Couldn't put on wig and gown; made up for omission by assuming his most funereal manner. Draped himself in woe, as it were; spoke with stifling tears in his voice. More than ever like *Uncle Pumblechook*. If ATTORNEY-GENERAL had been *Pip*, and news had just come that, after all, his fortune was illusory, *Uncle Pumblechook*-HARCOURT could not have been more severely self-righteous, more deeply pained (for *Pip*), more ex-cruciatingly humiliated (for *Pip*), or more supremely gratified (for *Pip's* sake), with his own immensity of perfection. Looking on, one almost expected to see him stretch out hand across table and rumple WEBSTER's hair the wrong way, as *Uncle Pumblechook* used to rumple *Pip's*. But the table too broad; so contented himself with making suitable gesture indicating what he would have done if he could only have reached the culprit. Storm rose high whilst ATTORNEY-GENERAL was speaking. One time J. F. X. O'BRIEN fixed upon by COURTNEY, and ordered out for instant execution. Swore an *alibi* and just got off.

"Remarkably lucky man, O'BRIEN," said HENRY BRUCE, "always being sentenced to something or other, and getting off at last moment."

*Business done.*—Vote on Account passed.



The Bruce.

## KING COAL'S DEFENCE.

I AM old King Coal  
(That jolly old soul),  
Philanthropic, and pious, and Is  
proper;  
A patriot King,  
Not the boss of a Ring,  
And I have no connection with  
Copper.  
I am grieved to declare  
There are lies in the air;  
And I hear of most scandalous  
rumours  
That I, (who am just),  
Am projecting a Trust,  
Which will dreadfully damage  
Consumers.  
Oh, thundering shame,  
King Coal to defame!  
My honour, of course, I must vindicate.  
A Corner in Coal?  
No! I hold, on my soul,  
That the worst form of sin is a  
Syndicate.  
I merely intend  
(As a general friend)  
To form a benign "combination,"  
To—buy up the mines,  
On such liberal lines  
As to help every class in the  
nation.  
Landlords to assist,  
And the Capitalist;  
I desire of no class to be spoiler.

But oh! the chief aim  
Of King Coal's little game  
Is to help the poor subterranean  
toiler.  
I'm trying to please  
Coal-owners, Lessees,  
Also Workmen, Consumers—the  
fact is,  
My theory is  
That good will is good biz,  
And I want to reduce it to practice.  
It's really sublime,—  
(Or it will be in time)  
For I think you'll admit it's a  
rarity—  
To find a "Big Boom"  
In whose breast there's no  
room for [Charity].  
For aught save the Spirit of  
Pure Love may find fault  
With Copper or Salt,  
But Coal's a warm-hearted old  
codger;  
He never would hurt you,  
He's chock-full of virtue,  
And hates the Monopolist dodger.  
So let us all join  
To buy up (not purloin)  
The Coal-mines in Capital's tether.  
We soon shall be found  
Most fraternally bound,  
And—we'll all make our fortunes  
together!

## "Hands All Round."

HAMILTON's scheme scarce satisfies Lord CHARLIE, Lord RANDOM seems, of course, a trifle snarly.

Well, here's a Naval Toast which *can't* be wrong:

"Strength to the Fleet, and Fleetness to the Strong!"



## RICHARD HIMSELF AGAIN.

(An Imaginary Interview.)

*His Majesty King Richard (bowing profoundly).* Sire, this visit does me infinite honour.

*His Majesty King Punch (graciously).* Not at all. Pray be quite at your ease. Royal meetings are just now the fashion. I am very pleased to see you—the more especially as I want to ask you a few questions.

*Richard.* Which it will be my delight and privilege to answer.

*Punch.* Just so. And now King DICK, *dic mihi*, when it first occurred to you to assume the Royal Dicknity. I imagine that at the

Lyceum you represented two gentlemen at once.

*Richard.* I did, Sire. I subsequently became a French Baron, and a little later a German Prince. In the ordinary course of promotion, I have now arrived at the rank of a Monarch, and one of these days I hope to become a Roman Emperor.

*Punch.* You are contemplating a Neroic character, I believe. I wish you success. But to return to

*Richard.* I have a

vivid recollection of the performance of my talented friend, HENRY IRVING, who also has some claim to the title of Duke of Gloucester, has he not?

*Richard.* Undoubtedly,—at the Lyceum. I feel sure that HENRY IRVING must have been greatly gratified at the success which attended in so marked a degree the dual impersonation to which you, Sire, have so kindly referred.

*Punch.* Assuredly! I believe you have taken trouble to represent SHAKESPEARE's great tragedy worthily in every detail. (*Richard bows.*) This being so, will you kindly inform me why the two Bishops who attend you immediately before your interview with the Lord Mayor of London, wear white tea-gowns?

*Richard.* To mark the eccentricity of their characters. It is obvious that they must be very quaint ecclesiastics to spend their time in discussing theology with hump-backed Dick.

*Punch.* I see! But did the Bishop of Ely usually go about in the gorgeous but eccentric robes he wears in the Council Chamber?

*Richard.* Yes, I think so, and that gives the point to my jest in sending him in his magnificent get-up to go and pick strawberries in Holborn.

*Punch.* I perceive that you have given the matter most careful attention. But why do the other Members of the Council huddle up in a corner round a table where they can be scarcely seen?

*Richard.* Firstly, because they are afraid of me; and secondly, because the stage is left more at liberty for the perambulations of personages of greater dignity.

*Punch.* Thank you! Do you know whether America was discovered before the Tudor period?

*Richard.* I fancy that COLUMBUS landed on trans-Atlantic soil for the first time in 1492, about seven years after the Battle of Bosworth.

*Punch.* That is also my impression. Then how comes it that STANLEY speaks with an accent that suggests that he must be a citizen of the United States?

*Richard.* It is a new reading, and triumphantly proves that SHAKESPEARE was not for an age, but for all time.

*Punch.* I am obliged to you! Will you tell me who stage-manages the tragedy in which you so frequently take part?

*Richard.* A gentleman in whom I have the greatest possible confidence—Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD. I consider him my *alter ego*, the Dr. Jekyll to my Mr. Hyde.

*Punch.* I see! Will you then kindly suggest to him—among several other matters of which, when I have an hour or two to spare, I could give you a list,—that if the rafters painted to resemble solid timbers in the Council Chamber were not visibly stirred by every draught, the illusion would be more complete and convincing?

*Richard.* Certainly, Sire; but do you really think while *Richard* is on the stage there are eyes for aught else?

*Punch.* I really do. For instance, I can imagine no better representative of dear little *Edward the Fifth*—the Shakespearian *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, just a size larger,—than Miss BESSIE HATTON. When she was on the stage, I really quite lost sight of Your Majesty. She is a young lady of the greatest promise,—the clever child of a clever father,—and is sure to rise in the profession she has adopted. She bears herself with dignity, tenderness, and grace, and her elocution is irreproachable. Then Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ as the Queen-Mother is good,—but a little inclined to overdo the keening (no, the Edmund-Keening you do not overdo),—and Mr. NORMAN FORBES is most mirth-provoking as *Catesby*.

*Richard.* Is he not, Sire! Especially when he has to walk about in armour, giving forth quaint sounds in the last Act! Oh, he would be the death of me, did I not die by the sword of *Richmond*.

*Punch.* Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE, as the Breton Masher of the period, *Richmond*, throws a new light on the character. And now, as to yourself?

*Richard.* Ah, Sire, your conversation is indeed becoming interesting. Have you anything to suggest?

*Punch.* Why, yes. In your dual part of *Jekyll* and *Hyde* you were weirdly successful. Don't you think the Shakespearian play would be even more attractive than it is, were you to double *Richard* with *Richmond*, and arrange to fight single-handed?

*Richard (ecstatically).* A revelation! You will come to see *Richard* again?

*Punch.* I will, when you give practical effect to my suggestion. Till then, farewell.

*Richard.* Adieu! (*He ponders.*) If I played *Richmond* too! The idea is magnificent! Now, let me see,—if I do, I must, of course, restore to the character a number of lines that at present, for some reason or other, have been omitted! Yes! yes! yes! Humph! Ah!

[Left considering.]

## TO OUR AEDILES!

*Ballad of the Day. Sung by the Hyde-Park-Cornerits.*

COME! mount a Hansom. Try	From here, if t'wards the East you
with me	drive,
To drive to Charing Cross.	Bent o'er the space to scour,
Our journey, you must surely see,	Your pace, no matter how you
Is quite a <i>tour de force</i> .	strive,
In Piccadilly's channel jammed	Won't top four miles an hour.
How can we go ahead,	So, agitate: the scheme pursue,
'Mid all this pent-up traffic	And clear the block away.
dammed	Defeated by that vote of two
Within its narrow bed?	You're bound to win the day!
So, speak the word. Ah! say you	So speak the word, and say you
will	will
Throw open Constitution Hill!	Throw open Constitution Hill!

NEW WORK.—*The Stud Farm Record of Hampton Court Palace*, to be edited by HENRY LABOUCHERE, Esq., M.P.; and to be hereafter referred to as "*The Foalio*."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—"*Lincoln Notes*."—Taken last week by Mr. JEUNE, Q.C. We believe he selected "*Miserere*" for the Lincoln Stakes, for which the Bishop observed he was ready to go, a willing martyr.



The Shade of Henry.



"Shall I be plain, or Twopence coloured?"





MR. PUNCH'S NOTES.—THE MARCH PAST IN CORRECT TIME.



## "IS CHIVALRY POSSIBLE?"

To the Editor.

SIR,—I should think it is! I went to a *Matinée* in my capacity of Dramatic Critic to the *First-floor Gazette*, and beheld a purely astonishing display of incompetence. What I wrote in the journal by which I was accredited is an enduring monument of critical chivalry. The lady who was responsible for the show is young and fair, and I did what any man with a spark of good feeling should have done. Do you suppose I am going to bring the flush of anger, or worse still, the tears of wounded sensibility to the cheek of beauty? Not quite. And the dear *artiste* believes all the good, and resents all the censure, and my reward will be the airs and graces of one more Fashionable Incompetent, and the further debasement of the public taste which I am pledged to educate and to edify.

Yours, remorselessly, PENNY WISEMAN.

DEAR SIR,—No! Emphatically it is not. When our Smoking-carriages are systematically invaded by young persons, apparently of the superior classes, who take the company generally into their confidence by ignoring their presence, and talking at the top of loud, hard, healthy voices; who have all the assurance of their ill-mannered brothers, and all the assumption of female Saviours of Society off duty—when, Sir, such people swarm, as they do in the fashionable suburb where I vainly seek for culture and repose, it is time for the hollow romance of chivalry to disappear. If they behave as men, treat 'em as men. So says,

Yours, indignantly, "FAIR!" PLAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—At the last meeting of our General Intelligence Society (Limited), the President related some anecdotes of the powers of a tame donkey he once possessed, which, according to this President, could go fifty miles without turning a hair: and, Sir, I once had a tame hare which went all its life without turning a donkey. Perhaps some other Correspondents could furnish parallel instances of animal hardihood. This is not, I fear, germane to the question, but it is much more interesting to our Society.

Yours truly, SUM CUIQUE.

"THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE."—Shakspearian warning: "There's something Rotton in the state of"—The County Council.



## 'IS CHIVALRY DEAD?'

Miss Letitia Cox (reading Mrs. Lynn Linton's Letter in the Daily Telegraph). "IF CHIVALRY HAS DIED OUT, IS IT NOT THAT WOMEN THEMSELVES HAVE GONE AWAY FROM THEIR OWN BEST SELVES? AH, HOW TRUE!"

[Miss L. C. HAS—vide her Portrait.]

## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

ELEVENTH EVENING.

"I OFTEN see very curious sights," said the Moon, "and I am seldom surprised now by anything that comes under my observation. But I saw a scene a few nights ago which had certainly at the time a rather extraordinary appearance. I was looking down through the tops of some tall windows into the bath-room of one of your large Hospitals. Around the largest bath, which had been filled quite up to the brim, stood a number of persons, attentively regarding the surface of the water, to which bubbles were continually rising. There were one or two doctors, and some of the hospital nurses and medical students in the group, but most of the spectators were patients who were well enough to leave their wards. In deep silence they gathered round, and kept their eyes fixed on the bath with a placid and solemn interest. I could not imagine what it was all about at first," said the Moon, "and I was not much the wiser

even when, on looking more carefully, I noticed that there was something in the bath—a strange creature which glittered and gleamed through the greenish ripples, as it squatted there at the bottom like some huge frog. Presently I saw that it was a man. He crouched there under water, on all fours, minute after minute, making no sign, and still the spectators gazed, and the silence was unbroken, except for a faint giggle now and then from one of the nurses. I should have thought he was drowned, if it had not been for the composure of the onlookers, and the air-bubbles. At last, with a splash that sent the water surging over on the floor, the man rose, and I saw that he was dressed in a tight suit of silver spangles, which was what had made the glitter under the water.

"For a little while he stood upright in the bath, smiling benignantly all round him, his chest heaving with conscious pride, and his face wearing the satisfied expression of a person who has conferred a public benefit, but who disclaims thanks in advance, and then, with a little bow and another splash, he leaped nimbly out and made his way to the door, amidst some applause from the medical students. The patients, however, looked vaguely disappointed, as if they had expected something different—though they did not seem very clear what that was. I afterwards found," explained the Moon, "that the man in the bath had been discharging an obligation by the only means in his power. He was a performer who got his living by exhibiting various feats in a glass tank, and (I suppose because he could drink wine and smoke cigars under water) was known as the 'Man-Fish.' He had been ill, poor fellow, and had been cured at the Hospital—so, being a grateful Man-Fish, he had begged to be allowed to give this exhibition to the staff and his fellow-patients, as some return for all the kindness he had received. His entertainment was, perhaps, a little monotonous—but this—considering that he had nothing but a bath to perform in, was not the Man-Fish's fault. If the bath had been a little bigger and the sides had been transparent, he would undoubtedly have given more variety to the performance.

"As it was, he did all he could to prove his gratitude; and gratitude, I am afraid," concluded the Moon, "is not so common in Hospital patients, that a much more conventional mode of expressing it would not be in itself quite a remarkable circumstance."

THE HEADQUARTERS OF JOURNALISM.—Count and Countess HARTENAU, alias Prince and Princess ALEXANDER of Battenberg, are, we learnt from the *Times* last week, "shortly coming on a visit to Pressburg." If there is one place from which, more than another, news might be reasonably expected, it evidently would be that capital of journalism yclept Pressburg.

MRS. RAM writes:—"My favourite promenade in the winter is on the Merino at Ramsgate."



## DUE SOUTH.

*Last Notes at Monte Carlo. On to Rome.*

EVERYONE has a System which is almost infallible. I note down a few "Systems" for the economical and timorous Monte-Carlist:—

*First System.—The Imaginative Player.*—To all those whom providence has not blessed with opulence, and who wish to play at Monte Carlo, I recommend the following system:—Go to every table in turn. Think of a number. Imagine you've got a five-franc piece on it. Watch it. If it turns up, you have the satisfaction of knowing that your judgment was correct. If it doesn't turn up, you can congratulate yourself on not having been such a fool as to put on that particular number. This can be repeated as long as you like, varying from colour to number, and *vice versa*, and visiting every table in the room. You'll have most of the fun, and none of the risk. When friends and acquaintances meet you and ask "how you're doing?" you can say, "You're about as you were," or any other formula.

*Second System.*—If you like to hear the jingle of the five-franc pieces, when you've won them, in your pocket,—and it is fascinating, I admit—go to the bureau, change a sovereign into five "cart-wheels," and walk about jingling them. Visit the tables, act on the Imaginative Player's plan (*First System*), and when your opinion is correct rattle your five-franc pieces forcibly, and smile as if you'd won a big coup. When your opinion is wrong,—don't rattle them, but purse up your lips, frown desperately and shake your head. When the question is put to you, "Doing any good, eh?" you can jingle your coins, replying, "I've got a few left," and pass on.

*Third System. How to reduce the Loss to a Minimum.*—Put one five-franc piece on pair and another on impair. Then your only chance of losing is when zero turns up. But, when this happens, as your pieces are imprisoned for a second turn, depending upon which colour comes up, you can then only lose one piece and must gain on the other. This system includes a certain amount of excitement, and leaves you quits at the end of the evening. Even with this safest of safe Systems it is possible for you to lose both pieces; that is, if dishonest persons are sitting near you, bold enough to declare that your five-franc pieces belong to them, and to pocket them accordingly.

*Last System. How not to Lose at all!*—Don't play. This is too evident to need explanation.

When you have resolved not to go into the Casino, the next best thing is to stay outside, and watch the people going in at any time during the day, and coming out at eleven at night. The life and soul of Monte Carlo is the Casino. The whole of Monte Carlo is really the Casino. All its world is *trente et quarante* and *roulette*, and, as SHAKESPEARE says, who was of course writing of Monte Carlo,

"All the men and women merely players."

They go in like lions, they come out like lambs; in many cases, like shorn lambs.

It is midday or any time you please in the afternoon. Look at the gamblers entering. They arrive by train, or by carriage, or in a *fiacre*, or on foot, and up they go, like men of business bustling towards "the House" in Capel Court, or with that air of pre-occupation which marks a new Member of Parliament who has come determined to catch the Speaker's eye, ascending the steps at Westminster. A few among them saunter in, assuming listlessness, and a very few smartly-dressed men and women chatter and laugh as they pause on the top step to finish their conversation, evidently wishing to draw the line sharply between pleasure and business. See them leaving between half-past ten and eleven, when the Casino shuts for the night, not separately, but in groups. Some chatting, very few laughing, but all most decorously, as if they were coming out of Church after a sermon, and their good name depended on keeping up appearances.

After a time, whether winning or losing, life even at Monte Carlo becomes monotonous, and, taking for granted that you have exhausted all the usual excursions, your amusements are limited to the following programme:—

1. The reading-room, where a couple of hours may be fully occupied by waiting for the paper you particularly want to see. Here also you can write letters.
2. Watching the pigeon-shooting from the terrace. This is gratis.
3. The Concert (admission free), every afternoon.

4. Watch the people entering and leaving the gambling-rooms.
5. Walking up and down the *atrium*, talking to friends and acquaintances, and, once a day, trying to feign some curiosity as to the contents of the latest telegram posted up in the hall.

6. See trains arrive; see them depart.

7. To walk down several times a day from your hotel to the Casino with a view to consulting the clock over the portico, and then comparing its information with the two Railway clocks, and then with that given by your Hotel clock: finally to regulate your own watch by striking a fair balance.

8. Walk up to Monaco Gardens (lovely!) and back. Wonder at the variety of smells. Try to arrive at a satisfactory solution as to their cause, whether drainage, or harbour, or gasworks, or a combination of any two or of all three.

*Private Opinion of Monte Carlo in the Season.*—For the robust,—lovely, delightful. But beware the Mistral, the Wandering Mistral. For the invalid,—lovely, seductive, treacherous!

Uncle TAPLIN's niece, MABEL, has been attacked by the Wandering Mistral. She is temporarily disabled. Uncle TAP decides not to go to Rome. Offers me his ticket there and back. I accept. Can I refuse? if only to see St. Peter's? My holiday is finishing.

"You will see," says our worthy Italian Hotel-keeper, "ze carnival. Do not go for ze *confetti*—no—for zey jump you in ze eye. He 'urt." I promise him that having had quite enough of "jumping in the eye" at the Battle of Flowers, I shall not go in for *confetti*-throwing at Rome. I complain to him that last night it was actually snowing. He reluctantly admits the incontrovertible fact; "but," he goes on in his own peculiar English, for which he has a patent, "ze snow," here a contemptuous shrug, "he was nozing,—he did not lay on the floor." Beautiful expression this. But, whether the snow "lies on the floor" or not, off I go. To Rome! O Riviera!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The P. & O. Pocket Book.* Why *piano*, when there is so much strength about it? It is a mighty pleasant little book to read, it is likewise brimming with useful information, therefore it would be appropriate to call it *The Pianoforte*

*Pocket Book*, especially as there are some notable performers who play with great taste and expression within its pages. For instance, everyone will gladly listen to the *bourrée* entitled "Le Canal de Suez," by M. DE LESSEPS, the bright lively *gigue*, "Japan," by Mr. H. W. LUCY, the *Suez Canal Sonata*, by Mr. THOMAS SUTHERLAND, the "China" *cantata*, by Sir THOMAS WADE (invaluable as a *wade-mecum*), and other notable pieces by accomplished executants. As for all the strictly practical portion of the work, the exact and various particulars with regard to routes, vessels, cabins, and outfits, it makes one desire to rush round to Leadenhall Street at once and immediately book places for the "Ocean Cure." We might suggest a new motto for the Company—"Che va P. an' O. va sano."

The Macmillaneries continue their excellent series of revivals. The latest is *The Caged Lion* by CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. Here it is fresh and YONGE as ever. Also the first volume of JOHN GREEN-LEAF WHITTIER's writings. Those who already possess a collection of witty works, will be glad to add to it one Whittier.

The latest addition to ROUTLEDGE's Pocket Library, invaluable to the globe-trotter, is the Third Series of *The Ingoldsby Legends*. All who go down to the sea by the L. C. & D. Line should take with them this little volume, containing the legend of *The Brothers of Birchington*, and he will learn something about the mysterious Reculvers, the origin of which has puzzled many besides

THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

A MYSTERY.—What is "VERINI's Patent Pipe?" There is no inscription but this on its stem, and on application at more than one tobaccoist's no information could be obtained by our Private Inquirer. Yet Mr. Punch, after three months' practical experience of this pipe, which was mysteriously presented to him, has no hesitation in affirming, or taking his oath, if necessary, that never has he met with a pipe, not even a vocal or musical one, so sweet and clear, and one which renders the "pernicious weed" so innocuous, as does this "VERINI's Patent." In the interest of all smokers, if any pipe ought to be puffed this should be, and so Mr. Punch gives it the Puff direct. But whence it came, and where it is obtainable, many besides Mr. Punch would be glad to know.







MR. PUNCH DRINKS SUCCESS TO THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL JUBILEE SHOW TO BE HELD THIS SUMMER IN WINDSOR PARK.

## COUNTY COUNCILDOM.

(By Our Own County Councillor.)

I FANCY the proceedings of our new London Government must have somewhat astonished the old fogies whom we have so recently superseded. Why, we have laid down more grand democratic principles

for our future guidance, in the last few weeks, than the Legislature itself has ventured even to discuss seriously in as many years, and if some of my able colleagues have their own way, and they assuredly mean to try, London will shortly be the Paradise of the Impecunious.

Everything that the Masses require will be done for them, and the whole expense of so doing will have to be borne by the Classes. And as the former are somewhat about four times the number of the latter, the sublimity of the idea is at once apparent. The poor of London are to be re-housed, and a Medical Officer of Health is to be appointed to superintend their sanitary condition, at a salary of

£1000 a year. He will probably earn it, despite the bold statement of one of our most popular Members, that he had never yet met a man worth more than £500 a year.

Our Deputy-Chairman blushed visibly at this striking assertion, and why?

The question of properly furnishing the houses has been deferred for the present, but we have decided that when we ask for tenders to execute this rather extensive order, the parties tendering will be required to show that the men they employ are paid such good wages, and work such short hours, as are entirely satisfactory to the Trade!

No fear of the over-perspiring system prevailing under our fatherly system.

All gates and bars in lordly Bloomsbury and elsewhere are to be at once abolished, and the inclosed gardens in the many squares will doubtless be made free to all.



In Mud-Salad Market.

And how are these glorious results to be obtained? Is it by such a crushing weight of taxation as will greatly inconvenience the wealthy? Certainly not. A mere trifle of thirteen pence in the pound will suffice, for the present, to satisfy all our moderate wants.

The mistake made by one of our non-financial Members—caused by thirteen pence being the tax upon coals that we mean at once to abolish—that he much preferred paying thirteen pence in the ton to thirteen pence in the pound, was kindly explained to him by our Financial Editor. Those of us who are not eminent financiers were as much surprised as delighted to learn that a mere trifle like this thirteen pence in the pound, which we are about to levy on a gratified Metropolis, will produce us a sum approaching one million nine hundred thousand pounds, with which to commence our great work, so anything like a cheeseparing economy would be as absurd as unnecessary.

The very natural remark made by one of the most jovial and good-natured of our body was, that with such a sum to draw upon, why should we not provide ourselves with needful refreshment? but the idea was not generally approved—at any rate, not for the present; one particularly crusty Member attributing it to the *genius loci*. I am biding my time for an opportunity of proposing at once to abolish the ancient nuisance of "Mud Salad Market," and have but little doubt of ultimate success.

From what I gather from those around me, I fancy everyone of us has some special grievance that he intends giving his whole mind to remedy, and, as there are some 137 of us, we shall certainly not want for plenty of matter for discussion.

One noble idea is to constitute ourselves Commissioners for fixing what we think to be a fair and reasonable rent to be paid for any property, the occupier of which finds the present amount to press inconveniently upon his somewhat limited resources, due account being taken of the number of his family, and any other circumstances of an interesting character; and the question is naturally asked, Why should dissatisfied Ireland have so great an advantage in this respect over the powerful and loyal Metropolis?

We all like our Chairman, and our Radical friends thoroughly appreciate his preference of "Mr. Chairman" to "My Lord." As one specially democratic Member observed, there are hundreds of Lords, but only one Chairman of such a County Council.

Our Vice-Chairman seems scarcely fitted to control our somewhat rude democracy, his instincts apparently lying in quite a different direction.

Our Deputy Chairman sits trembling in the balance between Glory and Lucre. Unpaid patriotism on the one hand, and £1500 per annum on, but not yet in, the other.

I expect to find our future proceedings interesting, important, and even staggering.

## "THE SQUEEZE OF 86."

[MR. FRANCIS GALTON says that, "Out of 1,657 adult women of all ages measured at the laboratory, the strongest could only exert a squeeze of 86 lb., or about that of a medium man."]

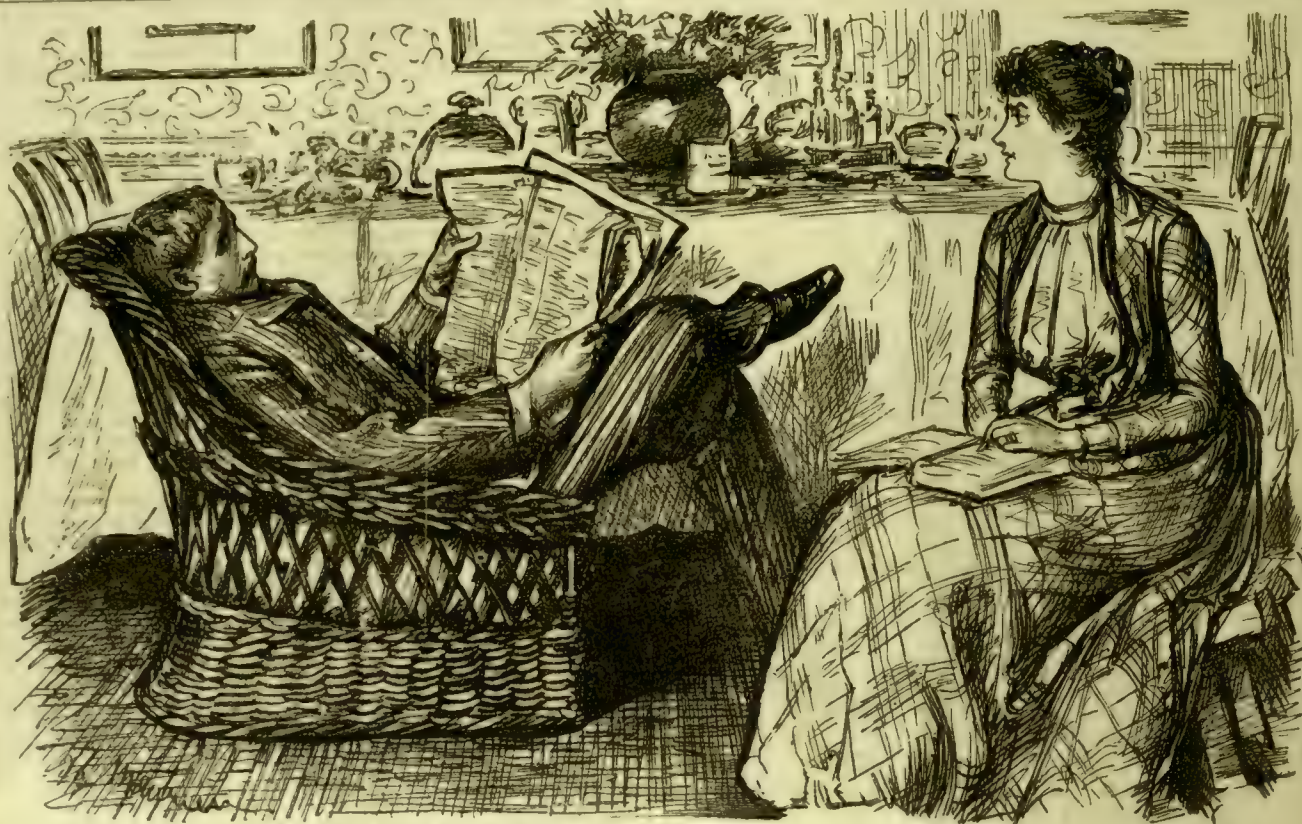
MAIDEN of the mighty muscles,  
Then recorded, you would  
be  
Famous in all manly tussles,  
And it's very clear to me,  
That if in the dim hereafter  
Any husband should play  
tricks;  
You would, with derisive  
laughter,  
Give a "Squeeze of 86."

Husbands, be it sadly stated,  
Have been known their wives to  
whack;  
You, unless you're over-rated,  
Could give such endearments  
back.  
Yours the task to try correction,  
Till your husband and your  
"chicks,"  
Had a lively recollection  
Of your "Squeeze of 86."

LIGHT AND FRIVOLOUS.—Our Other Musical Critic went to hear MR. DUDLEY BUCK's "*Light of Asia*."—He writes—"What a beautiful name is DUDLEY BUCK! The Light is not very bright. I thought *The Light of Asia* would have been lighter than it is. My mistake, not DEADLY BUCK's. 'Buck! Buck! How many fingers do I hold up?' Well, I give him a hand as a stranger, and therefore 'as a stranger bid him welcome'—which I think is a quotation from that oft-quoted author SHAKESPEARE-PASSIM. But, another time, please send Classical chap to this sort of thing. Afterwards I looked in at the Pavilion. Good show, BESSIE BELLWOOD in great form," &c., &c.—[Yes, another time, we will not send this one.—ED.]

At the Opéra Comique Theatre, a new play, called *The Panel Picture*, has one great fault, namely, the rising of the Curtain on the First Act. If this with all following upon the unwise proceeding were omitted, it is not improbable that the result might be, or certainly on Thursday last might have been, far more satisfactory.





## A FAIR POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

*Edwin (who likes his Angelina to take an intelligent interest in the leading topics of the day). "WHAT A TERRIBLE THING THIS SWEATING SYSTEM IS!—AND NO CURE FOR IT!!!"*  
*Angelina (who is of a medical turn). "HAVE THEY TRIED MASSAGE, DARLING!"*

## IN MEMORIAM.

John Bright.

BORN, NOV. 16, 1811. DIED, MARCH 27, 1889.

"Now is the stately column broke,  
 The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,  
 The trumpet's silver sound is still,  
 The warder silent on the hill!"—SCOTT.

SILENT! Nor, though we listen, shall we hear,  
 From the hill-top that fronts the breaking morn,

Again that clarion-challenge loud and clear,  
 So oft above the breath of battle borne  
 High as the lark above the bending corn.  
 Silent, that voice that never doubt or fear  
 Hushed 'midst the strifes of many a strenuous year;

Which neither mob-applause nor modish  
 Nor the loud wrath of Party's passing mood,  
 Availed to drown in the fierce noise of fight.  
 Man who knew not to falter, turn, or yield,  
 With eyes intent upon the common good,  
 With heart unshaken in the cause of right,  
 How shall we miss thy form in many a stricken field!

Brave Knight of Peace, with proud and spotless crest,  
 Which never stooped to faction's furious  
 Who braved opprobrium with unblenching breast,

Till long-proved constancy had conquered  
 In the stout champion of the true and just;  
 Now hast thou entered into well-earned rest,  
 No more to wield the sword with warrior zest,  
 No more into the press of spears to thrust.  
 Sheathed the true steel that ne'er struck craven blow,

Silent the trumpet that hath pealed so oft,  
 Fallen from faithful hands relaxed in death.

Whilst thou hadst life, the beacon burned  
 Whilst thou hadst strength, the standard shook aloft;  
 The silver trumpet was not mute whilst

A Knight of Peace! In all her retinue  
 The Lady of the Olive Branch hath found  
 No champion more valorous or more true,  
 Defence to muster or a charge to sound,  
 Less prone to shrink from onset, or give ground

When swords flashed fast and swift the  
 Than him, her sober-suited friend, who slew  
 Only the foes who swarmed her flag around.  
 His no Berserker love of the red fray;

Not for sheer battle's sake or lust of blood  
 Into the thickest of the fight he'd fling,  
 Who ever heard amidst the mad mêlée,  
 Marring the music of proud triumph's mood,  
 The beatings sinister of Azrael's iron wing.

For Peace, and Freedom, and the People's right,  
 Based on unshaken Law, he stood and fought;

If not with widest purview, yet with sight  
 Single, sagacious, unobscured by aught  
 Of selfish passion or ambitious thought;  
 Seeing day's promise in the darkest night,  
 Hope for the weak 'midst menaces of Might:  
 Careless of clamour as of chance-blown dust,  
 Stern somewhat, scornful oft, and with the stark

Downright directness of a Roundhead's  
 Who drew a Heaven-dedicated sword  
 Against the foes of Freedom's sacred ark,  
 The friends of the oppressor's galling yoke,  
 All fierce assailants of the Army of the Lord.

Yet at his lion-strength's most inner heart  
 Lay sweetness, as in Israel's passion strong;  
 Such sweetness as like silvery brooks will start

'Midst mountain-heights of MILTON's mighty song.  
 His virile hate struck hot at high-placed Wrong

And crawling crime; his scorn smote like a Baseness of court or crowd, of fane or mart,  
 Caste's callous pride, and madness of the throng.

Ever himself, though foe might change, or Or right, or wrong, his steadfast course he steered

Straight for the goal on which his soul Unused to falter and unwont to bend,  
 He shrank not from reproach, nor ever feared  
 To mount the wildest wave that drave toward his end.

The Silver Trumpet's silent! Never more  
 Its unmatched music mortal ears shall charm,

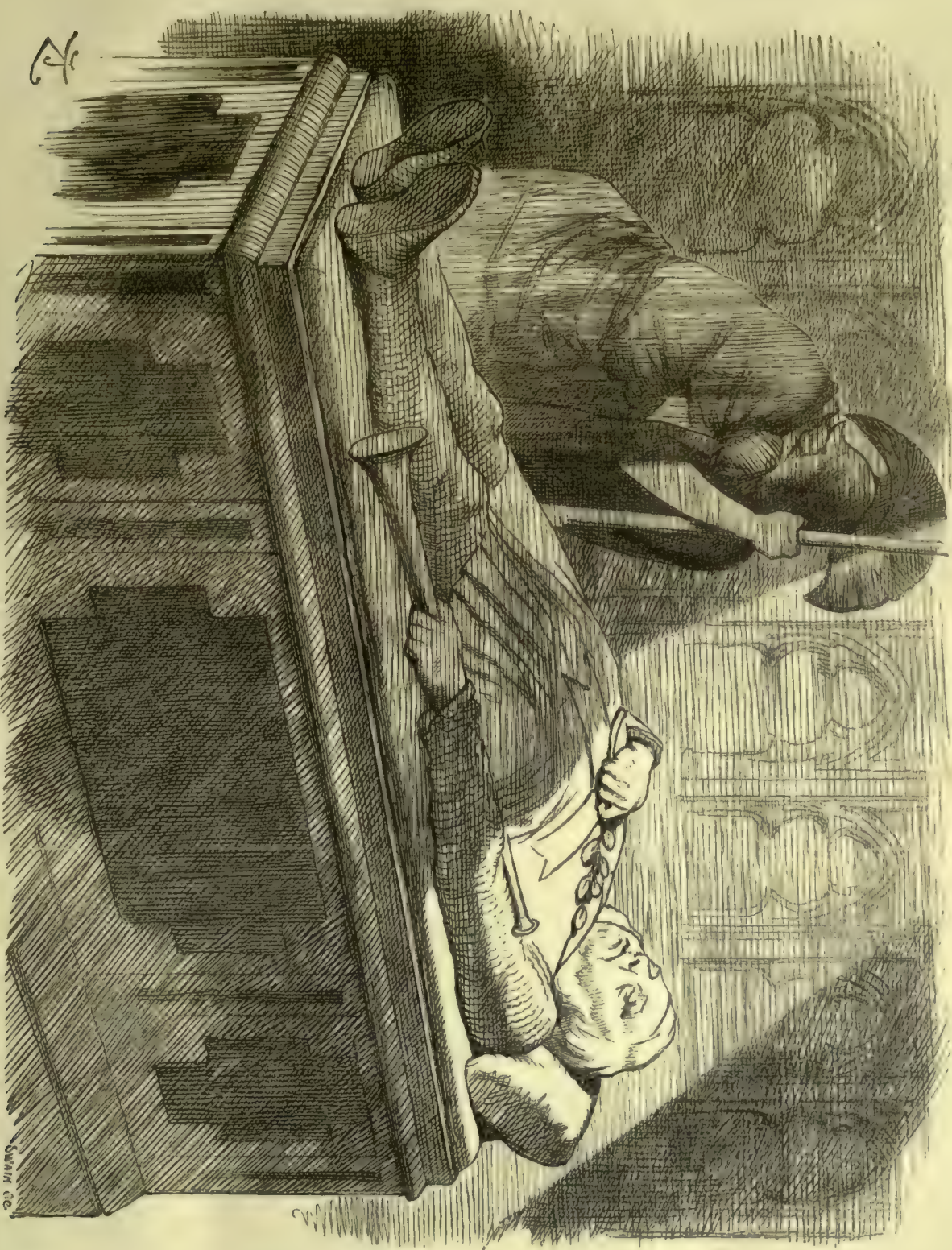
Rise dominant o'er faction's futile roar,  
 Or summon friends of Right to rouse and arm.  
 The Warder's mute, no more to sound alarm

From the dawn-fronting hill-top, high and Dead lies the Knight who the White Banner bore.

Fold it o'er the cold breast that late beat  
 No slain Crusader graced a nobler tomb  
 More nobly ever than this stainless Knight,  
 The echoes of whose war-shouts scarcely cease,

Though he lies there in the light-chequered  
 Stout Champion ever of the True and Right,  
 Mercy's sworn Militant, great Paladin of Peace!





## JOHN BRIGHT.

BORN, NOV. 16, 1811.

DIED, MARCH 27, 1889.

"THE TRUMPETS SILENT IS STILL!"









## FRIENDLY ADVICE.

"I SAY!—YOU HAVE IMPROVED THAT FOOT THESE LAST FEW WEEKS! I SHOULD GO ON DRAWING THE HUMAN FOOT, AND NOTHING ELSE, IF I WERE YOU, BROWN!—ANYHOW FOR ANOTHER TWO OR THREE YEARS OR SO."

"OH—THANKS AWFULLY!—AND THEN?"

"WHY THEN YOU MIGHT BE A SHOEMAKER, YOU KNOW, AND GET AN HONEST LIVING!"

## FRENCH ART WITH SAUCE HOLLANDAISE.

THE collection of the works of the French and Dutch Romanticists at the Dowdeswell Galleries, is well worth two or three visits, one of which I've paid on account,—on your account and that of the public. Why "Romanticists"? If the depicting of cows and sheep, and poultry, "all alive O!" of course, undressed, and *au naturel*, is to make an Artist a Romanticist, then Dowdeswell's Dutchmen certainly take the first prize in this pictorial Cattle Show. *Cows and Figures, Figures and Cows, Cows on the Heath, Cows in Water, More Cows in more Water, Ditto with Trees, Sheep on Downs, Lake with Cows, Man in a Punt and Woman with Cows, Cow-cher de Soleil, Sheep under Trees, Landscape with Cowshed, Calf with Cow-shedding tears*, and so forth—without a single effort to depict the *Cow jumping over the Moon*, which would have been really romantic and very effective,—for which titles consult the Catalogue—or, as it should be called the Cattle-logue, and "when found, make a note of." Quotation this from *Captain Cuttle*, quite suitable to a Cattle-log. There is one genuine Romanticist, but he is neither Frenchman nor Dutchman, but of Italian extraction, as his name is MONTICELLI. Pause, Visitor, before No. 106, *The Ravine*, by MONTICELLI,—the Ravin' Mad, it suggests; and No. 109, *The Fête Champêtre*, in which there is a lady in the winning Cambridge colours, somewhat exhilarated after the Boat Race. Examine these well. Marvellous colour, dabbed on anyhow, looking a trifle mouldy in places, and a wonderful jumble of figures. I should call MONTICELLI The Uncertainist.

More in my next. But seriously, our clever young painters might do worse than spend a few hours in these Galleries studying the works of MILLETT, COROT, MEISSONIER, DAUBIGNY, and JOSEF ISRAELS. Why "Romanticists"? Because they romantically painted for the love of Art, and many of them, since dead, got precious little for their pains and paintings.

In dealing with pictures, these French and these Dutch Took, often, too little, when painting so much.

## AN OFFICIAL EXERCISE.

From "Ollendorff" as Arranged for the Next Scare.

HAVE we any ships (*vaisseaux*) ready, wherewith to meet the enemy?

No. We have not any ships ready wherewith to meet the enemy, but we have the promise of a Fleet on paper (*dans l'air*), locked up in a cupboard at the Admiralty.

Then, some of our ships are here, some are there (*là*)?

Yes, some of our ships are everywhere (*par tout*), but they are not here (*pas ici*).

Is this the little gun for the big ship?

No, this is the big ship without any gun at all (*sans aucun canon*).

Will the Admiralty send the big ship thus unarmed into action?

Yes, certainly; but they will order the Admiral in Command to make a manifestation of defiance (*danser le hornpipe*), the moment he comes under the enemy's fire.

It is a pity that the enemy's Fleet suddenly took possession of the Channel when sixteen of our Ironclads were shut up in the dockyards for repairs, having something done to their boilers.

The Admiral was at dinner with the General (*chez M. Le Général*) when the enemy arrived.

Who saw the enemy arrive?

Nobody saw the enemy arrive.

Will the Volunteer Artillery have to bring their guns into the battle without horses?

Yes, the Volunteer Artillery will have to bring their guns into the battle without horses, but the Hussar Regiment will have its deficiency of mounts supplied by the London General Omnibus Company (*Compagnie Générale*).

Who, then, has the good gun?

The invader has the good gun, but we have the inferior bayonet.

Have you seen the top-heavy Torpedo-boats of the lively neighbours?

No, I have not; but I have heard talk (*entendu parler*) of the unpatriotic opposition of our own Malcontents (*Imbéciles*).

## ADDITIONAL CLAUSES FOR THE SUNDAY CLOSING BILL.

—No open air allowed on Sunday. Flowers will not be permitted to open. Anyone opening an oyster on Sunday will render himself liable to a heavy penalty. *N.B.*—Until these become Law, Sunday Closing may be considered an open question.

I am aware this doesn't by any means apply all round; but I've not been all round; I'm not an All-round Man, but among the French and the Dutchesses

I am yours,

THE DUC DU MAULSTICK.

## UNREEFED CANVAS.

"MARCH winds and April showers, bring forth Art-flowers." True enough, and, as days lengthen, pictures become as plentiful as crocuses in the garden, and hyacinths in the window. The Artful Dodger goes about with his critical lantern, as one of old did when searching for an honest man—and enacts the part of a modern Dodgernes, looking for a great work of Art. As yet, he has not discovered it. Professor GANDISH would doubtless lament the absence of 'igh hart from our exhibitions; and Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD would tell you, with a practical, and well-nigh aggravating bluntness, that the only great work of Art was "Niagara." Be that as it may, there are plenty of pretty pictures at the Exhibition of Lady Artists at the Egyptian Hall. Though they appear to somewhat neglect face-painting, and pencil other things beside eyebrows, there are many bright, honest contributions amid the collection. They have held up the mirror to Nature, instead of devoting the looking-glass to a more frivolous and unsatisfactory use. Among the best contributions may be noted those of Mrs. PERUGINI, the Misses CLARA and HILDA MONTALBA, Mrs. MARRABLE, Mrs. JOPLING, Misses H. MACAULAY, M. NAFTAL, DREW, M. H. SIMPSON, V. H. WYMAN, R. BARTON, R. F. HENSMAN, E. PARTRIDGE, A. E. TUCKER, and A. MANVILLE FENN.

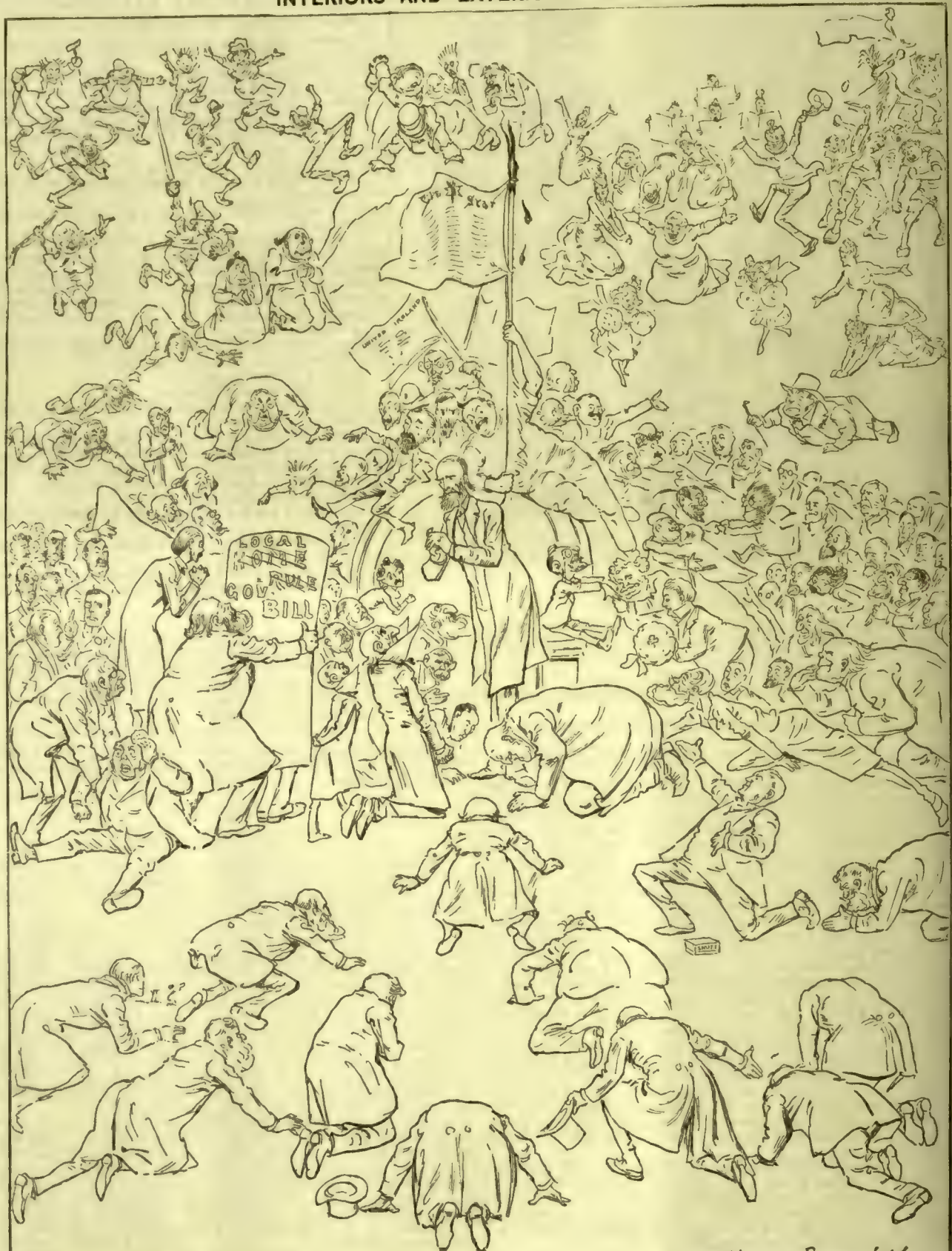


THE ART-FUL DODGER.

BLACK SHEEP IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—A disgrace to the Woollack.



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 63.



S. 1111 9c

Harry Furniss

Master of the Situation. "WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN?"





"IN WAITING"!!

Barber (to First Comer—in hand). "SHAVE, SIR!" (To Second Comer.) "TAKE A CHAIR, SIR. I SHALL BE DISENGAGED IMMEDIATELY."

Smith (First Comer, who has recognised in the Glass opposite that it is that fellow Brown, his rival and enemy). "YA-AS, I WISH TO BE SHAVED, AND—AH—THEN I SHOULD LIKE MY HEAD WASHED,—SHAMPOOED, Y'KNOW,—AND AFTERWARDS MY HAIR CUT,—AND— CAREFULLY CURLED!!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 25.—ATTORNEY-GENERAL again accommodated with seat in Dock. Getting quite familiar with situation; on excellent terms with the Warders; declares he hasn't slightest temptation to take off his boot and throw it at head of SPEAKER. Can't imagine how *habitués* of the Dock occasionally dispossess themselves of portions of their clothing, and disperse it about locality of Judge or Magistrate. CHARLES RUSSELL leads case for Prosecution. Exceedingly severe on Prisoner. ATTORNEY-GENERAL, when under indictment last Friday, gained temporary triumph by alleging that he had handed in a certain letter to RUSSELL. Now turns out that it was quite another letter, in quite different circumstances, handed in at quite distinct time. Original statement made great sensation. Ministerialists mad with delight. Opposition momentarily checked. ATTORNEY-GENERAL now says must be mistake somewhere. If he had not handed RUSSELL PIGOTT's letter of Nov. 15, he had given him SOAMES's of the 11th. Same thing; or, if not, why not? Anyhow, "of no material importance." Ministerialists cheered again, almost as loud as, on Friday, they had cheered when ATTORNEY-GENERAL insisted upon matter as one of prime importance.

"That's the best of the Tories," said HARPUR, sadly, "they always stand by their own man. If he says a thing's black they cheer before the words are well out of his mouth, and when he goes on to say 'I beg

your pardon, I meant to say it was white,' they cheer just the same. Now, *our* fellows would as soon howl at their natural leaders as not. Sometimes I envy BRACH and GOSCHEN. Wish I'd either been born into Toryism, or been able comfortably to take to it in middle age."

Squabble went on till Nine o'clock. Little trifle of 2½ Millions to be talked about before voting. Must needs stand over till personal question of ATTORNEY-GENERAL settled. Then Members go off to dinner; crowded House melts away; about a dozen stay to talk about the Vote. Not one per million sterling. Windbag SEXTON as usual on his legs. Had a finger in most people's pie at Question Hour. Now interposes on Army Annual Bill, Second Reading of which STANHOPE proposes to take in succession to abortive discussion on Navy scheme. Makes speech, takes division; gives notice of Amendment in Committee. "SEXTON," I say, to MACLURE, "is like the poor. We have him always with us."

"Yes," said my robust friend, hair and moustache curling with indignation, "and we always shall whilst he is Lord Mayor of Dublin. As long as SPEAKER, BALFOUR, OLD MORALITY, and other respectable Authorities are, by virtue of his office, bound to refer to him as the 'Right Honourable Gentleman,' so long will SEXTON continue to pop up through a sitting long or short, lingering over the sweetness of this unwonted style. When he's no longer Lord Mayor, and may be alluded to as 'the Hon. Member' we'll have less of him." *Business done.*—None.

*Monday Night.* — SAM SMITH much concerned for Monte Carlo. Hears it's quite a dreadful place; people go and begin playing as soon as luncheon is over; lose all their money; take special care to get their dinner, knowing



"My robust Friend."



full well bill will never be paid; then retire to some remote alley; commit suicide. A week later, sometimes next morning, undeterred by former experience, do it all over again. "One round of infamy," sighs SAMUEL; "a wasted life."



"Think I'll run over to Monte Carlo!"

MORALITY, who got through a visit to Monte Carlo quite safely, finds opportunity, later, of meeting SAMUEL behind SPEAKER'S chair.

"Know you spoke with best intentions," he said, "but are you quite sure of your facts? Ever been to Monte Carlo? Place to spend a happy day in. I can tell you. Most interesting proceedings in Casino. Not that I ever played, of course. Left that for GRANDOLPH and HARTINGTON. But I looked on, and saw a thing or two. Nothing in the world so easy as to make pot of money. Great secret is get it on and leave it on; make a thousand pounds in a thousand minutes."

"Ah!" said SAMUEL, growing interested, "but how do you do it?" "That's it," said OLD MORALITY. "Nothing easier when you know it, but, as they say in choirs and places where they sing, you've got to know it first. Now look here." (SAMUEL "looks here"; on back of copy of Orders where OLD MORALITY rapidly traces diagram.) "Every beam of light is composed of three coloured rays, blue, yellow, and red. As the beam passes through the atmosphere A, these are separated from each other, the blue being drawn most down, the yellow next, and the red least. As the earth with its clouds and atmosphere turns round the pole P. in the direction A.C.D., any given cloud would pass first under the blue rays at B., then the yellow rays at Y., and then the red rays at R.; and, being tinged by their respective colours. An observer, placed at E., just as he was turning into darkness towards C., would see the clouds tinged red at R., resting upon the western horizon. You follow me? Well it's just the same with the tables. No need to shoot yourself, or anyone else."

SAMUEL walks away, pondering over these things. "Very curious," he says; "OLD MORALITY not flighty kind of man. Intense air of respectability about him. A thousand pounds in a thousand minutes! What a lot of good one could do with it. Wonder if GRANDOLPH and HARTINGTON would join syndicate to try OLD MORALITY'S plan? Let me see: 'As the earth with its clouds and atmosphere turns round the pole P.'; exactly. That seems indisputable. Think I'll run over to Monte Carlo, and see with my own eyes how things are." *Business done.*—Committee of Supply.

Thursday.—Government very nearly defeated to-night. All about Constitution Hill. Those two desperate Revolutionists, NOVAR, and the Grand Young GARDNER, determined to make stand against exclusiveness of this thoroughfare. Runs nearly parallel between two of busiest thoroughfares of Metropolis. A short cut from the teeming East by Charing Cross to the fertile West. Fine broad, tree-planted Avenue. Yet, whilst Piccadilly is blocked, Constitution Hill left undisturbed for the solitary horseman or the occasional brougham. Early in week Grand Young GARDNER scribbling message, written with his own blood, on back of envelope, summoned NOVAR to midnight meeting. NOVAR arrived armed with Claymore; swore solemn oath they would free Constitution Hill, or die. Come down to-night prepared for worst. NOVAR led off attack. Moved to reduce Vote for Parks and Pleasure Gardens with reference to Con-

stitution Hill. "It's restriction," said NOVAR, "an absurdity, and a relic of the past."

Grand Young GARDNER backed him up; Committee deeply moved; SHAW LEFEVRE, momentarily forgetting absorbing attraction of his new Dead House, flung himself into fray. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE much cheered by this movement on part of younger generation. Amid enthusiastic cheers CAVENTISH BENTINCK declared against Constitution Hill. Even DE LISLE, putting both feet down, was for opening the thoroughfare. PLUNKET stood by the Constitution and the Hill, but was visibly alarmed. House cleared for Division; figures read out amid breathless excitement. For keeping thoroughfare closed, 80; for opening it, 78. Ministerial majority reduced to Two!

The two conspirators shook hands. NOVAR overcome with emotion. Grand Young GARDNER still capable of articulation.

"Let us," he said, "devote our lives to this great object. Let us swear a great oath that till Constitution Hill is open to the people we will neither shave nor have our hair cut. Swear!"

"Daddy!" said NOVAR.

*Business done.*—The shackles shaken on Constitution Hill.

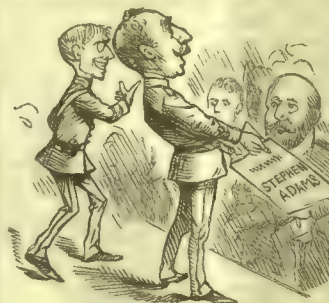
Friday Night.—This is JOHN BRIGHT'S Day. House crowded in every part, all drawn to do honour to the great Englishman. None so rich or so great as not to do him reverence. OLD MORALITY speaks first in tones of homely eloquence, well suited to occasion. Then GLADSTONE rises on highest pinions of matchless eloquence, extolling the dead orator and "his splendid eloquence, the loftiest that has sounded within the walls of the House of Commons within the present generation." HARTINGTON lamented the departure of one who had been to him, in peculiar degree, guide, philosopher, and friend. Justice MCCARTHY, as the envoy of Ireland, brought her mourning wreath to lay on the tomb; and CHAMBERLAIN mourned "the Member for Birmingham." All admirably done, displaying the House of Commons in one of its worthiest moods, and loftiest moments. *Business done.*—Lament for JOHN BRIGHT.



"Putting both Feet down."

## SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, AND HEART TO ART.

ON Monday, the 25th of March, the Prince and Princess of WALES opened the new Drill Hall of that gallant body of citizen soldiers, the 20th Middlesex (Artists) Rifle Volunteers. The ceremony was



Thomas and Maybrick.

a pretty one, especially that part of it wherein (to quote the programme) "The Princess of WALES and her daughters were presented with bouquets," &c. Of the entertainments, it may be said that a glimpse of their Royal Highnesses proved a most attractive item. However, there were other features, to wit, songs by Lieutenant MAYBRICK (Artists R.V.), in full uniform, and Mr. EDWARD LLOYD; and recitations by Private BRANDON THOMAS and Mr. LIONEL BROUGH, unattached. Madame ANTOINETTE STIRLING sang, and so did Mr. CHARLES COLLETTE (late Lieutenant 3rd Dragoon Guards). The card of invitation was embellished with a clever sketch by Mr. HORSLEY, and the Drill Hall itself suggested a happy compromise between St. Paul's Cathedral and the London Terminus of the Midland Railway. A paper handed to the Press contained, amongst other valuable information, the facts that the hon. architect was the Colonel of the Regiment Commanding, and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries; that Messrs. &c., &c., were responsible for the plumbers' work, and that the wrought-iron gas-fittings, "from the architect's design," had been made by Messrs. &c., &c. Hon. Colonel Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Bart, P.R.A., was present in *muffs*, and a reference made in the speech of the Prince of WALES to the advance of the corps in prosperity during that gallant and accomplished officer's period of command, was received with well-merited enthusiasm. This was as it should be. Honour to whom honour is due; and may the Artistic Volunteers long live and prosper!



## ART AND LETTERS.

As our Merry-Go-Round Inspector of Studios couldn't go everywhere, we hit upon the simple plan of inducing some of the leading artists themselves to furnish us with their own notices of their principal works intended for public exhibition this season.

**From the President to the Editor.**—Caro Mio,—I shall be more than enchanted to oblige you. *Mais que voulez-vous?* Every minute is *precioso* to us both. As to the pictures, *eh, bien*, I need hardly call to your memory how purely SCHILLER renders my sentiments when he says, "*Ersuche Sie aber hauptsächlich mit grösster Eile zu verfahren.*" You will see some Greek maidens—ah!—to quote the witty epigram of APOLLONIS, our own poetic fellow-craftsman:—"Γυνὴν ποτ' βούλεται παντ, μείβοι, Μείβοι γυνὰν ἄνδρὲς κλασσικὸν στέλες." *Vieni, caro mio*, and as DANTE said to FRANCESCA, "*Suonate il campanello alla porta,*"—an action into which may be thrown all the grace of a Greek god, or which may exhibit only the *gaucherie* of a Boeotian clown. You remember that wise and witty saying of CERVANTES, "*Es muy hermosa dia despues la lluvia.*" Perhaps you will retort with PEDRILLO, "*Tu eres otro. A Dios.*" F. L.

**From Alma-Tadema, R.A.**—No, my dear Vallow, not another practical choke of Helly O'Gobblens out of all dese rose-leaf now, bot a bersabative sobjack called "*Hard Lines.*" Some Roman chorus-girls sleeping on de wed marble floor after a light bregfast of honey and gugumbers. Bootiful! Bootiful! Bud'nod in time for dese Agademy and Krovenor Kallery. A. T.

**From J. C. Horsley, R.A.**—Dear Editor, my big picture is "*The Remorse of Godiva*," showing her in bed, only the tip of her beautiful nose visible. J. C. H.

**From John Brett, R.A.**—Belay and avast, Mr. Editor! You'll see. Breezy and fine picture. "*The Lion, the Lizard, and the Stag*," a little geographical joke on the Coast of Cornwall. Shall get Academy to engage policeman to keep off crowd, who will crush in to see the joke. J. B.

**From Professor Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A., M.A., F.S.A.**—My good man, don't bother about pictures. Come to Bushey, see my new moon,—great scenic effect,—and hear the Cantata. WAGNER not in it. Chorus of students. H. H.

**From Marcus Stone, R.A.**—Dear Editor,—Picture? Oh, yes, "*The Incomplete Letter Writers*"—you know—same lot—still going on with their correspondence—eh?—"To be continued in our next." Well, the public appreciate this sort of thing and so does M. S.

**From T. Faed R.A.**—My picture is *Our Dear Old Home*. Scotch subject. There are evidences of recent obstreperousness on the part of the gudeman, over whose prostrate form stands the gudewife, with a broken bellows in her hand. The bairns 'skeered' are huddled up together in a corner, crying out, "Aiblins, what's hame without a mither!" Very fine. T. F.

**From J. P. Frith, R.A.**—Dear Ed.,—Your boy called twice. I have done a few "Reminiscences." You'll see. J. P. F.

**From Sir John E. Millais, Bart., R.A.**—Dear Old Chap, Show you my pictures? With pleasure. At M'CLEAN's place. No more private views at my own house. Lost too many umbrellas. Names? Descriptions? Well, 'pon my life, haven't thought of names—some critic fellows will call 'em names, hey?—and as to their description—well—I can only say they're first-rate,—"though I says it as shouldn't, eh?" Hope you're well, but of course, you scribbling chaps are always well, while we poor painters—no, dash it, I'm not a poor painter!—shouldn't like to hear anyone else say this,—if he did, I'd punch his head. "Punch!" ha! ha! appropriate *that*. And new, eh? Capital cartoon of J. T.'s, that one I mean about the what's-his-name standing upon the thingumijig, and saying to Lord What-you-may-call-'im,—I forget what, but you know. Best thing I ever saw. Adoo! adoo! J. E. M.

[Perhaps next week we may be able to give some further interesting details, on which our readers can place the most perfect reliance.—Ed.]

## ON COMMISSION.

*April 2, 3, 4.*—The working days of the week have been devoted to paying the closest possible attention to an admirable *Abridgment of the History of Ireland*, by my learned friend, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL. And here let me say, in all sober seriousness, that it was comprised in a speech that was worthy of the man and the theme—a speech that, by itself, was sufficient to hand down the name of the Counsel for the Defence to posterity, as one of the ablest lawyers and one of the most eloquent orators that has ever graced the English Bar. As the great speech has already been reported in detail in other quarters, it is superfluous to repeat it word for word in these columns. If it were, it might possibly occupy more space than is put, and I may say rightly put, at my disposal. So I will content myself with reproducing the manner of Sir CHARLES in a dramatic form, adopting for the purpose a well-known popular oration that in the past was left unfortunately imperfect. I do this so that those who are to follow in the footsteps of my learned friend, and myself, at the Bar may have the benefit of what I may perhaps be permitted to describe as a lesson in impressively-posturing elocution.

*Orator (leaning gracefully back on bench, and in a colloquial tone).* So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf (he pauses, looks at the Bench, produces from pocket a silken arrangement of green

and Indian pink) to make (pauses, leisurely uses silken arrangement appropriately, and replaces it in pocket)—to make an apple pie. And at the same time (pauses, places pincenez on nose, and examines books in front of him, selects one and reads) a great she-bear, coming up the street (puts down book, takes off pincenez, and looks fixedly at the Bench), pops its head into the shop. (Pauses. Raises his

left hand with left fist clenched. Then, with great and grave earnestness.) What, no soap! (Sadly and regretfully clutches with his right hand at basket containing documents.) So he died! And she (uses snuff-box, which is then replaced) very imprudently (with right hand outstretched, forefinger pointing to someone in the well of the Court) married (with immense force)—married the Barber! (Long pause, during which the Orator looks slowly and gravely round at audience. Then, in a more conversational tone.) And there were present the Picinninies (Mr. ASQUITH touches him, he turns round, listens, and bows thanks), and the Jobililies, and the Garyulies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself (puts up pincenez, and reads scrap of paper just passed to him),—and—yes—as my learned friend, Mr. ASQUITH reminds me (clasping his hands persuasively), with the little round button at top. (Produces linen handkerchief, gazes at it, and returns it to pocket. Considers. Then with ever-increasing energy.) And they all fell to playing the game (right arm raised in gesture of disgust) of catch as catch can, till (very distinctly, and with his left hand raised to his ear and then brought down sharply)—till the (very loud) Gunpowder!!! (long pause, and then, in a voice broken with deep emotion, which almost sinks into a whisper at the last word) ran out at the heels of their (very softly) boots! (Tears and suppressed sobs in Court.)

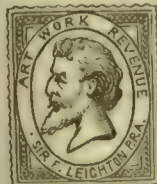
As to the matter of Sir CHARLES's speech, it does not become me to offer an opinion at this stage of the inquiry. I have already expressed the genuine admiration I feel for my learned friend.

*Pump-handle Court.*

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.

**ELECTRIFYING!**—In a speech last week, Lord CRAWFORD is reported to have said,—"*My Corporation proposes to take a large area.*" This was *a propos* of the project of "*The Electric Lighting Supply Corporation*" for illuminating the Metropolis. His Lordship also remarked, that his "*Corporation* was going to creep from several centres." Whereupon Mr. WILL, Q.C., M.P., asked him "*from how many centres the Corporation proposed to creep?*" (Laughter.) Where there's a Will, there's always a way of getting a laugh with a good audience. But why wasn't Mr. LOCKWOOD, Q.C. (Quizzing Counsel), present to illustrate it?

**"THERE IS A FLOWER THAT BLOOMETH."**—The FLOWER of the Opposition flock is indeed one that "*Blooms in the Spring, tra la,*" after his Steeplechase victory last Saturday. In celebration the Opposition should give an entertainment, and play *Cyril's Success*.







THE BEASTS THE BIRDS, AND THE BAT.  
LATEST APPLICATION OF OLD ESOPIAN FABLE. (See Fable p. 171.)

*Living Samsonides says.*



## THE BEASTS, THE BIRDS, AND THE BAT.

*A Modern Confabulation Concerning an Ancient Fable.*

*Senex.* This picture, my son, illustrates an ancient Fable.

*Juvenis.* And how does dear old Æsop make the story go, Sir?

*Senex (reading).* "Once upon a time there was a fierce war waged between the Birds and the Beasts. For a long while the issue of the battle was uncertain, and the Bat, taking advantage of his ambiguous nature, kept aloof, and remained neutral."

*Juvenis.* Ambiguous nature. Ah! Neither Beast nor Bird, but a little bit of both.

*Senex (resuming).* "At length when the Beasts seemed to prevail, the Bat joined their forces, and appeared active in the fight; but a rally being made by the Birds, which proved successful, he was found at the end of the day among the ranks of the winning party. A peace being speedily concluded, the Bat's conduct was condemned alike by both parties, and being acknowledged by neither, and so excluded from the terms of the truce, he was obliged to skulk off as best he could, and has ever since lived in holes and corners, never daring to show his face except in the duskiest of twilight."

*Juvenis.* Oh, that was the Bat's fate, was it?—according to the Fable! Well, no doubt it's a bit dangerous to keep "on the hover" too long. And yet somehow the particular Bat in the picture doesn't quite look like a confirmed Troglodyte, or destined dweller in a perpetual Cave of Adullam. Looks sharp enough, anyhow, and does not look as if "the duskiest of twilight" would suit it long. He's playing a risky game, no doubt; but whether he's as blind as his proverbial type, is just the question, my dear SENEX.

*Senex (severely).* If he is not blind he is base, and if he is not base he is blind.

*Juvenis.* Ah! that's neatly, not to say "nastily" put, and a dented awkward dilemma—in theory—for the Bat. He's making a lot of enemies, no doubt, on both sides, especially among the ambitious non-effectives, and the disappointed would-be cocks o' the walk. But perhaps if the Bat could unbosom himself frankly (which I fancy he's not likely to do) as the Lion did to the Man in another Fable, he might say a thing or two which would throw a fresh light on the subject. "The bearings of it," as Jack Bunby says, "lie in the application," and maybe the modern form of the ancient Fable may carry an "application" of which the original Æsop did not dream.



## THE HEIGHT OF EXCLUSIVENESS.

*She.* "I BELIEVE YOU KNOW MY NEIGHBOURS, THE CHESTERFIELD BROWNS!"

*He.* "HAW—WELL—A—I GO TO THE HOUSE, DON'THERKNOW, AND DINE WITH 'EM OCCASIONALLY, AND ALL THAT—BUT I'M NOT ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH 'EM!"

## PLAY-TIME.

Is *That Doctor Cupid* still possible? Wonderful to relate he is so, and nearing his hundredth night! "BUCHANAN and a hundred knights" sounds chivalric—*Fabula narratur D.T.*—but though "chivalry" may, or may not, "still be possible," yet most decidedly no further doctoring of *Cupid* is possible after this curious comedy at the Vonderful Vaudeville. Mr. THOMAS THORNE is the *Cupid redivivus*, and when I looked at him,—he being about as unlike the little god of love as, for example, the HOME SECRETARY or the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUEUR would be,—I could not help saying to myself, "Tell me, my heart, can this be love?" and replying to my own question, "No, it is only a Thorne in the flesh."

"O ye gods and little fishes!"—well, everyone knows the next line,—but what is *Cupid* without his wings? Truth to tell, though the public have, I suppose, taken kindly to the piece,—otherwise this unromantic, rheumatic *Dr. Cupid* could not have run till now and be still running,—Chevalier BUCHANAN's play is a nondescript affair, neither comedy, nor tragedy, nor farce, nor melodrama, nor good extravaganzas, but a hotch-potch of all these ingredients served up in the first dish that could hold the mess together. *Dr. Cupid* himself is a supernatural being, compounded out of a *Bottle Imp*, *Mephistopheles*, an *Arabian Nights' Genie*, *Puck*, *Le Diable Boiteux*, and *Parson Adams*.

The piece begins with real good comedy, then suddenly we are taken into the domain of melodrama, where there is thunder and lightning, a darkened stage, breaking a magician's phial, lurid light, and all the old mysterious noises that used to herald the advent of the marvellous Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST in a Pantomime

at the Grecian. There is something more Grecian than Latin about this appearance of *Eros* at the Vaudeville, only that had Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST been the *Cupid*, we should not have seen him complaining of age, rheumatism, and cramp, but should have watched him bounding upwards and flying off in chase of some butterfly that reminded him of his long-lost *Psyche*. Who can believe in a *Cupid* with a cramp, except in an extravaganzas? And, by the way, Mr. TOM THORNE may remember a certain overgrown *Cupid*, in the burlesque of *Paris*, so funnily played by Mr. TURNER, who issued from a damp rose, limped with rheumatic pains, and noticed with sorrow that his wings were moulting.

When Mr. BUCHANAN hit on this idea, he threw away the material for a capital *opéra-bouffe*, and spoilt a good comedy. Just at the end, after the serio-comic Demon *Cupid* had uttered sentiments worthy of a Christian divine, and made his last appearance as a Converted *Cupid*, the melodramatic effects of Act the First were repeated, and I fully expected that advantage would be taken of this in order to bring us all back again safe and sound to young *Racket's* rooms at Cambridge, where with lights full on, we should find that all his experience with *Dr. Cupid* had been a dream. I do not say that, had this been so, I should have been one whit better pleased: but such an explanation, old-fashioned though it be, would have been dramatically satisfactory.

The piece is capitally played by all, though I should not think *Dr. Cupid* would remain in Mr. TOM THORNE's repertoire as one of his best parts. Miss ANNIE IRISH is delightful as the honest, frolicsome *Kate*; Mr. FRED THORNE first-rate in the very conventional part of an irascible gouty old uncle; Mr. GILLMORE gallant and gay as *Harry Racket*; and Mr. CYRIL MAUDE uncommonly good in the difficult part of "CHARLES his friend,—with a stutter;" and Miss MARION LEE, as the giddy widow, irresistible. Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND as the vinegar-faced but subsequently vivacious housekeeper, and Miss F. ROBERTSON as the amorous spinster, both excellent.

EXPECTED ARRIVALS.—The Cuckoo and the Swallow.



Bottled by Dr. Dee early in 17th Century. Unworked at the Vaudeville, 1889.





PORTRAIT OF THE CHAIRMAN THE MORNING AFTER  
A LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL MEETING.

Lord R-s-b-ry. "OH, WHAT A HEAD I'VE GOT! OH, FOR ONE HOUR  
IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS!"

### COUNTY COUNCILDOM.

(By Our Own County Councillor.)

WE are really getting on splendidly. We think nothing of sitting for six hours or more, without a pause for refreshment. What a lesson for other public bodies who shall be nameless! It is suggested by one probably dyspeptic Member, that we should rise at 6'30 for dinner, and resume business at 8. And this arrangement is said to be very highly approved of by the proprietor of an adjacent Tavern. But then, the very natural question arises, if we resume work at 8 o'clock, like giants refreshed, who can possibly calculate at what unearthly hour we should adjourn. So we are to continue as before. It certainly has this most beneficial result, it undoubtedly much shortens the speeches. The glorious consequence is that we have passed more noble and I may say staggering resolutions in the few weeks we have been sitting, than our unhappy predecessors in as many years. And what resolutions they are!

We demand, and shall, of course receive, full power in every respect over the thirty Theatres and the three hundred Music Halls of our giant Metropolis, and, under our beneficial rule, nothing that tends in the slightest degree to deprave or degrade public morality will be permitted within those whitewashed and purified walls. Having a great taste for theatricals myself, I have arranged with a colleague that he shall try to get me on the Theatres and Music Halls Committee on the earliest opportunity.

Free Libraries, Public Baths, and Wash-Houses, are to be scattered over the whole Metropolis with a liberality undreamt of by the wildest enthusiast of past days. The statement that a notorious Soap firm has offered to supply all the soap required, without charge, requires confirmation. We resolved, with light hearts, to oppose some half-dozen Bills now before Parliament that interfered somewhat with portions of the Metropolis.

Some of the more fastidious of our Members have under consideration the banishing altogether from our morally purified Metropolis all noxious or disagreeable trades, so that its five million inhabitants, in addition to being well and comfortably housed at ridiculously low rents, if considered from the grasping landlord's point of view, and washed and instructed at a merely nominal charge, and doctored and sanitised at no charge at all, shall be able to spend their abundant leisure in promenading the improved streets of the Metropolis without their greatly refined senses being shocked with such terrible sights as Butchers' Shops, or their delicate olfactory

nerves offended with the perfumes of fried fish, sausages, or onions. The exact proportion of the somewhat increased rates of the Metropolis that we shall impose upon idle and wealthy landlords, to the relief of hard-working and comparatively impecunious occupiers, stands over for full consideration, but it will certainly be one-half. This grand change alone should make us, and no doubt will make us, the most popular rating body of modern times—among occupiers. The idea that property, as represented by landlords, should pay all rates and taxes, is not by any means generally held among us, but he is a wise man, indeed, who can foresee to what our glorious Council may some day come.

We were somewhat surprised to hear that our popular Chairman had been asked to dine with the principal Committee of the Corporation, and had accepted the invitation. We hear too, though without surprise, that he made himself so agreeable there, that some of us are hoping that similar invitations may be extended to others of the Council. A little social intercourse of this kind would make a nice change to what the Member for the Strand rightly denominated as our very thirsty proceedings.

### DUE SOUTH.

From Monte Carlo to Rome, via Vintimille, Genoa, and Pisa.

FIRST nuisance,—change of time from French to Roman time. Second nuisance,—examination of baggage at the frontier, which I am bound to say, Italian officials make as easy as possible. It may be exceptional; I hope not. We are not in a particularly good humour,—I forgot to mention that JOHNNIE SPOFFERD is my travelling companion, in consequence of the tables having turned against him, which makes him fancy that a little change will do him good,—and therefore, any railway rudeness would jar upon us.

The eighteen-hour journey is pleasant enough; and then we both exclaim, "Now we are approaching Rome!! The City of the Cæsars and the Popes!!" We approach it very slowly, through a dreary, low, marshy country. "Is that the Tiber?" I ask, on catching sight of a muddy stream.

"S'pose so," replies JOHNNIE. "Beastly dirty, isn't it? Worse than the Thames. P'raps," says JOHNNIE, after a pause, "p'raps it's the Rubicon. Where was the Rubicon?" "I can't exactly say. 'CÆSAR crossed it,'" I observe. "Oh, I know that!" replies JOHNNIE, pettishly. He is not in a good humour.

Nothing of Rome can I see from the windows. It is raining heavily, and all is fog and vapour in the distance. Some peasants are out under big umbrellas.

"But," says JOHNNIE, grumbling, "not a single Roman nose among them. As far as I've seen, those that ain't turned up or Grecian, are as flat as the surrounding country. Bah!" he says, with an air of the deepest disgust, throwing himself back in his seat, "I believe the whole thing's a swindle. P'raps there's no such place as Rome after all."

The other day in the *Times* I saw advertised a book entitled *Some Features of Modern Romanism*. I can confidently assert that Roman noses won't be prominent among these "features."

Not a Roman nose at the station, among the Roman legions of guards and porters.

Pouring with rain. "City of the Popes and Cæsars be blown!" growls JOHNNIE, as we sit in the small omnibus that is to take us to the hotel. Everything about us looks as muddy, damp, murky, and miserable as if we were waiting for our luggage on a thorough



The Roman Noses we expected to see.

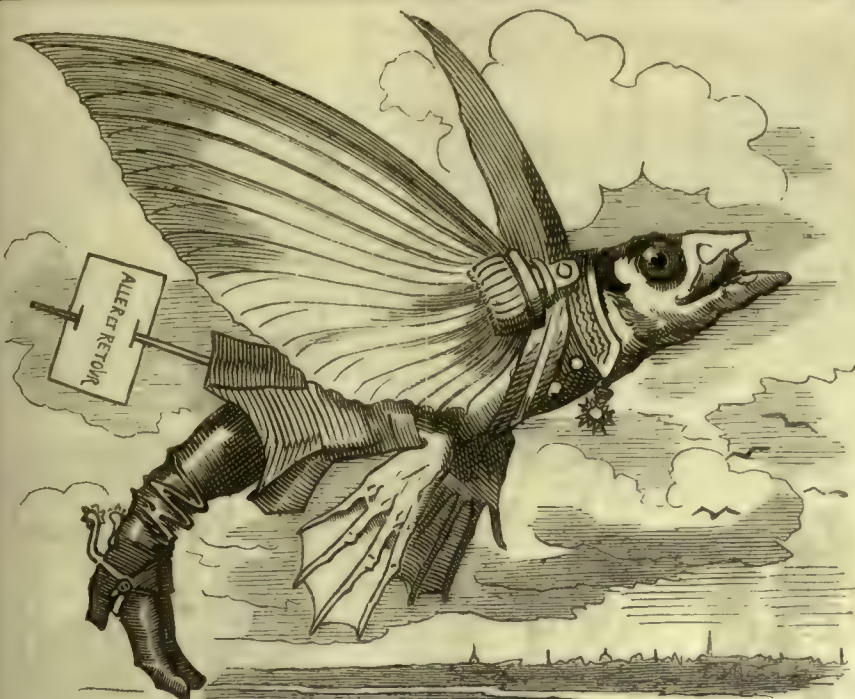


The Roman Noses we actually did see.

wet day outside Fenchurch Street Station, instead of being in the metropolis of Christendom, Rome.

We arrive at the Albergo Bristolini, Piazza Bristolini, which looks clean and comfortable enough, even on such a day as this. It is,





POISSON D'AVRIL; OR, THE BOULANGER FLYING-FISH.

I have been informed, the best-drained Hotel in Rome. Our room, a double one, for the hotel is full, is large and, we hope, comfortable. There is no prospect from the window, which "gives" on to a narrow, noisy street. This, after the beautiful view and the quiet of our Monte Carlo home, is most depressing. It is raining *canes felesque*—"Must be classic in Rome," says JOHNNIE, trying to cheer up a bit)—which does not tend to enliven us. We descend to the Restaurant Department. Considered as a Restaurant, it is the dreariest room possible.

"What a place!" exclaims JOHNNIE. "Why, the commercial room of an old-established provincial hotel in England is quite Parisian in its gaiety compared with this. City of the Cæsars! I should think this place was started when CALIGULA was on the throne. Ugh!"

I am too depressed to contradict him. Let us breakfast. Let us have a Roman breakfast. Not a Roman dish on the *menu*! We order a good French *déjeuner*. "At all events," I say, brightening up a bit, "we can have some Italian wine."

"Let's have some Montepulciano," says JOHNNIE, regarding the waiter severely, as though warning him beforehand not to attempt passing off any Italian wine of an inferior quality upon him.

The waiter, in perfect English (I having addressed him in French, and JOHNNIE in Italian), wishes to know what wine it was the gentleman demanded?

"Montepulciano," JOHNNIE repeats, only this time in a less certain tone, being evidently a trifle distrustful of his pronunciation, and his eye falters before the waiter's calm, but not unsympathetic, gaze. The waiter has never heard of it. "What!" exclaims JOHNNIE, "never heard of Montepulciano? Why, in HORACE's time—" But the waiter was not here in HORACE's time.

"Wasn't that Falernian?" I ask, rather siding with the waiter, who, as an Italian, at least so I suppose, ought to know.

"Well," returns JOHNNIE, ceding the point, "let's have Falernian." No; we cannot have Falernian; we can have some *chianti*, which the waiter can highly recommend, or some Barolo, of which, he tells us, they have a remarkably fine specimen.

We decide on *chianti*. It is some time before JOHNNIE can get over the waiter's never having heard of Montepulciano.

"Of course," he says to me, "you've heard of it." Yes, I fancy I have; but, trying to recall it, I cannot quote my authority unless it's somewhere in the *Bon Gualtier Ballads*. The line, I fancy, is "Regal Montepulciano drained beneath its native rock." This is unsatisfactory to JOHNNIE, who is just beginning to express his doubt as to whether Montepulciano is in Italy or Spain, when the breakfast arrives, and we cheer up a bit.

A RARE LEADER OF MEN.—General BOULANGER has made himself scarce.

## MUSICAL NOTE OF ADMIRATION.

BENOÎT's *Lucifer* at Albert Hall, striking, of course, not matchless. Words ought to have been from the Works of CONGREVE. M. HENSLEY was unavoidably prevented from being present, but in his absence his part was taken—how few are the friends who will take your part in your absence!—by one M. CONSTANTIN DE BOM. *Brayvo Bom!* The *Lucifer* was applied, Bom flew out of the Bom-shell, and made a decided hit. How powerfully he would have come out in a "canon quartette"! It was, indeed, lucky to have a BOM in, able to do it; for if he had been hoarse, out of time or tune, how a Bom-in-ably bad he would have been. Madame LEMMENS re-appeared, as sweet as Lemmens in the South. The works of DICKENS are being overhauled by librettists and composers. "S. & B.'s" *Pickwick* has inspired Messrs. WINGFIELD and REEVE to do a scene from *Nicholas Nickleby*; and it is said that Mr. BARNBY sees a great opportunity for choruses in another Dickensian work which he will call *Barnby Rudge*. This information comes from, Yours truly,  
BEN TROVATORE.

PROBABLE NEW AND INTERESTING WORK.—*The Can-Can and How to dance it, or Some Reminiscences of Mabilie*. By Mr. Justice FIELD.

["We are men of the world. We have all seen it—at least, I have seen it at the Mabilie."—*Times*' report of Mr. Justice Field's observations in *Barnes v. Ledger*.]

## GLEANINGS FROM GALLERIES.

At the Royal Society of British Artists, lovers of striking originality and thrilling sensation may whistle for WHISTLER, and sigh for WILLIAM-STOTTOROLDHAM. There is no sign of the former but the yellow *velarium*, and the daring, sparsely clothed nymphs of the latter no longer disport themselves on the walls. The disciples of the Prophet of the White Lock are conspicuous by their absence; symphonies and nocturnes are no longer played in the gallery, and "arrangements" are disarranged altogether. The rule is no longer cabalistic, but Bayliastic. The even tenor of our way is no longer startled by a Boanergian *basso-profondo*, or the shrill shriek of a fanciful *falsetto*. There is a soothing, pleasant, domestic tone about the pictorial music, undisturbed by daring discords, or Wagnerian waggeries. Notwithstanding this, there are not a few pictures which are mighty pleasant to behold, which give evidence of close study of Nature, earnest out-of-door work, and great manipulative dexterity. Among these may be noted the works by Messrs. HAYLLAR, G. S. HUNTER, YEEND KING, BASIL BRADLEY, EDWIN ELLIS, YGLESIAS, G. S. WALTERS, HALPENIGHT, D. HARDY, CATTERMOLE, DAVIDSON, W. S. JAY, FITZGERALD, W. H. PIKE, A. W. STRUTT, N. DAWSON, H. R. CAUTY, and others. There are also some clever portrait statues by Mr. OWEN HALE.

One of the very best Art Shows now to be seen in London is the Loan Exhibition of Portrait Miniatures at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Both for quality and quantity it is extraordinary, and any one who is fortunate enough to get an invitation to inspect it should by no means neglect the opportunity. Since the introduction of photography, the art of Miniature painting has languished—indeed it has well-nigh gone out altogether. It is sincerely to be hoped this exhibition will be a means of the revival of the charming art. Nothing is more wearying to the eye than a collection of photographic portraits, but of these exquisite miniatures one never gets weary—one can visit the exhibition again and again. What to do with your Catalogue when you emerge from a picture-show is a problem that has never yet been solved. The managers of this exhibition meet the difficulty in most satisfactory fashion. They lend you a Catalogue, which you return to the attendant on leaving. Let other galleries imitate this noble example! THE ART-FUL DODGER.

"WITH A YEO, MY BOYS, YEO, HO!"—CHARLES SANTLEY sailed for Melbourne last Friday. Solo, unaccompanied. But we hope *en route* that he'll find a grand p-an-o passage much to his liking. *Bon voyage!* and many happy returns.

Mr. MILVAIN, Q.C., has re-introduced his new Bill relating to whipping criminals. It will, of course, be retrospective in its operations.





## A NEW GAME.

Tommy (to his French Nurse). "PASSEZ, THÉRÈSE!"

## THE PHARISEE'S SUNDAY.

"To hedge people round with petty restrictions instead of teaching them nobility of conduct and a worthy use of liberty, is the perennial resource of shallow and incompetent reformers... A depraved and servile human nature, cribbed, cabined, and confined by an infinity of minute regulations enforced by the policeman, is their reading of the social problem. It follows from their miserable ideal that they are entirely careless of the fetters they may place upon rational freedom... A small minority occasionally injure themselves with bad liquor on Sunday, and these reformers can think of nothing better than to forbid the entire community to drink on Sundays at all."—*The "Times,"* on Mr. STEVENSON'S Sunday Closing Bill.

Out on our paltering pedants, petty fry  
Of ants who'd eat the core of Liberty!  
Oh, for a MILTON'S virile voice to wake [shake]  
The cant-drugged manhood in our midst, and  
High Prigdom's dull despotic Dagon down.  
And with one breath of freedom bless the town!

SMUGBY's a great Reformer! SMUGBY's soul  
Pants with perennial zeal toward one goal.  
"As I am," SMUGBY shouts, "should all  
men be,

Where slavery's bliss, 'tis folly to be free;  
And I, am I not blissful? Rapture fills  
My swelling breast, shines in my rosy gills,  
Irradiates my calm complacent face.  
Let me but set my yoke upon the race  
Marshal its manhood meekly in my train  
And badge it to my taste—how great the gain!  
Freedom's a snare, and liberty's a lure,  
Complex Compulsion is your only cure.  
Restraint's far-reaching regimen alone,  
Straitness of garb, rigidity of zone,  
The ordered movement and the measured pace  
Will bring emancipation to the race!"

And what is SMUGBY? A fanatic fool,  
Enthusiast of fad, and slave of rule,  
Whose spindly Ego, drawn to sickly growth  
By mental darkness, is exceeding loth  
To let in light or trust to the fresh air  
Of manly freedom lest they should impair  
His spurious ideal. Who but he  
Shines as the full-blown Modern Pharisee?  
Anise, and mint, and cumin, these indeed  
He measures with the most punctilious heed,  
The broad phylactery suits his narrow soul,  
The ordering of the platter and the bowl  
For all mankind he deems his function fit,  
To lasso Life's Leviathan, and bit  
The social Behemoth would be his pride.  
Humanity as his hobby-horse he'd ride,  
To—wither? SMUGBY, howsoe'er he glose  
Knows not; he never sees beyond his nose.

See SMUGBY'S Sabbath! SMUGBY knows  
not ease [please].  
Whilst free-men shape their Sunday as they  
He, petty special providence of man, [his plan].  
Would make him breathe, eat, drink, upon  
Some men are sots. Shall cocksure SMUGBY  
shrink [drink]!  
From despot logic? No! No man shall  
That's SMUGBY's ultimatum, and his cure  
For drunkenness—and freedom. Drink's a  
lure

To the enfeebled few; to enslave the strong,  
And spare the slaves temptation, can't be wrong  
According to mechanic morals. No! [low]  
Because some things called men have sunk so  
That opportunity breeds base excess  
In their base nature, place restriction's stress  
On sturdier manhood; the fanatic craves  
One blessed boon; that all men shall be slaves,  
Those to their lusts, and these to tyrant law.  
So Freedom's slain; and by an Ass's jaw!

Pharisee Sunday! SMUGBY, sleek and fat  
Club-guest, look on this picture, and on that!  
The sot sits free—at home in peace to tope,  
The honest sober toiler must not hope  
For innocent refreshment on his way;  
His Sunday meal, his Sabbath holiday  
Must both be marred and hampered by re-  
straints,

Which may mean little to our full-fed saints,  
With handy clubs and cellars, but to him  
Mean harmless pleasure spoiled by priggish  
whim.

SMUGBY sees only grossly, in the gross;  
The myriad forms of hardship and of loss,  
Which only thoughtful sympathy may feel,  
The maimed rites of the simple mid-day meal;  
The morning walk robbed of its welcome rest  
In sanded parlour, and the blameless zest  
Of wholesome ale-draught, savouring bread-  
and-cheese,

These, and a thousand petty wrongs like these,  
SMUGBY is blind to; callous to all claims  
That seem to cross his own fanatic aims.  
Rather than his preposterous schemes should  
fail,

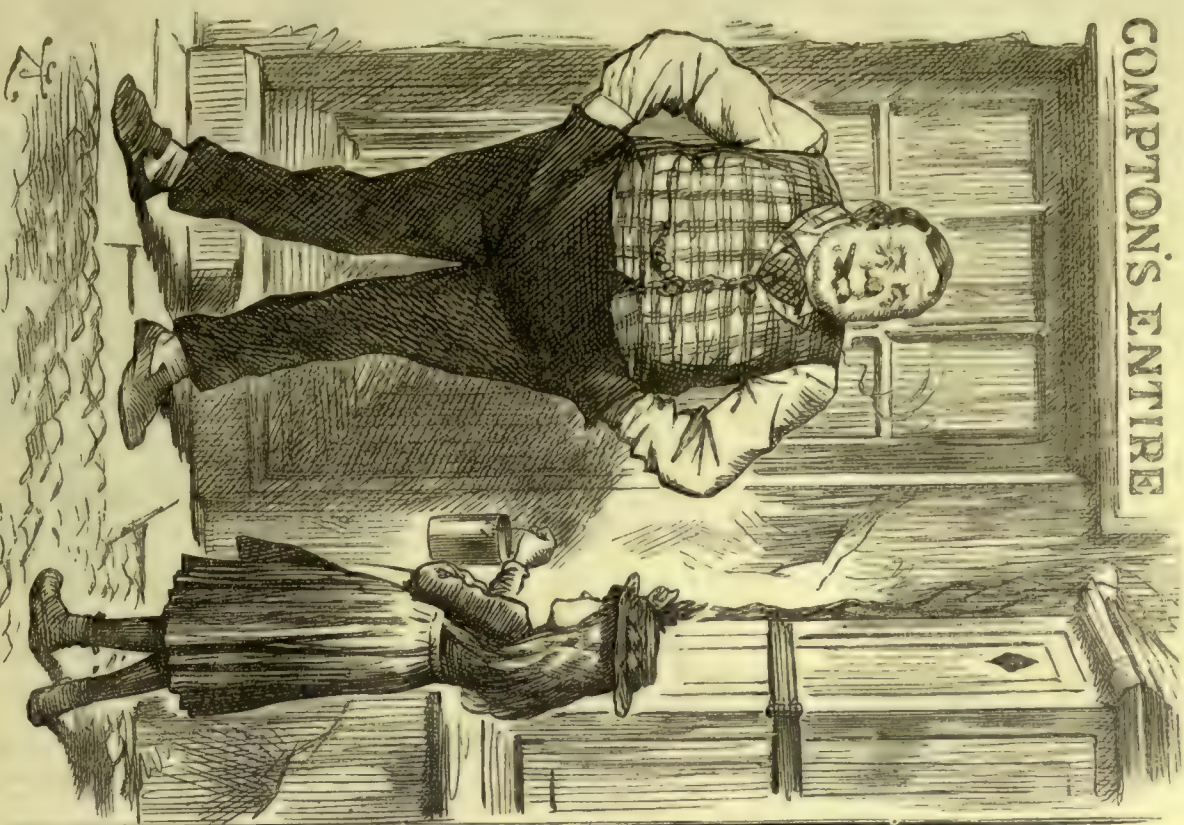
He'd banish Liberty with Cakes and Ale,  
And on slaves, sober but emasculate,  
Build up his fleeting figment of a State.

The sickly, servile, small ideal, haunts  
SMUGBY's fanatic soul; he loudly vaunts  
Provisional advance, or snatched success.  
But will his senseless schemes abide the  
stress

Of the world's virile conflict,—the old fight  
For manly freedom blent with willing right?  
Nay; the invertebrate vain egotists  
Will never conquer in Life's open lists.  
Shut up the Publicans? No; if you please,  
Punch will "shut up" the Modern Pharisees!



## COMPTON'S ENTIRE



## SUNDAY À LA PHARISEE.

(A *Timely Warning*.)

WORKING-MAN'S DAUGHTER. "PLEASE, I'VE COME FOR FATHER'S DINNER-BEER." PHARISIAN. "SUNDAY, MY DEAR!—NO BEER ON SUNDAY! YOU SHOULD HAVE REFRESHED IT LAST NIGHT!"

HABITUÉ TOPEUR (*drops newspaper*). "DOY' MAKE NO ODSE T' ME—GET IN LITTL' LOT O' LIQ'R SAT-NIGH—(*hic*) IN COORSE!!!"









SAMBOURNE. INV. DEL.

MR. R. MANSFIELD AS RICHARD THE THIRD AT THE GLOBE.

## A SONG AFTER LAMPLIGHT.

(As sung by the Swinburnian Gas-share-holder on reading a report of the inquiry now being held as to the working of the Electric Lighting Acts of 1882—1885.)

THE end has come of all our fume and fretting,  
As, darkness deep'ning round us, O my brothers,  
We watch this sun of ours sink to its setting  
To herald an uprisen light to others.

No more the stream from poisoning meter seething  
Shall stay and stint the stifling air around us,  
Till it with breath of death, in this our breathing,  
Through sense of cheating choke and gasp confound us.

No more! For spite the living load of blunder  
That crushes life from every golden measure,  
The "main" at length is riven—rent in sunder,  
And scattered to the winds its hoarded treasure!

So hail, to fair Electric Installation!  
No fear that it will find us mute to meet it.  
Invaded, we will yield it habitation  
And grovel in our gratitude to greet it.

Hail to its shares! and what, then, of those others?  
"Gas will go down." Nay, class me not with jokers,  
When I advise you, strongly, O my brothers!  
To wire that one word "sell" straight to your brokers.

IMPORTANT EUROPEAN QUESTIONS.—A telegram last week informed us that "The Hereditary Prince of Nassau, who has been at Loo, has gone to the Hague." Did the Hereditary win or lose at Loo? Did he take "Miss"? If the Prince has given up Loo, what, at present, is his little game?

THE MYSTERIOUS PIPE.—Another puff. Mr. VERINT writes to say that his Pipe will soon be out. It is his own patent, not yet made for the trade, and so Mr. Punch will not anticipate the interesting disclosure. Once known, the pipe, and its praises, will be in every smoker's mouth.

"WHICHEVER YOU LIKE, MY LITTLE DEAR," &c.—The admirers of Mr. MANSFIELD as *Richard the Third* consider him "Very Dick." The non-admirers speak of his performance as "Very Dicky."

## 'ARRY ON CHIVALRY.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Your letter 'asreached me, and give me a reglar' good laugh. *Me* engaged to be married? Who tipped you that kibosh, or is it your chaff? The world's awful given to Pigotting, CHARLIE, jest now, and no kid; But you didn't suck *that* in, now did yer? You wos a fair mug if you did.

Not percisely, my pippin. No, thank; I know a game wuth two o' that. I am not a Buchananite, CHARLIE, so don't write me down for a flat. Read your dear *D. T.* lately, no doubt, my dear boy? Well, then, wot do you think

Of this "Chivalry" question, which ROBERT has got in no end of a kink?

I ain't much up in histry, myself, it seems dismally dry tommy-rot, Fur as ever yours truly looked into it, a regular rummy old lot. Our ancestors seem to have bin; blooming geesers all round, big and small; And, like LABBY, I think it's a pity we ever 'ad any at all.

Wot this Chivalry wos, mate, fust off, BOBBUCHANAN may know—or he mayn't— But if it meant making the Woman a speeches of gingerbread Saint, And a bobbin' around her with billy-dooos, big battle-haxes, and such, Like a lot of tin-kettles with trimmings, it won't work to-day, mate, not much.

BUCHANAN's a poet, they tell me, and poets don't nick me, nohow, Kind o' long-winded loonatics, mostly, dead-nuts on the biggest bow-wow; Sort of gushing G. O. M.'s in metre; and Chivalry, if you ask *me*, Seems a gush-stuffed poetical "property," all bloomin' fiddle-de-dee.

Knights be jolly well jiggered, I say, 'cept the turtle-fed City Swell sort, Like Sir ROBERT, the Parnell-boohooer; now he is a plucky old Sport; But you don't keteh him planking on Chivalry; no, it's as much out o' date As DON QUICKSHOT's old crock, Rosy Nanty, would be in a race for a Plate.

But Woman! Well, Woman's all right enough, not arf a bad sort of thing When a fellow is young and permiskus. And when he has 'ad his fair fling, And wants quiet diggings or nussing, she do come in 'andy no doubt; In faek, taking Woman all round, she's good goods the world earn't do without.

But washup 'er, CHARLIE? Wot bunkum!—as Mrs. LYNN LINTON remarks. To watch *her* wire into 'er sex like Jemimer, old man, is rare larks. She do let 'em 'ave it to-rights. 'Ow I larf as she lays on the lash! It must rile 'er to know she's a She, but I do like 'er devil and dash.

ROBERT's down on the Modern Young Man, who's a 'ARRY sez he ('ang his cheek!)

With a H! Now that give me the needle, old man. I ain't mealy or meek, Nor yet one of yer rhyme-pumping milksops wot look on a gal as a saint, But I *do* know the petticoats, yus, and I'm fly to palaver and paint.

I'm a Modern Young Man, if there is one, a "Cynick" right down to the ground;

Wich means that I am not a juggins, nor yet to be copped on the bound. Pap's *passy*, old pal; poety sentiment's fairly played out; no one 'ooks Yours truly with pater of "fame and fair women, and beautiful books."

Yah! Sech hantydeluvian kibosh may cosset up kittens or kids, But Chivalry ain't in the 'unt when it's matched agen Class and the quids. Your Magdalen muick will not wash, nor we don't *want* it washed, wich is more, In Bohemia p'raps it might work, in the Strand sech soft soap is a bore.

BOB BUCHANAN may lather his 'ardest, may scrub and blow bubbles like steam, But his moral Spring-clean won't come off, it's a quill-driving laundress's dream. Old mivvies are too fond of sluicing and tidying-up like all round; Let Chivalry's charwomen chatter; they won't mop *me* up, I'll be bound.

The Modern Young Man? Wy, that's *Me*, CHARLIE! 'ARRY's the model and type,

But no more like BUCHANAN's stuffed dummy than prime *pully soroty*'s like tripe. At the Pubs or the Clubs it's all one; it is me sets the fashion, old pal; And we're all of a mind to a hinch about togs, lotion, larks, or a gal.

This here Chivalry ain't in our *maynoo*; we ain't sech blind mugs as all that. The Modern Young Man must be wide-oh! He's never a spoon or a flat; Takes nothink on trust, don't "part" easy, is orkurd to nobble or spoof; And there's only three things he believes in—hissself, a prime lark, and the cof.

There you 'ave it, BUCHANAN, my buffer, put neat in a nutshell, old man. We *don't* dream, or kotow to the petticoats; no, Sir, that isn't our plan; And you ask wot we're coming to? Well, you may arsk and arsk on till all's blue,

But one thing we *ain't* coming to, BOB, that's to learn of a poet—like you!

If I wrote a Young Man's Confessions, like Mr. GEORGE MOORE, as you say— Don't know him myself, but he seems to be fly to the right time o' day. I should make you sit up jest a mossel; and this I can promise, old chap, You'll find no tinpot "Chivalry" there, nor no moonstruck poetical pap.

Woman washup's good fun in its way; I can fake it myself, dontcher know— With a jolly clear hey to wot's wot, and a sense of the true *quid* for *quo*— But be a mere moke to the Feminines, mugged up to kneel, fetch, and carry? That may do for Chivalry-Bob, but I'm blowed if it will for

Yours, *ARRY*.



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 64.



THE PARLIAMENTARY STEEPLECHASE.—A Sketch of those who were not "in it."





"ONE GOOD TURN." &c.

*City Man (to one of his Clerks he finds fishing in his Ornamental Water). "LOOK HERE, SMITHERS, I'VE NO OBJECTION TO GIVING YOU A DAY NOW AND THEN 'TO ATTEND YOUR AUNT'S FUNERAL'—BUT I THINK YOU MIGHT SEND SOME OF THE FISH UP TO THE HOUSE!"*

## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWELFTH EVENING.

"THERE is a small boy I know very well," said the Moon. "He is quite a philosopher in his way, but last Christmas he was in great perplexity. It is the time of year when it is usual to present many people, and particularly small boys, with pieces of bright new money,

as perhaps you are aware?" (Mr. Punch owned that he was not unacquainted with the custom, and the Moon proceeded:) "Well, this boy had a large circle of friends, and as most of them had given him a coin of some kind, both the pockets of his knickerbockers were so full that he could not run about with any comfort. At first he had been very pleased with the jingle he produced, and exhibited his treasures to everybody he met—not as a hint to follow

his example, which I am afraid is sometimes the motive for these restless displays—but in the simple pride of his heart. Soon, however, his pride had waned, which was largely due to the persecution he underwent from his family. They all told him that he was very young indeed to have so much money—which was true enough, but then he could not grow up any faster than he was doing! Next they wanted to be told what he intended to do with it all, and he had not the smallest idea, which made it embarrassing.

"But the worst came when they began to suggest various ways in which he ought to employ his wealth. His Father said that, if he was a really wise boy, he should lay it out on some useful books which he could learn to value more the older he grew. His Mother thought that, as he had worn out so many boots lately, he ought to treat him-

self to a nice strong pair of new ones. His Uncle described how, when he was much younger than his nephew, he had begun steadily saving up all his money to buy himself a gold watch and chain by the time he was a young man, and how, on the very day he came of age, he was able—thanks to his self-denial and foresight—to carry out his ambition. He did not mention that both watch and chain had been stolen as he was walking home from the jeweller's shop, because that would have spoilt all the moral. But the little boy was not attracted by the idea, for he had a handsome sixpenny watch already, which looked just like gold. Then an Aunt (who had not given him anything) said that there were plenty of little boys and girls who had nothing to eat, and no warm clothes; but that, the Uncle said, was all stuff, and if he gave away the money in charity he would only be imposed upon, and do more harm than good. However, they all agreed that he was a very fortunate boy, and ought to be exceedingly careful what he did with his riches.

By-and-by, after he had listened for most of the afternoon to these exhortations, I saw him come out without his cap into the winter dusk, and walk thoughtfully down the garden-path, with both fists thrust deep in his pockets. His little face looked grave and care-ridden, and I could see that his responsibilities were already weighing heavily on his mind. He took out all his money, and looked at it as it lay in a heap in his joined hands—how they shone, all those bright new florins and shillings and sixpences, as my rays fell on them! I thought he had come out to count them and gloat over them like a miser, as he stood there at the bottom of the garden, which was separated from an adjoining canal by a low wall. Suddenly, as if he had at last made up his mind after careful deliberation, he tossed both handfuls over the wall. I saw the coins flash for a moment in the air, and then make little grey spurts in the blackish water before vanishing for ever. He searched both pockets to see if he had any more, and found a sixpence in a corner he had overlooked. That followed the rest; and then, quite light-hearted and relieved again, he ran back into the house, and informed his family of the manner in which he had disposed of his wealth. They were all very angry with him—especially the Aunt—and called him a very foolish and naughty little boy; but I am not so sure," said the Moon, reflectively, "that he was really so foolish after all!"





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 1.—Was Father FARRELL inebriated, with WINDBAG-SEXTON's verbosity, or other effluent? This a supplementary question suggested by JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg. Story altogether a little mixed. CORBET says, Father F. went to police barracks in Arklow to surrender himself to the police; Constable SACKVILLE, apparently not approving the procedure, seized him by the throat; whereupon, other constables, not to be behindhand in activity, batoned people, wounding eight men, against whom it was not even alleged they had booed for BALFOUR.



"Sits up."

These more or less plain facts CORBET wants to submit to BALFOUR; when up jumps JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg, and (in Parliamentary sense of course) seizes him by throat and says Father F. was drunk. Uproar on Irish Benches; cries of "Shame!" CLANCY denounces statement as "gross and cowardly calumny"; JOHNSTON begins to wish he was back at Ballykilbeg; Colonel LAURIE sits up, expecting scrimmage. Then JOHNSTON explains. It was true he had said Father F. was drunk. It was denied by his friends. But, JOHNSTON asks triumphantly, Is it not a fact that the barrack-gate was open when Father F. rang the bell, and if so, why did he ring the bell? Q. E. D.

No getting over that. The influence of logic too strong in Irish breasts to justify resistance to this proposition. The clear mind of JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg, piercing the mists of prejudice, had seen it all; the open gate; the dangling bell-rope; Father F. pulling at it to arrest attention of hall-porter, whereas he might have walked in without pulling the bell at all. Argal, Father F. was drunk. After this MACNEILL, with potato, larger and hotter than usual, in his mouth, insisting upon knowing why certain telegram had been misdirected, fell a little flat. Telegram, sent by Father M'FADDEN from Derry Gaol, addressed to MACNEILL at House of Commons, delivered at Dublin Castle, a place MACNEILL never tenanted. Read out telegram in tempestuous way. Sentences punctuated by the unmanageable potato. BALFOUR hinted that telegram had been withheld because of its vituperativeness. MACNEILL put it to the House, really desiring to be informed, wherein was message vituperative? All it had said was, the "bold mendacity of BALFOUR has become unbearable." If prisoners were not to offer to distant friends casual observations like this, what were we coming to? After this the House got into Committee on Naval Scheme, talked till midnight, when OLD MORALITY pounced.

Business done.—Increased Expenditure on Navy agreed to.

Tuesday.—Morning Sitting. Chief talk about restoration of Westminster Hall, nearly finished now. Cost £43,000; some nice rooms added in wing where old Law Courts stood; meant for Grand Committees; would make charming dining-rooms. Objection chiefly taken to staircases built in Hall to approach these chambers. CAVENDISH BENTINCK says, Architect probably one of Mr. SPURGEON's Congregation; has sat and stared at Tabernacle Pulpit and its stairways till he's got them on the brain, and reproduces them in Westminster Hall.

GEORGE CAMPBELL seizes opportunity to pass off little joke on House. Introduces himself as "a modest man," also "a sober man." House taken in at first, but recognised his voice, and booed.

PLUNKET stood on staircase, resolutely defending it. Assault beaten off; staircase remained.

Evening Sitting. BROADHURST moved Resolution calling attention to condition of Poor in large towns.

SYDNEY GEDGE pooh-poohed the whole business. Whatever measure of evil might exist, all due, he says, to people who pander to the poor. What with free education, free meals, cheaper houses, Peabody's Buildings, and the rest, poor people attracted to towns, and so the evil grew.

"GEDGE has hit nail on head," said WILFRID LAWSON. "His ideas, if carried out, would soon put end to crowding in towns. Make the people live in pigstyes, shut up the schools, stamp out the soup-kitchens, and make things otherwise hot for them, and they'll stop away. If they don't, let's have a cordon round the Metropolis;

some of BALFOUR's Irish Police with their batons; when they see a poor man making for London in search of work, let them fall on him as if he'd booed for BALFOUR, or cheered for O'BRIEN's breeches. GEDGE the man for my money; goes to the root of things."

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

Thursday.—In Lords, MILLTOWN arrived with what he recommended to the House as "Bill of extremely simple character." Proposes that if BILL SIKES be found in another gentleman's house with



Lord Milltown letting "the Cat" out of the Bag.

burglarious intentions and armed with firearms, BILL should be incontinent and flogged. Cowp, doubtful about the Bill. Feeling the country (more especially in the neighbourhood where BILL SIKES lives), very strong against flogging. But the House including MARKIS backed it up, and on Division, carried by 37 votes to 9.

BILL SIKES himself interesting spectator from Strangers' Gallery. Left his dawg at home; disguised himself as undertaker, that being his notion of perfection of respectability. No difficulty in getting order; sat out debate with keen and intelligent interest.

Once attention called off by spectacle of Mace in possession of stout little gentleman, with large head and wig to match, who sat on Woolsack. "Could double him up quick," said BILL, reflectively, "and bolt with the swag. Wonder how it would melt up? Pray it's only gilt." WILLIAM's attention called back by stout little gentleman rising from Woolsack to support Bill—not SIKES, but MILLTOWN's measure.

"I don't like this 'ere letting the cat out of the bag," said BILL moodily, as, business of sitting completed, he walked out.

In Commons, Naval Defence Resolution again under discussion.

CHILDERS moved Amendment raising constitutional question of arrangement providing necessary funds. Nothing could exceed importance of question. Millions in it, besides the constitutional issue at stake. That being so, Members with one accord hurried off when CHILDERS began. By time he had proved his case less than score present.

"Capital fellow, CHILDERS," said SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate. "Full of information; brimming over with facts; possesses acute and logical mind. Can't understand why House won't remain to listen to him. Have come out myself to see where Members can be. Probably find them in the smoke-room. Shall go and see."

Much more excitement about horseflesh Bill when it came on. Windbag SEXTON, who hadn't spoken for at least ten minutes—no since Merchant Shipping Tonnage Bill disposed of—interposed moved to omit clause which confined operation of measure to England. Why should Ireland be left unprotected?

Then JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg rushed in and scored one of ancient enemies. Would certainly support Amendment, he said. If there was Free-trade in horseflesh in Ireland, there was every probability of the dish being introduced at Lord Mayor's Banquet in Dublin. Windbag SEXTON couldn't see this joke. House did, and laughed consumedly.

Business done.—Committee on Naval Defence Resolutions.

Friday.—Spent really pleasant and interesting evening discussing Small-pox and Vaccination. PICTON introduced subject. STANSFELD naturally attracted to Front Opposition Bench, otherwise, save for presence of LYON PLAYFAIR, empty. FARQUHARSON triumphantly vindicated Scotch Nation from idle charge of lack of humour. PICTON moved for appointment of Royal Commission with avowed object of bringing about repeal of law establishing Compulsory Vaccination. FARQUHARSON seconded Amendment, thus securing opportunity for delivering speech that entirely destroyed PICTON's case. RITCHIE granted Commission, not because he had slightest doubt of efficacy of Vaccination, but as probably best means of opening dull eyes, and confounding fanaticism. Thus, everyone pleased all round; celebrated occasion by Counting Out House.

Business done.—Royal Commission on Vaccination agreed to.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



## PLAY-TIME.

Two Italian Operas in London next season. "De deux 'shows,'—une,"—as a rule; we wish success to both. AUGUSTUS AQUARIUS BLANCHARDIUS,—he will take these titles if he has anything to do



Mr. Fred Thorne between Tragedy and Comedy at the Vaudeville.

with the Aquarium officially, and with BLANCHARD'S (not Pantomime BLANCHARD) Restaurant,—DRURIOLANUS, COUNCIL-COUNCILARIUS, leads the way at Covent Garden; and in July, when *Macbeth* has been slain for the last time, M. MAYER, the indefatigable impresario of the French Company at the Royalty Theatre, is to produce VERDI'S *Otello* at the Lyceum, with two hundred orchestra and chorus, all alive O! from La Scala. M. VICTOR MAUREL is to be the immaurel *Iago*. As any impresario should have a strong back to carry all this on his shoulders, we hope Mr. MAYER is strongly backed, as it is "Money makes the MAYER to go."

## MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

## NO. II.—THE TOPICAL-POLITICAL.

IN most respects, no doubt, the present example can boast no superiority to ditties in the same style now commanding the ear of the Public. One merit, however, its author does claim for it. Though it deals with most of the burning questions of the hour, it can be sung anywhere with absolute security. This is due to a simple but ingenious method by which the political sentiment has been arranged on the reversible principle. A little alteration here and there will put the singer in close touch with an audience of almost any shade of politics. Should it happen that the title has been already anticipated, Mr. Punch begs to explain that the remainder of this sparkling composition is entirely original; any similarity with previous works must be put down entirely to "literary coincidence." Whether the title is new or not, it is a very nice one, viz:—

## BETWEEN YOU AND ME—AND THE POST!

(To be sung in a raucous voice, and with a confidential air.)

I've dropped in to whisper some secrets I've heard.

Between you and me and the Post!

Picked up on the wing by a 'cute little bird.

We are gentlemen 'ere—so the caution's absurd,  
Still, you'll please to remember that every word

Is between you and me and the Post!

Chorus (to which the Singer should dance).

Between you and me and the Post! An 'int is sufficient at most.  
I'd very much rather this didn't go farther, than 'tween you and me and the Post!

At Lord SORLSBURY'S table there's sech a to-do.

Between you and me and the Post!

When he first ketches sight of his dinner menoo,

And sees he's set down to good old Irish stoo—  
Which he's sick of by this time—now, tell me, ain't you?

Between you and me and the Post!

(This happy and pointed allusion to the Irish Question is sure to provoke loud laughter from an audience of Radical sympathies. For Unionists, the words "Lord SORLSBURY'S" can be altered by our patent reversible method into "the G. O. M.'s," without at all impairing the satire.) Chorus, as before.

The G. O. M.'s hiding a card up his sleeve.

Between you and me and the Post!

Any ground he has lost he is going to retrieve,

And what his little game is, he'll let us perceive,

And he'll pip the whole lot of 'em, so I believe,

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

(The hit will be made quite as palpably for the other side by substituting "Lord SORLSBURY'S," &c., at the beginning of the first line, should the majority of the audience be found to hold Conservative views.)

BALFOUR isn't touched by a patriot's woes.

Between you and me and the Post!

The 'ero O'BRIEN in prison he throws.

But the martyr sits there with his thumb to his nose,

For he's got back the principal part of his cloze,

[M.-H. rhyme for "clothes." (Chorus.)

Between you and me and the Post!  
(This verse will need no alteration, being delicately adjusted to either extreme. A pause should always be allowed after every proper name for cheers, hisses, and counter-cheers.)

Little RANDOLPH won't long be left out in the cold.

Between you and me and the Post!

If they'll let him inside the Conservative fold,

He has promised no longer he'll swagger and soold,

But to be a good boy, and to do as he's told,

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

(The mere mention of Lord RANDOLPH'S name is sufficient to ensure the success of any song.)

JOEY CHAMBERLAIN'S orchid's a bit overblown,

Between you and me and the Post!

(This is rather subtle, perhaps, but an M.-H. audience will see a joke in it somewhere, and laugh.)

'Ow to square a Round Table I'm sure he has shown.

(Same observation applies here.)

But of late he's been leaving his old friends alone,

And I fancy he's grinding an axe of his own.

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

(We now pass on to Topics of the Day, which we treat in a light but trenchant fashion.)

BOULANGER to Brussels has jest done a guy:

Between you and me and the Post!

And all his supporters are wondering why.

But BOULANGER'S as artful a bird as he's shy—

I've a notion he'll turn up agen by and by,

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

From some letters I've read I am getting to doubt,

Between you and me and the Post!

Whether Chivalry isn't a fashion gone out;

For they say with the Ladies each man is a lout.

But I don't think they know what they're torking about,

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

Any drink on a Sunday will soon be denied,

Between you and me and the Post!

Unless you are out on a walk or a ride.

But I year there's a method of getting supplied,

If you just tell the barman it's all "bona fide"—

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

On the noo County Councils they've too many noba,

Between you and me and the Post!

For the Swells stick together, and sneer at the mobs;

And it's always the rich man the poor one who robs.

We shall 'ave the old business—all jabber and jobs!

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

There's a new rule for ladies presented at Court,

Between you and me and the Post!

High necks are allowed, so no colds will be oort.

But I went to the Droring-Room lately, and thort

Some old wimmen had dressed quite as low as they ort!

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

By fussy Alarmists we're too much annoyed,

Between you and me and the Post!

If we don't want our neighbours to think we're afroid,

[M.-H. rhyme.

Spending dibs on defence we had better avoid.

And give 'em instead to the pore Unemployed.

[M.-H. political economy.

Between you and me and the Post! (Chorus.)

This style of perlitical singing ain't hard,

Between you and me and the Post!

As a "Mammoth Comique" on the bills I am starred,

And, so long as I'm called, and angored, and hurra'd,

I can rattle off rubbish like this by the yard,

Between you and me and the Post!

[Chorus, and dance off to sing the same Song—with or without alterations—in another place.

A HAPPY RETURN.—Welcome back to town, *The Don*, not Don TOOLE of Tooleedo, but our Lon-Don TOOLE,—at his own Theatre on Easter Monday. Many happy "returns" to him on that and every other day.



## TO A HAGGIS.

SOME WAY AFTER ROBBIE BURNS. BY A SCOTCH M.P.



Scotchman. "AWEEL, IT DOES NA LOOK BAD; WE'LL JUST SEE HOW IT'LL CUT UP!"

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,  
Great chieftain of the pudding-race!  
Aye, in your weel-swail'd round I trace  
Much that must charm.  
Some say ye're worthy o' a grace  
As lang's my arm.

LORD-ADVOCATE, that canny chiel,  
Wha'll rival RITCHIE at a Bill,  
Says that our Scottish wames ye'll fill  
In time o' need.  
We'll welcome ye wi' right gude will  
If 'ts sae indeed.

But soon we Scots our knives will dight,  
An' cut ye up wi' ready slight,  
To see if your *inside's* a' right,  
Not "quisby snitch,"

But gushin' on our gladden'd sight  
Warm-reekin, rich!  
To-day all parties stretch an' strive,  
Deil tak' the hindmost on they drive.  
Weel, we will test your kyte belyve.  
Nae hollow drums  
Must meet us when your sides we rive.  
Scots like not "hums."

Ye're mixtie-martie, like the stew  
Of Ireland, or some French ragout;  
But an the recipe be true,  
As I'm a sinner,  
We Scots will settle down to you  
As a brow dinner.  
But if ye're stuffed with tripe an' trash  
Unworthy o' a Cockney hash,

Our tongues shall fa' like good whip-lash  
On, him—nae wit—  
Wha doun sae dowf a dish could dash,  
For Scots unfit.

True Scottish Members, haggis-fed,  
O'er your warm reek will wag the head,  
An if ye prove a sham, ye're dead  
As clean's a whistle.  
The Shamrock *may* be bogle-led,  
But no the Thistle!

Ye pow'rs wha mak' the State your care,  
And dish us out our bills o' fare,  
Auld Scotland wants nae shinking ware,  
In yonder bag is,  
We trust—'tis Caledonia's prayer—  
A true Scotch Haggis!



## CONCERNING A RECENT ENGINEERING FEAT.

*The Very First Lord of the Admiralty is interviewed by MR. PUNCH.*

*Mr. Punch (bowing politely).* Perhaps, my Lord, you could give me a little information. I hear that your Engineer-in-Chief, Mr. RICHARD SENNETT, has sent in his resignation, having joined the well-known firm of MAUDSLAY, SONS AND FIELD. Is this the case?

*The Very First Lord (pleasantly).* Yes, *Mr. Punch*; you have been correctly informed. It is. You see, it is the humorous custom of this Department to undervalue the services of first-class scientific experts, and to offer them accordingly inadequate remuneration. As Mr. RICHARD SENNETT was, when in our service, at the head of the largest Steam Navy in the world, we naturally endeavoured to cut down his salary to as low a figure as possible, and fixed it, therefore, at £1000 a year. As any engineering firm in the kingdom will pay a far handsomer stipend than this, even to the head of a single Department, he, oddly enough, perhaps being deficient in a sense of humour, on the first opportunity presenting itself, actually threw up the post and left us.

*Mr. Punch.* Quite so. But do you find so economical—ahem!—a system of doing business answer?

*The Very First Lord (considering).* Well,—um—perhaps not. In fact, rather the contrary; for we cannot command the services even of our own able men. Indeed, all the leading posts in high-class Engineering Firms are, it is of course satisfactory to know, at the present moment, filled by scientific experts who have taken honours at the Royal Naval College itself.

*Mr. Punch (severely).* Certainly, that is very satisfactory. Some people would consider the information rather startling. May I ask, my Lord, what you intend to do?

*The Very First Lord (jovially).* Well, to be quite frank with you, *Mr. Punch*, I don't know what our intentions may be, but I can confidently tell you what we shall do, and that will be—*just nothing!*

[*Left smiling amiably as interview terminates.*]

## A SONG OF THE NEW SHIPS.

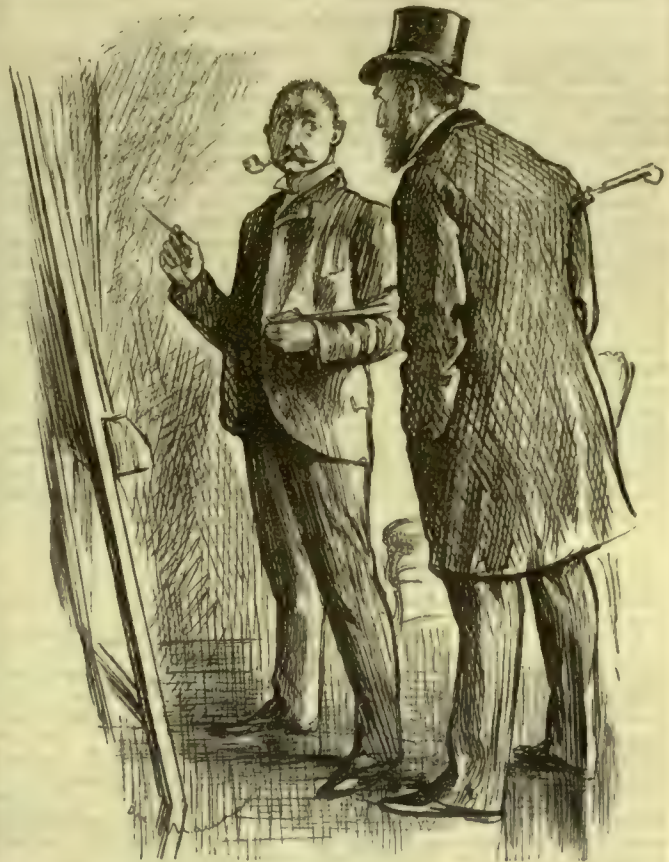
*Piped in the Cock-pit by Lord Ch-r-l-s B-r-sf-rd.*

WHITE, my boy, take my congratulation  
That you haven't by fads been misled,  
But have studied the wants of the Nation  
Till you've hit the right nail on the head.  
For that each one his own hobby runs, Sir,  
Is a fact that you've palpably seen,  
And in measuring armour and guns, Sir,  
You've adroitly just touched on the mean.  
And your critics you've one and all scattered,  
First and foremost among them old REED,  
For his fads you've undoubtedly shattered,  
And have stuck to your guns about "speed."  
Just as if our tars led into action,  
When they found themselves safe from attack,  
From that fact would derive satisfaction  
If they couldn't send double shot back!  
"Why," they'd say, "let the darned Mounseer sink us,  
Anyways, if we 'ain't fit to swim!"  
Why! a precious fine crew he will think us,  
If we ends this without sinking him!"  
But you've steered clear of that, and provided  
Just the ships that the country most needs;  
And for that simple fact I've decided  
You're worth just twenty critical REEDS!  
And although some slight drawbacks may fetter  
Your plain scheme; and some judges perverse  
With a sneer say it might have been better,  
I avow, Sir, it might have been worse!

ORIGINAL STOCK.—Last Saturday the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, M. DE BL-W-TZ as usual we suppose, gave some valuable information with regard to M. DILLON, the Boulangist. "His father," wrote M. DE B., "was a M. PIERRE DILLON, of Paris, but it is probable that he was remotely of Irish extraction." Probable? Most improbable; why M. DE B. will be saying next that the families of McMAHON and O'DONNELL were originally Celtic; and maybe he won't stop at that, but he'll be after asserting that O'DWYER, O'BRIEN, O'CONNELL are "remotely of Irish extraction." Then, *vice versa*, he might trace Mr. BIGGAR back to the old French family of "BE GAR."

## Pro and Con.

"The Whigs hate Home Rule" (say Gladstonian Rads),  
"Because they all look on the Shamrock with spleen!"  
"And you" (the Whigs answer) "are angry, my lads,  
Because you desire to see 'Whigs on the Green.'"



## TAKING ONE TOO LITERALLY.

*Old Friend.* "WELL, BROWNE! WHAT ARE YOU SENDING TO THE EXHIBITION THIS YEAR?"

*Our Artist (who really thinks he's done a good thing at last, and longs for a little praise).* "OH—SAME OLD ROT, AS YOU SEE!"

*Old Friend.* "AH—WELL—ANYHOW IT BRINGS GRIST TO THE MILL, I SUPPOSE!" [MORAL.—Don't be too modest.]

## ART AND LETTERS. (Too Late!)

*From G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.*—Good Old Boss,—Guess you'll see something in the 'Cademy from this artistic cuss that'll give 'em all fits. No 'tain't a portrait of a tailor. It's a "*Saumon Fusher*." A brawny gent from town has just hooked a fush, and the Laird's Gillie is down on him. "Hoot awa! as the Scotch owl said," says the Gillie, "ye'll just come out o' this landscape. Ye've nae beeaniss here!" Is it going to Amurriky? Why, cert'nly. G. H. B.

*From Our Own Inspector.*—The Ex-President of B. A. tells me he has three fine pictures:—(1) *Baylies and the Butterfly*, a harmony in Suffolk Street; (2) *Fancy Portrait of the Artist by himself*, entitled *White Lock on the Understanding*; (3) *Lady Jane Grey*, seen through the mist of history. The question is, What will he do with them? Mr. POYNTEE was out, but I was informed by a confidential friend, that the title of his chief picture is *The End of the Sybarite*. You will naturally ask, "Which end?" Both, as he is lying at full length on marble floor prostrated by indigestion. The heads of various slaves, some of whom have met their fate for having failed in ringing the dinner-bell punctually, and others in not having brought the pancakes at the very moment of frizzling, are strewn about the palace. The Court physician is carrying off the last remnant of a large cucumber for analysis. The Period is that of the 1st Gulpus.

*From Colin Hunter, A.R.A.*—Dear Mr. Editor.—Something quite new. Public is fond of variety. Fishing-boats going out, or coming in, whichever the little dear of a purchaser likes. He pays his money and takes his picture. Does it matter what the boats are doing as long as the coin is coming in and the pictures going out? I like painting boat and sea. Why? Because of the sale. See? ha! ha! Yours in haste, C. H.

GREAT EXHIBITION OF "BLACK AND WHITE ART."—The International Chess Congress.



## A MODEST MAHARAJAH.

THE Maharajah DHULEEP SINGH informs our gracious QUEEN that he does not think it is any good asking for his kingdom back again; so he is going to take it. He apparently does think that it is some use asking for the Koh-i-Noor, as he does not, in his recent letter to the Empress of INDIA, announce any intention of laying violent hands on the "Mountain-of-Light." He even proposes to purchase that trinket for current Koh-i-n-o-re of the realm. We shall not judge "the deeply-wronged legitimate Sovereign of the Sikhs" too severely if, by fair force of arms, he recovers his kingdom. It will only be a case of Sikhs of one and half-a-dozen of the other. But the errant Maharajah, the Wandering Jew in quest of a wandering jewel, has profited by his experience of Western civilisation to such an extent, that he publishes his "correspondence" with HER MAJESTY before there is any answer. The reply, however, Mr. Punch happens to know, is an inquiry, couched in the most courteous official terms, as to whether DHULEEP SINGH will have the Koh-i-Noor now, or await its receipt in due course. The Lion of the Punjab is understood to prefer the more immediate realisation of his modest proposal. Meanwhile his *entourage* are becoming anxious. They fear that, like Mr. Winkle in the affair of the hackney-coachman, the uncrowned King of the Jekyll-and-Hide and Sikhs, is going to begin, and Du-look before DHULEEP is the constant burden of their Singh-song in consequence.

## DUE SOUTH.

Rome—No Smoke—Dark Ages—Jupiter Pluvius—Morning Call—St. Peter's.

BREAKFAST restores us to fairly good spirits. If it were not muggy and close indoors, and raining and generally filthy outside, we should be rollicking. "However," says JOHNNIE, leaning back and pulling out his cigar-case, as the waiter brings in the coffee, "the great charm of a foreign hotel is that you can smoke your cigar immediately you've finished, without leaving the table." And he strikes a light. "Beg pardon, Sir," interposes the civil Waiter, "but smoking is not allowed here. Only in the smoking-room."

"What!" exclaims JOHNNIE, in a voice of thunder. The Waiter shrugs his shoulders; such is the case; he, the Waiter, personally would wish it otherwise, but Monsieur the gentleman will understand that he, as only Waiter, is not responsible for it. "But—" JOHNNIE restrains himself, and, with suppressed fury, requests to be shown to the smoking-room. The Waiter, coffee in hand, motions us to follow him. "Of all the, &c.," I hear JOHNNIE muttering as he walks along, anathemas not loud but deep, and I perfectly agree with him. We enter a small room, commanding a view of the Piazza, which is something, but in all other respects a mere repetition of any old-fashioned smoking-room in the hotel of an old-world English cathedral town, with the usual "writing-materials," consisting of half a sheet of measly-looking blotting-paper, a small cheap ink-stand, with very little ink in it, and a steel pen that looks as if it had been used as a pipe-picker, the inevitable *Bradshaw* of a date long past, one or two advertising books on the table, and some advertising pictures on the walls. "And this," exclaims JOHNNIE, "is civilisation in Rome!! Not smoke in the Restaurant after dinner!! Bah! I've got a precious good mind to chuck the whole thing up, and go straight back to Monte Carlo." And so great is the upset to his habits and ideas of social enjoyment, that, but for my undertaking to interview the landlord on the subject and obtain some concession, he would, as he expresses it, chuck up the whole bag of tricks, which includes St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Coliseum and all that makes Rome Rome, and go back *hic et nunc* to Monte Carlo, "Where," as he says, "at all events a fellow is in a civilised place, and can

smoke at his own table, in his own hotel, and take his ease at his inn."

I promise further, on condition of his remaining, to undertake all the *cicero*ning trouble, and to personally conduct him everywhere. "And first of all," I say, "as it's raining, let's drive to St.

Peter's, where we can spend the afternoon." Agreed. Is *this* Rome, as seen from the Roman Car, under a hood, on a pouring wet day? If it is, the streets are scarcely wider than Chancery Lane, and the slush and mud are far worse. But for the prospect of seeing St. Peter's, we—both of us being in the same sweet humour—would pack up our things and return to Monte Carlo.



First View of Rome from Triumphant Roman Car.

*En route* it occurs to me that I have to leave a card on a distinguished Monsignore dwelling within the precincts of St. Peter's.

As JOHNNIE speaks Italian, limited, but apparently intelligible, I propose that he shall accompany me. He will with pleasure. We ascend the steps on the Vatican side. We are challenged by one of the Swiss Guards. The Merry Swiss Boy, in canary-coloured uniform with zebra stripes over it, is six foot two and very courteous. He indicates where we may find the Monsignore's door. Ascending the stairs, we encounter a gorgeous officer in a mediæval costume. JOHNNIE is of opinion that he is a "noble guard." The "Nobil Signor"—(I remember this from the Page's Song in *Gli Ugonotti*—"didicisse fideliter Italianas Operas"—making "Opera" feminine—is evidently of some use to a stranger in Rome—the Nobil Signor cannot be too courteous. The Monsignore, he informs us, lives on the "*primo piano*"—sounds as if he were a music-teacher—and thither we go. We are admitted by Monsignore's *concerge*, a little snuffy man in threadbare black, like a second-rate lawyer's clerk, into a comparatively unfurnished apartment, where he is keeping himself warm with snuff and a small charcoal fire in a *braser*o,—at least, such JOHNNIE tells me is the name of the large frying-pan without a handle, filled with charcoal at a white heat. I intrust the letter for Monsignore to him, and am rather relieved at being informed that Monsignore is not at home. We leave the *primo piano*, and descend the steps. After passing with great politeness the last of the Merry Swiss Guards, we once more breathe freely, and, having so far done our duty, we turn towards St. Peter's. Grand! Then we mount the steps. Then timidly and cautiously we push at a door, and in another second we are in St. Peter's. For a minute or so we can only look about us, dazed, then we regard each other, curiously, as if we had expected some transformation of our personal appearance. No; here we are, the same that we were outside—and yet . . . well . . . awestruck is the word. Overpowering! I had been told I should be disappointed. Disappointed! If it were only to have come here for this one short visit that I had travelled from London, I should have been more than repaid by the *coup d'œil* on first entering this marvellous temple.



"Nobil Signor!"

## THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

THE dull dead level of sleek respectability, the commonplace churchwardenism of suburban gentility finds no echo on the walls of the New English Art Club at the Egyptian Hall. A daring unconventionality in selection of subject and in treatment is the main characteristic of the pictures here exhibited. A bold, original, impudent lot are these New Englanders, but they are notwithstanding wonderfully refreshing. Sometimes their spirits are too much for their strength, and they come tremendous "croppers." It has been well said that a strikingly original writer occasionally writes absolute nonsense, and by the same rule an artist, who turns aside from the well-swept, carefully watered,

mathematically paved academic high-road, must not infrequently paint absolute nonsense; but he thinks for himself, he does not view Nature through the spectacles of others, and in nine cases out of ten he is likely to produce works that will be successful in the long run. A great feature in this exhibition is the ability to make pictures out of the most commonplace subject. Among the more notable contributors may be mentioned:—JOHN S. SARGEANT, SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, WHISTLER, B. SICKERT, TUKE, EDWARD STOTT, A. ROCHE, N. GARSTIN, G. ROUSSELL, SIDNEY STARR, F. BROWN, A. MANN, H. VOS, W. J. LAIDLAW, and J. E. CHRISTIE. Though there are some pictures among the collection will make the casual visitor jump, there are not a few will make him think.

THE ART-FUL DODGER.

## GOT IT RIGHT.

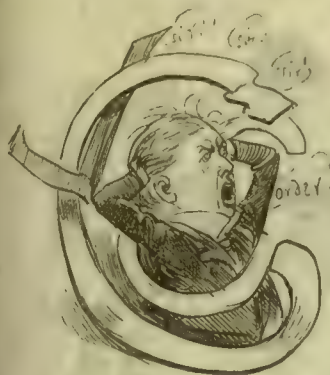


First 'Arry. Why's he called Boolonger?

Second 'Arry (from Parry). Why? 'Cos he was born at Boolong.



## DAY-DREAM. OR NIGHTMARE ?



COMFORTABLY seated in his easy-chair, *Mr. Punch* was reading the proceedings of the London County Council, when his eyes gradually closed, and, for a brief moment, he seemed to lose consciousness. But only for a brief moment, as almost immediately he found himself in a large circular chamber of imposing proportions, which he knew intuitively was situated somewhere in the City. This apartment was filled with a number of exceedingly strange-looking individuals. Amongst them, here and there, *Mr. Punch* recognised a face he knew, but, take them as a body, they fostered the impression that they were decidedly like fish out of water. The strange-looking individuals seemed to be holding a meeting.

"My Lord!" shouted one of the Oddities.

"You must not say that," interrupted a youthful, rosy-cheeked, clean-shaved and generally prosperous-looking gentleman, who appeared to be presiding. "If you want to address me, please call me 'Sir';—I am not 'My Lord' at all while I am in this Chair."

"Well, Sir, or Mister, or Boss, or whatever you like, look here. I have a Resolution to move."

"It will be better to move it when we have disposed of the business before us—the adoption of the Report of the Sub-committee."

"But then it will be too late," argued the speaker, "I've a friend who ought to have been in this very Committee. For why? Because he lives close to Victoria Park."

"Nonsense; bosh; shut up!" observed a gentleman, who it was understood was the great originator of the whole affair, and who seemed to be very angry.

"I won't shut up. For why? He should be."

"Wot's 'is name?" asked a representative of the British Workman.

"JONES." Then came a laugh, but the Oddity, who was not to be disconcerted, continued, "Yes, JONES, and a very good name too, as you would jolly soon find out if my friend was here, and hadn't gone to India."

"Nonsense; bosh; shut up!" again put in the great originator of the whole affair, angrier than ever.

"Order, order!" observed the Chairman, "we really had better get on with the matter before the Council, and adopt the Sub-committee's Report."

"Not a bit of it," shouted another Oddity. "Look here, you all know my friend BROWN, who lives close to the Militia Barracks, near the London Fields. What, you don't? Then you ought to. Well, he's the man for this very Sub-committee, because (d'yee see?) he knows the locality. What I move is, put him into it."

"But where is 'e?" asked the representative of labour amongst the paving stones.

"In China," was the reply. Thereupon followed laughter, and again the great originator of the whole affair expressed a hostile opinion forcibly.

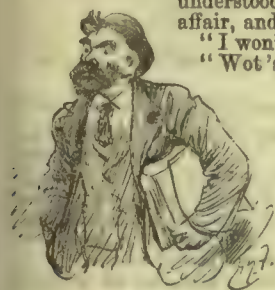
"Oh, please do let us get on," implored the Chairman, "the business before the Council is—"

"Now, look 'ere, Mister, none of that. We ain't a-going to be bullied!" exclaimed another horny-handed orator. "Wot I says is this. Look 'ere. Ain't we to purvide for the people? Well, then don't let 'em be pisened. Let's do things ourselves. And as a beginning, I moves that the Chairman be instructed to sell nuts, oranges, and ginger-beer to them as wants 'em on a Sunday."

"Really, really," remonstrated that deeply-distressed official, "of course, such a suggestion is very flattering, but—"



Ain't-i-Bealious!



"Soft Labour."



Augustus Druriolanus Counti-Councilarius.

"Wot I says," cried another Oddity, "is why don't you get Mr. 'ARRIS to look after it. Let's 'ear what Mr. 'ARRIS'as to say about it. Mr. 'ARRIS is good at purwidin' things. I calls upon Mr. 'ARRIS."

Thus apostrophised, a portly presence put in an appearance. But before scarcely a word could be spoken, there were cries of "Time!" and other unseemly interruptions.



"May be for (six) years, may be for ever."

"Surely we can now adopt the Report of the Sub-committee," urged the distracted Chairman.

"Wait a bit," cried another Oddity, "you're in too great a hurry. Look here. I've got a first-rate idea. You know that ground we sold to somebody or other,—why shouldn't we build residences on it for the working-classes?"

"Ear, 'ear!" exclaimed the representatives of beer and labour.

"But it won't be legal," remonstrated the Chairman, and appealing to the Solicitor of the body, he added, "Now, will it?"

The man of law shook his head.

"Nonsense; bosh; shut up!" put in the great originator of the whole affair, seemingly with a view to keeping up the average number of his remarks. As he made these inspiring observations, a neighbour asked, with a sigh, "Why ever did I give up the Kensington Parliament?"

Then as the Chairman looked about him distractedly, there were shouts of "JONES!" and "BROWN!" and "Nuts, oranges, and ginger-beer!" and even "Police!" Then—after a long pause—all was silent.

"Dear me," said *Mr. Punch*, "I suppose I must have been asleep!" He picked up the paper that had fallen from his hands and read, "Meeting of the London County Council!" He paused, considered, and added, "Humph! wonder if my dream was anything like it!"

Then rising from his chair, he observed, with a smile, "Lively for my witty young friend, My Lord—no, I beg his pardon, I should say Mister ROSEBERRY! I only hope he likes it!"

## THE FRENCH AND DUTCH ROMANTICISTS.

(By the Palette-Able Poet.)

IF to DOWDESWELL'S in Bond Street, you happen to go, I'm sure you'll be pleased with the marvellous show! There are well-nigh two hundred good paintings, and you will scarcely find one you're not anxious to view.

There are pictures from Holland, and pictures from France, Well-hung and well-lighted—you'll see at a glance!

"Wood Sawyers," by MILLET, will delight you, I know, And "The Rift in the Cloud," deftly limned by ROUSSEAU;

From the landscapes of TROYON you'll ne'er get away, Till bound to move on by the "Boy" of ROXBET

And a wondrous MEISSONIER, the gem of the room, With three excellent works by JOHANNES BOSBOOM.

How skilful the fingers, how deft are the wrists, That govern the brush of the Romanticists!

There is INGRES, there is GÉRÔME, DIAZ, and DUPRÉ, There is MESDAG and MICHEL, COROT and COURET;

The three brothers MARIS, there is DELACROIX too, And rare JOSEF ISRAELS, delightfully true!

The "Gleaner," by BRETON, you'll gladly scan o'er, And the works of DAUBIGNY—an exquisite score!

While as through the *salon*, delighted you rove, You'll halt, I am sure, at the "Marshlands," by MAUVE;

There's VAN MARCKE too and VOLLON, you'll fail to pass by, MONTICELLI and ROELOFS you'll gladly descry:

While HERVIER and JACQUE will combine to complete To your mighty content this pictorial treat!

Pray tell me, who is there can enter the lists, And dare to compete with the Romanticists?

VAUX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.—A somebody—or nobody—signing himself "J. EDWD. VAUX" writes to the *Church Times* objecting to the special service held in the Abbey in honour of JOHN BRIGHT on the grounds that "JOHN BRIGHT was not a Christian"! Well, if all "Christians" were like this empty *Vaux clamantis* the "service" by which they could best "honour" such men as JOHN BRIGHT would be the truly Quaker Service of—silence.





## STUDIES IN EVOLUTION.

THIS IS NOT AN EXAMPLE OF THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE—IT IS MERELY "THE VALSE," AS WE HAVE LATELY SEEN IT DANCED AT SUBURBAN SUBSCRIPTION BALLS, &c.

## AN EASTER HOLIDAY.

"Mister" ROSEBERY *loquitur* :—

Oh dear, oh dear, who'd be a Peer, even in holiday *muffs*?  
Green buds break forth with the brightening year, and the turf once  
more shows tufty;

The season of pancakes is past and gone, and "the wanton lapwing,"  
doubtless,

Is preening his crest (the new Sunday best), and the Parks, no longer  
shoutless,

Are swarming again (when it doesn't rain), with nursemaids, children,  
Easter is on us, the Spring is here, but *my* holiday somehow tarries.

Was it not enough that the chance of birth has handicapped me out  
of it,—

(I mean the game in the Commons, which is the best of the fun, no  
Was it not enough that I'm doomed to sit by the side of Pussy  
GRANVILLE,

Where the Liberal lot always catch it hot 'twixt Whig hammer and  
Was it not enough that my *rôle* is east in the modern Hurliothrumbo,  
Whilst the Commons gives its "bits of fat" to such lumbering chaps  
as "Jumbo,"

And my light touches and tricks of art, my raciest bits of rallery,  
Are wasted on SALISBURY's silent House, *all* stalls without pit or  
gallery?

Was it not enough, I repeat again, but, along of that fellow RITCHIE,  
I must go and drop into *this* rum Shop, where my prospects look  
still more pitchy?

O RITCHIE! O anti-Radical lot! it is really a frightful Nemesis!  
I'm a sort of shop-boy, for six years bound, and must sleep upon the  
premises.

Sleep? Nay, the doose of a doze for me! Farewell to all forty-  
winking!

I have only been at it a month or two, and foes say they see signs of  
Well, I sit and list to the faddist's screed, to the shriek of the  
Socialist howler,

And my boredom is such it might almost touch the soul of Sir ROBERT

The Chairman at a Discussion Forum may puff his pipe, or his nose  
bury

In tankards of stingo; but no, by Jingo, there's no such relief for  
Guildhall might envy the Cogers' ditto. I know not how to resist 'em,  
These bores who, with Babylon's care not content, want to manage  
the Solar System.

I'd rather comb old Chaos's hair in its first primæval tangle,  
Than try to establish a Cosmos here midst a chorus of worrying  
wrangle.

My Easter Holiday? No such luck! Ah, PEEL, my dear boy, *you*  
look perky.

When Lent is over and Lilac a-bud, the best of us hardly feel  
By Jove, for a week or two's happy release from this screaming  
extravaganza,

I'd take pot-luck with that plucky chap STANLEY, away near the  
Albert Nyanza.

You're off? Well, I am still *on*—the job, as 'ARRY so gracefully  
phrases it;

Though one's mind may be cheery, and cool, and chirpy, *too* much  
charivari half crazes it.

I'm bound to the Parks—that's my tip!—for the vending of nuts  
and ginger-beer, Sir,

To the *oi polloi*. As I said before, my dear PEEL, *who* would be a  
Peer, Sir?

FAIR COMMENT.—"Two new streets in Berlin," the *Daily Tele-*  
*graph* informs us, "are respectively to be named after BACH and  
WAGNER." The latter street would be for heavy traffic, carters  
(and PATERSONS), and Wagg'ners; and the former could not be a  
principal thoroughfare, but only a Bach Street.

WIG AND GOWN.—Big-Wig STEPHEN has decided against Big-  
Gown Lady SANDHURST in the case of *Beresford-Hops v. Sandhurst*,  
and so far women cannot be County Councillors. Gown is sanguine  
that this decision against Petticoat Government will be reversed on  
appeal. The case is desperate; it is hoping against HOPE.





## AN EASTER HOLIDAY!

MR. SPEAKER (*just looking in*). "TA-TA! I'M OFF!—HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAY!"

"MISTER" ROSEBERY (*Chairman L.C.C.*). "PRECIOUS LITTLE HOLIDAY! THE COUNTY COUNCIL'S SENDING ME OUT TO BATTERSEA PARK WITH 'NUTS AND GINGERBEER'!!"

[On the Report of the Parks and Open Spaces Committee recommending the Council to take into its own hands the providing refreshments in Battersea Park, one Hon. Member hoped the Council wasn't going to "deal in nuts and gingerbeer;" but Lord MEATH, while doubting whether the Resolution required them to actually sell the goods with their own hands, yet considered that the Council ought to do what they could to provide first-class refreshments at the cheapest prices for those going into the Parks.]







## ON COMMISSION.

April 9, 10, 11, and 12.—With commendable self-sacrifice, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, having completed his excellent *Abridgment of the History of Ireland*, set himself to the task of examining the evidence produced before the Commission. A lawyer of less discretion might have shirked so dry a subject, preferring to rest his defence of the clients whose interests he had in charge upon his eloquent rivalry of the feats of MACAULAY, LINGARD, PINNOCK, and (*place aux dames*.) Mrs. MAREHAM. But this did not satisfy the ex-Attorney-General; so for many days we have had an exhaustive analysis of the sayings of the witness-box, that is calculated to assuage the thirst for information of the most exigent devourer of Irish testimony. Taking advantage of this (to him) welcome lull in the proceedings, the ticket-dispensing and ever-courteous Secretary has had quite a little holiday. It is true that on the Friday, when Sir CHARLES was at his very best (and how good that best was only those present can ever know), the Court was crowded in every part, and then he certainly had his work cut out for him. At other times he has been almost at rest.



"Resting."

To return to the feature of the sitting—in one part of his admirable speech, Sir CHARLES asked "was there not Boycotting at the Bar?" and assuredly the fact that a certain humble individual, is not Lord Chancellor, suggests that possibly the answer should be in the affirmative. But, as that is a personal matter, let it pass. However, I think it only right, in support of my learned friend's contention, to confess that, had I been in the place of (say) the ATTORNEY-GENERAL during the early references to the conduct of this very case, my bearing would have been distinctly different. On the first day I noticed that Sir RICHARD left the Court. Now I humbly submit that it would have been better had he remained and comported himself in the following fashion. He should have talked with well-assumed jocularly in an inaudible undertone to Sir HENRY JAMES, watching for the appearance of Sir CHARLES's snuff-box. The moment the refreshment-affording exhibit was produced, he should have asked for "a pinch," as a proof that, in spite of some provocation, he bore no ill-feeling to his opponent. Having secured the "rappee" he should have inhaled the invigorating preparation of tobacco in the customary fashion. If a gigantic sneeze had thereupon followed (even in the most impressive part of Sir CHARLES's eloquent address), a smile on the faces of all present would, no doubt, have been the well-merited reward of the mirth-provoking manoeuvre. Supposing that the orator had shown signs of pardonable annoyance, Sir RICHARD might have good-naturedly pretended that it was the fault of Mr. LOCKWOOD, whose fame as an accomplished *farceur* requires no acknowledgment. Thereafter, promising to be quiet for the future, he might have gently slumbered until awakened by the bustle consequent on the mid-day adjournment. I can only add that, should my engagements permit the sacrifice, I will willingly hold the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's next brief for him, so that he may have an opportunity of studying from the well of the Court, the method that has my recommendation.

Once more returning to the event of the fortnight, I can only declare that Sir CHARLES's peroration was in sober seriousness magnificent, and made the deepest impression. During its delivery (thanks to a quaint fancy of Mr. CUNINGHAME) I was occupying, a place amongst the Plaintiffs, and I candidly confess I was deeply moved—nay, unmanned—by my learned friend's noble eloquence. I felt conscious that at that moment I must have looked like a maudlin *Times* witness in a condition of tearful repentance. Still I think it is only right to say (much as I regret to have to make such an observation), that had the task of addressing the Court fallen to me, I should have made a very, very different oration. And, I venture to add, I do not believe that even my learned friend himself will question the probable truth of such an assertion.

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

## The Hazard of the Dye.

[It appears from an article in the *Daily Telegraph*, entitled, "Dyeing to Live," that grey-headed toilers find it almost impossible to earn a living without dyeing their hair.]

THE "Struggle for Existence" seems of late  
To have become more terrible and trying.

"Is life worth living?" Nay, that's out of date,

The question now would seem, "Is life worth dyeing?"

## MEATHROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

"SOMEHOW, I fancied that London was such an ugly Capital," said Sir TITUS MACDUFF, ex-Premier of the South-West Windward Isles, as he stood, in company with an intelligent Cicerone, on the site of what was once Smithfield Market. As far as eye could reach nothing was to be seen but waving greenery, verdant lawns, and sheep peacefully browsing by the side of purling brooks.

"You must have been away from England a long time?" suggested his companion.

"For thirty years," replied the distinguished Colonist.

"Ah, then perhaps you never heard of an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for April, 1889, written by Lord MEATH, advocating Open Spaces, Boulevards, Pure Water, Covered Streets, and Public Bands, for the Metropolis?"

"Never!" replied Sir TITUS; "and do you mean that this Park is a result of that single article?"

"Not only this Park, which stretches from the Thames, at Blackfriars Bridge to King's Cross, but the general transformation of London into a City where life is a pleasure for all classes, is due to the initiative of Lord MEATH, and the energetic action of the London County Council, which came into existence the very year that the article I have mentioned was written."

"Dear me!" said the Colonist. "I hardly know where I am. Take me to some place I can remember. Take me to Regent Street."

They set off on foot, and soon were pacing along a broad thoroughfare running westward, planted with trees on either side, and ornamented here and there with tasteful kiosques, where light refreshments and still lighter literature were on sale at an extremely reasonable price. Whenever they felt tired they could sit down on elegant and comfortable seats, under glass awnings, and at frequent intervals bands of native musicians were discoursing excellent music on stringed instruments.

"These bands, now," said the Colonial visitor, "who pays for them? Is it some philanthropic Society?"

"It is Society in general, Sir," his companion rejoined, "which has unquestionably become of late very philanthropic. This and other public improvements have been provided for partly out of the rates, but still more out of an extremely moderate and equitable tax placed on Metropolitan Ground-Landlords, and representing a very small part of the enhanced value which their property gains during every year that London continues to exist and grow bigger."

"Dear me!" said the Antipodean Statesman, regretfully; "I wish I had thought of that plan in the South-West Windward Islands. Pay for Improvements out of the pockets of Ratepayers and Ground-Landlords; a case of ground landlords and ground tenants, in fact. An excellent notion! By the bye, what is the name of this street—or rather this avenue?"

"Holborn, Sir."

"Holborn! What! That narrow, dirty, ill-conditioned——"

"No other, Sir, I assure you," replied his conductor, coolly. The ex-Premier was too surprised to say anything, and continued silent till they reached a broad open space where fountains and operatic bands were both playing, and from which four magnificent roads diverged.

"What is that noble Arcade like street covered over with glass, and adorned with evergreen shrubs and the electric light?" asked the dazed Colonist.

"That, Sir? Surely you have not forgotten Regent Street?"

"Regent Street turned into an Arcade!"

"Yes. The whole of London is more or less Arcadian," rejoined the satellite.

"You must be very grateful to Lord MEATH for all this," said Sir TITUS, thoughtfully.

"Grateful is not the word, Sir. A new and much finer Westminster Abbey has recently been erected, solely out of penny contributions from the working-classes, to which the remains of Lord MEATH, the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, and the Chairman of the London County Council, will all be consigned, when those great benefactors of their race are unhappily no more."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Colonist. "And you—you talk remarkably well for a person hired by the day to escort visitors about. Where were you educated?"

"Where everybody who desires to make the most of his opportunities receives his education nowadays," replied the Cicerone, proudly. "At a Polytechnic."

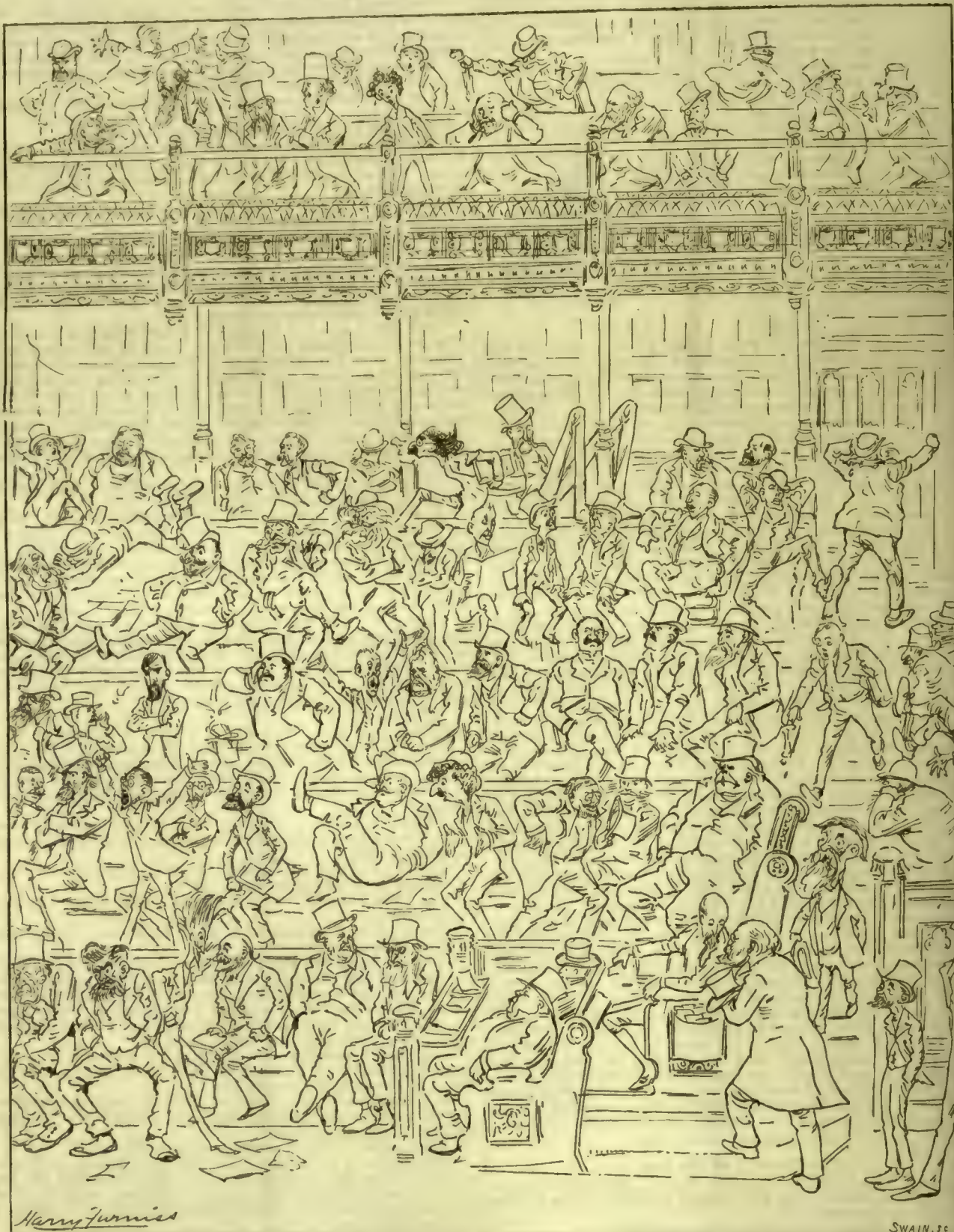
"Polytechnic! What in the name of wonder is that?"

"Nobody but a Polynesian could ask the question, Sir;" and receiving his modest remuneration, the Cicerone retired for two hours' private reading into the nearest Free Library, while Sir TITUS MACDUFF stood in a state of bewilderment gazing on the beauties of regenerated London.

MEM. BY A WOULD-BE MUSICAL REFORMER.—You cannot touch (Concert) pitch without being reviled.



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 65.



ROUGH SKETCH OF THE OPPOSITION BELOW THE GANGWAY.





### 'STRANGERS YET.'

*First Compatriot (in Belgian Cafe). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIER. ARE YE AN IRISHMAN?"* *Second Compatriot. "I AM!"* [*Silence.* *First Compatriot. "I'D AS SOON MEET A CROCODILE AS AN IRISHMAN 'FOREIGN PARTS. I BEG YE 'LL NOT ADDRESS YER CONVERSATION TO ME, SIER!!"*

### FOOT-BALL' À LA MODE.

[Hardly a week passes without our hearing of one or more dangerous accidents at foot-ball.]

A MANLY game it is, I think,  
Although in private be it spoken,

While at a scrimmage I don't shrink  
That bones may be too often broken.  
I snapped my clavicle last week,  
Just like the rib of an umbrella;  
And sprained my ankle, not to speak  
Of something wrong with my patella.



Last season, too, my leg I broke,  
And lay at home an idle dreamer,  
It's not considered quite a joke  
To contemplate a broken femur.  
And when, despite the doctor's hints,  
Again at foot-ball I had tussles,  
I found myself once more in splints,  
With damaged gastronomic muscles.

Some three times every week my head,  
Is cut, contused, or sorely shaken;  
My friends expect me brought home dead,  
But up to now I've saved my bacon.

But what are broken bones, my boys,  
Compared with noble recreation;  
The scrimmages and all the joys  
Of Rugby or Association!

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ACCORDING to statistics, the state of the children of the State is hardly as satisfactory as it might be. Therefore the re-issue of Miss DAVENPORT-HILL's book, edited by Miss FANNY FOWKE, is especially welcome. The new edition of *Children of the State* has been so enlarged, so re-arranged, and so entirely brought up to date, that it is practically a new book. In a closely printed volume of over three hundred pages, there is scarcely any point in this great question that is not discussed. Boarding-out in England, Ireland, and Scotland, the workhouse, as home and school, State and individual help, State children in foreign lands and emigration, are treated with a thoroughness and an earnestness which is the key-note of the entire volume. Notwithstanding all the great difficulties attending a rapidly increasing population, the Editor takes a somewhat hopeful view of the subject, and does "not believe that our great Empire has yet touched the limit of her resources, or that she will ever become unable to support her vast yet growing family, if only she will bring up its members to be capable and self-dependent." This volume is emphatically one to be read and re-read.

THE "BALL OF THE SEASON."—Foot-ball.

### DRINKING.

NEW SABBATARIAN VERSION.

*Solitary Sot singeth:—*

'MIDST mirk and smoke I sit and soak  
My clay in fiery liquor  
From morn till night; find I get tight  
In this way all the quicker.  
With solemn pate let wisdom prate  
Of freedom; to my thinking  
Wisdom's an ass. I'm free—to pass  
My day in drinking, drinking!

The Pubs are shut, but I've my butt—  
Leastways a bulky bottle,  
From which I swill my blooming fill  
With an insatiate throttle.  
My wife's asleep, my children creep  
From dad's fierce anger shrinking.  
I've comfort true the Sabbath through,  
In drinking, drinking, drinking!

Then come what may, in WILFRID's way,  
Of shutting Pubs on Sunday,  
What odds? I choose at home to booze  
From Saturday till Monday.  
Don't care a rush whilst I've the lush,  
And o'er my bottle blinking,  
Can sit alone, till Sunday's gone,  
Still drinking, drinking, drinking!

NOMENCLATURE.—Rude Radicals persist in calling Mr. CHAMBERLAIN "Judas." The reason is obvious if inadequate. JUDAS "carried the bag," and the Gladstonians want to give JOSEPH "the sack."



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 8.—Scotch Bills got out of the way, few surviving Members settled down to discuss arrangements of House of Commons. PLUNKET torn to tatters. MACDONALD complained of temperature; said it was too high; SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate said it was too low; WALTER FORSTER complained that it was too dry, and led to drink. "We are," he said, "daily becoming more and more bleached by exposure to this atmosphere." O'HEA said he was growing prematurely old with attendance on his duties. SAGE protested that nothing was so favourable to health and longevity as sitting in House. TATTON EGERTON said system of ventilation good enough, but air drawn from vitiated sources. FITZGERALD created thrill of apprehension by "declaring" that after sitting in House a year or two the hair fell off. All eyes turned upon W. H. POWELL, just crossing the Bar. Members, glancing at head of the POWELL, shuddered as they recognised melancholy effects of nine years' representation of Carmarthenshire.



THE LORD ADVOCATE, PAST AND PRESENT.

Rt. Hon. J. H. Macdonald (to Lord Advocate). "Bravo, little 'un! I congratulate you. Never could have done that myself!"

Colonel NOLAN hastened to change the subject; didn't complain of ventilation, he said, averting his eyes from POWELL, but the upper smoking-room was always overcrowded. GRAND YOUNG GARDNER made similar complaint as to condition of tea-room! Never a chair to be had. SAGE, always eager to act as mediator, suggested that tea-room should be made into smoking-room, smoking-room into tea-room. More about the gas and the electric light; then Members, desperately hard-up for something else to talk about, even the oil lamps being extinguished, caught sight of grille to Ladies' Gallery.

Highly relieved; debated and divided on this old familiar topic, "The last resource of played-out Obstruction," says PLUNKET, beginning to show signs of losing his equable temper. Opposition to the grating in Ladies' Gallery having been once more defeated, and there being really nothing else to talk about, a few Votes agreed to by way of change, and Members went home to bed.

*Business done.*—Scotch Local Government Bill brought in.

*Tuesday.*—In Committee of Supply. House nearly empty. PLUNKET on Treasury Bench, whence all but he had fled. CREMER on his legs repeating speech made other night about Sweating System, alleged to be in vogue with contractors for public works—Houses of Parliament, British Museum, and others. GODSON, Q.C., with hands on hip, and a whole seat to himself, thanks Heaven he's not First Commissioner of Works. PLUNKET a gentle-mannered man, suave, courteous, conscious of popularity shared pretty equally with both sides; but this Banquo's Ghost of a sweating business turning up again just when he thought he was going to get a few Votes, too much for trained equanimity. Bursts upon CREMER like tornado.

"People," he says, "turn away from proceedings of House with weariness and disgust."



"Thank Heaven!"

"Oh! oh!" shouted the shocked Radicals below the Gangway. Fancy being disgusted with CREMER re-delivering speech calculated to raise him in estimation of the 'orny-anded! First speech a success; why shouldn't he have *encore*, especially as he had verse or two forgotten at first essay? PLUNKET blushed, minimised and apologised. When he had said public turned away wearied and disgusted, had only meant that they were not so profoundly interested as they should be.

Got his Vote for Maintenance of Public Buildings; fresh discussion on Motion to cut off £500 from cost of Embassy at Rome. This brought up GEORGE CAMPBELL, who created some surprise by supporting full expenditure. Let out that he had been lately in Rome; had lunched with Ambassador. "Ah, ah!" shouted Radicals, louder even than they had cried "Oh, oh!" at PLUNKET.

Incident suggested to SAGE one of those interesting reminiscences of his diplomatic career, with which he occasionally favours listening Senate. When he was in Diplomatic Service, Ministers were always bothered with persons calling with notes of introduction from Foreign Office. These they called soup-tickets because they generally led to provision of luncheon or dinner. Found worth Minister's while; otherwise be trouble in the House of Commons. GEORGE CAMPBELL evidently had one of those tickets when he called on Minister at Rome, and now, contrary to habit, felt bound to oppose Motion to reduce Vote. Committee delighted with this picture of austere uncompromising Kircaldy seduced by free luncheon. *Business done.*—Very little.

*Thursday.*—Letterkenny battering-ram at it again. JOHN MORLEY first dragged it in with its clanking chains. Windbag SEXTON, groping around after his manner, gleaming in other people's fields opportunities of eliciting from Ministerial Bench the dearly-loved reference to "Right Hon. Gentleman," brought it in to-night. But MACNEILL did best of all.

"As this battering-ram has been bought out of public funds," he said, dexterously shifting hot potato to other side of his mouth, "will the Right Hon. Gentleman lay a model of it on the table?"

House laughed, but BALFOUR so struck with idea, sat silent. Notion too good to be lost. Taken up with alacrity below the Gangway; subscriptions to meet expenses readily forthcoming; SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate, who once owned a theatre, appointed manager. Promises to be the greatest Variety Entertainment of this or any other age; lift House of Commons at one bound into the front rank of morning performances. Open every day, wet or shine. Free list entirely suspended. Full-size model of battering-ram, with clanking chains, iron-shod poles, boat-hooks, and scaling-ladders, on view on table, side by side with astonished Mace. Chairs and tables cleared out of Library; model of Irish cottage set up. JOHN O'CONNOR, disguised as struggling tenant, regularly evicted at 3 P.M. and 7 P.M. (No extra charge.) SHEEL plays part of youngest boy; hands up scalding water to his anguished parent, who pours it over Colonel NOLAN, dressed in uniform of Royal Irish Constabulary (a little tight round the waist.) SHAW LEEVEY, dressed in prison garb, slowly walks at intervals of quarter of an hour down the House; takes seat on Front Opposition Bench; swooped down upon by WILFRID LAWSON and ILLINGWORTH (dressed as prison warders); haled out behind SPEAKER's chair; back again in quarter of an hour.

JOSEPH GILLIS, completely disguised as Resident Magistrate, sits on Cross Bench, and every ten minutes confirms sentence of six months' imprisonment on ARTHUR BALFOUR. CLANCY, GILL, FLYNN &c., attired in police uniform, armed with *bâtons*, lurk at exit from Division Lobby. As Members issue forth after voting, fall upon them, freely using *bâtons*. (These, of course, not the real thing. SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate, drawing upon old managerial experience, had excellent imitation made in bladder. Nobody much hurt; but rattling noise made.) Scampering most effective. BRUNNER, who was at Gweedore, assisted in arranging rehearsal. Testifies effect excellent. "Not quite sure that it's regular," said OLD MORALITY, cautiously surveying scene from side gallery: "but seems we might as well do this as sit in Committee of Supply and not pass Votes." *Business done.*—Baron DE WORMS brought in Sugar Bounty Bill, in eloquent speech.

*Friday Night.*—One of the nights when Count Out seems inevitable. Accordingly House sat till latest possible moment. All subjects discussed, from the battering-ram to the Waltham Abbey Gunpowder Factory, from the hangman to Inhabited House Duty. Windbag SEXTON made only one speech outside a series delivered at question time. Its prolongation resented by gentlemen opposite.

"I wonder," said SEXTON, pertinently, "how small was the majority of the hon. gentleman who sneers from opposite Benches?"

About thirty Members present. Curious to note sudden movement amongst them. No name mentioned, but every man seemed to think he was referred to. At last GEORGE ALLSOPP, making sure it was he, rose and protested he had not sneered.

"Ah!" said TREVOR LAWRENCE, working out little sum on back of Orders, "GEORGE got in by majority of 143. Thought there were some with less than that." *Business done.*—None.





BALFOUR ON HIS BATTERING-RAM.

## A-RANTING WE WILL GO.

POLITICAL HUNTING SONG FOR THE SEASON.

(A long way after Henry Fielding.)

AIR—"A-Hunting we will go."

THE dusky night begins to fly,  
And brighter grows the morn;  
The Party wants a winning Cry.

To help exalt its horn.

So a-ranting we will go-o-o,

A-ranting we will go!

It is the mode, to Party owed

And a-ranting we will go.

Cool sense the Spouter may oppose,

Sweet Spring may beg his stay:

"Good Sir, the early primrose blows.

You will not rant to-day?"

But a-ranting he will go, &amp;c.

Listeners to rant in yonder hall

Secure to find we'll seek;

For why, they shouted, great and small,

At the same rant last week.

So a-ranting we will go, &amp;c.

Away he goes, before the rout,

Whose ears for tickling itch.

He throws them in, he throws them out;

He leaves them in the ditch.

But a-ranting they will go, &amp;c.

At length his twaddle, threadbare worn,

He stops. They yell delight.

He bows, and swears—with secret scorn—

He'll spout another night.

For a-ranting he must go-o-o,

A-ranting he must go.

In all the mode, to Party owed,

And a-ranting he must go.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

No book sells better than the volume of short stories, or the collection of essays and descriptive papers, and yet for years past publishers have refused to let us have them, and have dosed us with three volumes of twaddle or unreadable polemical novels. It is a satisfaction to find the providers of literary food are beginning to see the error of their ways, and to be convinced that the British Public must, before anything else, be amused. They will get plenty of amusement out of Mr. WILLIAM HENDERSON'S *Clues*, which consists of nine stories derived from a Chief Constable's notebook. The author ought to know something of his subject, seeing he is now Chief Constable of Edinburgh, that he occupied a similar post at Leeds, and was formerly Chief Inspector of the Detective Department at Manchester and Glasgow. Each story is, in the main, a reproduction of facts, and they have that reality and interest which facts alone can give. The Chief Constable of Edinburgh has arrested our attention; we are unable to move on, for we have found listening to his entertaining recitals anything but hard labour.

That none but an Irishman can write Irish songs is pretty generally accepted. This axiom receives further proof—if proof were needed—in Mr. ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES' *Father O' Flynn and other Irish Lyrics*. This book which consists of a choice selection of the author's previous volumes printed in a cheap and handy form, cannot fail to be popular. It contains well-nigh sixty poems full of grace and endless in variety, and above all a "go," a spirit and a National flavour that none but an Irish bard could accomplish.



Those who are in search of a weird and gruesome tale dramatically told cannot do better than turn to MARION CRAWFORD'S latest effort, *Griefenstein*. I can confidently recommend it. It is a grim but very powerful bit of work.

Those who know ZOLA only from such works as *La Terre*, *Nana*, and so forth, should take the trouble to read his *Le Rève*. The trouble after the first few chapters will soon be a pleasure, and the pleasure will soon be increased and intensified as progress is made with the story. The style of the descriptions throughout, though at first sight as tedious as those of WALTER SCOTT'S to a modern go-a-head novel-reader, will gradually force even the most knowing skipper to retrace his steps, and go over the ground deliberately. The author's characteristic insistence on details would be blameable did it tend to diminish the interest which he has created in the central figures; but, as it does not do so, it is masterly. Altogether the work is a beautiful study of a lovely life, as far exalted above ordinary types as, let us hope, some of the lives in his other works are exceptionally below them. The last scene of all is a grand conception, sweet in harmony, rich in tone, powerful in design and execution. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas La Terre*, says,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## A HASTIE JUDGMENT.

By a Vindictive Victim of the Law's Delay.

[MR. HASTIE, at the April meeting of the Incorporated Law Society, is reported to have said that the confidence of the public in the members of his profession had been "greatly shaken."]

GREATLY shaken? Not a bit!

'Tis a statement of the oddest.

HASTIE must be slow of wit,

And he's very much too modest.

"Confidence," a Statesman said,

"Is a plant of growth most tardy."

But when once established

'Tis perennial, and hardy.

Confidence in Lawyers? Pooh!

That tree ne'er firm root has taken.

And a tree that never grew,  
Surely, surely can't be "shaken."

## SUPERSTITION AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

—Is it the duty of the Government to keep a House on Friday night? This question has probably been raised by some representative of an enlightened constituency who believes Friday to be an unlucky day.

## Free—but not Easy.

FREE Schools may be a blessing to the Nation,

But in these days of fads and

fiddle-de-dee,

Punch fancies that the best "Free Education"

Is that which teaches Britons to be free.



## THE GRAND TOUR À LA MODE; OR, EX-KING MILAN PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.



*Leslie Ward*

O MILDEST of Monarchs, and purest,  
They tell us you've turned a Cook's Tourist.  
'Tis not a bad "tip"  
For Crowns on the slip,  
And Thrones that seem scarce the securest.

Great Princes of old, on the wing,  
Considered it rather the thing  
To take in their train  
The great *Chef* of their reign;  
But, lo! now 'tis the Cook takes the King.

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."—*Lena* produced at the Variétés, with SARA BERNHARDT in the part that Mrs. BERNARD BEERE created here in *As in a Looking Glass*! The very title suggests reflection. Evidently SARA "saw herself" in the part. She is quite right to play *Lena* in French, as she could never be *Leaner* in English.

"UP, GUARDS, AND AT 'EM!"—The Guards, under the able leadership of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, in wig, gown, and full regimentals, have "upped," and had at 'em, and defeated the Queen Anne's Mansion-Household troops. Judge KEKEWICH thinks that Light Infantry can't have too much light for their devotional exercises in Chapel. The height of these new houses is simply the height of absurdity.



## A RUMINATION.

BY A LOAFER OF NATURE.

How vainly men with toil themselves amaze  
To justify their scanty holidays.  
Far happier he who, when he will, can range  
And find a holiday in every change.  
'Tis early spring, and, weary of the town,  
Where bricks and mortar keep their wintry frown,  
I seek the waking woods, the meadows fair  
Where countless larks are taking boundless air.  
The creaking waggon half a mile away  
Sounds through the stillness of the hazy day,  
And cocks clear-crowing from the dwindled stack  
Recall the legends of the House of Jack.

Like living boulders, in the sweet thick turf,  
Where daisies break the green in soundless surf,  
Whisking with lazy tails the flies away,  
The kine enjoy their livelong holiday.  
Along the sloping field the shining share  
Turns the rich earth to the rejoicing air;  
The smallest fretting of each pencil'd spray  
Shows clear against sun-saturated grey,  
Which waits, light-laden, till a breeze comes by  
To spill the sunlight all about the sky.  
Like blotting-paper of serener spheres  
Earth soaks the sunshine as the heaven clears,  
And in the clean new light the dazzling ducks  
Quack glad Amens to April's *Fiat Lux*!

At early dawn's unseasonable hour  
The legion-sparrow tests his vocal pow'r,  
Pierces with myriad chirp the sleeping ear,  
And scares his breakfast, if First Worms  
could hear.  
Strange that the rural sun should rise so long  
Before the kettle tunes its matin song;  
Yet I forgive the choristers in brown,  
And revel in the thought, "I'm out of town!"

Now the maturer day the mind invites  
To ponder pleasantly on past delights.  
Here is the loft, where spite of heave and choke,  
On wet half-holidays we used to smoke.  
There is the pond, with downy willows girt,  
Wherein we often fell and took no hurt;  
There on still nights a paper fleet would float,  
An end of candle burning in each boat;  
Then flew the pebbles from the threaten'd shore,  
Till the frail navy sunk to rise no more.

Then in each brook and tree for miles around  
Playmates in feathers or in fur we found,  
Studied their ways; and, braving broken bones,  
Bore off the eggs, and stook'd the nests with  
Set the brisk terrier on the bright-eyed rat,  
And hurled the javelin at the flying cat,  
Caught in brick traps the warblers of the wood,  
Cooked them *impromptu*, and pronounced  
Oh, vivid joys of youth! Maturer age  
Sighs at the ashes of that noble rage,  
Leans on the gate, and hears the fragrant kine  
Breathe the frequent grace, while they unceasing  
While long-legged lambs their patient mothers tease,  
Or crop the grass devoutly on their knees.  
Though now a song can close at hand be heard,  
Nor raise a frantic wish to catch the bird,  
Grant sun and shade, and 'tis enough for me,  
Like the unharass'd kine to browse, and be!

"It was entirely an afterthought," said dear old Mrs. E., "or as the French say quite an *area-pansy*."



## VICARIOUS!

(On the Underground Railway.)

*Irascible Old Gentleman (who is just a second too late). "CONFOUND AND D—!"*  
*Fair Stranger (who feels the same, but dares not express it). "OH, THANK YOU, SO MUCH!"*

## THERE AND BACK. (ON THE CHEAP.)

SIR,—I trust you will not think that I am trespassing too much on your valuable space when I tell you that I am at present engaged on a scheme whereby, in conjunction with a Committee of earnest and active Philanthropists; I hope to be able to furnish an opportunity to a large number of unemployed East-end Loafers, Ticket-of-Leave Men, Lunatic Paupers, and others whose circumstances would not admit of their finding funds themselves for the purpose, of paying a fortnight's visit to Paris, and of witnessing the Exhibition and all the other famed sights which have made the French capital the very centre and focus of all intellectual and recreative pleasure. We calculate that there will be some fourteen or fifteen thousand of these worthy fellows anxious to avail themselves of the chance we propose to offer them, and we are at the present moment in the process of preliminary negotiation with the various Railway Companies, Hotel Proprietors, and other official intermediaries, with a view to providing for their transit and accommodation, and for those other little extra privileges upon which we calculate to make the trip a thoroughly enjoyable affair.

Our final programme is not yet fully drawn out, but, roughly speaking, it may be taken to be much as follows:—The charge per head will be £1 5s. For this sum we hope to provide First-class Railway and Boat journey to Paris and back; superior accommodation in handsomely-furnished apartments, including breakfast, luncheon and dinner at the *table d'hôte* at either the *Grand* or *Continental* Hotels, or at some equally unexceptionable and thoroughly high-class establishment; an invitation to a State Banquet at the British Embassy, with entry each night to a *fauteuil d'orchestre* in one of the leading theatres, use of a two-horse *voiture de remise*, and free admission to the Exhibition, including a champagne luncheon on the top of the Eiffel Tower. We also mean to throw in a forty-franc dinner (exclusive of wine) at *Bignon's*, or at some other first-class Restaurant, in the belief that the experience will be found useful as a means of throwing some light on the social problems which will naturally present themselves for solution to the casual tourist who, it may be supposed, is probably visiting Paris for the first time, and is probably a stranger to this phase of French social existence.

We have not yet absolutely concluded any of the above arrangements, but we trust to your kindness to give the scheme publicity in your columns. AN EAST END INCUBUS.



## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

THIRTEENTH EVENING.

"I SAW a small country village in a great state of excitement the other afternoon," said the Moon. "I should think there were as many as twenty people in the main street—all talking at once. A monkey belonging to some travelling Italians had broken loose, and caused a universal panic. It had bitten the plumber's baby, and tried to bite the postmistress's leg; it had flown through back gardens and over cottage roofs, screeching and gibbering like some malevolent imp—no one felt safe. One old maid, with great presence of mind had shut up her cat and kitten in the best parlour, and hidden herself upstairs under the bed; the only policeman had been sent for in a hurry. And the cause of all this commotion had escaped to a small knoll of gorse-covered common above the village, where several of the bolder spirits had pursued it. Some of them were armed with fire-irons, and one of them carried a large cotton umbrella as a shield, and they came cautiously on, while the monkey (which was quite a small one, and almost as much frightened, as they were) ran on a little ahead, stopping occasionally to look back and chatter its teeth at them—when they stopped too. The village carpenter, who was famous as a local wag, had brought his saw, and every now and then would prance at the animal, and brandish his saw in comic defiance. One of the Italians, an old woman, did not understand that he was only pretending, and went on her knees to him, clasping her hands and imploring him in her voluble tongue not to cut off the monkey's head. And when she did this, the carpenter only pranced the more, while the village people, looking on in safety from the road below, guffawed heartily, and declared that 'TOMMY was better nor play-acting—darn them, if he weren't!' Then the monkey ran off into the wood, and I lost sight of it. But, later in that evening, I saw a sad little procession going down the street. First came the village constable, looking very stern and majestic, for he had never had a case of this importance to deal with before, with his hand on the shoulder of the monkey's master, an elderly Italian, who seemed to expect nothing less than instant execution. Behind came the old woman, weeping and gesticulating and protesting all at once, and, after her, a tail of jeering boys, who kept at a safe distance, for fear the monkey—which had come back obediently on hearing its master's voice—should break loose again. The only quite unconcerned person in the party was the monkey itself, which was huddled, snug and contented, inside the Italian's coat, where it seemed very thankful to be back again. I do hope they were not separated, for it was not a savage animal naturally—only the children had been teasing it so all day. But it happened to be cloudy that evening, and for many evenings after that," said the Moon, "so I never knew what was actually done to the unfortunate monkey."

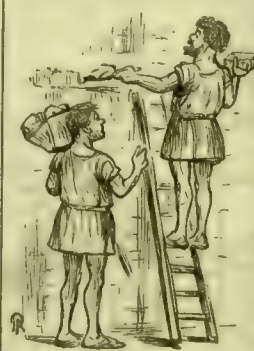


## DUE SOUTH.

St. Peter's—*Solvitur Ambulando*—Masonry—Ways and Means—"Bock Agen"—Monte Carlo—London.

THE size of St. Peter's! I mentally compare it with everything big I have ever seen. JOHNNIE, having partially recovered his self-possession and the use of his voice, says, "Look here, I'll step it. I measured my back drawing-room for a billiard table by stepping it, and so I can easily get an idea of its size." He at once sets to work in order to give practical effect to his theory of measurement, and he sets about it with as much care, caution, and "strict attention to business," as if he were giving an imitation of a man walking on a tight-rope without a balancing-pole. After three attempts, each of which signally fails, on account of his inability to preserve a straight line, when he, as it were, topples off his imaginary rope, comes to the ground, and loses his reckoning up to that point, he gives it up, shakes his head solemnly, and says, "Oh, it's enormous! Why, St. Paul's is nowhere compared with this!" I recall to mind the monumental effigies in St. Paul's, any one of which is a doll by the side of any one of the figures in St. Peter's. And then the London grubbiness of St. Paul's, its dinginess, its lecture-room benches crowding the centre, and its chilly dreariness; whereas here all is space, colour, light and life. Glorious! Everyone knows, by hearsay at all events, about the size of those chubby little boys who support the holy-water stoups at the entrance. Come up close, and though you are perfectly prepared for a surprise, yet your astonishment is not a whit the less at finding the stoups baths, and the little boys

a couple of giants. I can scarcely believe my eyes, but so it is, and JOHNNIE and myself are never tired of walking up to these deceptive full-grown cherubs, coming on them unexpectedly as it were, and patting them on the hands and arms to ascertain whether they are playing us any trick, and whether they are the Anakim they seem. Yes, there is a deception; it is the deception of perfect proportion. Every day we go into St. Peter's, but these happy-looking baby-giants exercise an unaccountable fascination over us, and on our last visit we are quite sad at the idea of leaving them behind, but being unable to take them with us, we pat the backs of these chubby Brobdingnagians, and bid them affectionately good-bye. And the last *souvenir* of St. Peter's that will remain indelibly in my memory, is the sweet-tempered smile on the faces of the two giant-babies—the holy—"water Babies"—nearest our door of exit craning towards us, saying as plainly as dumb action can speak, "We should so like to come with you, only we can't leave this great big heavy basin, or it would tumble down. But mind you come and see us again; you'll find us here, always on duty,—don't forget."



Balbus and Caius, A.U.C. 89. like to come with you, only we can't leave this great big heavy basin, or it would tumble down. But mind you come and see us again; you'll find us here, always on duty,—don't forget."

Pouring rain. The streets of London not "in it" with those of Rome for slosh and mud. Here in this museum of antiquities, the home of classic Art and ancient frescoes, the principal mural decoration that catches my eye at almost every turn is that charming picture of a fine and fascinating *decolletée* female, with yellow hair streaming down her back,—the fair one with the golden locks,—so well known to all Londoners as the pictorial advertisement of Mrs. Somebody's Hair Restorer. This, apparently, is the most striking fresco in the City of the Popes and Cæsars, but, as the Cæsars are defunct, they can't interfere; and, as the Pope's daily constitutional is unconstitutionally limited to the Vatican grounds, His Holiness possibly, is not aware how the city is being vulgarised. Yet the obtrusive presence of this leering woman representing Mrs. Somebody's Hair Restorer on the walls of the Eternal City, does recall to my mind a proverbial saying which seems peculiarly applicable in this instance; namely, "See Rome and dye."

The truth of another proverb, that "Rome was not built in a day," is borne in upon us with irresistible force at every turn. "Rome built in a day!" cries JOHNNIE. "Why, they're at it now!" BALBUS and CAIUS, who were always building walls, by way of Latin exercise, in our youth, are still at it, still building Rome in A.U.C. 2640. They're making quite a new Rome—a Haussmannish Rome—of it. In another ten years Rome will possess splendid streets (at least I am inartistic enough to hope so), and ample pavement (also my sincere wish), and in its main thoroughfares it will be as like Paris as the BALBI and CAII, carrying out their orders and contracts, can make it.

"Masonry" is condemned at Rome," says JOHNNIE, "and so it ought to be, until the streets are widened, and pavement-makers have been set to work."

"It's wonderfully picturesque, though," I say, referring to the old gate, old streets, old walls, and old houses.

"Very," returns JOHNNIE, coming cautiously out of a dark hole in a wall where a small Roman greengrocer carries on his trade, and in which JOHNNIE has taken refuge from the dangerous proximity of a recklessly-driven cab; "only I do object to there being no pavement for foot-passengers."

As to the environs, on a pouring day like this, we might as well be walking in a ploughed field. Fortunately we don't attempt it, and having hired a Roman car with a hood and apron, we are driven to "St. Paul's outside the Walls,"—"I thought it couldn't be 'without the Walls,'" says JOHNNIE, "or how on earth could it stand up?"—which is almost as great a wonder as St. Peter's.

During our short stay, we see everything that is possible to be seen in the time; but JOHNNIE is thoroughly upset by the fact of not being permitted to smoke after breakfast and dinner in the restaurant of the hotel, and what with the heat of our bed-room, which is next to the kitchen chimney, the noise of the street at night, and the almost incessant rain, he is dissatisfied with everything—except a dinner at the *Caffè di Roma*, and the *chianti* in a magnum flask—and anxious to return as soon as possible to Monte Carlo, and so home.

We take a walk on the Pincio, and delight in the view. In these



Balbus and Caius, A.D. 1889.



gardens there are so many ecclesiastics of all sorts, sizes, and ages, and such a large proportion of them evidently only students, that I am forcibly reminded of the College grounds of Cambridge or Oxford in term time. The youths are enjoying themselves with all the soberness that characterises such reading men at either University as affect their cap and gown at all times, even when taking their constitutional. I suppose if one of these Roman students is out without his academics, there is no Roman Proctor and Bulldogs to stop him and ask him for his name and college, and then fine him six-and-eightpence.

Cabs are wonderfully cheap in Rome. In order to compete with the recently-introduced omnibuses and tram-cars, the cab-proprietors have reduced their tariff to half-a-franc for a course, "but," says JOHNNIE, cheering up a bit, "no one gives less than a franc as a matter of course." No *pour-boire* is expected, and if given, it is received with gratitude. The price for driving about is two francs the hour, their pace is generally good, and if the thoroughfare be crowded with pedestrians and the street more than usually dirty and narrow, then you may rely upon his going at full speed merely for the humour of the thing, and you'll have plenty of excitement for your money.



On our last morning we go to see the pictures and the statuary in the Vatican. We have no catalogue.

"Don't want one," says JOHNNIE. "All the names are on the things, (and I can make mums as I go along.)"

So, with big note-book and pencil, he walks through the galleries, as if the POPE had been sold up, and he, JOHNNIE SPOFFER, were the man in possession taking an inventory of the plate, ornaments, and fixtures. "Look here!" he says, suddenly drawing my attention to a small bust in the Hall of Philosophers (and Muses). "Fancy this being SOCRATES!" Yes, fancy! "And yet," says JOHNNIE, "I seem to know the face. Yes. It's uncommonly like the bust of DARWIN in one of the Kensington Museums."

In the Sistine Chapel we see several tourists lying supinely at full length on the seats. "So irreverent, in a chapel, too! Just as if they were resting after a Turkish bath," says JOHNNIE. "Though," he adds, as he glances round, "it isn't much like a chapel to look at." No it is not. More like a decorated Concert Hall. We gradually become aware of the fact that the sprawling tourists are only deeply interested in the work of MICHAEL ANGELO on the ceiling, and have discovered that the only way of studying it satisfactorily is on their backs. JOHNNIE is tired, and pines for Monte Carlo. I rather think that a telegram which he receives on re-entering our hotel is a bogus one, only intended to give him a fair excuse for saying he must return at once "on business." As I must make the best of my way to London, I decide to accompany him, hoping for another opportunity of seeing Rome at my leisure, and having a month to do it in. We start.

Monte Carlo Revisited.—"Great attraction!! For one night only!!!" That is as far as I am concerned, only a day and a half and one night. Lovely weather. Beautiful N.E. wind. JOHNNIE, who has recovered his spirits, says jocosely, "Rather have had N.E. other wind. But better than Rome. One can breathe here," and he disappears into that unhealthy hot-house the Casino. At dinner, he tells me he has met a man who has been awfully lucky playing only on the thirties. That's his system. Meeting subsequently at Zorro's, JOHNNIE is looking weary and worn. Anything the matter? Yes, his system is upset. He wishes he had never met the man who told him about the "thirties." He will leave Monte Carlo with me to-morrow morning. After all, no place like London.

London.—Black Fog. Certainly no place like London. We lose sight of each other in the fog. JOHNNIE goes due East. I due South once more, only not farther than South Kent Coast. End of holiday.

## IN THE NAME OF THE PROFIT—POSTERS!

(A Story of the next Budget.)

THERE had been roars of laughter in the House when the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had referred to the proposed tax. "It was utterly ridiculous, it would never increase the revenue by a single penny." So said the greatest financiers of the day, but the Right Hon. Gentleman merely smiled and held his peace.

On the morning following the annual statement, a businesslike individual stood in front of the Chancellor's table, extracting drawings from a large carpet-bag for the Right Hon. Gentleman's edification.

"I think Sir," said the businesslike individual, "that this should prove attractive."

And then he unfolded an elaborate design, showing a *belle* of the last century (with a white wig and black patches) dancing a minuet with a *beau* in the costume of the same period.

"Is it bold enough?" asked the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, gazing earnestly at the picture.

"For a commencement certainly," replied his visitor, "you see we shall call attention to our *spécialité* in large letters underneath."

"As it is intended for the hoardings," observed the Chancellor, "I fancy it would have been wiser to have secured a design from the studio of Sir JOHN MILLAIS."

"You may be right," returned the other. "And now, Right Hon. Sir, I must say farewell, as these pictures must be distributed through the length and breadth of the land at once."

"I can rely upon you?" asked the Chancellor, earnestly.

"Until death!" was the answer—delivered from the hall, as the businesslike individual was already quickly taking his departure.

The next day the financier of the Government perambulated the streets stopping now and again to admire a magnificent picture of a minuet as danced in the last century. Then he caught cold and was ordered to the South of France for the sake of his health. He selected Monaco as his resting-place. Partly because of the extreme beauty of the locality, and partly because he had some business of a private character to transact in Monte Carlo. This private business at first engrossed his whole time, but after suffering a severe pecuniary reverse, he had leisure to attend to other things. It was then that he began to dip into the London papers and monthly magazines, that had followed him into his retirement. He found the picture of the minuet in many of them. Then he noticed another design. A well-known Judge had evidently had an accident while engaged in shaving. The engraving, however, was of a comforting character, for in it it was seen that the learned occupant of the Bench had applied to the cut a piece of adhesive plaster.

"This looks like business," murmured the Chancellor.

Having received a remittance sufficient in amount to defray the expenses of his passage home, the Right Hon. Gentleman was soon again in London. For the remainder of the year his financial duties detained him in Town, and during this period he was constantly passing and repassing the hoardings of the Metropolis.

"That is very good," he observed on one occasion, as he noticed a clever representation of HAROLD dying on the field of Hastings; while the shade of a gentleman in the garb of the Nineteenth Century sorrowfully hovered over him as he regretfully held up a large box labelled "invaluable for wounds." "It is striking and original! I really think my daring scheme will succeed."

Then his friends told him that they had also seen this touching tableau in foreign parts. One had met it in Italy, another on the Pyramids, a third in the Arctic Circle. And the time passed quickly, and once again the day arrived for the delivery of the Annual Financial Statement.

At the appointed hour the Right Hon. Gentleman was in his place. He rose from his seat with a smile of triumph on his lips.

"Sir," said he, addressing the Speaker of the House of Commons, "I know that I am required to find Millions to defray the expense attendant upon the entire rebuilding of London, the purchase money of pauperdom, the funds requisite for creating a fleet ten times as powerful as that we now possess, and many other matters of minor importance. Well, Sir—without adding a single penny to the present taxation—I can produce the cash. I have an ample surplus, sufficient to meet all requirements. And that surplus has been obtained by the slight impost I put twelve months ago upon sticking-plaster."

"Sticking-plaster!" cried the House of Commons *en masse*. "Sticking-plaster! How was it made so productive?"

The Right Hon. Gentleman smiled, and then in a voice trembling with patriotic emotion exclaimed, "Sticking-plaster has been puffed into its present satisfactory position by the energy of ambitious advertising!"

Then followed a mighty shout of exultation, as the House realised that England had once more been saved, and BRITANNIA would again rule the waves without adding anything extra to the Income Tax.



"Bock agen!"





## ENCOURAGEMENT.

"WHAT A PITY YOU DON'T HAVE LOOKING-GLASSES ALL ALONG THE WALLS—THEN ONE COULD SEE ONESELF AS ONE WENT ROUND YOU KNOW."—"WHY, MISS, IF YOU WAS TO SEE YOURSELF IN A LOOKING-GLASS JUST NOW, YOU'D NEVER GIT ON A 'ORSE AGAIN!"

## THE FIRST WITNESS.

*Bill Sikes loquitur:—*

'Ane it all! I'm a man and a Briton,  
(Though given to bully and "bash"),  
And the bloomin' fine game they 'ave hit on  
Is giving me—me, mates!—the lash.  
Wot next? Where's the good o' belonging  
To England, the Land o' the Free,  
If with 'arah inderscriminit thonging  
They brutalize Me?

Great Scott! It stirs up the fine feeling  
As burns in the breast of a "lag,"  
Philanterpists, though, will start squealing  
If *that* Cat's let out o' the bag.  
Thanks be! times is turned sentimental,  
(A state of affairs as I likes),  
And some parties' love's quite parental,  
To poor, ill-used SIKES.

To lash a cove's back is degrading,  
Espeshully unto the cove.  
Lor', wot is the use o' perwading  
The Age with the Sperrit o' Love,  
If, becos a chap uses his fisties,  
An' runs jest a little bit wide,  
They ties up that chap by his wristes,  
And leathers his hide?

The Sperrit o' Love! That's my maxim;  
It's 'oly, and oily and nice.  
Who wants to hinquire? I'd jest ax him  
To step up, and take my advice.  
I knows my own 'art, I should 'ope, Sir;  
I knows wot'll soften it; *that*  
Is kindness and care and soft soap, Sir.—  
It isn't the Cat!

It puts a cove's back up, I tell yer,  
To feel the nine tails on its skin.  
Stop violence? Don't let 'em sell yer  
With any sech bosh. It's too thin.  
If I lands my wife one on the smeller,  
Flog! flog! shouts some idiots. Flog?  
Yah! There's nothink like Catting a feller—  
To make him a dog!

'Cos women is dashed aggravating,  
And 'cos some old parties won't "part"  
Without 'aving a bit of a slating,  
They wants for to 'arden my 'art  
By getting some brute of a warder  
To wale my poor back till I 'owl.  
No, gents, if yer wants Lor and Horder  
Yer mustn't 'it foul.

Am I not a man and a brother,  
As well as a Nig. or a Pat?  
Jest wouldn't they kick up a bother  
If BALFOUR gave "Carders" the Cat?  
If I bash a woman, or Bobby,  
Or riddle a Copper with shot,  
The Lash-lovers mount their old hobby,  
I tell yer it's rot!

No, gents; if yer'd put down garotting,  
Wife-kicking, and trifles like that,  
Or stop the new game, Peeler-potting,  
For 'Evin's sake, don't try the Cat!  
It's obserlete, gents, like the gallows;  
Our kyind Christian times it won't suit.  
It'll turn warder's 'arts cold and callous,  
And make Me a Brute!

[*Left snivelling.*]

"QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY."—HENRY AND ELLEN have been invited to play before the QUEEN.

## TELEPHONIC TALK;

*Or, What We may Expect.*

How delightful of the Authorities to have opened telephonic communication to the public, and to have installed a *bureau* for conversational purposes at every Post-office in the United Kingdom.

It is so immensely convenient, and saves one such infinite time and trouble, to be able just to step across the way and communicate directly with one's doctor, lawyer, man of business, or any friend at a minute's notice.

Dear me, the office seems to me to be somewhat inconveniently crowded. This old lady assures me that she has been waiting three hours and a half but hasn't yet been "switched on" to her solicitor.

At last I have secured an instrument! and have explained what I want to my house agent.

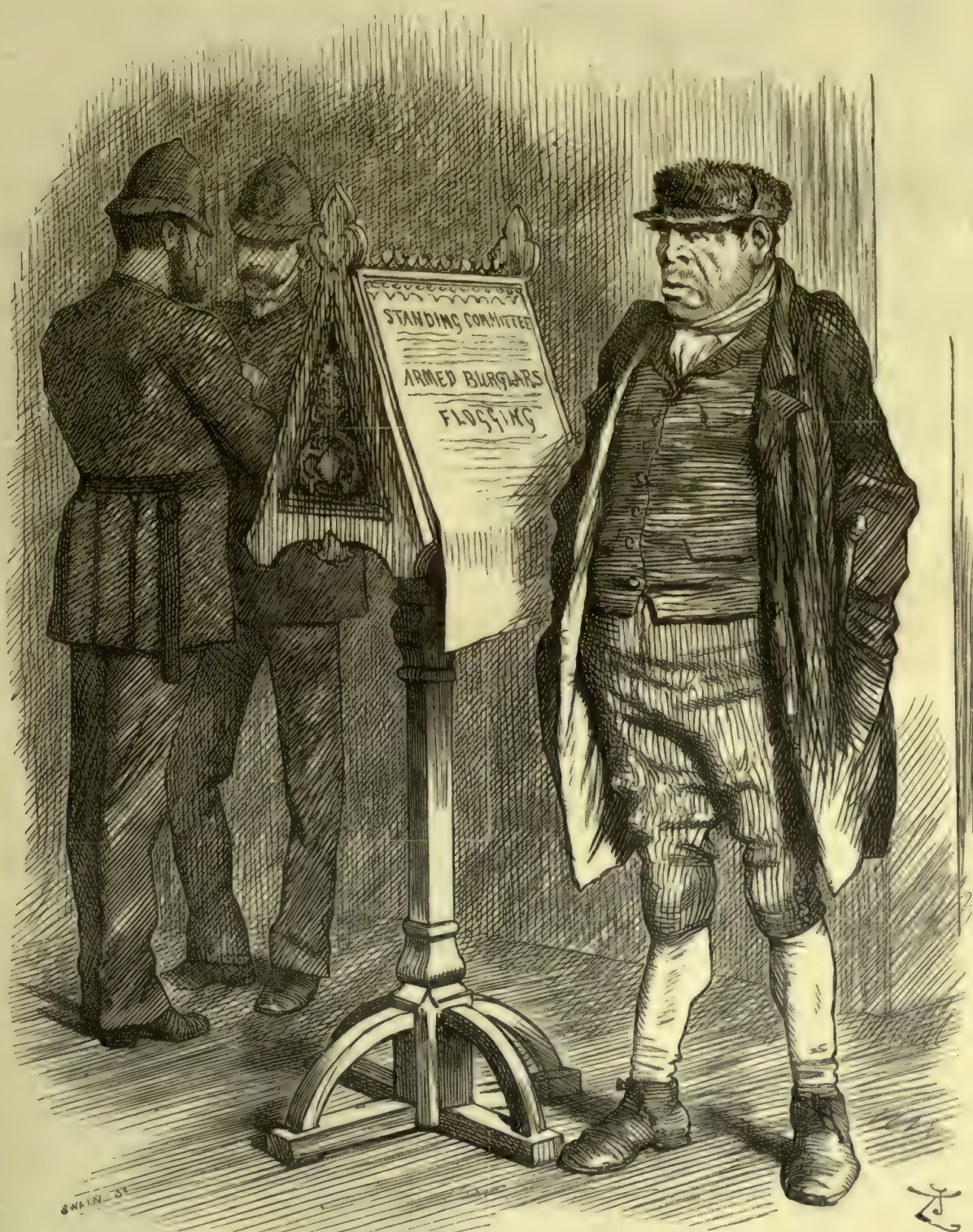
I do wish the invalid old gentleman next to me, who is communicating with his doctor, would not bawl out all his symptoms at the top of his voice.

Why, what is this? There surely must be some mistake. It can't be my house agent who is telling me just "to keep where I am," and he'll soon "drive over in a four-wheeler and do for me with a red-hot poker." This must certainly be the reply from the escaped lunatic of whom that middle-aged gentleman has been making inquiries respecting the recent Shoreditch murder.

Ha! The clerk in charge of the apparatus admits that the connections may have possibly got a little "mixed."

The earnest pleading, though, with which that young man is making an offer of his





## THE FIRST WITNESS.

*(Before the Standing Committee on the Larceny Act (1861) Amendment (Use of Firearms) Bill.)*

BILL SIKES (*Injured Innocent*). "‘CAT’ BE BLOW’D!" (*Pause.*) "‘P-O-ON MY WORD!—DO THEY WANT TO MAKE A BRUTE O’ ME?"







hand and his heart to the damsel of his choice is extremely simple and touching.

Judging, however, from the consternation depicted on the face of that bustling stockbroker, it is he, and not the young man, who must have received her encouraging reply.

Ha! perhaps this is the answer from my house agent! No. Disappointed again. It is only the doctor's prescription and advice for the invalid old gentleman!

On the whole, I think I will wait to have recourse to the telephone, till the "switching on" works a trifle better and the connections are in rather more reliable order.

## PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT.

*A Surrey Cricketer's April Song.*

ONCE more the wintry fogs take wing and pass,  
Once more spring sunshine greens the sprouting grass;  
The cricket-bag is taken from the wall,  
The hopeful smiter eyes his well-kept ball,  
And his prophetic fancy fondly fixes  
On leather-flogging "fours" and spanking "sixes."  
GRACE once again for practice rears the stumps,  
Carefully "places" muscularly thumbs.  
Young willow-wielders in the sporting news bury  
Their noses, seeking "notes" on READ and SHREWSBURY,  
The prospects of respective cricket "pots,"  
The rival hopes of Surrey and of Notts.  
But on the Surrey turf no more shall stand,  
With firm-placed feet, keen eye, and steady hand,  
Sturdy "Young Stonewall," Chief of Surrey's joys,  
Long since, one of the much praised "Surrey boys,"  
Ere Surrey's star had risen as of late,  
He has succumbed to the decree of fate.  
No more with stolid care to "take his block,"  
No more loose bowling o'er the field to knock;  
No more, with HUMPHREY, to run up the score  
With safety to a "century" or more  
Ere the first parting came, and "Tom" or "Harry"  
To the pavilion back his bat would carry.  
Lovers of "Good Old Surrey," when you crowd  
Next to our dear old Oval, and are loud  
In praise of "WALTER's" skill or ABEL's "go,"  
Or tireless LOHMANN's scattering of the foe;  
Cast back a kindly thought o'er twenty years;  
Think of the time when the wide circle's cheers  
Rose as the score-board showed "Two hundred up"  
With One-Two-Six, not out, to—HARRY JUPP!

A POPULAR CONCERT.—That between the Conservative and Liberal Unionists at Birmingham.

## THE CHAUNT OF THE CHANCELLOR.

*Mr. Goschen sings:—*

'Tis hard indeed for the Exchequer  
To keep up its financial pecker,  
When so much to its loss and hurt is meant  
By tricks of trade and loud Advertisement.  
They've found, for instance—dodge unholy!  
Tobacco that will smoke more slowly  
Than do old "Birdseyes," and old "Shags,"  
And that depletes my Money Bags.  
Smokers, in your cheap opiate heaven, you  
Forget how you pull down the Revenue.  
Fast-smoking Baceys now men can't sell, or  
Will not, so Pity a poor Chancellor!  
I trust, my dear "consuming classes,"  
You like slow whiffs, but you are asses.  
If possible you fondly judge it  
To smoke cheap and not spoil my Budget.  
Coffee again! Confound the berry!  
Coffee won't move! Ah, you are merry,  
But I don't feel like "Lika Joko."  
It's all along of puffed-up Cocoa,  
And Advertising anti-sensational;  
I call the rascals anti-national.  
"Grateful and comforting" Fiddle-de-dee!  
It is not comforting to me!  
"Coffee is dull." Why don't the roasters  
Go in for big and flaming posters?  
But no, that's not to be expected.  
The berry's foolishly neglected  
It's berry sad! (Excuse the pun, I  
Must make finance a little funny

Just to keep up my reputation  
As the first joker in the nation.)  
Then tea again is disappointing  
My Budget plans still more disjoining.  
Those who like strong tea, and are stingy,  
Go in for the cheap brands from "Ingy."  
In place of Souchong and of Pekoe.  
My tax on Pommery and Cliquot  
Has answered—tribute to my nous!—and  
Realised eight and thirty thousand  
More than the estimate! Still nathless  
It doesn't leave the Exchequer scathless.  
If people, in a style provoking  
Will have cheap drinking and slow smoking,  
A Chancellor will be more puzzled  
Than when they freely puffed and guzzled;  
And they must give him what he axes  
In little compensating Taxes.

## LAW, COURT-ESY.

SIR,—The treatment which Jurors receive in this so-called enlightened country is even worse than your Correspondent "LOCKED UP FOR TWO DAYS" represents. His experience of ten years ago is, no doubt, interesting to the public, however painful it may have been to himself. But I can supplement it with an account of the really barbarous ill-usage to which I and eleven other respectable citizens were subjected only last week. At lunch-time we were conducted to an apartment where we were actually invited to regale ourselves with a repast consisting of chops and potatoes (the

latter half-boiled), bread and cheese, and beer! No champagne! No side-dishes! Even whiskey and water was declared by the attendant (whose demeanour when I asked for that beverage was quite offensive) to be "not allowed by their Lordships." Comment is needless. I can only say that I refused to attend to a word of the summing-up, and deliberately convicted a prisoner, who I have every reason to believe was as innocent as

Yours indignantly, A BRITISH SLAVE.

SIR,—I should like to say that, as a Juror, I don't see the use of Judges. They make trials much longer, by their summings-up, and simply confuse us. Then I think that counsel on both sides could advantageously be dispensed with. What is the good of summoning a Jury and then not giving them full powers? Just leave us alone with Plaintiff and Defendant, and the matter in dispute will soon be settled; I may say, squared.

Yours, MAN OF BUSINESS.

SIR,—Jurors are the greatest idiots in the world. I always tried to keep them out of my Court; and when they were forced upon me, I used to show them what I thought of them. They fortunately were unable to retaliate by explaining what they thought of me. I have the satisfaction of remembering that a Foreman who once asked a Judge to "cut his remarks short," had to pay a fine of Five Pounds for his lack of appreciation of the Judge's judicial abilities. YOUR HONOUR.



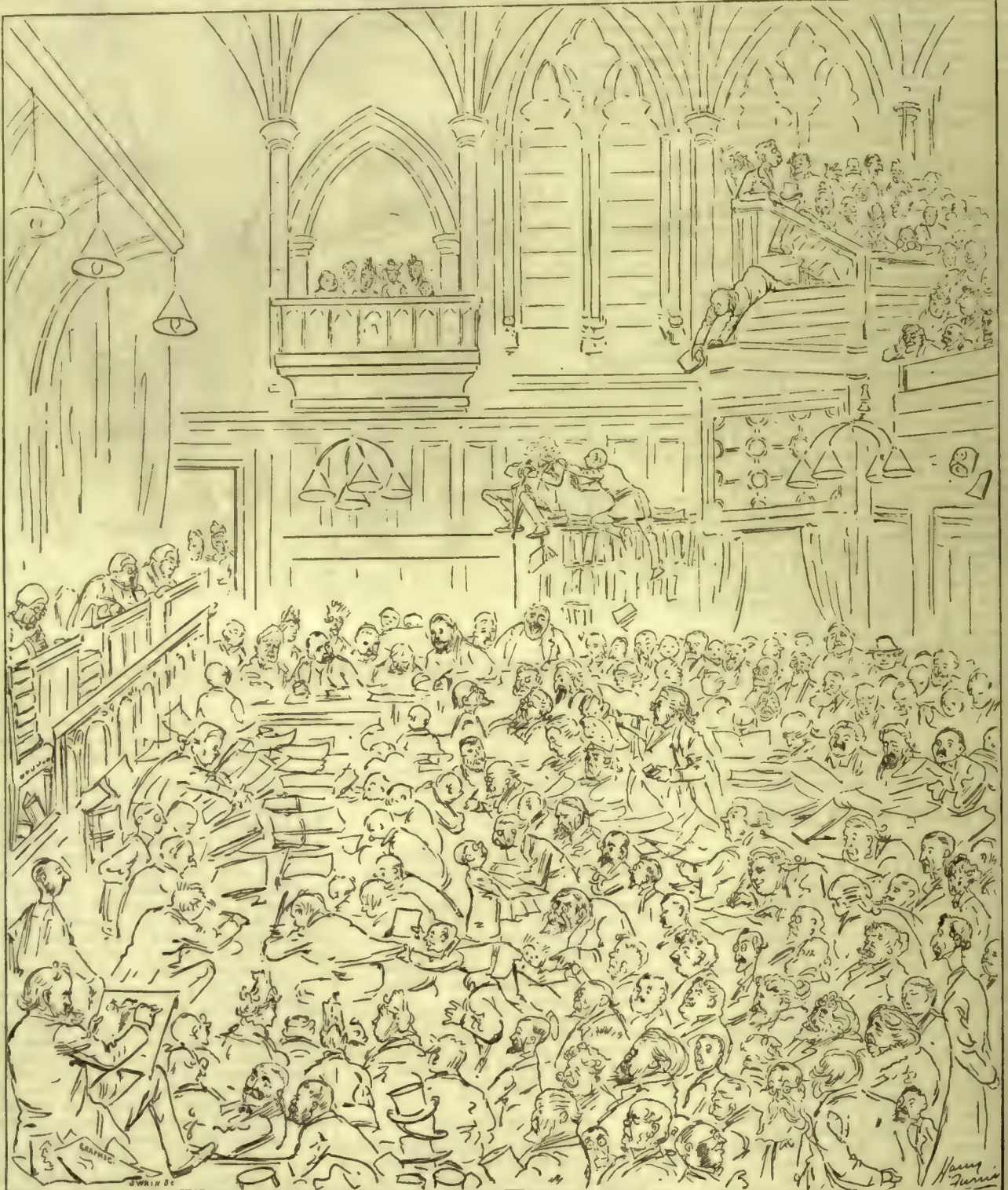
## A MERE HOMŒOPATHIC DOSE.

*Mister Beer.* "I SAY, LORD CHAMPAGNE, HERE'S SOMETHING NASTY DR. GOSCHEN'S GIVEN ME TO TAKE!—AND IT'S OUT OF DR. GLADSTONE'S OLD PRESCRIPTION. I REMEMBER IT. UGH!"

*Lord Champagne.* "MY DEAR SIR, THAT'S NOTHING. DR. GOSCHEN PRESCRIBED FOR MY CONSUMPTION LAST YEAR, AND MY FIZZICAL CONDITION HAS IMPROVED WONDERFULLY. YOU'LL HARDLY KNOW YOU'VE TAKEN IT, AND THE RESULTS WILL BE HIGHLY SATISFACTORY, I'M SURE."



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 66.

**THE ROYAL COMMISSION.**

*Rough Sketch made by Mr. Punch's Special Artist in a Fog.*

**Consolation.**

THOUGH BARON DE WORMS is quite sweet on the terms  
Of his Sugar Convention, some folks are demurring.  
It may stir up strife while discussion is rife;  
But then Sugar is never much good *without* stirring.

**Aries and Taurus. (By a Patriot.)**

O H sure, but the claim of the Saxon to rule us  
Is proved by this token a fraud and a sham.  
He may chate, and coerce us, and blight and befule us,  
But BULL can't git on widout aid from the Ram!





"NO RINT!"

SAXON SUBSCRIBER (TO AN IRISH "FISHERY") READS NOTICE-BOARD! TABLEAU!

### IN THEIR EASTER EGGS.

*The Emperor of Germany.*—Rules of the new Imperial "Peace-Game" quite lately introduced at Berlin.

*The Shah.*—A Cook's circular Tourist's Ticket, including second-class hotel accommodation for himself and a select Court suite of sixty followers, in lieu of the usual provision for their entertainment at the leading Royal and Imperial Palaces of Europe.

*General Boulanger.*—An entirely new and original Variety Entertainment, with various dress-disguises complete, for the purpose of recreating and astonishing the Parisian public, pending the progress of the forthcoming Exhibition.

*King Milan.*—A Jerusalem "pony," and bunch of the local artichokes, presented to him by the leading "Orthodox" ecclesiastics on the occasion of his approaching visit to Palestine.

*Sir E. J. Reed.*—A thorough show-up of Mr. WHITE's scheme for making good the existing deficiencies of the Navy.

*Mr. White.*—A crushing rejoinder to Sir E. J. REED's reckless and inconclusive criticism.

*Duke of Nassau.*—Shilling Handbook to the Management of a New Duchy and Minor Potentates' Guide. (New Edition, with French Notes.)

*Sultan of Zanzibar.*—Small Dictionary of Elementary Diplomatic Phrases for use in negotiations with the officials of the German East African Company.

*Mr. Raikes.*—Thanks of the British public penned to him on one of his own promised new halfpenny post-cards, which really costs only a half-penny.

*Prince Bismarck.*—Prize Popular Lecture on the "Dangers and Difficulties of Colonisation," assisted with Magic Lantern slides powerfully illustrating some recent German experiences.

*Captain Aitchinoff.*—Apology from the French Naval Commander in the Red Sea, and a cheque for the alleged missing 45,000 roubles.

*Mr. John Albert Bright.*—New set of Elastic Principles for occasional use when addressing his Tory constituents.

*Lord Charles Beresford.*—Presentation Pamphlet, entitled, *One Hundred Ways of Knocking an Enemy's Battle-Ship into a Cocked Hat*, with copious illustrations.

*The Chancellor of the Exchequer.*—Prize for the discovery of the secret of how to make up the deficiencies of the Budget, without clapping an extra penny on the Income Tax.

*Captain Kane (of the Calliope).*—A step up, and good service medal for having, by his pluck and judgment rescued his crew and ship from disaster in the recent hurricane off Samoa.

*Lady Sandhurst.*—A short and not obscure Act of Parliament asserting her equal eligibility with members of the "male sex" to the post of a London County Councillor.

*Mr. W. H. Smith.*—Prize Penny Novelette entitled, *The Advantages of Eminent Respectability; or, the Story of the good Mediocre Statesman who always endeavoured to do his Duty.*

*Mr. Balfour.*—A few more coercive moves for the irritation of the Irish Party.

*And the Irish Party.*—A fresh crop of curses to be hurled at the head of Mr. BALFOUR.

### EXTREMES MEET.

[A Correspondent ("C."), writing to the *Morning Post*, suggests that Mr. H. M. STANLEY's account of the "venomous, cowardly, and thievish" dwarfs found in the Congo region, is a confirmation of HERODOTUS.]

ATHWART two thousand years you smile and nod at us,

"Good old" HERODOTUS;

Through some months' mists we see your figure manly,

Intrepid STANLEY;

But, youthful Yank and aged Sire of History, The Land of Mystery

Links you in secular bonds inseparable.

Fact bears out "Fable."

Halicarnassian credulous and chatty,

STANLEY's Wambatti,

Told of in your old time, would have been And coldly flouted [scouted

As figments of some wild extravaganza.

But the Nyanza

Is near to us to-day, like Nile and Congo.

Scarce can we wrong go,

So-deemed inventor of the Traveller's "thumper,"

In brimming bumper

To Afric's earliest limner and its latest; And though thou datest

Twenty-three centuries ago, or thereabout, Thou wouldst not care about

That trifle, who didst scribble that men's Their feats and factions, [actions,

"Might not by time be all effaced." Dear Let no goose-gabblers [babbler,

Of a too sapient pundit perk proboscis

If PUNCHIUS tosses

A brimmer to two travellers wise and manly, A brimmer to two travellers wise and manly,

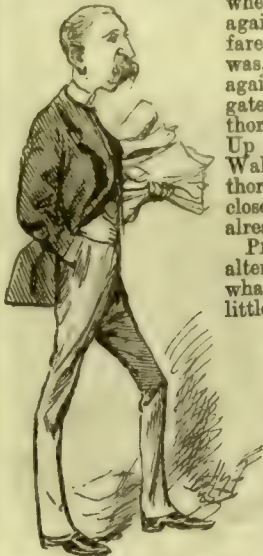
"HERODOTUS and STANLEY!!!"



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, April 15.*—Man a curious mixture. Here's HOWARD VINCENT, who goes in for Protection wherever British goods are concerned, dead against Protection when London thoroughfares are in question. Before County Council was, HOWARD VINCENT started agitation against relics of feudalism in form of chains, gates, and watch-towers in so-called private thoroughfares situate in heart of Metropolis. Up to-night with question about Birdcage Walk. Why should this broad convenient thoroughfare, made with public money, be closed to bulk of traffic, driving it into already overcrowded Victoria Street?



PLUNKET protests arrangement cannot be altered. Suppose road were thrown open, what is to become of Beadle in uniform, in little box at Queen Anne's Gate, who pops out and stops vehicles whose colour he doesn't like, or whose horse doesn't meet with his approval? Spirit of revolution abroad; must be stopped somewhere; Birdcage Walk good place to make a stand; so PLUNKET folds his arms and warns off HOWARD VINCENT.

JEMMY LOWTHER much pleased. "Glad to see there's some pluck left in this Ministry, after all. They swamp us with Local Government Bill, and to-night GOSCHEN fetches in Radical Budget, raiding on landed property, and they had given up Birdcage Walk, and robbing the Brewers. If they had gone next, and there would be hardly any barrier left between East and West."

GOSCHEN's Budget suspiciously cheered from Opposition Benches. Conservatives sat glum, only Truthful JAMES opening his lips to point moral of the approval. A small House, Members making holiday before the sun shone. GLADSTONE set example by posting off to Hawarden. Another Grand Old Man in Peers' Gallery listening to his sixty-third Budget Speech.

"Going already?" I asked him, as he passed out after GOSCHEN had been under weigh an hour.

"Yes," said Lord CORTESLOE, "think this will do me to be going on with. Getting up in years, you know; ninety-two this year—GLADSTONE a mere chicken."

"But you're looking pretty well. How do you manage it?" "Budgets, TOBY, dear boy, Budgets," he whispered in my ear. "Man and boy, I've lived on 'em for sixty year. Tell you the infallible secret of life: begin early on Budgets; always be in your place in Commons when Budget comes on; stands to reason that if you do this for sixty-three years in succession you're bound to live to pretty old age. Medical nostrums all very well, but the elixir of life is a Budget Speech." *Business done.*—Budget explained.

*Tuesday.*—House met to-day to adjourn for Easter Recess. SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate, who manages these things, got us two extra days' holiday. Last Thursday, in interview with AKERS-DOUGLAS, undertook that if holidays were extended to 29th inst., votes in Class I. of Civil Service Estimates should be agreed to. AKERS-DOUGLAS mentioned matter to OLD MORALITY. OLD MORALITY showed disposition to bargain; Said two or three votes in Class II. should be thrown in. SAGE shook his head; couldn't be done; Votes very scarce to-day; had really offered as much as could be fairly expected. OLD MORALITY at last gave way; votes in Class I. agreed to right off, and announcement made that holidays would be extended. That's the way we do business in House of Commons. Find nothing about this in Parliamentary Reports; but it's literally true.

Might fancy boys be in high spirits on eve of holiday. But never know where you have them. Here's WILFRID LAWSON with his knuckles in his eyes trying to squeeze out tear.



"I think I'll go home!"

"Please, Sir," he whimpers, "can't we see the battering-ram during the holidays?"

SPEAKER looks at BALFOUR. BALFOUR not sure. Wouldn't like to answer important question like that off hand. So at six o'clock, when still full hour to work at Votes in Supply, progress is moved, the battering-ram brought in, and the boys joyfully swarmed round it. Time for talk strictly limited; but Windbag SEXTON bags three-fifths of it. Towards close of oration discovers Chief Secretary yawning; terribly angry; fumes and frets, holds him up to execration of mankind.

"If a man mayn't yawn when Windbag SEXTON comes up to occupy very last moments of a sitting," said C. P. VILLIERS, "freedom is a mockery. I think I'll go home." He went; and so, at seven o'clock, did all of us.

*Business done.*—House adjourned till 29th April.

## POSTERITY ON THE PIPES.

(By Our Anti-Scotch Seer.)

[It is said that the strains of the bagpipe are being preserved by the phonograph for the benefit of posterity.]

TOM, TOM, the piper's son,  
Preserved the "drone"—what fiendish fun!—  
In that foe of music, the phonograph,  
That Posterity, pleased, might listen and laugh.  
Posterity came, in its time, and heard  
The gruesome row as it groaned and ghir-r-r-ed;  
And it rose in wrath, and it fiercely smote  
That phonograph, that never a note  
Could come from the box, or little or big;  
For Posterity said, "'Tis the squeak of the Pig  
That Tom the Piper's son stole in his time,  
As told in the ancient nursery rhyme.  
Tom was whipt for the theft, and it served him right;  
But our verdict is that the sin was slight  
Of stealing that pig with the curly tail,  
Compared with the crime of preserving his wail!

## "A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN."

1890.—Admission of Spinsters and Widows to the London County Council. Large grants of money made to Curates and Junior Physicians. Establishment of a College for Cats, Canaries, and Pug Dogs. Scheme of Metropolitan Improvements providing reservoirs of perfume for fountains in Trafalgar Square, and gratuitous distribution of sunshades on the Thames Embankment, carried by a large female majority. Five-o'clock Tea introduced at the Meetings of the Council.

1891.—Admission of Spinsters and Widows into Parliament. Heavy tax imposed on lathkeys and cigars. Bill introduced for closing all Clubs at 9'30 P.M., and prohibiting smoking therein. General Election.—Return of immense majority of female Candidates. First female Ministry.

1892.—Queen's Speech promises admission of females into Army, Navy, and Bar. Measure embodying above proposals carried by substantial majorities. Lady Chancellor introduces Bill for Abolition of Male Judges, and the substitution of Judgesess, which passes through all its stages with immense enthusiasm. Collapse of the Judicial System and Emigration of the entire (male) Legal Profession to China and the more remote colonies. A difficulty having been found in obtaining female sailors, abolition of the Navy. The Army Estimates are introduced, and provide only for lady orchestras. Swords, cannon, and rifles, are ordered to be sold to the North American Indians and other savage races.

1893.—Treaty with France to regard England as the most favoured nation so far as the Paris Fashions are concerned. Measures passed for the extermination of mice, black-beetles, and barking dogs. Male M.P.'s abolished. Overthrow of the Ministry on the question of giving a Fancy Dress Ball in the House of Commons. General Election, when the Blue-Stocking Party is returned with a large majority. Lessons in dancing prohibited, and the universal wearing of spectacles rendered compulsory.

1894.—Men expelled from the Empire. Marriage declared a felony, and Single Blessedness proclaimed the first Law of Women.

1950.—Death of the surviving inhabitant of London, and final collapse of the British Empire.

## Froude's Novel.

'BOUT FROUDE there is no mystery | His fiction's full of history,  
He writes without restriction, | His history full of fiction.

CUM GRANO.—It is generally understood that even should "Sale of Grain by Weight" be established, the Government have no present intention of securing the exclusive services of a popular Entertainer.



## TALES OF A TRAVELLER.

OBEDIENT to your orders, I interviewed his Lordship. In reply to my first question, "Where have you been all this long time?" the distinguished traveller replied, "Everywhere. South Pole, North Pole, East and West pole. In leaving the North Foreland—I mean the Dorogovki Straits, first turning to the left after leaving Pabb's Island,—I steered a straight course in my caravan, which for convenience I had fitted up so as to use it as a sailing boat, rowing, or steam-boat, or in fact, anything. It was intensely cold at midday and we registered (I had a registrar with me for births, deaths, and marriages) sixty-four degrees below zero, which was good for the Bank, but bad for the players who had gone the *maximum en plein*. At night it was lower again, and they all got so low that most of my party refused to play any more. Along the road we counted five thousand dead Indians, who had, I suppose, committed suicide, in consequence of zero turning up so often. Otherwise, I can't account for it."

I asked him, "Did he feel warm himself?"

His Lordship replied, "Never better. Had a high old time of it. We left Jamraackia hurriedly, being pursued by raving-mad wild beasts; and, to save our lives, we had to swim across a river, the water of which, strange as it may sound, had risen so much during the recent floods, that it rose considerably higher than Niagara, and we had to swim up with the tide, as it came with a mighty impetus below to reach its own level, which was now just two miles and a-half above."

I could not help remarking that this must have given him considerable trouble.

"Indeed it did," he replied,



CERTIFIED ENGLISH LADY EIFFEL TOURIST GUIDES TO PARIS DURING THE EXHIBITION.

with a smile. "What, with holding my bag in one hand, my gun in the other, my knife in my mouth, and having to keep my pockets closed for fear anything should drop out, I had enough to do, I can tell you; and I may add, I really should not care about going through the performance again. However, when we had arrived safely on shore, the climate of the hitherto undiscovered country was perfect, we were soon dry and chattering with the natives, many of whose faces I was almost certain I recognised as having seen frequently in London."

"Really!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said his Lordship rising, "I have made the grand discovery of the age. The North Pole is as easy of access to a Londoner as is London to a Northpolar. They have possessed the secret of the passage for years past, and they are often over here and among us. They are acquainted with everything that is going on in London, speak our language perfectly, and indeed no other. They have no leading man of energy among them to work a company and make the intercommunication as simple and as big a commercial success as the Club Train ought to be which starts at 4:30 from Victoria and lands its passengers at 11 P.M. in Paris, the baggage being examined, and the dinner eaten *en route*. Will you put your name down for 100 shares in the London and North Pole Club Train?"

But while his Lordship was finding the prospectus, I suddenly remembered that I was due at your office within five minutes, and so I left without disturbing his Lordship, who, I hear, is going to add to his title and appear as Earl of Longtale and Munchausen.

DECAY OF ART.—The pictures of the National Portrait Gallery are spoiling at Bethnal Green. Certainly, as *Macbeth* says:—"This is a sorry site."

## H.M.S. "CALLIOPE."

A Dithyrambic to the "Deus ex Machina" of to-day.

"A remarkable incident of the hurricane at Samoa is related this week. Captain KANE, commanding the *Calliope*, finding his vessel in danger, turned her head to the storm, and endeavoured to steam out of the harbour of Apia in the teeth of the hurricane. For a few minutes it seemed as if Nature must win, but the engines were good, and the engineers daring, and inch by inch the *Calliope* made way. As she passed the great American corvette *Trenton*, her crew of four hundred, who knew their vessel was drifting on the reef, and were momentarily expecting death, recognised Captain KANE's daring seamanship, and with true professional, and, we may add, American feeling, gave the *Calliope* a vigorous cheer. Enough has not been said of the *Calliope*'s engines. It was their quality and condition which enabled the commander of the *Calliope* to adopt a plan from which both German and American, with older engines, necessarily shrank."—*The Spectator*.

Who flouts our "mechanical age," and with pessimist babble declares That machinery masters our manhood, and dulls down the spirit that dares? Let him turn to the tale of Samoa, the story of stout Captain KANE, And that fight with the storm of the Engines he trusted—nor trusted in vain.

A new subject for song, and a strange one, the languid lute-thrummers may sneer. Fancy seeking a bard's inspiration in Engine, and Boiler, and Gear!

Fancy PINDAR be-praising a Piston, CATULLUS be-chanting a Crank!

Well, why not a battle-ship's "screw," Sir, as well as a battle-steed's shank?

He who rhymed of the "Good News from Ghent," he who sang "The Black War-rigal Horse,"

Might thrill English hearts with the tale of the gallant *Calliope*'s course.

In the teeth of that terrible gale, when the best that the brave and the bold

Could do were of little avail should those Engines perchance fail to hold!

But the Engines were big, RENNIE's best, firm to stand the fierce shock and the strain

Of the thundering Typhoon's assaults, and he knew it, that stout Captain KANE;

And just as a well-mounted rider will set his good steed at a leap,

Which a man on a cripple must shirk, whence a man on a cocktail will creep,

So KANE set his ship in the face of the storm, slipped his cables, and stood

For the broad open sea he might reach—yes, if RENNIE's great Engines proved good.

And now was the time for such test as the measured-mile trials knew not,

Such strain as will find the least flaw, and such pressure as proves the weak spot.

Bad now if a draughtsman has bungled, bad now if a workman has scamped!

Picture now that swart first Engineer, as they circled, and thudded, and champed,

Those shafts, and those rods, and those wheels, which he knows to a nut and a tooth.

If those Titan-arm "throws" are forged fair, if those slides run with smoothness and truth,

Who knows? They may ride out the gale, though the *Grant* and the *Nipsic* ashore

Lie wrecked on a reef, and the *Trenton* scarce faces the hurricane's roar.

"Huzza!" That's a cheer from the *Trenton*; brave hearts have those Yankees who hail,

The *Calliope*'s plucky attempt, from the midst of a peril to pale

The cheeks of COLUMBUS himself, "Hail Columbia!" the sound of that cheer

Will follow us, gallant four hundred, this many and many a year.

The loud-throbbing engines toil on through the fierce billow-scourging wild blast,

And—hurrah! thanks to KANE and to RENNIE, they're out of the sea-gate at last!

The reef's in their rear, and sore pressed by the gale, but to battle it free,

With machinery firm and unflawed, the *Calliope* stands out to sea.

If a jockey has joy in his mount, if a sailor exults in his yacht,

If *Ormonde* gets kudos all round, and the *Volunteer*'s held a big pot,

Pray why should not Captain and Maker be proud of such Engines as these?

So in drinking KANE's jolly good health, *Punch* will drink RENNIE's too, if you please.



## AN EXHIBITION MATCH

BETWEEN THE BRUMMAGEN BRUISER AND THE PADDINGTON PET.



## ROUND THE FIRST.

*A Fragment from Contemporary Fisticiana.*

MUCH interest has of late been excited in sportive circles, and especially among Corinthian amateurs of the fistic art, by the doings and sayings,—especially the latter—of the two lads above named.

Two more promising “scrappers” have, perhaps, not appeared in the pugilistic arena for a considerable period, than the “Brummagen Bruiser” and the “Paddington Pet.”

When the “Cracks” peeled, considerable disparity in their size was observable, yet by the knowing ones it was thought that the

superior “beef” of the Bruiser might be more than compensated for by what, in semi-Byronic phraseology, may be designated the “dancing devilry” of the indomitable “Pet.”

As they shook hands it was seen that the Brum stood well over his man, looked longer in the reach, and gave promise of greater propelling power in the proper quarter. The cheers for his game little opponent however were vociferous, to an extent indeed which seemed somewhat to nettle the “Bruiser,” who at once let fly with his right, but was out of distance, and nearly fell with the force of his own blow. At any rate he appeared to do so, though thus early in the fight, whispers of “barney,” “kibosh,” “a put up job,” &c., went surreptitiously round the ring.





### 'JUVENILE VAGRANCY.'

HAVING READ IN THE *TIMES*, ON THIS SUBJECT, THAT THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF POLICE IS ACTING IN CONCERT WITH THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, &c., &c., AND THAT "THE GREATEST KINDNESS THAT CAN BE SHOWN TO A BEGGING CHILD IS TO SET THIS MACHINERY IN MOTION, BY GIVING HIM OR HER IN CHARGE UNDER 'THE VAGRANT ACT,'" MR. WIGGINS, THE PHILANTHROPIST, DOES SO!—BUT—TABLEAU!—RATHER WISHES HE HAD LET IT ALONE.

Recovering himself, JOE weaved into distance, and presently let out a nasty one of a somewhat doubtful character perhaps, at which there were cries of "foul" from the partisans of the "Pet," whose numbers seemed greatly to preponderate. The Referee ordered the lads to fight on, and there was a grin on Random's mug which the suspicious took due note of. Pulling himself together, he let fly right and left, and rattled into the Brum in fine style, being "all over his man" in a brace of shakes, and delivering a series of well-planted spansks, which, if not given open-handed (as some declared they were), must have made Master JOE feel all abroad. The Brum, however, did not seem much to mind (another suspicious sign in the eyes of some), his dexter orb was closed (whether owing to a whack or a wink seemed doubtful), he broke ground and retreated very judgmatically with a sweet smile on his rather cold-cut phiz, which looked scarcely at home there somehow, and when the round came to an end, and the Cracks dropped into their cane-bottomed chairs, it was difficult for those not "in the know" to determine which of them had really got the best of it.

Only, it was fancied by some that the amount of puffing and panting, rubbing down, and silk-handkerchief-waving, which followed was just a *little* out of proportion to the absolute necessity of the case, on the actual ding-dong wear and tear of *such* a round with pugilistic marvels in the pink of condition like the Brummagem Bruiser and the Paddington Pet.

ELLEN'S CAP AND HENRY'S BELLS.—Why was *The Bells* chosen as a piece to be played before the QUEEN? Why? Because the name of the Prince of WALES's estate suggested it. The Royal command by telegraph was "*Give us The Bells, (S)and-ring-em.*" HENRY, ELLEN & Co., travelled by special train to Sandringham. Of course with the special engine-driver was the BRAM STOKER.

THE NEXT LIONS.—To arrive in May. The Wolff and the Persian Chat.

### SIGNS OF THE "TIMES" (AND "STANDARD").

(To the Editor.)

SIR,—You will be pleased to hear that I've just heard the cuckoo. So no more at present from  
Yours sincerely,  
*The Vicarage, Snootlemore.*

SIR,—It will interest your readers to be informed that I've seen a swallow. Send me sixpence.  
Yours,  
*Swish Cottage, Birchington.*

SIR,—I have just seen a dead donkey. This is remarkable so early in spring. Can any of your readers inform me where there's another?  
Yours,  
*Thistle Lodge, Bray.*

SIR,—The other night, on returning home from a dinner-party, I witnessed the singular spectacle of a chaffer on the top of a Putney omnibus. I ran after it, and tried to catch it, but I regret to say I was unable to do so, and had to walk home, a distance of nearly three miles, in the wet.  
Yours,  
*Pilaster Villa, Lathbury Road, S.W.*

SIR,—While at breakfast this morning I saw a swallow. I expressed my surprise to my youngest boy, JOHNNIE. He immediately replied, "Well, father, you'd have been more surprised if you'd swallowed a saw."  
Yours,  
*Little Whitborough.*

SIR,—5 A.M. I've just heard a thrush and got out of his way.  
Yours,  
*The Laven, Wrighlesworth.*

[\*.\* This correspondence must now cease.—Ed.]

"ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS."—The real reason of General BOUTANGER's visit to London has leaked out at last. We have it on the best authority that the General is to play the part of *Victor Dubois* on the 5000th performance of *Ici on Parle Français* at TOOLE'S.



## THE TWO FIRST LION COMIQUES OF THE SEASON

*In their famous Duet, with Dugong Accompaniment.*

*Le Brav' Général.* I am a lion ashore.  
*The Dugong.* I am a lion at sea.  
*Le Brav' Général.* I shall be asked by everyone.  
*The Dugong.* They'll all have to come to me.  
*Le Brav' Général.* I shall receive invitations  
 To dinner. R. S. V. P.  
*The Dugong.* If you are the man for dinner,  
 I am the Man-at-tea.

*Ensemble.*

We the first Lions of the season be,  
 The Brav' Général and the Manatee!

*[Dance.]*

## MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

## NO. III.—A DEMOCRATIC DITTY.

THE following example, although it gives a not wholly inadequate expression to what are understood to be the loftier aspirations of the most advanced and earnest section of the New Democracy, should not be attempted, as yet, before a West-End audience. In South or East London, the sentiment and philosophy of the song may possibly excite rapturous enthusiasm; in the West-End, though the tone is daily improving, they are not educated quite up to so exalted a level at present. Still, as an experiment in proselytism, it might be worth risking, even there. The title it bears is:—

## GIVEN AWAY—WITH A POUND OF TEA!

## VERSE I.—(Introductory.)

SOME Grocers have taken to keeping a stock  
 Of ornaments—such as a vase, or a clock—  
 With a ticket on each where the words you may see:  
 "To be given away—with a Pound of Tea!"

*Chorus (in waltz time).*

"Given away!"

That's what they say.

Gratis—a present it's offered you free.

Given away,

With nothing to pay,

"Given away—(tenderly)—with a Pound of Tea!"

## VERSE II.—(Containing the moral reflection.)

Now, the sight of those tickets gave me an idea.  
 What it set me a-thinking you're going to 'ear:  
 I thought there were things that would possibly be  
 Better given away—with a Pound of Tea!

*Chorus*—"Given away." So much as to say, &c.

VERSE III.—*This, as being rather personal than general in its application, may need some apology. It is really put as a graceful concession to the taste of an average Music-Hall audience, who like to be assured that the Artists who amuse them are as unfortunate as they are erratic in their domestic relations.*

Now, there's my old Missus who sits up at 'ome,—  
 And when I sneak up-stairs my 'air she will comb,—  
 I don't think I'd call it bad business if she  
 Could be given away—with a Pound of Tea!

*Chorus*—"Given away!" That's what they say, &c.  
*[Mutatis mutandis.]*

VERSE IV.—(Flying at higher game. The social satire here is perhaps almost too good-natured, seeing what intolerable pests all Peers are to the truly Democratic mind. But we must walk before we can run. Good-humoured contempt will do very well, for the present.)

Fair Americans snap up the pick of our Lords.  
 It's a practice a sensible Briton applauds.

[This will check any groaning at the mention of Aristocrats. Far from grudging our Dooks to the pretty Yan-kee,—(Magnanimously) Why, we'd give 'em away—with a Pound of Tea!

*Chorus*—Give 'em away! So we all say, &c.

## VERSE V.—(More frankly Democratic still.)

To-wards a Republic we're getting on fast;  
 Many old Institutions are things of the past.  
 (Philosophically) Soon the Crown'll go, too, as an a-noma-lee,  
 And be given away—with a Pound of Tea!

*Chorus*—"Given away!" Some future day, &c.

VERSE VI.—(Which expresses the peaceful proclivities of the populace with equal eloquence and wisdom. A welcome contrast to the era when Britons had a bellicose and immoral belief in the possibility of being called upon to defend themselves at some time!)

We've made up our minds—though the Jingoos may jor—  
 Under no provocation to drift into war!  
 So the best thing to do with our costly Na-vee  
 Is—Give each ship away, with a Pound of Tea!

*Chorus*—Give 'em away, &c.

VERSE VII.—(We cannot well avoid some reference to the Irish Question in a Music-hall ditty, but observe the logical and statesmanlike method of treating it here. The argument—if crudely stated—is borrowed from some advanced by our foremost politicians.)

We've also discovered at last that it's crule  
 To deny the poor Irish their right to 'Ome Rule!

So to give 'em a Parlyment let us agree—

(Rationally) Or they may blow us up with a Pound of their  
 "Tea"! [A euphemism which may possibly be remembered and understood.]

*Chorus*—Give it away, &c.

## VERSE VIII. (in which we strike a Socialistic Note.)

The career of the School Board we'll out pretty short:—  
 (Pathetically) Why should we 'ave to pay for our kids being  
 tort?

Education at Eton, without any fee!

We'll give every urchin, along with his tea!

*Chorus*—"Given away!" There they shall stay. Go up to College  
 and get a degree.

The best Educay-Shon given away. "Given away, with a Pound of  
 Tea!"

## VERSE IX. (culminating in a glorious prophetic burst of the Coming Dawn).

Iniquitous burdens and rates we'll relax:

For each "h" that's pronounced we will clap on a tax!

*[A very popular measure.]*

And a nouse in Belgraveyer, with furniture free,

Shall each Soshalist sit in, a taking his tea!

*Chorus, and dance off.*—Given away! Ippipooray! Gratis we'll  
 get it, for nothing and free!

Given away! Not a penny to pay! Given away! With a Pound  
 of Tea!

If this Democratic Dream does not appeal favourably to the imagination of the humblest citizen, the popular tone must have been misrepresented by many who claim to act as its chosen interpreters—a supposition *Mr. Punch* must decline to entertain for a single moment.

THE TRIUMPHAL CAR-MAN.—The bold Carman who, last Saturday morning in the City, courageously stopped the runaway horses which no policeman could arrest without a warrant, or without their being formally given in charge, deserves a piece of plate, with plenty on it. A Musical Entertainment might be given in his honour, and his daring act sung to the *Toréador* air appropriately selected from *Carmen*.

MONTE CARLO, JUNIOR.—During the Exhibition time there are to be tables at St. Germain's. What a chance for Mr. SMITH and a few more M.P.'s, whose cry is, "*Delenda est Monte Carlo!*" to take the Club Train on Saturday afternoon, and—ahem!—make a quiet excursion to St. Germain's on Sunday. Quite a little Sabbath Day's Journey.



## THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

February 18.—CARRIE has several times recently called attention to the thinness of my hair at the top of my head, and recommended me to get it seen to. I was this morning trying to look at it by the aid of a small hand-glass, when somehow my elbow caught against the edge of the chest of drawers and knocked the glass out of my hand and smashed it. CARRIE was in an awful way about it, as she is rather absurdly superstitious. To make matters worse, my large photograph in the drawing-room fell during the night, and the glass is cracked. CARRIE said, "Mark my words, CHARLES, some misfortune is about to happen." I said, "Nonsense, dear." In the evening LUPIN arrived home early, and seemed a little agitated. I said, "What's up, my boy?" He hesitated a good deal, and then said, "You know those Parachikka Chlorates I advised you to invest £20 in?" I replied, "Yes—they are all right I trust?" He replied, "Well, no! To the surprise of everybody they have utterly collapsed." My breath was so completely taken away, I could say nothing. CARRIE looked at me and said, "What did I tell you?" LUPIN after a while said, "However, you are specially fortunate. I received an early tip, and sold out yours immediately, and was fortunate to get £2 for them. So you get something after all." I gave a sigh of relief. I said, "I was not so sanguine as to suppose, as you predicted, that I should get six or eight times the amount of my investment, still a profit of £2 is a good per-centage for such a short time." LUPIN said, quite irritably, "You don't understand. I sold your £20 shares for £2—you therefore lose £18 on the transaction, whereby CUMMINGS and GOWING will lose the whole of theirs."

February 19.—LUPIN before going to town said, "I am very sorry about those Parachikka Chlorates. It would not have happened if the Boss, JOB CLEANANDS, had been in town. Between ourselves, you must not be surprised if something goes wrong at our office. JOB CLEANANDS has not been seen the last few days, and it strikes me several people do want to see him very particularly." In the evening LUPIN was just on the point of going out to avoid a collision with GOWING and CUMMINGS, when the former entered the room without knocking, but with his usual trick of saying, "May I come in?" He entered, and to the surprise of LUPIN and myself, seemed to be in the very best of spirits. Neither LUPIN nor I broached the subject to him, but he did so of his own accord. He said, "I say those Parachikka Chlorates have gone an awful smash—you're a nice one, Master LUPIN. How much do you lose?" LUPIN, to my utter astonishment said, "Oh, I had nothing in them. There was some informality in my application—I forgot to enclose the cheque, or something, and I didn't get any. The Gov. loses £18." I said, "I quite understood you were in it, or nothing would have induced me to speculate." LUPIN replied, "Well, it can't be helped; you must go double on the next tip." Before I could reply, GOWING said, "Well, I lose nothing, fortunately. From what I heard, I did not quite believe in them, so I persuaded CUMMINGS to take my £15 worth, as he had more faith in them than I had." LUPIN burst out laughing, and in the most unseemly manner said, "Alas, poor CUMMINGS! He'll lose £35." At that moment there was a ring at the bell. LUPIN said, "I don't want to meet CUMMINGS." If he had gone out of the door he would have met him in the passage, so as quickly as possible, LUPIN opened the parlour window and got out. GOWING jumped up suddenly, exclaiming, "I don't want to see him either!" and, before I could say a word, he followed LUPIN out of the window. For my own part, I was horrified to think my own son and one of my most intimate friends should depart from the house like a couple of interrupted burglars. Poor CUMMINGS was very upset, and of course was naturally very angry both with LUPIN and GOWING. I pressed him to have a little whiskey, and he replied that he had given up whiskey, but would like a little "Unsweetened," as he was advised it was the most healthy spirit. I had none in the house, but sent CARRIE round to LOCKWOOD'S for some.

February 20.—The first thing that caught my eye on opening the Standard was "Great Failure of Stock and Share Dealers. Mr. JOB CLEANANDS absconded." I handed it to CARRIE, and she replied, "Oh, perhaps it's for LUPIN's good. I never did think it an advisable situation for him." I thought the whole affair very shocking. LUPIN came down to breakfast, and seeing he looked painfully distressed, I said, "We know the news, my dear boy, and feel very sorry for you." LUPIN said, "How did you know—who told you?" I handed him the Standard. He threw the paper down, and said, "Oh, I don't care a button for that. I expected that, but I did not expect this." He then read a letter from FRANK MUTLAR, announcing in a cool manner that DAISY MUTLAR is to be married next month to MURRAY POSH. I exclaimed, "MURRAY POSH?—is not that the very man FRANK had the impudence to bring here last Tuesday week?" LUPIN said, "Yes—The 'Posh's-three-shilling-hats' chap." We all then eat our breakfast in dead silence. When LUPIN rose to go I noticed a malicious smile creep over his face. I asked him what it meant. He replied, "Oh, only a little consolation—still it is a consolation. I have just remembered, that by my advice, Mr. MURRAY POSH has invested £600 in Parachikka Chlorates!"

## OUR OWN HARE.

INCONGRUITY is the essence of humour, and a mischievously inclined humorous spirit must have been in the air when the honoured name of "Shaftesbury" having been bestowed on the new street



Mr. Forbes Robertson (as The Profligate). "Why do they call me Renshaw? Is it because I have been so racketsy?"

and open space, the locality was immediately pounced upon by theatrical speculators as the very place of all others best suited for the erection of Thespian Temples dedicated to the cult of Thalia and Melpomene. Then and there, the title should have been changed to "Shakspeare Avenue." Even now the substitution of a few letters will effect the transformation. Whatever theatres have yet been erected, or are yet to be built, the architect will have to be a remarkably clever and subtly-designing person to beat the new Garrick Theatre, which Mr. JOHN HARE has just opened with such signal success, for which he is secondarily indebted to the aforesaid designer, but primarily to that eminent Dramatic Constructor, Mr. PINERO, who, after past-master BOUICCAULT, is the best stage-craftsman since TOM ROBERTSON. Give him the box of bricks, and you'll see what a house Mr. PINERO can build, and, which is more important to the Manager, what a house he

can "draw." His fault in the dialogue of a serious play like *The Profligate*, lies in his tendency to make his strongly-individualised characters occasionally talk as such characters off the stage and in real life never would have talked, even occasionally. I hope to find another opportunity to say something more of this play; at present, I can only recommend everyone to see it. It is so admirably built up that, until the climax of the Third Act is reached, you do not realise how excellent is its dramatic construction. Mr. HARE has so little to do or say in it that he is only "The Hare Apparent." Miss KATE RORKE is winning her way to the front rank of high comedy, so high as to touch tragedy: that is "RORKE's drift," as every playgoer will recognise. Miss BEATRICE LAMB is also excellent. Fresh, sweet, and vinegary,—Lamb and mint sauce. Suffice it that Mr. HARE has been prodigal in everything he has done, his prodigality off the stage and Mr. PINERO's profligacy on it, ought to meet with their due reward at the hands of a discriminating public, who, following the HARE, will, I hope, have a good run for their money.



Some complaints there will always be made, even in the most perfect of theatres, by persons who have constituted themselves professional and representative grumblers, but even these will be puzzled to find matter for growling about, unless they want the Manager to send broughams to their private residences to fetch them to the theatre, and carry them back again, and when they are there, to be provided with refreshments and cigarettes, gloves and bouquets, gratis, having, of course, been admitted free to the very best parts of the House.

CURLIE WIG.

EXTRACT FROM A DIARY FOUND NEAR THE HAYMARKET THEATRE, APRIL 27.—*Mem.*—Wealth alone does not bring happiness.—B. T.





## A NEW TRADE!

"YES, MUM, FATHER KEPT AN INN AT LITTLE PEDDINGTON, AND MOTHER KEPT THE POST-OFFICE THERE."

"AND YOUR LATE MASTER—WHO AND WHAT WAS HE?"

"THE REVEREND MR. WILKINS, MA'AM. HE KEPT A VICARAGE AT MEDLINGHAM, CLOSE BY!"

## THE UNINVITED GUEST.

MR. BULL, *loquitur* :—

WELL, here you are, *brav' Général!* Ungracious

'Twould be, perhaps, to ask too closely "Why?"

Welcome? Oh, yes! Free quarters here are spacious;

(And promptly found by those who have to fly.)

Liberty Hall, *mon Général*, now as ever,

We ask few questions of our casual guests;

And fugitives are commonly too clever  
To doubt where the true Bird of Freedom nests.

Affects our "*brumous Isle*," that fowl does, funnily.

Not quite so showy as your Eagle, eh?

Our climate may not smile upon you sunnily.

Can't answer for it, *Général*, for a day

You come 'midst April showers, a heavyish sprinkle

That dainty spirits might esteem a drench;

But May's at hand, when we may get a twinkle

Of brightness, fitful though, and hardly French.

May! That reminds me that you're most unlucky

To be away from Paris at a time

When all the world, from China to Kentucky,

Will swarm into that city dear, sublime;

That modish Earthly Paradise, — not MORRIS'S, —  
Where all Men — and Ideas — are at home;

Whose wisdom is VOLTAIRE's, whose wit is HORACE's,  
Sad, Sir, that you — just now — are driven to roam!

Dear *General Boum* — I mean BOULANGER — pity

Swells in my British bosom as I think

Of you consigned to my dull dirty City,

Which Gallie wits esteem a sewer or sink.

Condemned to dwell with Philistines and Pharisees,

Driven like the butterfly from forth its bower,

Just at the very season when "all Paris" is

Ecstasieising round the Eiffel Tower!

I fear you'll hardly find my Picture Galleries,

And Mrs. LEO HUNTER, compensate

For the *Grande Ville*, its raptures and its raileries;

Still 'tis the passing whim of fickle fate.

Pray make yourself at home! Guests of condition

Have found accommodation here — *comme ça*.

For me, I'm off to see the Exhibition;

And so, must leave you to yourself. Ta-ta!

[Exit Paris-wards.]

MORE ABOUT THE PICTURES. — Sir JOHN MILLAIS says that some of the pictures have a cellar to themselves somewhere. Better have a buyer than a seller.

GOLDEN OPINIONS. — Physicians' Fees.

## "POLYDORE, HARK!"

As President and Treasurer of the Executive Council of the British Section in the Paris Exhibition, Sir POLYDORE DE KEYSER, Alderman and ex-Lord Mayor, is once more coming to the front. He received the thanks of the Council at the Mansion House for his Parisian labours, and was further honoured by being made Senior Grand Deacon at a Grand Lodge held a week ago. Did it occur to COUNT-COUNCILLARIUS DRURIOLANUS, Magister et Frater, to step forward on this occasion, and, quoting the immortal Bard, to say—

"POLYDORE!  
I love thee brotherly!"

Or when they went "from labour to refreshment" and "this gentleman whom I call POLYDORE" took the chair, did DRURIOLANUS, or any other Shakspearian, remark—  
"You, POLYDORE, have proved best woodman, and are master of the feast."

For "woodman" substitute "craftsman," and there you are. For which quotations let DRURIOLANUS see *Cymbeline*, and when found make a note of, and—

"Augustus lives to think on 't."  
is in the same play with the above-mentioned lines. Wonderful WILLIAM!

PROBABLE.—It is whispered among the initiated within the radius of which Wimpole Street is the centre, that General BOULANGER has already accepted an engagement as "*Jeune Premier*." Date not yet fixed.





## THE UNINVITED GUEST.

MR. BULL. "WELL—MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME, GENERAL,—I'M OFF TO PARIS FOR THE EXHIBITION!"









## NICE FOR HIS BOOTS!

"OH, CAPTAIN PINKTOP, I'M AFRAID MY SADDLE'S LOOSE! WILL YOU GET DOWN AND TIGHTEN THE GIRTHS?"

## THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

THE air with sunlight is alive,  
The sappy boughs are supple,  
And every seat that's meant for five  
Can only hold a couple.

The soft wind warbles like a dream,  
The supple boughs are sappy,  
And all the scatter'd couples seem  
Mysteriously happy.

His mate the mellow mavis greets,  
Sappy the supple boughs are,  
And all the pairs on all the seats  
Exchanging silent vows are.

Mute eloquence of lowly love!  
Sweet void, by words unfillable!  
Convention's fetters far above,  
They need not breathe a syllable!

She contemplates her o'er-teemed gloves,  
Her boots' conspicuous newness;  
While he the circumambient loves  
Surveys through smoke-wreaths' blueness.

Ah, would that I and GERALDINE,  
Each a Supreme Caucasian,  
Could walk like them upon the green,  
Unvex'd by conversation.

But I and plighted GERALDINE,  
When forth we fare together,  
First do full justice to the scene,  
And then discuss the weather.

The weather! I whose spirit bold  
Feels every star-beat tingle,  
Gathers the moonlight's broken gold  
From the foam-curdled shingle;

Throbs strangely when the new leaves shoot,  
As though too tightly bodied,  
And waves a courteous salute  
When breezy trees have nodded!

O tyrant custom! Happy they  
Who heed not, nor obey it;  
Who, having nothing left to say,  
Simply sit still and say it.

They lounge at ease beneath the trees,  
Or pace the paths together,  
And let the well-contented breeze  
Whisper about the weather.

## SOMEBODY'S LETTER-BAG.

(Post-mark—Drury Lane.)

DEAR GENERAL,

ARE you open to an offer for the Autumn? First-rate piece, sure to run up to the Pantomime. Something topical, introducing you *in propria persona* at the Parisian Exhibition. First-rate part for you, winding up with your coronation at Notre Dame. Want to do the thing thoroughly, so should like to engage your black horse with you. Wire terms for both. No more time, as am off to the London County Council.

Yours, A-G-ST-S H-RR-S.

(Post-mark—Leicester Square.)

THE Manager of the A—a presents his compliments to the brave General, and will be glad to hear from him. The Manager can offer him a turn at about ten o'clock. The Manager will be pleased if the General's *répertoire* includes "*The Return from the Review*." The Manager ventures to suggest that the General should assume the *nomme de théâtre* of the "*Music-Hall Napoleon*," in place of the *St. Arnaud du Café Concert*, as more likely to be understood.

(Post-mark—City Road.)

GENERAL B—H presents his compliments to General B—R, and doesn't see why they

should not combine forces. Can General B—a play the concertina, bang the tambourine, or lead the chorus of an adapted comic song? Sermons taught in one easy lesson, and a variety of useful articles always for sale at the Army's Head-quarters in Queen Victoria Street. Perhaps General B—a might undertake to supply sensational headlines to the articles of the *War Cry*, and to make himself generally useful in the advertisement department.

(Post-mark—Westminster.)

MY DEAR AND GALLANT SIR,

I AM delighted to welcome you to Britain, which is also, I believe, the land of your birth. Why not be naturalised and become a Member of Parliament? I am one myself, and can undertake to teach you all that is requisite in half a dozen hours. I am, perhaps, the most popular man in the House, and know everybody. I am treated with the greatest respect as the most polished gentleman that has ever had the honour to represent a Cornish constituency.

Yours sincerely, G. V. B. C-NYB-RE.

(Post-mark—85, Fleet Street. Enclosing Bundle of MS.)

VERY funny. Several of your manifestos splendid comic copy. Still not quite up to our standard. Please read "*Notice to Correspondents*." However—on this occasion—returned with thanks.

THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.—"What's in a name?" *Goldseeker* ought to have been after *Bullion*, but *Goldseeker* went ahead, and left *Bullion* behind. Most idiotic! *Bullion* dropped in consequence.

BALFOUR'S "LITTLE GAME."—Golf.



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 67.



THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL. "PITY THE POOR CHAIRMAN!"



## A BETHNAL GREEN GRIEVANCE.

THE recent newspaper controversy on the subject of the wretched accommodation provided by the Authorities for the housing of the Collection of the National Portrait Gallery, having been brought to the notice of the pictures themselves, they, last night, held a preliminary meeting for the purpose of discussing their present painful position and prospects. Midnight having struck on a neighbouring East End church clock, the effigies rapidly descended from their frames, and in a very few seconds the floor of the dilapidated

iron-roofed sheds, which at the present moment afford them a habitation, was crowded to excess. There being a general feeling expressed that one of the oldest representatives of Art should preside over the meeting, the effigy of "King HENRY THE THIRD (1206—1272), sculptured in 1291 by WILLIAM TORRELL," was unanimously voted into the Chair, and forthwith opened the proceedings. On rising, and after briefly acknowledging the compliment paid him by his brother effigies, he said: He thought he need not dwell on the circumstances that had called them together at this small hour in the morning. The manner in which they were housed was a public scandal. ("Hear, hear!") But not only were they caged up in a building that was not even water-tight (groans), but they were buried away down here, in the far "East End," out of the reach of nine-tenths of the sight-seeing classes. (Cries of "Shame!") As to the water coming in, personally that did not affect him, as he was merely an electrotype from his original bronze in Westminster Abbey. (Laughter.) Still he could enter into the feelings of those brother effigies who had no originals to fall back upon. He sincerely sympathised with them. He would be glad to hear what they had to say on the matter.

GEORGE MORLEY, D.D., Bishop of Winchester (1597—1684), drawn in coloured chalks on grey paper by E. LUTEREL," then rose. He said, that he for one was dreadfully afraid of the damp. It had only to get into his back to take all the colour out of him, and he was quite sure that if he was not soon deposited in some more suitable habitation than that provided by these leaky structures, he should soon, to make use of a vulgar figure of speech, be found walking his chalks altogether. (Roars of laughter.)

"H.R.H. EDWARD DUKE OF KENT, K.G. (1767—1820), an oval Medallion, modelled in wax in 1786 by THOMAS ENGLEHEART," said, that not only did the Boilers let in the cold in winter, but in summer they attracted the sun's heat until their temperature rivalled that of an oven, and it had often occurred to him to ask himself, when he saw some of his oil-painted friends literally cracking with the warmth, whether he could stand much more of it without melting away altogether. Really he ought to have been presented to Madame TUSSAUD'S. (Laughter.) Indeed he thought that they would all agree with him that if some commercial concern, and not the Nation, had got hold of them, they would long ago have found themselves in far better quarters. ("Hear, hear!")

"King PHILIP THE SECOND (1527—1598), painted by ALONZO

SANCHES COELLO," said, it had occurred to him there was a Spanish Exhibition soon going to Earl's Court. Couldn't they manage to get in there when that was over?

"SAMUEL PEPYS, P.R.S. (1633—1703), painted at the age of thirty-four by JOHN HAYLS," said, he could not look favourably on any move in the direction of South Kensington. Surely His Majesty had not forgotten their last experience in that neighbourhood, when they were nearly all consumed by a fire originating in the kitchen chimney of an adjacent eighteenpenny restaurant. (Laughter.) There was a good deal of administrative jobbery in his day, no doubt,

and certainly some departments did not do their work very well, but for down-right stick-in-the-mud, waggon-pace mismanagement commend him to the present age. (Cheers.) The idea that they, a respectable party of all the greatest men the country has produced, should be going about literally from house to house begging for 'a lodging was simply preposterous! ("Hear, hear!")

"JOHN, LORD SOMERS (1630—1716), painted by Sir GODFREY KNELLER," wanted to know what was the good of exhibiting him to the British working-man at Bethnal Green. None of them ever knew who he was, or, he believed, had ever even heard of him! Because he wore a long pale grey wig, he was sometimes taken for the Young Pretender, but he felt convinced that the large majority of the spectators who took any notice of him whatever simply associated him with an advertisement of a popular "Hair Restorer." (Laughter.)

"WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564—1616), attributed to RICHARD BURBAGE," who on rising, was received with loud cheering, said: He could fully enter into the feelings of disgust, experienced by comparatively unknown personages, like the last speaker, at finding themselves relegated to the class of visitors likely to patronise their Collection while located in such an out-of-the-way East End Slum as Bethnal Green. For his own part, he thought he might regard his reputation as independent even of the National Portrait Gallery. ("Hear, hear!")

Still, while he formed one of the National Collection, he owned he would like to see it decently located. He firmly believed if his friend MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS of Drury Lane were to take it in hand, he would soon show the Authorities how to make a respectable institution of it. What was wanted was the firm hand of a practical man of business, and not the irresponsible, shilly-shallying of a do-nothing officialism, which has brought about what SIR JOHN MILLAIS very justly designates a "scandal outright." ("Hear, hear!") Still, he thought the Public seemed fairly aroused about the matter at last, and that something would be done. (Cheers.)

Several other effigies were about to address the meeting when the Chairman, noting from a distant cock-crow the approach of dawn, announced its adjournment.

A hurried vote of thanks to their able and indefatigable custodian having then been proposed and carried by acclamation, the phantom figures noiselessly withdrew to their respective frames, and as the night watchman entered the building on his early round, the proceedings silently terminated.



## OUR NATIONAL (PORTRAIT) DISGRACE.

Sir John Millais. "WHAT, NOWHERE TO PUT THEM! IT'S A 'SCANDAL OUTRIGHT'! HERE! HI! GOVERNMENT!! SOMEBODY!!!"

Mr. Punch. "QUITE RIGHT, SIR JOHN. I DREW ATTENTION TO IT NEARLY A YEAR AGO. HOPE YOU'LL MAKE 'SOMEBODY' HEAR AND DO 'SOMETHING.'"



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Common, Monday, April 29.*—Back after Easter holidays; that is, some of us are; not nearly such rush to get back as there was to get off. OLD MORALITY early in his place. "Punctuality," he says, turning over his list of new copy-book headings collected during the Recess, "punctuality is the thief of time. That is one of the maxims, dear TOBY, that have piloted me through the rocks and shoals of this wicked world, and led me into the high position, the attainment of which, as I mentioned at the



The Curse of Camberne going to Prison to Roost.

him in better health and bubbling spirits; fact is, I hear, things are looking better with Irish Government, and brighter prospects reflected on genial countenance of OLD MORALITY. BALFOUR saved his trump card till the last; did pretty well in arranging for temporary withdrawal of Dr. TANNER; but to lay CONYBEARE by the heels, and open up prospect for however brief a period of delivering House from his company, irresistible. The usual griding at Question Time and badgering over Votes, but no heart in it. BALFOUR's sudden access of popularity prevailed; gratitude predominated over faction. *Business done.*—In Supply.

## HOME RULE—AND AFTER?

(Vide Lord Salisbury's Speech at Bristol, last week.)



lords of their land, without compensation, and sells half for public purposes. With proceeds begins building five gigantic ironclads and twenty torpedo boats in Kingstown Harbour. Mr. GLADSTONE, asked in English House of Commons "whether these proceedings cause him any uneasiness," replies, "None at all."

*Later in Year.*—Outbreak of War between England, on one side, and France, Russia, Germany, and Timbuctoo, all combined, on the other. Mr. GLADSTONE (hoarseness having returned) retires to Upper House. Sir JOHN MORLEY, Prime Minister. Says, "he doesn't

believe in war as a general thing, but is against oppression of any nationality in any part of the world, and will fight to the death." Unraroious cheering. New Premier carried home on shoulders of mob.

*January, 1896.*—One of Lord High Admiral PARNELL's ironclads seen off Liverpool. Scare on Local Exchange. All securities go down with a run. Five leading Liverpool cotton merchants drown themselves in Mersey.

*February.*—Captain HEALY, in command of a fast cruiser, sails up Avon when Fleet is away, and destroys half Bristol before anything can be done to stop him. Panics everywhere. Commodore TANNER takes command of a torpedo vessel, and tries to nail his flag to the mast. Finding there is no mast to nail it to, steers straight for mouth of Thames, and is caught by River Police trying to blow up Houses of Parliament by a cleverly-aimed "Whitehead." Placed in manacles and the Tower.

*March.*—Admiral PARNELL in person leads an Invincible Armada from the North Wall, Dublin, in direction of Glasgow. In consequence of several English ironclads having to watch these operations, English Navy rather badly beaten off Yarmouth by combined Russian and French fleet. No quotations for Yarmouth bloaters. Panic among owners of Lowestoft bathing-machines.

*Later.*—Irish Armada, driven by contrary winds, lands in Flintshire. Commander determines to bivouac in Hawarden Park. Earl GLADSTONE (now rather infirm) says he is always glad to welcome excursionists, but "he really hardly expected this sort of thing when he passed Home Rule." Admiral PARNELL says, "Neither did he." Is very sorry, but "will be obliged to carry off the G. O. M. to Ireland, unless heavy ransom offered." Lord GLADSTONE suggests that "perhaps a better ransom could be obtained by capturing Duke of WESTMINSTER, who lives near." Admiral PARNELL tells this to the Irish Marines. A move made for Eaton Hall. Capture of the place, defeat of local Volunteers, and collapse of British Empire.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Five Talents of Woman*, by the Author of *How to be Happy, though Married*. This author is a bold man. He only attributes five talents to woman! Can he expect to be married, and, if married, can he expect to be happy in ascribing to them such a limited range of ability? But let not the fair sex be frightened by the title. Let them read the book.



A Paper Wait.

In *The Wanderings of a Globe Trotter*, the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD shows us that the Globe may be used for other purposes than an evening newspaper, a lamp-glass, or a receptacle for gold-fish. He demonstrates that it may have its advantages as a trotting-ground. The present volume shows he has trotted to considerable purpose and though his distances may have been long and his pace rapid, he certainly did not wear blinkers. Whether he is staying at Hong Kong, exploring Peking, describing the Great Wall, discoursing of Tokio, picturing Manila, or the Sooloo Archipelago, he rarely fails to be amusing. Especially interesting are the two chapters on playing going in China and Japan. A bright, graphic chronicle of travel commendably free from statistics, guide-book literature, and traveller's trivialities. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

## THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

THERE has been a good deal of painting in water-colours during the last few months in London. The result has been the spoiling of a great many hats and the splashing of an infinity of garments. A much pleasanter form of water-colour painting do we find in the Gallery on "the sweet sunny side of Pall Mall," where Sir JOHN GILBERT presides. It is undoubtedly situated on the pleasantest side of the street, and the tone of the *salon* is emphatically sunny. There is just enough to see and not too much. Now the weather is beginning to improve, and the trees are getting green, the opening of this gallery is very acceptable. If you wish to have a sniff of the briny or a peep into the country without the trouble, expense, or waste of time, you have only to pay your shilling, and you will be personally conducted, with the smallest amount of fatigue, to all sorts of delightful places. Among your most notable and accomplished travelling companions you will find Sir JOHN GILBERT, Messrs. A. W. HUNT, E. J. POYNTER, HERBERT MARSHALL, R. BEAVIS, F. SMALLFIELD, T. J. WATSON, W. FIELD, BIRKET FOSTER, "our" GEORGE D. MAURIER, HOLMAN HUNT, A. GOODWIN, H. STACY MARKS, C. GREGORY, CARL HAAG, J. D. WATSON, A. D. FRIPP, HENRY MOORE, J. J. NAPTEL, E. K. JOHNSON, Miss CLARA MONTALBA, and Mr. ALLINGHAM.

THE ART-FUL DODGER.

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## ON COMMISSION.

April 30, May 1, 2, and 3.—I may safely say that both Bench and Bar are all the better for the Easter Recess. Mr. Justice DAY, whose exertions and successful exertions to keep awake during the tedious proceedings, in which he takes so active a part, quite



In-wig-orating breeze at the Law Courts.

warranted a period of recreation, has (I understand) found that period at Eastbourne, and my learned and laughter-leading friend Mr. LOCKWOOD, who also seemed a little out of spirits, has got "quite a colour" by a short sojourn (I believe), at Folkestone. Even that venerable mystery the wig of Sir HENRY JAMES, seems fresher than it did a fortnight ago. Monday was not very eventful. Mr. PARNELL was put in the box and examined by my friend the future Lord Chancellor ASQUITH. The chief item of interest in the evidence was the witness's pronunciation of his own name. We now have it on the authority of the Home-Rule leader himself, that he should be called "PARNELL"—the stress on the first syllable—not on the second. The

"uncrowned king" gave his opinion anent the characters of several of his colleagues, and had generally a fine time of it. A good deal of latitude was certainly permitted in Mr. PARNELL's examination-in-chief; but it is only just to say that he did not criticise, nor seek to criticise, Miss ELLEN TERRY as *Lady Macbeth*, and was equally reticent as to his ideas about the management of the London General Omnibus Company (Limited).

On Wednesday the Court was crowded, and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE occupied a place on the Bench. I noticed that the L. C. J. was telling stories to his neighbours, and regretted that I had not the advantage of hearing what I felt *must* be the most amusing and kind-hearted of narratives. The examination-in-chief over, Mr. ATTORNEY took Mr. PARNELL in hand. Of course, it would be impossible for me at this stage of the proceedings to write anything about the witness's evidence *quâ* evidence, but I may hint that he once described what may have seemed to some in Court a discrepancy by the words, "Eleotioneerin exaggeration;" and spoke of another variation from the truth as "probably a piece of bounce." Like other witnesses in this extraordinary inquiry, Mr. PARNELL does not appear always to have a very good memory. His cross-examination might be given in a dramatic form as follows; but I beg to say that (of course) what I subjoin is not in the least like the real thing—let that be clearly understood—not in the least.

Mr. Attorney-General. Now, Sir, I wish to read all your speeches since 1879 out of Hansard.

The President (mildly remonstrating). Is this absolutely necessary?

Mr. A.-G. Of course, I pay the greatest respect to your Lordship's expression of opinion, but I fear it is necessary.

The President (with a deep sigh of resignation). Very well.

Mr. A.-G. Now I will begin.

Sir Charles Russell. Date, please. [Mr. A.-G. resents interruption.]

Mr. A.-G. (reads long speech). And now, Mr. PARNELL, what do you say to that?

Witness. I have no recollection of making that speech. However, if it is in Hansard, it is highly probable that I did make it.

Mr. A.-G. I beg your pardon, Mr. PARNELL, but I must press you for an answer. Did you, or did you not?

Witness (earnestly). When the fair land of Erin is ploughed by the hoof of the ruthless invader who threatens, when might—

Mr. A.-G. (interrupting). Yes, I know; but please keep to the subject. Did you, or did you not, make those speeches?

Witness (with emotion). The man who lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, is unworthy of—

Mr. A.-G. (testily). Yes, yes, Mr. PARNELL, I know all that; but please answer my question.

Sir Charles Russell (with warmth). Really I must complain of my learned friend's mode of conducting the witness's cross-examination.

Mr. A.-G. Really, Sir CHARLES, you must let me judge of my own actions (with a glance at the Bench). I have done nothing requiring, I trust, their Lordships' interposition?

The President (answering his appeal). Certainly not. (Seeing Sir CHARLES about to speak.) But when I say that, I do not wish to reflect upon either of you. You both are right—quite right—everybody is right! Pray let us grease the wheels and get on!

And now, may I be allowed to earnestly thank the correspondent who dates from Hanwell, and says, that it is a thousand pities I am not in the case myself. I am very grateful to him for his kind reference to my abilities, but I must confess, I do not quite understand the allusion to the Emperor of CHINA eating pigeon-pies made of pine-apples, with which his letter closes.

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

## WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH THEM?

SIR,—What on earth does Sir JOHN MILLAIS mean by alluding to the present provision for the housing of the Portraits of the National Collection as a "scandal outright!" The phrase is a most misleading one, for the shelter of the pictures in not only comfortably, but even luxuriously, provided for. As to temperature the difference between the extreme cold of the winter and the heat of the summer months does not (I have measured it myself on my own self-registering thermometer),—exceed eighty-five degrees, and such dripping as filters through from accumulated snow is readily kept off by the ordinary use of a common umbrella. The dampness of the pictures themselves is easily seen to. Surely it is not too much to expect the attendant to remove this, as occasion may require, from their surfaces with a good serviceable kitchen house-mop? I will yield to none, Sir, in my devotion to these priceless treasures of National Art, and in the regard I think that a jealous and appreciative Public should pay to their legitimate guardianship and protection, and I am convinced that here, with a good brick-wall behind them and a more or less leaky glass and iron roof above them, they may be held, on the whole, to be in excellent keeping. As to the talk of moving from their present quarters to the West End,—this is preposterous. The humanising and refining influence they have had on the unemployed loafers and the dregs of the river-side population, which form the majority of visitors to them in their present habitation, must be seen to be appreciated.

I do not write, Sir, as an enthusiast, but as one who trusts he tempers a warm solicitude for the memory of the greatest men the country has produced, with that sober common sense which should be always available, and brought to bear on the handling of all questions of National importance. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A COMMERCIAL ROAD MECENAS.

SIR,—May I ask how long this state of things is to last? Here am I, and my five daughters, all of us deeply interested in historical research, that we can only prosecute satisfactorily by virtually living surrounded by the portraits of the National Collection from morning till night, absolutely paralysed, with our labours at a complete standstill, owing to our inability to face the hazards of a daily journey to Bethnal Green. We attempted it once, but lost our way, and then could find no first-class Hotel in the neighbourhood where they serve a five-shilling luncheon at separate tables! Surely, Sir, Parliament, or someone, will interfere, and come to the assistance of your distressed Correspondent,

A FAMISHED STUDENT.

SIR,—I opine that the Government should bestir itself with a view to taking some steps towards the more commodious housing of me and my brother portraits, who, I may add, after taking counsel with me, have unanimously expressed themselves in agreement with this sentiment. I am informed that some one—surely an ill-conditioned person?—has proposed that we should take up our temporary abode in the Westminster Penitentiary at Millbank. I know not what fate may be in store for us, but that we should be relegated to the chambers recently tenanted by convicts seems to me to be a suggestion full of vast inconvenience, from which a general sense of the fitness of things should surely deliver us. In such a crisis, cannot the Arts assist us? Surely my brothers of the Royal Academy might be regarded and relied on as our natural and most proper helpers in this our difficulty. Waiting to hear from them, I am, Sir, your somewhat anxious and troubled shade,

JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

SIR,—Let a short Bill be brought into the House, and let the matter be settled forthwith. No great amount of money is required. The site is the chief thing, but that surely can be found in one of the new streets, or even on the Embankment. Isn't there a fine vacant place just South of Whitefriars? or is the site of the original Opera House still available? Anyhow a site can be found. Meantime, let Parliament take the matter in hand, and put an end to a palpably "outright scandal." At least so says,

COMMON SENSE.

## AT THE ACADEMY BANQUET.

H.R.H.'s speech was a model of brevity, and his allusion to the late FRANK HOLL graceful and touching. Bishop MAGEE began jocosely, but, feeling the eye of Cardinal MANNING upon him, he dropped into seriousness. Admiral HOOD opened fire bravely on "So-called experts," but sank to depths of dulness under the weight of his own big guns. SALISBURY's Merry Markis stated that he knew a party prepared to build a Home for the Houseless National Portraits. The name of the party the Mysterious but Merry Markis was not at liberty to divulge. It couldn't be the Markis's own Party, as the offer came, evidently, from a thorough Liberal. Ere this appears, the name will have transpired, but, at first, most persons thought that it might be WALKER. The only fault in the President's speeches was their perfection. His phrases were most happy, and so were his audience.





MR. PUNCH'S NOTES—IN CORRECT TIME.



## TWO CENTENARIES.

[Celebrations of the Centenaries of the Inauguration of WASHINGTON as President of the American Republic, and of the French Revolution, are almost contemporaneous.]

*La Liberté loquutur :—*

LOOK on this picture! Yes, I love to look.  
WASHINGTON! There's a soul that never shook,  
King-scared, or Mob-affrighted, in his free  
And unforced loyalty to Liberty.  
*O si sic omnes!* At my altar bend  
A thousand foes who ape the guise of friend.  
They pose and perorate, my fulsome Franks,  
And play preposterous pseudo-Roman pranks,  
Are Brutuses *pour rire*, who'd lift the knife  
Of revolution against Caesar's life,  
The petty Cæsar of their private hate,  
And in my name dishonoured wreck the State.  
This man was bold against my foes, but built  
As well as razed; was glorious without guilt.  
Where are my Washingtons in France to-day?  
Liberty's war they level to a fray  
Of little spites and low ambitions; plumed  
With purchased decorations, they are doomed  
To failure and dishonour. How they hiss,  
These angry geese of faction, whose chief bliss  
Seems mimicking that Roman flock. 'Tis brave!  
But, though their cackle stirs, it cannot save.  
"A hundred years," they babble, "since it fell,  
Tyranny's fortress, Power's private hell,  
The infamous Bastille!" A hundred years!  
Yon Titan Tower may shake with the wild cheers  
Of mustered myriads celebrating—what?  
The modern Despotism of Dry-Rot!  
The canker of Corruption, and the curse  
Of rancorous rivalry work ravage worse  
Than that which Revolution's red-dyed hand  
Essayed to stay, a century since.

O grand  
And pure-soul'd patriot whose picture here  
Fronts me with eyes as constant and as clear  
As when they faced the King-fooled British host,  
I would my Frenchmen—whom I love—could boast  
So leal a Leader and so brave a Chief  
To take his country's perils, like the sheaf  
Of spears that smote brave WINKELRIED of old,  
To his own bosom. Hero pure as bold,  
Yonder across the loud Atlantic flood  
Stands the great work you founded. Lo, 'tis good!  
Whilst here? The modern Babel rears its height,  
And "brave" BOULANGERS waggles and—takes flight!  
Liberty! Loud lip-service greets me still.  
When will my Franks of rhetoric have their fill?  
A century of rhapsody and rant  
My altar firmly here has failed to plant.  
They treat me as a mistress, not a friend.  
And fight for my sole favours; to what end?  
My love is common as the Sun's warm ray  
That round the budding globe leads on the May  
In general benediction. WASHINGTON!  
On thee in pure unclouded light it shone,  
And shall in splendour deck brave France's brow  
When she gives me a lover true as thou!

## IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

(Forecast of a Week of it—after a great Naval Defeat.)

**Monday.**—The Channel Fleet having been destroyed by that of the Allies, Major WALKER's system of Coast Defence by "disappearing batteries" is hurriedly extemporised in all directions. The enemies' cruisers commanding the seas cut off the entire food-supply of the United Kingdom.

**Tuesday.**—Portsmouth, Plymouth, Liverpool, and other exposed commercial centres supplied with big guns, and put in a position of adequate defence. Rumours afloat of an expected scarcity of flour. The fourpenny loaf goes up to two-and-ninence.

**Wednesday.**—Spirited organisation of land forces continues. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE reviews 300,000 Volunteers of all arms, who are told off, amidst great enthusiasm, to man the Coast Defences of the country. Famine commences. Three well-known Millionnaires buy up all the available tinned meats and chocolate-



## THE HUMAN FORM DIVINE!

*New Customer.* "BY THE WAY, ISN'T YOUR NAME FLAXMAN?"

*Tailor.* "YES, SIR."

*New Customer.* "ANY DESCENDANT OF THE GREAT FLAXMAN?"

*Tailor.* "MOST LIKELY, SIR,—AS ALL OUR FAMILY HAVE BEEN IN THE TAILORING LINE!"

drops, and conceal them in their London coal-cellars. Serious riot in the House of Lords of famished Peers for the possession of a shoulder of mutton brought there by an agricultural Duke on his way home.

**Thursday.**—Ten million people said to be starving in the North. The LORD MAYOR distributes marmalade to a furious mob on the steps of the Mansion House. The Military Authorities report that though the "disappearing batteries" are well manned, the enemy awaiting the capitulation of the country by famine, declines apparently to attack them. The Volunteers are, however, said to be in fairly good spirits, though hungry; though, having eaten their boots and belts, they are not in danger of any immediate collapse from the general scarcity of provisions.

**Friday.**—Revolution in London. Gangs of famished roughs in possession of everything. The last omnibus horse taken from its harness and eaten in the Bayswater Road. Members of the War Ministry seized and lynched on separate lamp-posts in Parliament Street. Provisional Government "to make peace on any terms" installed at Whitehall.

**Saturday.**—Provisional Ministry meet the Allied Admirals at the Nore, and arrange terms of capitulation. England to pay twenty milliards, cede India, Gibraltar, Malta, Canada and all her colonial possessions, agree not to keep a fleet of more than five battle-ships in the future, and resume her place in Europe as an acknowledged third-class Power. Food re-admitted and famine checked, on a *feu de joie* to celebrate the peace being fired by the guns of the "disappearing batteries," some of them blow up. General condemnation of Major WALKER's system of "National Defence."

## "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall!"

LORD WOLSELEY discusses in *The Fortnightly* the question "Is a Soldier's Life Worth Living?" Our Only General grows quite rhapsodical about the rapturous joy of onset, the "intense, maddening delight," to which intoxicating, if somewhat barbaric, ecstasy he seems to think that human experience furnishes no equal. The "fierce joy" of the Warrior in full fight is the most exquisite of mortal joys. Of course it is often the case that "these violent delights have violent ends." But what of that? The Soldier's life, it would seem, is so particularly well worth living mainly because the Soldier's death is so delightfully worth dying.



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, April 29.*—Met to-day after Easter Recess. Some doubt at first whether House would be made. Barely forty Members on view when SPEAKER took Chair. But others dropped in. JACKSON, sitting on Treasury Bench, beamed with delight.

"Nothing I like to see so much," he said, "as a small House when we want to get Votes in Committee of Supply. The fewer

Members the less speeches, and the more Votes. Fancy we shall clear out Class 3 to-night, especially if SAGE stops quietly at home at Queen Anne's Gate."

Brow darkened when, presently, SAGE gently entered with copy of Votes under his arm. JOSEPH GILLIS also bustling about in suspicious manner. JOSEPH been occupied so much of late with keeping the Judges straight in Commission work, almost forsaken us. Comes back to-night with the Mace and other Paraphernalia of Parliament. More careful in his dress than formerly. No longer wears that imitation sealskin waistcoat, which, bared to Parliamentary breeze, was wont to curdle the blood of poor FORSTER, and contributed appreciably to grizzling the hair of TREVELYAN. Dressed now in decorous black; only flashes of light about him being

the beam of his eagle eye, and the gleam of his great gold watch-chain. As soon as House gets into Committee, SAGE proposes to reduce Salary of CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER by £3000 a-year. GOSCHEN objects. JOSEPH blandly points out to him how desirable it is he should fall in with suggestion. Most persuasive his eloquence; irresistible his argument; impressive the quiet dignity of his manner. GOSCHEN moves uneasily on the Bench, intellect and conscience alike awakened. It seems for a moment almost certain that he will rise; thank JOSEPH GILLIS for pointing out the path of duty; fling down the odd £3000 a-year on the floor of the House where BURKE once hurled the dagger. But emotion only temporary. Sticks to his £5000 intact; and JOEY B., his head drooping, and his heart sad, goes out lamenting the hardness of human heart, and the insensibility of some men to impulses of finer natures.

*Business done.*—Two Votes taken in Supply after eight hours' talk.

*Tuesday Night.*—SAM SMITH, fresh back from Monte Carlo, effected more than Grand Old Man has yet been able to accomplish. To-night he defeated the Government! Fight arose around Liquor Traffic in India. SAMUEL moved Resolution condemning fiscal system as tending to foster drinking habits. CAINE seconded Motion. That wily strategist, WILFRID LAWSON, kept in background till engagement proceeded through some hours. Then brought up reserves; things beginning to look alarming. Everyone expected a Count Out. AKERS DOUGLAS couldn't get his men back from dinner. "Shan't be wanted," they said, "SAM SMITH sure to get House Counted Out." But SAMUEL's eloquence prevailed. Held at least thirty Members enthralled. LETHBRIDGE moved Count. No go. Temperance Members, excited with extra cup of tea, rushed in, filled House.

HARCOURT, scenting mischief for Government, hurried back from hasty dinner. Suffered profound disappointment previous night. Had occupied Easter Recess in preparing sparkling speech explosive with impromptu about iniquity of HOME SECRETARY in condoning offence of ANDERSON of Home Office in connection with the Spy, LE CARON. Speech intended to go off in Committee of Supply on Vote for HOME SECRETARY. HARDCOURT, believing Vote would not be reached on Monday, still tarried in New Forest, parleying with the primroses, dallying with the daffodils. Vote came up on Monday and passed. Sparkling speech left on his hands. Must get it off sometime, and certainly will. Meantime, consoled himself with making speech on SMITH's Resolution.

Midnight approaching; Division inevitable; House began to fill; AKERS DOUGLAS's scouts out in the highways and byeways; vainly attempt to compel Ministerialists to come in and save the Government. DICK TEMPLE—the Taj—put up to distract attention, and by his blandishments win recruits from forces of austere SAMUEL. TEMPLE surpasses himself. Quotes from native poets in proof that

the mythological gods of ancient Ind enjoyed their pint of stout. That ought to have settled matter. GORST for one wild moment hoped it would. But SAMUEL prevailed, Resolution carried by 113 Votes against 103.

This a private enterprise; no special effort made by regular Opposition Whips. But as ARNOLD MORLEY walked out after announcement of figures, with air of sweet resignation on his face, AKERS DOUGLAS looking up, thought he detected something like an aureole encircling his youthful head.

*Business done.*—Government defeated.

*Thursday.*—Fresh hitch about Birmingham Election. Bristled with difficulties from first; sent GRANDOLPH into temporary retirement, and covered CHAMBERLAIN with contumely. Now JOHN ALBERT BRIGHT, duly elected, comes to take his seat. Hands in Return to Writ; clerk discovers the person returned is "ALBERT JOHN" BRIGHT.

"Are you ALBERT JOHN BRIGHT?" he asks new Member.

"No. I'm JOHN ALBERT."

"Very well then," says incorruptible clerk, "we can't let you in. Must wait till ALBERT JOHN turns up."

SPEAKER consulted on dilemma; always ready to meet emergencies; suggests that someone shall swear to identity of new Member. WOLMER volunteers; does it with admirable effect. No one imagined how profound was the crisis till they saw the Viscount standing bolt upright with eyes tremulously fixed on SPEAKER, and heard solemn, conviction-compelling tones, in which he said: "I can certify from my

personal knowledge, that the gentleman returned for Central Birmingham, is Mr. JOHN ALBERT BRIGHT."

"Splendidly done!" murmured ANSTRUTHER, standing at Bar, anxiously watching his colleague in the whipping of the Third Party. "WOLMER might, if it comes to the worst, get a living as professional witness. Reminds me of that fellow in *Great Expectations*, doncherknow; forget his name; comes to Jagger's office on Police Court business; ready to go into witness-box and swear to several alternative proposals."

Nothing more to be said after WOLMER sat down. Settled the business right off. Nobody cared a brass farden whether it was "JOHN ALBERT" or "ALBERT JOHN." The son and successor of JOHN BRIGHT took his seat amid a hurricane of Tory cheers. "A strange mad world," said the G. O. M., thinking of far-off days, when JOHN ALBERT's (or is it ALBERT JOHN?) father used to be angrily roared at from same quarter, whilst he stood implacable, relentless, lashing them with pitiless tongue.

JOKEIM growing a little bashful about his Budget. GLADSTONE insists upon applauding it, because, as he says, it establishes principle of graduated taxation on property. No such thing, JOKEIM laboriously explains. But Opposition insists upon being pleased, and as Ministerialists can't very well oppose, Resolutions pass without division. JOKEIM looking grotesquely uncomfortable at his own success. *Business done.*—Budget Resolutions agreed to.

*Friday.*—SAM SMITH on the war-path again. "Once tasted blood of the Ministry nothing will satisfy him," WILFRID LAWSON says, "but to 'have some more in a moog.'" On Tuesday routed them on Question of Sale of Liquor in India; to-night attacks them on Opium Question in China. Insists upon their stopping the sale of opium. Some difference of opinion as to its effects. SMITH and J. PEASE say it's undermining vitality of Chinese Empire. FARQUHARSON (who once had some practice in medicine), says, on contrary, an occasional small dose highly beneficial. "Why!" he exclaimed, "WILBERFORCE before making one of his speeches in this House



Joseph Gillis.



Saint Arnold.



"Dear me! How very interesting."



always took a small opium pill." "Dear me," said E. N. BUXTON, looking in upon assembly he once adorned. "How very interesting. When I was in House often seemed to me that the opium had been distributed among the audience."

*Business done.*—SAM SMITH repulsed with great slaughter.

## THE CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

ONE of them werry rare peeps into Paradise, as I heard a werry old Genelman call it, but which is ushally called Children's Fancy Dress Balls, took place at the Manshun House on Wensday larst. Ah! that was sumthink like a site that was! the likes of which was most likely never seen afore or since.



I don't, in coarse, know who slected the various karacters; but whoever did it did it splendidly; and as far as I coud gather from the remarks of the werry thirsty cupples as kep pretty constantly a cumming in for refreshments, the leading cupple, as was most propper, bore off the Bell. I was kep so busy with my own pertickler work that I didn't see the Bell myself, but I have no dowt it was a regler buty. I had the lucky cupple pinted out to me arterwards, when they cum for sum lemonade, and a nice hansum cupple they was, as any fond Ma ood wish to have. I was told as they represented Lord and Lady Maress

FIZ-ALLWINE—probably french for Champagne—who was the werry first of their 700 followers. FIZ-ALLWINE's black beard was a reel staggerer, considerin as he coudn't have been more than 14 years old. It shows what warmth and persewence can do in a short time.

It's strange how reddily ewen children falls into bad habits, if so be as they happens to fit 'em nicely. I noticed that CHARLES the SECOND was partickler attentif to two or three werry pretty gals, and brort them in to have sum lemonade, and a werry yung Irishman had got his hat terribly nooked about, and I didn't at all wonder at it when I saw the way in which he kept on drinking out of a pint whisky bottel as he carried in his pocket. But such is life, weather it bees werry old kings or werry yung common counsilmen. We didn't have no CHING CHANG, the great Chinese Giant as we had wunce, but we had a much greater Gent in the sillybrated Kernel GOORO, I think is his name, who, I am told, can bottle up any little speech or little song as you chooses to sing or speak to him, and can bring it out again years arterwards and when you are thousands of miles away, and repeat it to your estonished friends! I herd him say that one of our grate Poets resited one of his best poems into the magic box, but broke down in the middle, and shouted tout, "I'm jiggered if I can remember another word," and, strange to say, the wonderful box said the werry same thing, to the grate emusement of everyboddy.

I was much shokt to see so many of the little deers a suffring so sadly. Sum of the werry yungest on 'em wore speektacles on their poor little noses, while one little chap of about six had grown quite gray with cares and trubbles, I spose, but his Mar didn't seem to care nothink about it. I was jest a leetle estonished to see how the numerus Nuns and Sisters of Charity danoed away, and a little surprised at the curious dresses as sum of the Ladies wore. Sum had large sheets of Callico at the backs of their heds, and others had their Ats all on one side, as if about to fall off, but they didn't seem to know it. It was nearly one, hay hem, before I sort my nupshal couch arter a fatiging but most xciting heavening.

ROBERT.

## THE OVERTURE.

"SOUND the trumpets, beat the drums," for the opening of the Opera, May 15, at Covent Garden. DRURIOANUS is first in the field, with his gallant musical band, among whom is Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, whose professional knowledge will be invaluable in a revival of *L'Africaine* when the entire Operatic Company must be at Sea. Also there is Mr. H. CHAPLIN, who will show them how to clash the cymbals together in a bi-metallic manner, and all the other distinguished *dramatis personæ* who were on the Italian Organising Committee last year, and whom *Mr. Punch* had the pleasure of congratulating on their success.

"A PUZZLED PHILOSOPHER" sends us this query:—"If 'All the world's a stage,' where's the audience? The gods? Are we always, then, doing what Sir JAMES HANNEN warned Mr. ATTORNEY against—that is, 'playing to the gallery?'"

"LADY-GUIDES" will, no doubt, become popular, in spite of the danger of their being described by their feminine enemies as "Miss-leaders."

## PLAY-TIME.

At One-Tree Hill, Haymarket, and at the 'Ave-a-New Burlesque Theatre.

THERE is *Wealth* at the Haymarket, but "no money in it" I should say. The entire piece in four Acts might be boiled down into a "recital" for Mr. BEERBOHM TREE. Among the men in the piece there is no other part worth mentioning as a character, except that of a little modern masher cad, capittally played, though here and there exaggerated beyond the requirements of the Stage, by Mr. WEEDON GROSS-SMITH. Had this part been developed and contrasted with Mr. TREE's, and the play been re-named *The Miser and the Masher*, it might have achieved a triumph, and little *Percy Palfreyman*, in Mr. WEEDON GROSS-SMITH's hands, might in its own line have repeated the wonderful success of *Lord Dundreary*. When his Lordship commenced, that part was very little bigger than this of *Percy Palfreyman*, but it suited SOTHERN; he developed it, and it made him. The piece split up; JEFFERSON going his way with his version as the original hero of the piece, *The American Cousin*, himself, and SOTHERN going off in another direction with his version, which to all intents was *Lord Dundreary*, and the rest, even though Mr. BUCKSTONE played *Asa Trenchard*, nowhere.

If Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES has not a soul above investing his *Wealth* so as to bring him in something like fifty per cent., he should take this hint, reduce *Ruddock* by one-half, and develop little *Palfreyman*. To do this, he needn't lop and prune the Tree of One-Tree-Hill,—which appellation the Haymarket Management is striving to earn for its theatre,—but, when the run is over, he can re-write the piece, so that its best friends and worst enemies won't know it again.

The play begins well; the First Act is the best. The dialogue—always excepting the dialogue solos *à la Daddy Hardacre* and *Les Cloches de Corneville*—is terse and natural enough in every situation, with bright patches here and there, as in the simple Robertsonian love-scene in the Last Act, well played by Mr. EDMUND MAURICE and Miss NORREYS, who is, thank goodness, a trifle less obtrusively ingenuous than usual, and not having too much to do, or any nonsensical theatrical sentimentalism to utter, she plays simply, prettily, and effectively.

The other parts are as colourless as Mr. BROOKFIELD's face, who appears as the bad young man with the willainous whiskers. I have heard of a "beetle-browed man," but to Mr. BROOKFIELD must belong the credit of introducing to the stage "the Black-beetle-whiskered Young Willin'." How could he ever expect *Miss Edith* to love him with such weird things on his cheeks?

Mr. KEMBLE, as the doctor, has another sort of whisker, so well put on as to present the appearance of a parasitical growth, and though at first inclined to carp at them, I actually found them growing on me as the play proceeded, until at last, when finally there was no rivalry from the wicked whiskers—Mr. BROOKFIELD having taken himself off, and probably his whiskers, too—they exercised a fascination over me which certainly distracted my attention from the details of *Matthew Ruddock's* moribunderings. *Matthew Ruddock* died quietly about 11 p.m. the night I was there. A happy release!

*Launcelot the Lovely*, the Avenue Burlesque, has got some funny notions in it, if you only exercise a little patience. The Stonehenge Scene in Act the Second for a practical stage-joke is the best. ARTHUR ROBERTS has one good song, a parody on the plantation song "Who's that a callin' so sweet?" which he sings in his most humorous style. The duet between Mlle. VAXONI and A. ROBERTS is not as good as the "Tzig-a-Tzig" in *Nadgy*, and he has not a single chance equal to that in the *Opéra Bouffe* which preceded *Nadgy*. I forget its name, in which he played that inimitable scene of the Bar-masher with PHYLLIS BROUGHTON, as the fascinating Bar-maiden. *Launcelot* of Camelot is a Rummy lot, and if he was a little awkward at starting, he may yet be running six months hence and come in a winner by a head. Whose head? Well either the Author's or the ARTHUR'S.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

P.S.—Mem. To go and see *the Balloon* at the Strand. I hear it is "going up" nightly, as a balloon ought to do. It is under good management, consisting of a first-rate aéronaut, CHARLES WIND 'EM, and one DUCK, who evidently is not a goose. Being an experienced Manager—it is the Duck who took care of *Our Boys*—he is probably an old bird not to be caught with chaff.

## In Globo.

*First Globe Trotter* (a *Mansfieldian*). I like his *Richard the Third*. He seems to get, as the French say, "into the skin of the character." *Second Globe Trotter*. Ah! pity he's going away in the hot weather, just when the skin has a chance of acting better.





## HAPPY THOUGHT.

Angelina. "YOU SEEM DEPRESSED, DARLING. HAVE YOU HAD A PLEASANT DINNER?"

Edwin. "OH, PRETTY WELL. BOSSE WAS IN THE CHAIR, OF COURSE. HE PRAISED EVERYBODY'S WORK THIS YEAR, EXCEPT MINE!"

Angelina. "OH, I'M SO GLAD! AT LAST HE IS BEGINNING TO LOOK UPON YOU AS A RIVAL—AND HIS ONLY ONE!"

## "SUGAR!"

DOCTOR DE WORMS,  
Your learned terms,  
And your plausible medical patter  
On potion and pill  
(When a fellow feels ill  
And hardly knows what is the matter),  
Sound all very fine, Sir; but palate and nose,  
Not the ear, are the organs to judge of a dose.

"Sweet, and so nice!  
Take my advice;  
Bolt it, and nothing will trouble you!"—  
What is the drug?  
You smile and look smug,  
Excellent Doctor DE W.  
Not the least *souppçon* of medicine in it?  
This from a *medico*? Pray wait a minute!

What do you want?  
Professional cant,  
And clatter of terms esoteric,  
Bravely arrayed,  
Form the true stock-in-trade  
Too often of Sawbones and Cleric.  
But JOHNNY's a lad who will not, without  
struggle,  
Succumb to the quack's mere professional  
juggle.

Come! No humbug, Sir!  
There is a drug, Sir,  
JOHNNY has tested aforetime.  
That was no cure!  
No, to be sure,  
Doctor DE WORMS, not in *your* time.

Not since the days when BOB PEEL caved in  
quite  
To the young brace of medicos, COBDEN and  
BRIGHT.

"Much you have learned.  
That drug is turned  
Out of the Pharmacopœia."—  
Humph! That may be.  
JOHNNY, you see,  
Harbours a sort of idea,  
Not by his Counsellor wholly unshared,  
Some Doctors would bring back that drug—  
if they dared!

Yes, you disclaim  
Any such game,  
Worthy alone of a new *Dulcamara*.  
What you propose  
Is a different dose,  
Sweet as Molasses, not bitter as Marah.  
Well, dear DE WORMS, JOHNNY faithful may  
find you.  
But—*what's that you've got in the bottle  
behind you?*

Is it a boon  
You have piled in that spoon?  
Nauseous drugs in such wise they ad-  
minister.  
Prescription is neat,  
You say, and all sweet. [sinister.  
JOHNNY suspects something nasty and  
Sacharine's just what a lad can enjoy;  
But "Is it *all* Sugar?" cries JOHNNY. "Cute  
boy!"

A "REFLECTED" ADDRESS.—Olympia.

## FLOWERS VICE FEATHERS.

"Feathers have generally gone out, in so far as  
the all-absorbing question of hats and bonnets is  
concerned. Flora has returned to us."—*Daily  
Telegraph*.

WHEN lovely woman stooped to folly,  
And piled bird-plumes upon her head,  
She no doubt fancied she looked jolly;  
But filled the woodland choirs with dread.

Punch loves a lark, a thrush, a linnet;  
He also loves the whole fair sex;  
But woman's hat, with feathers in it,  
His spirit never fails to vex.

Bird-slaughter thrills him with a passion  
Almost too terrible for words;  
For in this sense, in spite of fashion,  
Fine feathers do not make fine birds.

But flowers in the female bonnet  
Conciliate the kind old chap;  
Ah! little dears, depend upon it,  
This is a feather—in your cap!

IN MEMORIAM ROSÆ.—POOR CARL ROSA!  
Only forty-seven! He did his best and  
worked his hardest for the cause of Opera in  
England, and he died just as the value of his  
efforts was about to be publicly recognised,  
and at the very time when there is a greater  
likelihood of the dream of his life, the esta-  
blishment of a permanent Opera House in  
London, being accomplished than there has  
been at any time within the last quarter of  
a century.



# MR PUNCH'S PRIVATE VIEW OF THE



## TO VISITORS.

*General Remarks.*—"What sort of Academy is it this year?" Well, it is remarkable for the absence of sensationalism, and of COPE, R.A., for the reduction of HERBERT, R.A., to his lowest denomination

of one little gem, and for the presence of much good work by young 'uns fresh from a new school.

There are several good pictures on the Burlington House Line, at which, like so many pleasant stations, you will stop; but there is not one of sufficient sensational importance to have its own private single rail. There are some pictures within easy reach that ought to have policemen on duty to protect them; and there are others so judiciously hung as to be quite above criticism and out of harm's way. To the powerful influence of Mr. J. C. HORSLEY, R.A., may be traced—if tracing is permitted—the number of unadorned female figures, all of them of course representing models of propriety. ALMA TADEMA is *très à-marché* as usual. Mr. W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A., paints with a jaundiced eye, and his Nose Show this year is wonderful. He has painted "The Young Duke," and there can be no doubt about the quality. Didn't DISRAELI write "The Young Duke"? If so, this may account for the yellow primrose tone pervading the picture, and

the *damnosæ hereditas*. Truer perhaps, to say "saffron" than primrose, and "'Saffron' is the badge of all our (Mr. ORCHARDSON'S) tribe."

Sir JOHN MILLAIS' Landscapes will take not a few people by surprise. The portraits of the two fishers, the fish out of water, and the wherry boat on the bank of Murthly Water, are in this great Artist's best manner, when in his merriest and murthliest mood. SOLOMON shows his power, but not his judgment. The Show is also notable for Mayors in red gowns, and for portraits of illustrious nobodies. OULESS's *Colonel North* will win golden opinions, and ought to insure his getting a commission from the Colonel for a-nother picture. Professor HERKOMER has kindly filled the interior of the Charter House Chapel with recognisably well-to-do personages who certainly have no right to be deriving any support as Pensioners; and the handsome, jolly-looking, elderly gentleman, who is going round with the hat, ought to be ashamed of himself, the beggar! Perhaps the Professor means, in this powerful picture, to expose and denounce some hitherto unsuspected abuse of the Charter-House funds.

Loving art for its own sake, we deeply regret the absence of any work by Mr. COPE, R.A. But absence makes the heart grow fonder, and there are some Academicians and non-Academicians to whom many of us would become passionately attached on the same terms.

And now, so that you may present an appropriate appearance, put yourself into a proper frame, —mental, not necessarily ornamental frame. All sticks and umbrellas abandon ye who enter here! Much as usual, —"No Change," given above, you'll get it below.



No. 300. "Head it is!" Quite a toss-up by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.



No. 638. Heddy Irvil wi' such a bal cold il is 'ead. "The ead ald folt of is offeldil!" —by Bister Sargelt.



No. 568. Sunday in the Academy Chapel. Going round with the hat for the very poor Artists' Benevolent Fund. Fine collection.

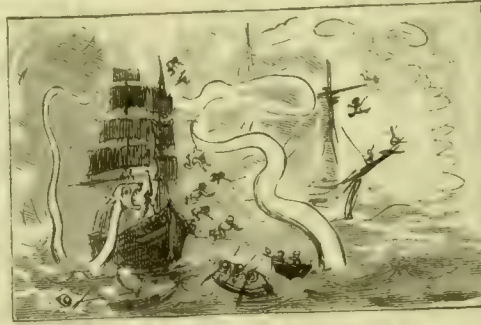


No. 495. "The Pope he leads a happy Life." "Hubert (Herkomer), I think." —Shakspeare.





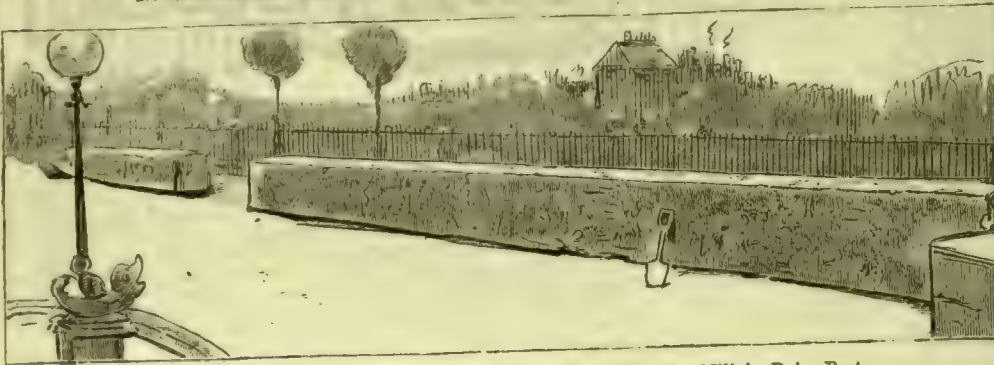
No. 313. Alma-Tadema. Selling off. The back shop.  
No reasonable offer refused.



No. 81. The Wylie Sea Serpent.



No. 559. Moving incident in the



No. 242. Cleopatra's Needle blown down and utilised by Sir John Millais, R.A., Bart.



No. 419. Mrs. Ricketts, Troubled by crickets, or blackbeetles, exclaims, as she poses, "I do wish the Artist would have his Studio swept! They'll be all over my Pettie-coat of paint. Oh, the Pettie of it!"



No. 231. Splitting up the Camp of the Unionists.



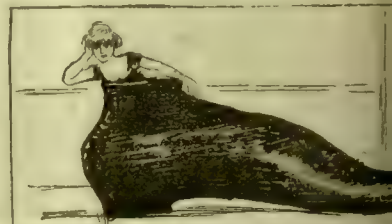
No. 25. "Just come from the Sybil-service Stores. Can't get any of these wall-papers to suit. Want something new and unclassical, but must be governed by President."



No. 535. (A) After taking Schmalz-wasser dear!



No. 243. Beaks and beakers. Model fami (M)



No. 180. "There was a young woman she had a shoe!" A-gordon to the old nursery rh

No. 35. One of the "Unemployed;" or, An Idyl Moment. Her undressed salad days. "I might have brought out the scissors to trim my nails on my idyl hands."

No. 38. "How many fingers do I hold up?" A Ritualist studying a work on ceremonial, to see how to give a blessing. Notice the right hand, with which he is unconsciously illustrating his idea.

No. 39. "On board the Yacht *Sylphide*." *Vide* "More Happy Thoughts." "Poor little Me!" After this, Mr. Armitage, R.A., will be Mr. Navytage, R.N.

No. 50. Hard Water, Moore or less.

No. 67. Scene from the Spanish Armada, painted by S. Lucas, A. By the kind permission of Augustus Druriolanus Countcouncillarius.





Lord Beaconsfield. Warrented.



629. (B) Arrival of the Doctor, sent by Mrs. Wormund.



health. "Saffron" is the badge of all our ible."



No. 261. The Conjuror's New Trick.



No. 136. Becoming quite a Beast. Painted by a Swan.



Nos. 205 and 204. Mrs. G. (horrified). "O Professor Herkomer, O Mr. Val Prinsep, how could you have allowed me to be placed next to such a very improper—Oh!"



"The Nakedness of the Land."—Collected Works of various Lim-nere waiting for the Costumier.



No. 786. The Economical Housewife. Mrs. Hitchens in the kitchens.—"If you want a thing well done, do it yourself."



No. 760. "Nice Goings On!" Solomon's (want of) Judgment.



No. 564. The Snake-Charmer.

No. 74. Mirthful Anglers with boat on the bank of Murthly water. N.B. Only funnies allowed on Murthly water, by order of Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R.A. Notice one wherry funny.

No. 86. Centipedes. But they really are trees hewn down by Hewitt.

No. 104. Mr. Edward Terry Comedian, made up as Mr. George Henschel the singer. Painted by a Sarjent who is not a non-commissioned officer.

No. 107. How to arrange a box of bricks, shown by G. D. Leslie, R.A.

No. 120. Dorothy Drew drawn. Nice quiet young lady, though signed a Loud'un.

No. 122. Sisters. "Will As never come?" George Boughton (A) and Sold'un.

No. 146. Staggered! Send for the Carte to bear off the body.

No. 151. Lady Eden in her own Garden. A Paradisiacal picture from the gifted brush of Professor Hubert Haircomber. Who but Herkomer could have painted this?





No. 682. Not "In his Father's footsteps," but on his Father's foot. The old gentleman is about to utter "a big big D," but he contrives to S. E. Waller it.



No. 1118. Quite enough to frighten the horses, meeting a Doll-man with two little Jacks-in-the-Boxes



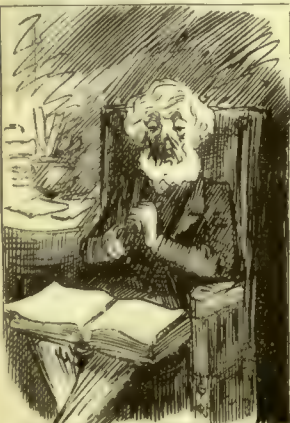
No. 1177. Awful Tragedy. The Wolf at the Door. "Regardless of their doom, the little victims play." O Distempers, O Morris!



No. 763. "I've caught three sprats, an eel, a bonnet and a dead dog. What next?" "Worthy Macbeth!"



No. 613. Noah's Ark Animals, after being cooped up by a Cooper.



No. 689. "This is a stupid book! There's nothing in it!"

No. 163. Highly respectable and decidedly Ernest, looking as Wells as can be expected.

No. 172. Coming out—of an ermine cloak. W. W. Oules, R. A.

No. 191. Trying the piano. "Haas this been tuned?"

No. 201. Colonel Gamble, C.B. "En plein!" He is evidently saying, "My last stake! Shall I risk my chain and badge?" "Commend me to one Hubert"—Herkomer. Is the Professor's Colonel Gamble merely an alias for—

No. 224. Colonel North—Ce share Colonel—whose motto is evidently, at least to judge by his hair and general bearing, "Ruddy, aye Ruddy!" First-rate, Sir Knightrate Oul s, R.A.

No. 240. Department. "They tell me," he said, "that I am so like George the Fourth. That is why I always remain in this attitude."

No. 252. The Fl\*\* Catcher. He has "an eager and a nipping air."

No. 265. Somebody's Portrait. "What the Dickens!"—at all events trying to look like him,—at least, so thinks to himself, J. C. Horsley, R.A.

No. 294. "Portrait of a Lady." Name and address not given. Très chic. Costume neat, quite in "Apple-by order."

No. 306. Mrs. Paul Hardy—without the historic quotation from Nelson. But he would be fool-hardy who dared to suggest it. One of the J. E. M.'s.

No. 312. Professor Adams. Of course, companion picture to Lady Eden. By Professor Hubert Jokomer, A.

No. 317. Doing the Dun. Woman at the door (to Dun). "He can't see anyone to-day. He's faeded away so. Sinking fast." Wife (aside to shamming husband). "I'll tell you when he's gone."

No. 326. Godiva ready to go diving. His-Storey-gal subject.

No. 327. Picture of one Legge.

No. 339 and 346. The Backers. "I'll back my bacca against yours."

No. 364. "Soft and low" in Ticklish Times. "I'll make her start presently," said the young lady to herself, as she sat behind her friend.

No. 368. Astonishment of Peasant at beholding Gigantic Cauliflower.

No. 451. Breeze, blowins and puffins, by that sportsman, Colin Hunter, A.

No. 530. Old Bell-metal Found-dry, by the Wetter-un Mossco Hairbare.

No. 699. "Just as I was taking a nice quiet bathe, the hounds came in full cry. Most annoying." Scene in Barking Creek. Macbeth. Shakspearian advice to picture-buyers—"Trade and traffic with Macbeth."

#### SCULPTURE.

No. 2122. A Comic Cardinal.

No. 2165. "Jesse Collings, M.P. bust." The first time we've heard of it. Poor gentleman! What will Mr. Chamberlain do!

No. 2177. Madame Nordica at Covent Garden, by Drury.

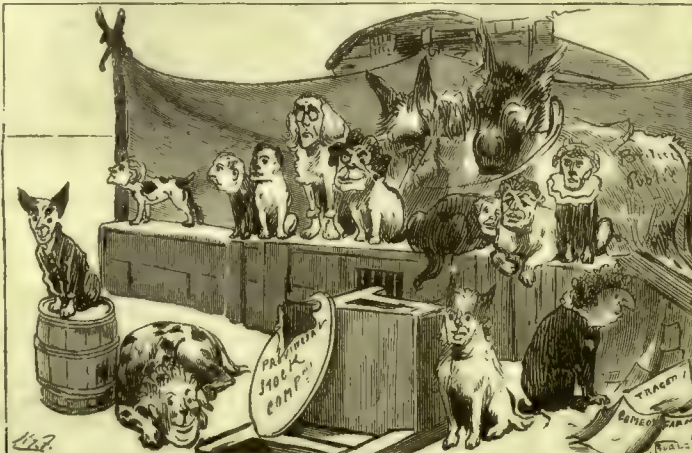
No. 2192. "See now! Harry bates his dog."



1245. A Midsummer Eve. Not very Good-all.



No. 1102. The Chiroprapist. Lady with swollen foot has been trying to operate on herself. Observe the instrument: it is a Hacker.



No. 1171. Strolling Players. Clever Dogs.



No. 1239. The Sphinx in Chancery.





“SUGAR!!”

DR. DE WORMS. “NOW THEN, MASTER JOHNNIE, OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES, AND HERE’S A SPOONFUL OF NICE SUGAR FOR YOU!”

JOHNNIE BULL (*suspiciously*). “BUT, I SAY!—IS IT *ALL* SUGAR?”









## PLEASURE V. APPETITE.

Uncle Harry. "Now, TOMMY, WHICH AM I TO GIVE YOU!—THE PONY, OR THE CALF?"

Tommy. "OH, I THINK I SHOULD LIKE THE PONY." (Pause.) "BUT, UNCLE HARRY!"

Uncle Harry. "WELL, TOMMY?" Tommy. "I—I'M AWFULLY FOND OF VEAL!"

## THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

March 20.—To-day being the day on which DAISY MUTLAR and Mr. MURRAY POSH are to be married, LUPIN has gone with a friend to spend the day at Gravesend. LUPIN has been much cut-up over the affair, although he declares that he is glad it is off. I wish he would not go to so many Music Halls, but one dare not say anything to him about it. At the present moment he irritates me by singing all over the house, some nonsense about "What's the matter with GLADSTONE? He's all right! What's the matter with LUPIN? He's all right!" I don't think either of them is. In the evening, GOWING called, and the chief topic of conversation was DAISY's marriage to MURRAY POSH. I said, "I was glad the matter was at an end, as fact, of many years—has been realised. This morning came a letter from Mr. PERKUPP, asking me to take LUPIN down to the office with me. I went to LUPIN's room; poor fellow, he seemed very pale, and said he had a bad headache. He had come back yesterday from Gravesend, where he spent part of the day in a small boat on the water, having been mad enough to neglect to take his overcoat with him. I showed him Mr. PERKUPP's letter, and he got up as quickly as possible. I begged of him not to put on his fast-coloured clothes and ties, but to dress in something black or quiet-looking. CARRIE was all of a tremble when she read the letter, and all she could keep on saying was, "Oh, I do hope it will be all right." For myself, I could scarcely eat any breakfast. LUPIN came down dressed quietly and looking a perfect gentleman, except that his face was rather yellow. CARRIE, by way of encouragement, said, "You do look nice, LUPIN." LUPIN replied, "Yes, it's a good make-up, isn't it?"



DAISY would only have made a fool of LUPIN." GOWING, with his usual good taste, said, "Oh, Master LUPIN can make a fool of himself without any assistance." CARRIE very properly resented this, and GOWING had sufficient sense to say he was sorry.

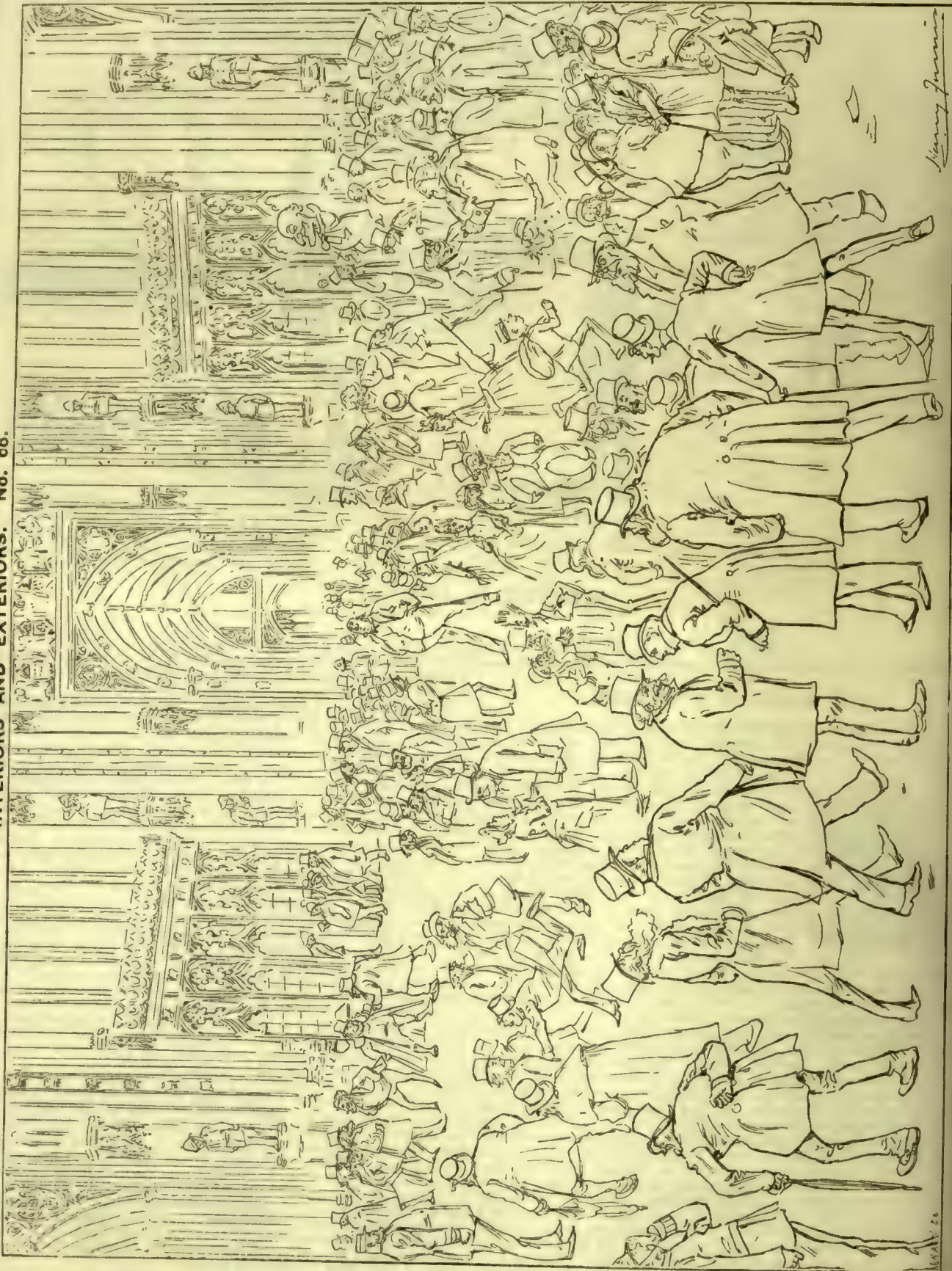
March 21.—To-day I shall conclude my diary, for it is one of the happiest days of my life. My great dream of the last few weeks—in fact, of many years—has been realised. This morning came a letter from Mr. PERKUPP, asking me to take LUPIN down to the office with me. I went to LUPIN's room; poor fellow, he seemed very pale, and said he had a bad headache. He had come back yesterday from Gravesend, where he spent part of the day in a small boat on the water, having been mad enough to neglect to take his overcoat with him. I showed him Mr. PERKUPP's letter, and he got up as quickly as possible. I begged of him not to put on his fast-coloured clothes and ties, but to dress in something black or quiet-looking. CARRIE was all of a tremble when she read the letter, and all she could keep on saying was, "Oh, I do hope it will be all right." For myself, I could scarcely eat any breakfast. LUPIN came down dressed quietly and looking a perfect gentleman, except that his face was rather yellow. CARRIE, by way of encouragement, said, "You do look nice, LUPIN." LUPIN replied, "Yes, it's a good make-up, isn't it?"

A regular-downright-respectable-funereal-first-class-City-firm-Junior-Clerk." He laughed rather ironically.

In the hall I heard a great noise, and also LUPIN shouting to SARAH to fetch down his old hat. I went into the passage, and found LUPIN in a fury, kicking and smashing a new tall hat. I said, "LUPIN, my boy, what are you doing? How wicked of you! Some poor fellow would be glad to have it." LUPIN replied, "I would not insult any poor fellow by giving it to him." When he had gone outside, I picked up the battered hat and saw inside "Posh's Patent." Poor LUPIN! I can forgive him. It seemed hours before we reached the office. Mr. PERKUPP sent for LUPIN, who was with him nearly an hour. He returned, as I thought, crestfallen in appearance. I said, "Well, LUPIN, how about Mr. PERKUPP?" LUPIN commenced his song, "What's the matter with PERKUPP? He's all right!" I felt instinctively my boy was engaged. I went to Mr. PERKUPP, but I could not speak. He said, "Well, Mr. POOTER, what is it?" I must have looked a fool, for all I could say was, "Mr. PERKUPP, you are a good man." He laughed at me for a moment and said, "No, Mr. POOTER, you are the good man; and we'll see if we cannot get your son to follow such an excellent example." I said, "Mr. PERKUPP, may I go home? I cannot work any more to-day." My good Master shook my hand warmly, as he nodded his head. It was as much as I could do to prevent myself from crying in the 'bus, in fact, I should have done so had my thoughts not been interrupted by LUPIN, who was having a quarrel with a fat man in the 'bus, whom he accused of taking up too much room. In the evening CARRIE sent round for dear old friend CUMMINGS and his wife, and also to GOWING. We all sat round the fire, and in a bottle of "JACKSON FRÈRES," which SARAH fetched from the grocers, drank LUPIN's health. I lay awake for hours, thinking of the future. My boy in the same office as myself—we can go down together by the 'bus, come home together, and who knows but in the course of time he may take great interest in our little home. That he may help me to put a nail in here or a nail in there, or help his dear mother to hang a picture. In the summer he may help us in our little garden with the flowers, and assist us to paint the stands and pots. (By the bye, I must get in some more Enamel paint.) All this I thought over and over again, and a thousand happy thoughts beside. I heard the clock strike four, and soon after fell asleep only to dream of three happy people, LUPIN, dear CARRIE, and myself.



INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 68.



LOIS IN THE LOBBY.





## PROPORTIONS.

Buyer. "IN FUTURE, AS MY COLLECTION INCREASES, AND MY WALL-SPACE IS LIMITED, AND PRICE NO OBJECT, PERHAPS YOU WOULD LET ME HAVE A LITTLE MORE 'PICTURE,' AND A LITTLE LESS 'MOUNT'!"

## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

## FOURTEENTH EVENING.

"EARLY one Summer evening last year," said the Moon, "I was looking down on some Public Pleasure Grounds, where a 'Grand Gala and Fête,' as they call it, was going on. The boys from some Training Ship or School had been invited to attend, and had come in their white and blue uniforms, looking so sturdy, and healthy, and happy, as they performed various gymnastic exercises with clubs, dumb-bells, and outlasses, in the grounds, while their band, who were all boys too, played lively airs. When they were dismissed, the spectators found themselves provided with a rival attraction, though on a smaller scale. Here, too, the performers were quite young and dressed like sailors, but there were only a few of them, and they differed, too, in other respects. For one thing, the second body were not so smart and healthy-looking, nor nearly so well set up as the real sailor-boys; for another, they were commanded—not by grown-

up officers, but by a little person dressed as nearly as possible to resemble your famous Admiral, Lord NELSON. The crowd gathered round, greatly amused, as the miniature commander halted his force. Some would have it that he was a boy, but I thought that a boy would have looked sheepish and awkward dressed up like that, and I was certain from the first that the little Admiral must be a girl. "I can see her now, in her quaint hat and white wig, her gold-laced coat and white knee-breeches, as she strutted up and down, pretending to take snuff, and inspect the boys drawn up in line through a small spy-glass she carried. She was rather a pretty child, though she would have appeared to more advantage on a

lighted stage than there, for it was still broad daylight, and her face looked pallid and unhealthy under the rouge some one had put on her cheeks.

"But no one could have been happier or more perfectly pleased with herself than she was. Everyone was looking on and openly admiring her gallant bearing, while she paced the path like a quarter-deck, and bullied any boy who had not put his feet at exactly the right angle. The boys, who, like herself, had been engaged in the neighbourhood for the occasion, submitted with sulkily glowering faces, for they felt mortified to be seen being ordered about like that by a mere girl. And I noticed that the pride and self-satisfaction of the small Nelson seemed to increase visibly every instant. The manager—a big, coarse-looking man, with a thick gold chain and a dyed moustache—had come out into the grounds, and she made her way up to his side at once, and began to converse affably and easily, as with an equal, giving him her views, with little explanatory waves of her hand, upon the most suitable place for marshalling her company. She was quite aware that all eyes were upon her, and that even the boys under her authority were secretly impressed with her coolness. The Manager, who happened to be in a good humour just then, addressed her as 'my dear,' and smiled indulgently; perhaps he was amused by her presumption, and the wonderful airs she gave herself. Presently he told her to put her company through their manoeuvres:

"And then—I don't know how it was, whether Nelson lost her head and forgot the proper word of command, or whether the boys turned mutinous and made mistakes on purpose—but everything went wrong somehow; there was nothing but blundering and confusion. The Admiral grew less and less confident, until her face was so red that she no longer needed rouge; the bystanders began to titter and make rude remarks, and the Manager left off smiling.

"At last he called up the incompetent Commander, and publicly rebuked her—so loudly, that everyone could hear what he said. And the poor little Nelson, thoroughly humbled and frightened by his rough sarcasm, hung her head, and burst into tears of very unheroic mortification before the whole company! Then," said the Moon, "I hid my face behind a convenient cloud, for I really could not bear to look on any longer."





## COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

April 30, 1889.—"Mister" ROSEBERRY, since his rating by the *Times* for being away at one of the earliest of the meetings of the



A Cartoon of Raphael. Never before exhibited.

Lord-by-courtesy. For a moment, I fancy I recognise my dear and valued friend CONYBEARE, and am disappointed to discover that his place is supplied (but in all fairness I must add, efficiently supplied) by Lord MONKSWEIL. I am rather new to the spot, so cannot swear to everyone. However, I fancy I have seen a gentleman in a red tie who I am told is an architect (or was it a Volunteer?—I forget which) somewhere before. Other faces I recognise as being familiar to me in and about the neighbourhood of the refreshment department at the Law Courts. Another individual is pointed out to me as the sharp marksman of the *Financial News*. The Entire CHARRINGTON is also here ready *à propos* of the Music Halls to bring blushes into the cheeks of young persons unaccustomed to public speaking. He has a willing supporter in Alderman the Reverend FLEMING WILLIAMS, who it is to be hoped will never go to the theatre when SHAKESPEARE'S masterpiece is being performed for fear that he may be induced in recognition of the fitness of things, to play for the rest of his life the *Ghost of Hamlet's Father*. He would make an admirable ghost—I feel sure of it. And I fancy there are many present who would like to see him one. BEALES the Chorus is also in attendance ready to shout "Divide!" or "Vote!" "The originator of the whole affair" is most useful when he confines himself to these utterances. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH, as usual, is combining the activity of the office messenger with the gravity of the country village clerk. ARTHUR ARNOLD and Lieutenant-Colonel HOWARD VINCENT, M.P., commanding the Queen's Westminster Rifle Volunteers, and other persons of lesser note, are also present.

"Mister" ROSEBERRY is quite cheerful as he knocks on the table in front of him. He calls out the various numbers in the *Agenda*, and for some minutes there are cries of "Agreed!" But there is a rock ahead. We come to the Report of the Theatres and Music Halls, and then Mr. FARDELL rises and explains that there is a recommendation and an "alternative." The recommendation is, that the licensing of the Music Halls shall be entrusted to a Committee; and the "alternative" is, that that Committee should report to the Council. Mr. FARDELL sits down, and then Captain VERNEY moves an amendment which is seemingly calculated to cut out Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS (absent) from being a member of the Licensing Committee. Then the Entire CHARRINGTON tells some rather *risqué* stories of a Music Hall, wherein seemingly the audience are better pleased with champagne than beer; and "Mister" ROSEBERRY (no doubt in the interest of the Alderspinster Cone) calls him to order. Then comes a battle-royal, for by this time the Chamber is nearly full.

Council, a perfect pattern of punctuality, is in his place to the moment. He anxiously glances round the chamber, and then seems greatly relieved. Many of the boys have not returned from the Easter holidays. The girls are more zealous. Lady SANDHURST and Miss Alderspinster CONE are sitting together, and possibly discussing the ownership of the Royal Victoria Music Hall (late Royal Coburg Theatre) in which the latter takes much interest. Young Master LAWSON has returned rosy-cheeked from the country. The Patriot BURNS is on excellent terms with un-bloated aristocrat COMPTON—quite a pretty sight to see the Working Man talking amiably to a



From this time Firth for evermore.

At length the Chairman rises, and suggests that as the motions and amendments have got into a condition of hopeless confusion, perhaps it would be as well to put certain questions to the Council, and get the sense—"if any," said evidently the Chairman to himself, judging by the twinkle in his eye,—of the meeting upon each of them. This proposal is received with applause, possibly all the heartier because the hour sacred to dinner is rapidly approaching. Then we have votes and divisions, and excursions into the corridor, and all sorts of peculiar countings. On one occasion "Mister" ROSEBERRY appoints a couple of double tellers to get the votes of either party and discovers, when the totals are ascertained, that three tellers went one way and a solitary teller the other! In fact the meeting partakes of the character of a roaring farce. However, some sort of a decision is at length reached, when someone doubts the legality of the whole proceedings, and asks for counsel's opinion thereon!

And now I have been listening and laughing for nearly three hours, and about an eighth of the suggested work of the sitting has been accomplished, and I calculate that at the present rate of progress the work will not be finished until the small hours of the coming day. So I beat a retreat (imitating the Member for the Western Division of St. Pancras, who, for the moment, is a lost RAPHAEL), and learn on referring to the papers of the next morning, that "after some further business, the meeting adjourned." What that business was, I do not in the least know, and from the silence of the Press, I fancy that the reporters must have equally shared my ignorance.

## OUR IN-SUBORDINATES.

[The Paris schoolmasters have "struck work"; TOMMY who is now at Whippingham Academy for Young Gentlemen—hopes the English ones will do the same. This will be his diary, if they do.]

*Monday.*—Have enjoyed a perfectly delightful day! The first nice one since I came to old SWISHER'S "Academy." SWISHER himself of course can't teach a little bit: he's too much of a muff. So the other Masters (there are three of them) do all that, while SWISHER comes in now and then, and superintends, and inflicts what he calls "corporal punishment"—the old beast!—when he's got nothing better to do. This morning we heard that the three Masters had struck work! SWISHER had gone off to remonstrate with them, and we were left to ourselves. STEERFORTH (he's the captain of our eleven), said it would be good fun to make an effigy of SWISHER, by stuffing a sack full of old copy-books. We did it, and set fire to it out in the playground. *Such larks!* Hope SWISHER and the three Masters won't come back for a jolly long time.

*Tuesday.*—SWISHER has come back, but is ill "from anxiety," the Matron says. Hurrah! And the three Masters are still out on strike. Never knew before what a jolly thing a strike was. STEERFORTH (who knows about everything), says that SWISHER will have to raise Masters' salaries. Or, if he doesn't do that, he can "lock them out." Yes, but if he locks us in, we shan't have any half-holidays! Grub better to-day; STEERFORTH believes SWISHER is frightened. Generally we only get pudding on alternate Thursdays; but to-day we had a jolly one, though it's only Tuesday. Oh, what fun a strike is!

*Wednesday.*—We've painted most of the school-room pea-green! STEERFORTH bought us the colours and brushes, and then fagged us to dab it all over the walls; but we liked doing it. Then young BLOGGINS, who is such a cure, did a picture of SWISHER with a pipe in his mouth, in vermilion, on the wet paint, and it really isn't half bad. STEERFORTH will get some gunpowder. No lessons again to-day!

*Thursday.*—STEERFORTH says the three Masters have formed a Trades' Union. Don't know what a Trades' Union is a bit, but if it means that Masters aren't coming back, and that it will be all holidays, I think it's a splendid institution. Had a paper-chase all over SWISHER'S flower-beds. Tried who could throw stones best over the house—only broke four windows. Matron very angry, but we don't mind her. She says old SWISHER is getting better. Sorry to hear it.

*Friday.*—Masters still away! STEERFORTH tells us what to do with the gunpowder. Puts half a barrel in tool-shed up against house, and then lays a train, which we are to set fire to. He says it's like conspirators, and that "it'll amuse old SWISHER." Funny of STEERFORTH to send his boxes off to station beforehand. Looks as if he were going on strike, too. We all hope not. As we daren't disobey STEERFORTH, we do fire the train. Result not so funny as we expected. Knocks us all down, makes big hole in wall of house, blows tool-shed to smithereens, and brings old SWISHER downstairs with a cane! SWISHER certainly is much better—the beast! Never had such a licking before! Bed.

*Saturday.*—Strike over. Masters back. And STEERFORTH, it seems, was leaving, and has gone away, leaving us to bear brunt of old SWISHER'S anger. We all think STEERFORTH must have been suddenly sent for, or he would never have deserted us in this way. SWISHER and Masters all in bad temper. No holidays next week! SWISHER himself on the strike—with the cane!

THE RESULT OF MUCH CANVASSING.—To be elected R.A.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a post-paid note.



## STEAMING AT HIGH PRESSURE.

*Being a further Blow-off à la Blowitz.*

I AM naturally a modest man, but I am not disposed to underrate my calling of journalist, which, take it as a whole, is about the most exalted position in this world that any man of distinction and intelligence can be called upon to occupy. And I am, *par excellence*, the journalist of journalists. I do not boast of this, I merely state a simple fact, and when I condescend to button-hole an Emperor or distinguished diplomatist, they know well enough which of us two the world regards as honoured by the interview. But let that pass. Suffice it to say that, hearing there was to be a European Congress at Berlin, it struck me it would be a unique feat in journalism to publish the text of the treaty in *extenso* in the columns of the paper I represented the day before it was finally settled by the Congress itself. I saw that this would surprise somebody, and I was right. However, I knew that I had only to

will to do it, to carry it out, and, as a preliminary step, I hurried to St. Petersburg to see the CZAR. Getting myself into the Winter Palace with my own latchkey, I soon found myself in the private apartments, and, entering without knocking, as is my wont, discovered His Majesty seated in his study in his dressing-gown partaking of a light luncheon.

"Come in, Gortz, my boy!" he said, greeting me effusively, and pouring me out a glass of *viski*, and offering me a cigarette. And what may be your best news? You know your visits are always a most delightful experience to me."

"Quite so," I replied, smiling. "But look here, your Majesty—" and then I detailed the scheme of my proposed journalistic feat in a few well-chosen words to him, and he was all attention.

"Certainly," he said, after listening courteously to what I had to say; "I see exactly what you want, and will unquestionably help you in any way I can. How, by the way, would you like to attend the Congress instead of KORTAKOFF, who can easily have a bad cold? In his clothes, with a little disguise, you could make up like him. Shall I drop him a line?"

"So do, Sir," I replied, slapping the CZAR on the back; "you're a trump. And if there is anything I can do for your Majesty in Central Asia, or Poland, or elsewhere," I added, "you have only got to let me know."

The interview ended after this, and I returned to Berlin with the CZAR's autograph letter sewn for safety into the back of my coat. After this it was all plain sailing. I called on KORTAKOFF and gave him the CZAR's letter. He nodded as he read it. "Very well," he said, "I am quite game. I'll come to your hotel. We will change clothes, and you shall look me up in your room, every day, till you come back."

So our programme was carried out. I attended the Congress, and though the Turkish Representative, who had met KORTAKOFF at St. Petersburg, stared hard at me, and said I had "grown so fat," he should hardly have known me, yet I managed to pass muster fairly, though I noticed the Chancellor several times had his eye on me. And as matters turned out, I found I had not imposed on him, for after the second sitting, he touched me on the shoulder, and with a significant wink, said, "I say, *Prince*, a word with you in private."

As soon as he had shut the door of the retiring room to which we had adjourned, he burst out into a loud guffaw, and continued, "Well, GORTZ, my boy! what on earth does this mean? You didn't think you could do me, did you? Why, I spotted you, the moment you opened your mouth. Well, what's your little game, eh?"

I explained the situation forthwith to him, and solicited his assistance. He promised me this in the most flattering and complimentary terms. "Well, GORTZ, my boy," he said, "if it had been anybody else than you, I don't think I should care to connive at the business, but as you are in yourself such an important European factor, and have got the German Empire, and I may add, I myself, out of so many scrapes,—well, you certainly can count on me to keep my counsel and see you through with it."

And Prince BISMARCK kept his word. And so acting for Russia, I drew up the concluding articles of the Treaty and worded the preamble, which had been sent on to me that very afternoon from Printing House Square, where it was already set up in type, and so came about that I was enabled to publish in the *Times* of Friday, the text of the Treaty that was not definitely settled by the Congress till Saturday, thereby accomplishing a feat in journalism which I apprehend it will take the record some time to beat. I flatter myself, by doing this, I rather astonished the whole civilised world. But as I hinted at the beginning of this article, I am a very remarkable man.



Parson (to Candidate for Sunday School). "HAVE YOU BEEN CHRISTENED, MY BOY?"

Boy. "YESH, SHIR. GOT MARKS IN THREE FLASHES ON MY LEFT ARM!"

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**CHEAP BUTCHER'S MEAT.**—It was certainly a happy idea of yours to dispense with the Middleman by making that arrangement with the Dorsetshire farmer you mention, to send you up a live bullock to divide with your three friends every fortnight; but the arrival of the beast at your house while you were giving a small dinner-party, coupled with the fact that owing to the refusal of the railway people to call again with it in the morning it had to be left in the front hall and pass the night in your study, must, as you say, have occasioned you considerable inconvenience. There are, of course, several ways of killing the creature, and if you think you can manage it, we should advise you by all means to pole-axe it. Failing this, you had perhaps better fall back on the revolver, or, as you seem rather inclined to it, you might try an overdose of chloroform as you suggest. But you are certainly not bound, as far as we can see, to dispose of the creature yourself. Yes, by all means, place it on the top of a four-wheeler, and take it in turn to the houses of your three friends, and see whether you cannot arrange for its slaughter and division at one or other of their premises. If the worst comes to the worst, you can but show a bold front, pay the cabman and leave it. This may possibly lead to some disagreeables; perhaps, to a summons and some further legal expenses, but still you can satisfy yourself that you have at least got rid of the exorbitant profits realised by your butcher. We shall be glad to hear from you when the whole matter is satisfactorily concluded, and you have settled the bill of your lawyers, how much you reckon that the meat has cost you per pound.

**UTILISING A FUNERAL PRIZE.**—We are not surprised to hear that you have been at some doubts as to the best way of turning to account the hearse which you mention that you have lately won in a raffle; but we think that your idea of taking the top off, cutting it down, painting it a bright emerald green, and letting it out as a pleasure van, is certainly worthy of consideration. We are only afraid that even after undergoing this gala transformation its shape might still be somewhat suggestive of its previous use, and possibly cast a gloom on a party of thoughtful merry-makers, which would, of course, be a decided drawback to its utilisation for such a purpose. But why not get a pot of ASPINALL'S Red Enamel, give it a coat, and offer it to the Authorities for the conveyance service of the Parcels Post? Your alternative fancy for keeping it as it is, and letting it be quietly known among your friends that in the event of the decease of any of them, you will only be too happy to place it at their disposal, shows a considerate and kindly spirit, but we cannot but think that the offer would be misunderstood and resented. Probably only the eye of an undertaker would detect the vehicle in its new disguise; and the matter, if only regarded in the light of an interesting experiment, certainly seems worth a trial. Send it to your coach-builder's, and have it put in hand at once.





**'NOT MUCH, BUT BETTER THAN NOTHING AT ALL.'**

*Britannia (to Vulcan).* "HERE'S AN EXTRA FOUR MILLIONS TO GO ON WITH; SO GET TO WORK AT ONCE, AND MIND YOU LET ME HAVE THE VERY BEST IRONCLADS YOU CAN TURN OUT."

#### Tip to Termagants.

A "SENSE of Humour" is so much bepraised  
By critics, that one might suppose it raised  
To the high rank of a new Cardinal Virtue.  
Well, 'tis a gift that helps and cannot hurt you.  
But if you'd cultivate this gift delightful,  
You must abandon hate, and out the spiteful;  
For whatsoever angry fools may rumour,  
You *can't* be humorous when you're out of humour!

NOT SWEET ON IT!—After reading Sir THOMAS's "slashes" on the Sugar Convention, some of the Ministerialists, it is understood, are inclined to drop that political hot potato, or at any rate, "let it slide." They fear that they may go FARRER and fare worse.

"WHAT THE DICKENS!"—Yes, CHARLES DICKENS reading selections from *the* DICKENS's works at St. James's Hall. "Like father, like son." Of course you do the first, but to do the second you must go and hear him.



## S. G. O.

(Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, Died, May 9, Aged 81.)

ANOTHER long-heard voice at last is stilled!  
 Warm heart, which to all tales of suffering thrilled.  
 Sound head, which social problems loved to face,  
 You will be missed from your peculiar place,  
 Held long ere Bitter Cries found echoes free,  
 And aid of rhetoric, if not remedy;  
 When not all men were Socialists, and not  
 All eyes were open to each bane and blot  
 Found in the body-politic. E'en then  
 That sympathetic eye, that potent pen  
 Were dedicate to service of your kind,  
 To true benevolence, ardent, yet not blind,  
 And bettering of the village and the town.  
 Now, many wandering voices woo renown  
 As Social Oracles. But *Punch* looks back  
 With praise upon his honourable track  
 Of useful days who thirty years ago  
 Was known, and loved, by him as S. G. O.

## THE HARMLESS NECESSARY "CAT."

MR. PUNCH has small sympathy with what he deems the false sentiment which denounces the use of the lash—upon brutes—as brutalising. Means must be adapted to ends. The burglar and the ruffianly wife-beater would seem to have something in common with the immortal lady who didn't mind death but couldn't stand pinching. They don't seem, effectively, to mind the risks of their calling or the prospect of imprisonment, but they "cannot stand" whipping. Whipping, therefore, sharp and painful without being physically injurious, would seem to be a promising deterrent, and, indeed, has proved so, in the opinion of good judges. Now it is complained that the "Cat" is cruel, because it often seriously injures as well as pains. Very well, let that be amended. To lash a brute so violently that you have afterwards to cosset him up in hospital cannot be either true humanity or sound policy. By all means dock the Cat of certain of its nine tails if necessary, and lay on the remainder with valour, but also with discretion, both as regards selection of the spot for their application and the amount and energy of the application itself. Descend ye Nine! or six, or three, as the case may be; but descend, though manfully, yet with measure.



## THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Miss Buggs. "OH, BUT MINE IS SUCH A HORRID NAME!"

Young Brown. "AH—A—UM—I'M AFRAID IT'S TOO LATE TO ALTER IT NOW!"

## ALL-A-BLOWING!

A SPRING-PLEA FROM THE SUBURBS.

ALL-A-BLOWING! In the May-time there is playtime e'en for toil,  
 For the breath of Spring sets fancy wild a-wing;  
 There is something in the Season even stucco scarce can spoil,  
 The cacophonous street-hawker seems to sing.  
 All-a-blowing! He is going with his barrow down the street;  
 There's a flowering shrub tucked under either arm,  
 And the echoes of his shrill stentorian cry sound almost sweet.  
 Ay, in May e'en clamorous costers have their charm;  
 For the morn has brought a sun-burst and the very asphalt smiles  
 With a radiant recognition of the boon.  
 There's a glow upon the chimneys, and a glory on the tiles,  
 Where the cockney sparrows chirp and fight, and "spoon."  
*Rus in urbe* has its meaning on this sunny morn of May,  
 Though suburban streets are not Arcadian quite.  
 For the tiniest square of garden dons a verdurous array,  
 And the roads are vistas green of glowing light.  
 Over wall and gate and lamp-post bursts the leafy emerald screen.  
 Of the sycamore, the lilac, and the lime,  
 Even slums look far less sordid when they show a speck of green,  
 Not yet dulled to dingy grey by grit and grime.  
 And the blossoms—ah! the blossoms of the apple and the pear!  
 Their lovely lavish largess on the town,  
 Falls like a floral garment, veiling all that's black and bare.  
 It might wake poetic impulse in a clown.  
 But to watch it, and to think of the tender white and pink;  
 Of the purple of the plummy lilac spires.  
 From the dull suburban window you may thrust your head and drink  
 Of that fragrance of the Spring which never tires.  
 All-a-blowing! Pipe up, coster, for your cry is just the voice  
 Of all Nature, though your hoarseness mars the air.  
 E'en in Doldrum Street, S.W., the drudges must rejoice,  
 And sad Cockneys feel some lightening of their care.  
 The Philistines who dwell in yon Villas coldly "Swell,"  
 Look more human with May blossoms in their coats.

There's the Season's first white waistcoat! Clear and mellow as  
 The blackbird fluteth forth his first Spring notes [a bell,

From yon tall acacia-top, he trills on and does not stop  
 For the chattering lawn-mower which hard by  
 A baggy-legged old buffer with a head like a grey mop  
 Is grinding at with slow stolidity.

All-a-blowing! Farther West Art is putting forth her best

At the Burlington, the Grosvenor, and the New;

But in this suburban Gath we have no æsthetic test;

Art-flowers among the Philistines are few.

In Bond Street they are all a-blowing floridly, but here

Labour leaves men little leisure to be floral.

BURNES-JONES in Bethnal Green, so they say, finds fitting sphere,

Here we're mournful and monotonous, though moral.

And the Jerry Builder menaces our little bits of green

And the little bursts of blossom more and more.

The dull mechanic round and the conquering machine

Are the pitiless twin despots of the poor.

Brick-and-mortardom prevails; weighed in Capital's cold scales,

Leaves and grass are just the merest waste of space.

Felled trees and dwindling garden-patches tell their own sad tales;

Even Spring-time cannot come in green-robed grace

To a stucco-faced Sahara such as spreads, and spreads, and spread:

O'er the old suburban semi-rural scene.

All a-blowing! Leave us something more than flags, and slates, and

"leads;"

Let sweet Spring in London's outskirts still show green!

A VERY LAME JOKE.—Horse Show at Olympia commences to-day.  
 The name of the place is ominous for a horse show, unless it were  
 going to be an exhibition of lame ones, as the 'bus conductors gene-  
 rally call it out, "All-limp 'ere!"

MUSICAL NOTE.—A more-or-less biblical subject ought not to be  
 parodied. Yet how has *Judith* been treated, and who did it?  
 Seriously, PARRY did; and very well PARRY did it.



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, May 6.*—CURSE OF CAMBORNE turned up to-night quite unexpected; took me rather aback. "How d'you do?" I said, shaking hands. (Always say, "How d'you do?" and shake hands when I don't know what else to say or do. Used at first to strike me as oddest thing that people among whom I live should, when they meet, each hold out hand, get hold of other fellow's and wag it up and down. Might just as well rub the



Ashmead.

soles of their feet together—quite as easy after a little practice; or might gently rub backs of their heads. Very odd thing is man.) Think of this as I shake hands with the CURSE.

"Hum—er," I said, not thinking of anything else, and wanting to say something pleasant, "thought you were in prison."

"Oh, dear, no," said he, little nervously; "that's only BALFOUR's fun. Doesn't really mean to put me in prison; do you think he does? Besides, he dare not do it. The people are Roused; the Great Heart of the Nation beats tumultuously. There are twenty thousand Cornishmen who will know the reason why. Don't you think the people are Roused?"

CURSE seems a little nervous. Try to cheer him up. "Yes, I think they are," I say; "or if not, they will Rouse by-and-by. If you're waking Rouse me early, don't you know. Don't trouble yourself: it's all very well for BALFOUR to say he'll shut you up; but, as we know in the House, that's not easily done."

Quite a lively Debate on affair at Falcarragh. The CURSE took prominent part, making one speech on his feet and several more from his place on Bench. SPEAKER constantly calling him to order; House howled at him; OLD MORALITY once interposed with string of moral reflections designed to show inconvenience of discussing case *sub judice*; House once on the howling tack turned upon O. M. with such startling vigour that he gratefully resumed his seat and said no more. HARCOURT wondered why everybody laughed when he accused BALFOUR of "blustering;" EDWARD CLARKE calls HARCOURT "most insolent;" BALFOUR at bay; the CURSE popping up and down trying to get off another little speech, but always laid by his heels by watchful SPEAKER.

After this scarcely time or inclination left for Debate on Naval Defences Bill. SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate moves rejection; Government getting frightened at attack, sent for ASHMEAD-BARTLETT; ASHMEAD, nobly forgetful of former slights, arrives post haste, breaks the silence of many years, consenting to JOKIM's hard terms that he shall forego a quarter's salary. "Couldn't afford to do it often," says ASHMEAD; "but the Government being, as the MARKISS remarks, impecunious, can't refuse occasionally to fall in with their plans."

*Business done.*—Debate on Naval Defences Bill.

*Tuesday.*—Everyone wanting to know who is the mysterious person who has offered to give money for National Portrait Gallery. PLUNKET assailed with questions, but nothing to be got out of him. "Dono," he said, just now in response to persistent questions, "Dono." Various names mentioned. OLD MORALITY at one time



Whizzing past.

favourite; Members looked kindly on him as he sat on the Treasury Bench; just the sort of thing he would do. Then someone remembers that MARKISS, in making announcement at Academy dinner, observed that he had never before heard the name of mysterious benefactor. Couldn't say that of SMITH of course; so OLD MORALITY theory regretfully abandoned. SPENCER BALFOUR declares he knows all about it. Met him just now in the lobby, or rather saw him spinning



past. Curious rotary motion; sort of understudy of a peg-top. Can't imagine how he does it.

"Found him out!" he shouts breathlessly, as he spins past. "It's JOSEPH GILLIS!"

Wonder if this can be true? Not at all improbable. JOSEPH known to be what is called "warm"; probably been a boom in bacon; ham on the hop; markets firm; JOSEPH having cut in at low prices gets out at a rise.

"What shall I do with the surplus?" he says, to himself. "Take noble revenge on the Saxon. Nation can't afford to build Portrait Gallery; I'll do it for 'em." That seems reasonable enough. Shall go and look up JOEY B.; see if he's easier to pump than PLUNKET.

Whizzing noise in the distance comes nearer and nearer. It's SPENCER BALFOUR again; been to end of corridor; whizzing more rapidly than ever. Only just catch his assurance as he flies past, "Yes. It's JOSEPH GILLIS!"

*Business done.*—Naval Defences Bill read Second Time.

*Thursday.*—House of Lords been wilderness since it met after Recess. Every afternoon solitary and graceful figure seen advancing towards Woolsack; sits there for five or ten minutes; declares one or two Bills advanced a stage; and then, with sweeping stride and inimitable dignity, disappears. This the LORD CHANCELLOR, earning his insufficient £4,000 a year as Speaker of Lords. To-night a sudden change. House filled on both sides. Three rows of Bishops in nice white gowns seated below Ministers.

"Some mischief in contemplation," said WILFRID LAWSON looking in. "Wonder what it is? Bet a bottle of lemonade it's either Land or the Church—Money or Religion. Fancy from presence of the Bishops that the Church is in some manner in danger."

So it was, indirectly. Deceased Wife's Sister Bill on for Second Reading.

"Why BILL?" Lord MEATH asks, gazing at animated scene from space by steps of Throne. "Deceased Wife's Sister JANE, MARY, or even SUE I could understand. But Sister BILL seems an anomaly, unless, indeed, she was christened WILHELMINA. Must look into this matter."

Earl PERCY has looked into it, and finds it won't do. This stalwart border knight, this flower of Northumbrian chivalry, this heir to the renown of DOUGLAS's doughty foe at Chevy Chase, moved rejection of Bill. SELBORNE on same side; ARGYLL and PRIMAT—Morality and Piety—bringing up the rear. In vain GRIMTHORPE submitted to merciless dissection the tootling of the massive PERCY; without effect HERSCHELL urged that you can't pick and choose out of Leviticus. If you take one of its edicts as a rule of social order you must take the lot. All in vain; Bishops won the day, Bill being thrown out by a majority of 27 in House of 267 Peers.

Commons spent long night in Committee of Supply. Actually passed a few Votes. Earlier in Sitting W. REDMOND attempted to create diversion by mentioning case of King JA-JA. JA-JA, whose descent from early Kings of Connaught can be infallibly traced, now at St. Vincent. Wants to come home; intends to stand for first



"Why Bill?"



vacancy in Irish borough or county. But tyrannical Government keeps heavy hand on him. JA-JA took to his bed, threatened to die. Doctor told off to examine him. Reported His Majesty in excellent health. This is FERGUSSON's version; but W. REDMOND shakes his head in token of dissent. Thinks of moving adjournment in order to call attention to condition of King JA-JA as one of urgent public importance. Finds no encouragement, so subject drops, and House drifts into Committee. *Business done.*—Several Votes in Supply.

*Friday.*—Another long morning sitting quietly spent in Committee of Supply. Fresh air of originality given to proceedings by obtaining a few Votes. This partly due to concatenation of circumstances that, owing to the class of Votes under discussion, GEORGE JOKEIM was out of the way, and RITCHIE in general charge. For a humorist, a man of bubbling wit, JOKEIM has unfortunate habit of rubbing the hair of heads of his fellow men wrong way. JACKSON, anxious to get business forward, always tries to get JOKEIM asked out to tea when Committee of Supply on. *Business done.*—Supply. ROBERTSON's Motion, Disfranchising Universities, negatived by 217 Votes against 126.

### ON COMMISSION.

May 7, 8, 9, and 10.—While Mr. PARNELL has been in the box the Court has been crowded with a large amount of "rank, beauty, and intellect," and on his disappearance from that coign of vantage the place has resumed its normal appearance. Even the examination

and cross-examination of His Grace the Archbishop of DUBLIN attracted a comparatively small audience. And here I may perhaps give a sketch of the proceedings connected with those latter inquiries in a dramatic form, on the understanding—on the clear understanding—that what I am about to write is not in the least like the real thing:—

*Mr. Reid (after arranging a mass of documents).* I believe your Grace is Archbishop of DUBLIN?

*His Grace.* I am. I was, &c., &c., &c. [*Gives an interesting sketch of his ecclesiastical appointments.*]

*Mr. Reid.* Quite so. Will your Grace be so good as to give the History of Ireland.

*His Grace.* With pleasure. Irishmen in every part of the world were descended from ADAM, or as we should now call him O'DAM and—

*The President (courteously interrupting).* Do you not think Mr. REID that we might make this a little shorter?

*Mr. Reid (with plaintive politeness).* I wish to do my best, my Lord, to carry out the wishes of the Court, although I am anxious to get this matter (which is new matter) on the notes. (*Turning to Witness.*) Probably your Grace could kindly commence the History of Ireland at a little later date.

*His Grace (smiling amiably).* Certainly. After the flood NOAH was succeeded by SHEM, HAM, and O'JAPHET.

*Mr. Reid (conscious of his nationality, and his duty to his Dumfries constituents).* May I suggest (I am told that it is so) that the name of the latter gentleman was MACJAPHET.

*His Grace (shakes his head smilingly, but repeats).* O'JAPHET. I think you will find I am right—O'JAPHET.

*Mr. Reid (partly conceding the point).* Well, O'JAPHET or MACJAPHET. Yes, your Grace?

*The President (who has consulted with his colleagues, mildly).* Really, Mr. REID I do not see that His Grace has any special information—that he could not obtain in common with all men of intelligence and education—on this matter.

*Mr. Justice Smith (persuasively).* You see, it is not before us as an issue to be tried.

*Mr. Reid (distressed but yielding, smiles sorrowfully at the Bench and turns to Witness).* Then we will come at once to 1879. As Archbishop of DUBLIN, it was your Grace's duty to know everything?

*His Grace.* Certainly.

*Mr. Reid.* Will you be so good as to tell us all you know.

*His Grace (searching a black bag and producing documents).* The principles of electricity are—

*The President (again interrupting more in sorrow than in anger).* I have no doubt, that a lecture upon electricity from his Grace, would be of the deepest interest to all of us, but—

*Mr. Biggar (suddenly popping up from the well of the Court).* May I say a word, my Lord. If this evidence is not received, tell me now why is the evidence of hirelings of the Government received—tell me that now?

*The President (to Mr. BIGGAR).* Your observation has not assisted the Court, Sir. (*Mr. BIGGAR smilingly subsides.*) I would add that

unless it can be shown that His Grace has special knowledge of the facts, we do not see how this line of examination can be pursued.

*Mr. Reid (in deep distress).* I must urge upon your Lordships that this matter is of vital importance to us. I would suggest that we propose multiplying his Grace's evidence.

*The President (in a tone of the greatest regret).* Alluring as the prospect is to Mr. Justice DAX, and in fact all of us, of having about ten thousand additional witnesses introduced in this matter (possibly inclusive of the POPE, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and the Reverend C. H. SPURGEON), we do not quite see our way to acceding to your request.

*Mr. Reid (almost in tears).* Then, my Lord, I must respectfully ask for an adjournment to reconsider my position.

And certainly the Court did adjourn earlier than usual on Wednesday. On Thursday my ever lively and learned friend, Mr. ATKINSON, cross-examined His Grace, and the rest of the time of the Commission during the week was occupied in hearing some very amusing evidence from parish priests and others whose nationality could not for a moment be doubtful.

And now, before I conclude, I must answer a question that has been put to me by a Correspondent signing himself "ONE WHO HAS SPENT FIFTY SLEEPLESS NIGHTS IN PAINFUL PERPLEXITY." This gentleman asks "how it comes that although Messrs. ARTHUR O'CONNOR and T. HARRINGTON seem both to be Defendants, they also apparently are appearing as Counsel?" To the lay mind no doubt this problem may perhaps be a little confusing. A possible explanation, however, is as simple as A B C. It is my opinion that Mr. T. HARRINGTON appears to represent Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR, a gentleman who is very probably specially retained to represent Mr. T. HARRINGTON. I may perhaps be permitted to add, that I feel convinced that, if this be so, the interests of both are quite safe in the hands of either. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court.

### WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

#### FIFTEENTH EVENING.

"I WILL tell you another story about a little girl," began the Moon. "She is quite a small girl still, but she has been most carefully brought up, and generally her manners are irreproachable.

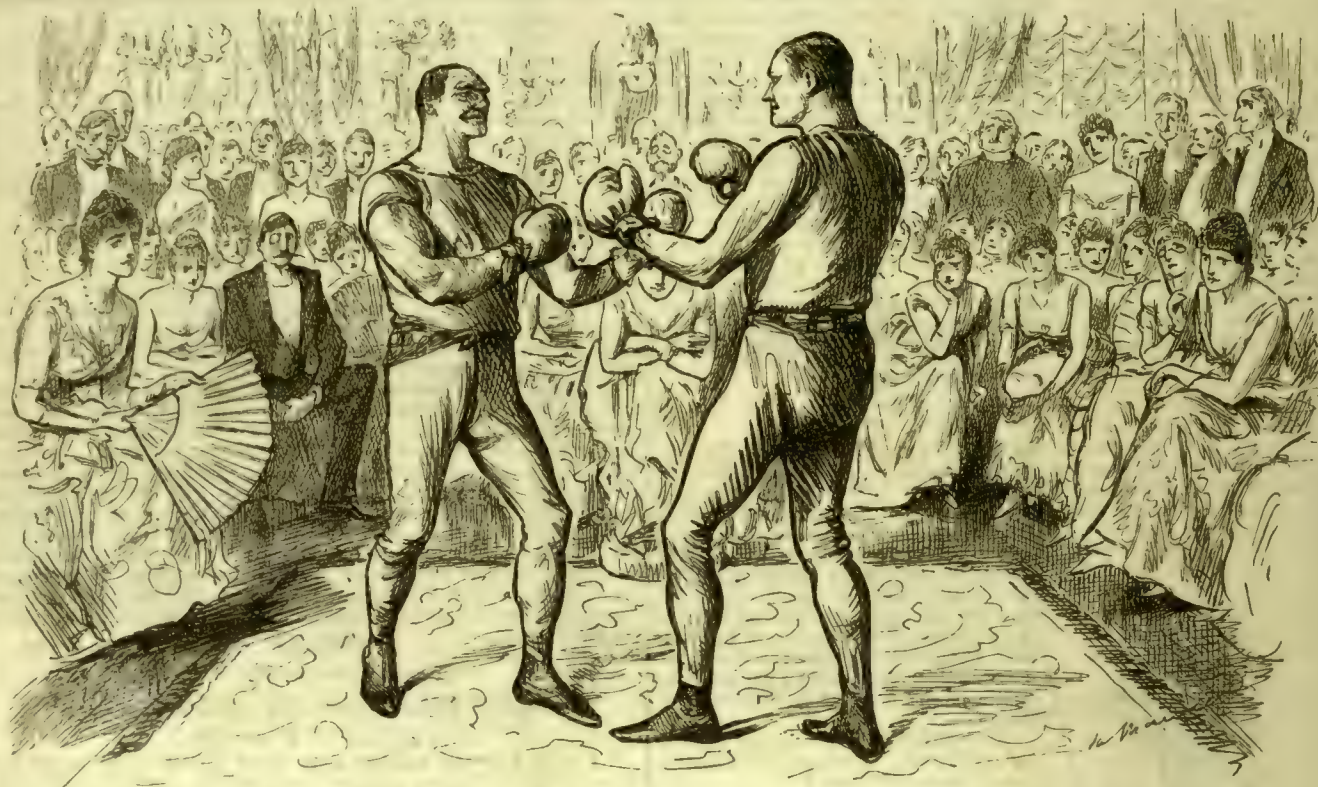
The other day, she was taken by her mother to have afternoon tea with a couple of very precise old maiden ladies. I saw her driving to their house, and heard the mother impressing upon her daughter that she must be most particular what she said or did, and it struck me that the little girl was rather offended at being thought to require such instruction. 'It's not quite the first time I've been out to tea, you know, Mummy!' she protested, and probably her mother felt that she might spare herself any further anxiety, for she smiled very proudly and fondly as she patted the child's cheek. A little later, I looked through the windows of the room where they were all at tea—a pretty

old drawing-room, full of old-fashioned furniture and quaint china. The little girl was certainly behaving very nicely: The elder of the two ladies had graciously informed her that she was the first person to hold her in her arms as a baby when she came home from India, and the child had replied, 'But I suppose you were quite young then?'

"After that she said very little, being engaged in calmly enjoying the good things which were pressed upon her, and which had a much more tempting appearance than her ordinary nursery fare. By and by one of the old ladies complimented the proud mother upon her daughter's pretty looks and manners. 'So very kind of you to tell me so,' the mother answered, beaming, 'but indeed, I must say, that my OLIVE has been very carefully'—Here she stopped short with a gasp. She had glanced at her OLIVE as she spoke, and, to her horror, this carefully brought-up little maiden was just then deliberately and demurely pocketing one of the pieces of bread-and-butter! It was a tempting piece of bread-and-butter, out as thin as a wafer and daintily rolled up, but that was no possible excuse for such a glaring breach of etiquette. 'OLIVE!' the poor mother could only cry, faintly, 'how dreadful of you! . . . She's not at all a greedy child, as a rule. I cannot understand it,' she tried to explain. But OLIVE, who meanwhile had been wrapping up the bread-and-butter in her handkerchief, was perfectly unabashed. 'I'm not greedy now,' she explained, a little haughtily, 'I don't pocket things to eat. That would be very unladylike. I only thought I might take just one piece of this nice bread-and-butter home—as a pattern for my nurse, you know.' And the two old ladies seemed less shocked than might have been expected."







MRS. DUDLEY DE VERE STANLEY-MAINWARING AT HOME—GLOVES.  
(SMALL AND EARLY.)

## THE NEGLECTED FOUNDLING.

*Mr. Punch to Mr. Bull:—*

FRIEND BULL, a word with you! My sharpest strictures,  
You know, are always moved by hearty loyalty.  
Well, at this pleasant time of Spring,—and Pictures,—

When Art and Nature vie in radiant royalty;

When the May blossoms and May Exhibitions  
Open in genial rivalry together,  
And all men's talk is of the fair conditions  
Of broadening Art and of the brightening weather;

When Springtide's "flowery bursts" are emulated

By flowery Sir FREDERICK's oratory,  
There's a stern fact or two that should be stated,

Which rather tend to dim the Season's glory.

You look complacent, JOHN. I'm bent on shocking

A mood whose sweetness *should* not be unmingled.

My *métier* is not mere cynic mocking,  
But can it be your pulses have not tingled

With something more like shame than satisfaction

At Somebody's performance of a duty  
Which was your own! A very noble action!

There's nothing on *that* side to mar its beauty.

A citizen's munificence, a modest  
And opportunely patriot inspiration!

But its *necessity* strikes one of the oddest  
As coming in a proud and long-pursed nation.

Provided for? Yes, handsomely, no doubt of it.  
But was not that provision *your* affair, JOHN?

And if successfully you've wriggled out of it,  
Is it enough to toss your cap in air, JOHN,  
And shout out, "Bravo—Somebody?"?

You're blushing;  
I see it, Mr. BULL; it does you credit.

If a sharp word bring forth that manly flushing,

*Punch* will be very glad that he has said it.

National Art's a nation's true-born child, JOHN,

Not to be classed amongst Neglected Foundlings.

SALISBURY's smug announcement made *me* wild, JOHN,

Though it might gratify the sordid groundlings.

Pertinent thoughts these be for you to ponder.  
Think in how many modes discreditable

Your garnered opulence, dear JOHN, you squander; [Babel]

But, 'midst belligerent Party's blatant  
The still small voice of national Art, and History,

Can't reach your ears—or those of your Exchequer.

Thinking of these things, JOHN, it is a mystery

How your imperial pride keeps up its pecker.  
House your own offspring, JOHN! It is your business,

Not to another's hands to be deputed.  
You'll see that, if you shake off faction's dizziness,

And purblind stinginess, so little suited  
To the inheritor of so great treasures,

The man with such a splendid patrimony.  
You are a busy bee! Well, then take measures

To find a proper hive for your Art-honey.

You cannot say, with the *Apothecary*, [JOHN.  
Your poverty, but not your will, consents,  
Ministries? Well, you know they never vary,  
Exchequers do not care for Art's intents,

JOHN.

You must be master here, and your volition  
Make visible to Treasuries short-sighted.

No, JOHN; I would not chill the exhibition  
Of citizen munificence. Delighted.

To see, and to applaud, good deeds uncourted.  
Hope that such instances may not be lonely;

But *would* you see your fair Art-child supported

"By Voluntary Contributions Only"?

## PROMOTION AND SPECULATION.

COLONEL NORTH to be General Boom, with  
a song, of which the chorus to the well-known  
air from *La Grande Duchesse* will be,—

"Et piff paff puff  
Et ta ra pa ca poum,  
Je suis, moi, le Général Boom Boom!"

By the way, have the two *General Bouns*  
yet met—General BOOM NORTH and General  
BOOM BOULANGER? What possibilities such  
an alliance suggests, resulting in the inaugu-  
ration of the great Boulangerist Dynasty, with  
the Nitrate Soldier of Fortune as Minister of  
Finance. Let us "boo, and boo, and boo"  
to BOULANGER, for, as HENRY RUSSELL used  
to sing, "There's a good time coming, boys!  
—wait a little longer!"—say till October.

NEW WORK ON AN OLD SUBJECT.—Good  
book about GALILEO, by Mr. WEGG-PROSSER.  
Much praised by the *Athenæum*. It is all in  
prose, though we should have expected  
"Wegg" to have occasionally "dropped  
into" poetry. The book is to be re-entitled  
*The Wegg-Prossercution of Galileo*.





## THE NEGLECTED FOUNDLING.

JOHN BULL. "THANKS TO THIS *VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTION*, MY DEAR, YOU ARE AT LAST PROVIDED FOR!"

MR. PUNCH. "VERY HANDSOME, MISTER BULL, BUT YOU OUGHT TO HAVE DONE IT YOURSELF LONG AGO!!"









## HINTS FOR THE PARK.

IF YOUR HACK IS IN RATHER LIGHT CONDITION, IT'S ADVISABLE TO USE A BREAST-PLATE.

## SUBURBAN LOVE-SONG.

The blacks float down with a lazy grace,  
Hey, how the twirle-birds twitter!  
And softly settle on hands and face;  
And the shards in the rockery glitter.

The boughs are black and the buds are green—  
Hey, how the twitter-birds twirle!  
And CICELY over the trellis-screen  
Is bleaching her summer kirtle.

The mustard and cress (can they grow apart—  
Those twin-souls, cress and mustard?)  
Are springing apace; they have made such a  
start  
That the pattern is rather fluster'd:

For I made a device in the moist dark mould,  
In the shape of A's and S's,  
In capital letters, firm and bold,  
I sow'd my mustard and cresses.

And I traced a heart and a true-love knot  
In a geometrical pattern,  
And it seems to have run to I can't tell what,  
For Flora has proved a slattern.

Or the sparrows, whose chirpings at daybreak  
shrill,  
Like the voice of a giant Cicala,  
Of most of the letters have had their will,  
In a vegetarian gala.

Here comes no nymph where the blue waves  
lisp  
On the white sands' gleaming level,  
Where the sharp light strikes on the laurel  
crisp,  
And flowers in the cool shade revel.

But the garden shrubs are as fair to me  
As pine and arbutus and myrtle  
That grow by the shores of the Grecian sea,  
Where deathless nightingales twirle.

And the little house, with its *suites* complete,  
And the manifold anti-macassar,  
And the *châlet* cage, whence he greets the  
*Mee puella passer*— [street—

Are fairer than 'aught that the sun is above  
In the world as much as I've seen of it;  
For the little house is the realm of love,  
And my sweet little girl is the queen of it.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Figaro Exposition* (English Edition and therefore why not "Exhibition?") ought to have a valuable collection, judging from the first part just published. The illustrations are charming, and there are several cuts of the Eiffel Tower, the one showing the top-light being curiously effective. The "Second Storey" of the Eiffel is, apparently, a very popular storey, as it is crowded.

The latest number of MESSRS. VALERY and ENGEL'S *Our Celebrities*, the autobiography of Professor HUXLEY being unusually sprightly. The likeness of ELLEN TERRY is as unlike any other one of her as she herself is unlike anybody else. I haven't made up my mind to being pleased with it. However, there she is between Professor HUXLEY, who comes first, and HENRY IRVING, who is last, but not least, attending to neither, reading a book, and apparently ignoring the Real on one side and the Ideal on t'other.

*Woman's Suffrage and National Danger*, is a work that should have the attention of all those who look forward to a House of Ladies, and long for the time when M.P.'s in petticoats will rule the Nation. The author says:—"Since the time of Adam, when manly wisdom has been put aside to please the weaker vessel, and the stronger has renounced his rights in gentle dalliance with the fair, has aught but disaster and decline ensued?"

The writer of these words, Mr. HEBER L. HART, is a bold man. If any of the more strong-minded of the Weaker Vessels come across him, it would not surprise us to find across him, it would not surprise us to find "the HART bowed down through weight of woe."

No one, whatever may be his political opinions, will fail to thoroughly enjoy *The Green above the Red*, by Mr. C. L. GRAVES. The author has a singular facility for versification. The rollicking humour and lilt of his songs, which was so conspicuous in the *Blarney Ballads*, is a special characteristic of his latest volume. Mr. GRAVES, while his arrow is sharp, never forgets the gay feather that decorates the shaft. The volume contains some admirable pictures by Mr. LINLEY SAMBOURNE, who further lends his aid in the production of a very humorous cover.

*A False Scent*, hath a pleasant savour. Mrs. ALEXANDER keeps her secret almost up to the last page, and thus the interest is well sustained till the close of the story. What the secret is, it would be scarcely fair to divulge. Cleverly and brightly written say  
THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

## FATHER DAMIEN.

*The Martyr of Molokai.*

GONE from long agony to great reward,  
At last, good priest! Humanity should hoard  
Such memories as its richest, rarest wealth.  
The enemy who crept with loathsome stealth  
On thy soul-fortress found no faltering there.  
What words avail to praise thee, who couldst  
dare [calm,  
Death's deadliest sap with long-enduring  
And in the midst of horror breathe the balm  
Of high heroic sympathy around?  
Farewell, great soul; thy grave is holy ground!  
He glorified the lazar-house whose breast  
Defied the fair Pacific's loathly pest.





No. 75. Pettie-Coatts. "Funny idea," said the elderly lady, *pettie-lante d'esprit*.



No. 68. Melting Moments. "What a boa!—on such a hot day too!"



No. 81. Mrs. Bowower. Notice her two Skye-terrier pets.



No. 63. Who cares? "I shan't carry this tray!" she exclaimed, pettishly, and chucked it over.



No. 208. A Young Master-piece, evidently by a very Young Master. Sheep-shooting!

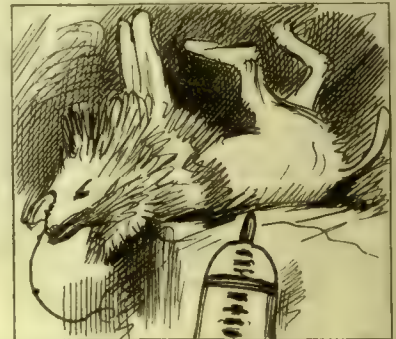


No. 43. A Clear Voice. She sang, and in less than two minutes the room was empty.



No. 58. Shilling Pears. "I don't think this Soap is so good as the more expensive one," she said to herself. "The colour seems coming off on to my left hand." Sir J. E. M.

No. 37. A Voice from the Tombs, heard from the speaking likeness by A. S. Wortley, says, "I'm the sweetest, prettiest little creature, and I do so want to change my name, and give away my hand."



No. 24. Sea Lion caught with a Line. Observe the big float used on this occasion.

No. 61. "Turned out" very well.

No. 78. "The Painter's Wife." Next year, we shall expect companion picture, "The Plumber's Aunt."

No. 132. What Mr. Keeley Halswelle saw when he left his House-boat on the Thames.

No. 171. Waxworks; or, The Stiffened Moustache.

No. 176. "Dawn, Picardy." Well Dawn!

No. 180. Isle of White.

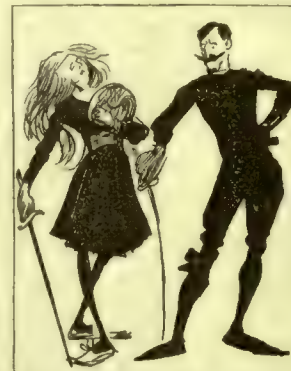
No. 184. Browning done browner than ever.



No. 17. The Marchioness of Granby. "Very rude to remark my poor finger, Manners, Manners!"



No. 200. Study in Black and White. Not "a Magpie," but a *Perdrix au Shoe*, and she looks Larky.



No. 127. Much good in Goodall, R.A.

No. 114 and 169. An Unequal Match. We hope they're not so black as they're painted.

No. 149. "Handsome is as Hansom does; or, The Disputed Cab-fare." "I never give more," she said, as she turned for the last time to the Cabman, previous to ascending the steps.

No. 206. "How can I read! The book's shamefully printed. There are things crawling about the walls; and then there's that odious *vis-à-vis* of mine at No. 200 is making reflections on me—'through the looking-glass.'"



No. 31. Before the Plunge. "Is this the way to take a header?" A Ramsgate's daughter, by a Margate's son.



## COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

May 7.—"Mister" ROSEBERY as punctual as usual. The first business is the acceptance of a design for a seal for the Council. The one chosen objected to by Mr. MARSLAND, on the score that the idea is "too mediæval," and although the Chairman declares that the central figure in the sketch is supposed to be a working-man of the nineteenth century, this explanation does not seem to remove the "Hon. Councillor's" scruples. By the way, all the members are described as "Hon." which is (as Hon. and Patriotic Counsellor BURNS might say) "A cut above what they do in the Vestries." Then a gentleman who I am told is called Mr. UBBARD, raised a short debate upon what he no doubt correctly describes as the "alf-penny rate." It is a most interesting debate, and would indeed be faultless were it not that the rate has ceased to exist. Upon learning this the Council reluctantly (I say "reluctantly," for one of its members—I think it is that amusing rattle, Lord HOBHOUSE—insists, in a supplementary speech, upon slaying the slain) turns its attention to something else. But what a "something else!" The Standing Committee have actually recommended that the Deputy-Chairman shall receive two thousand pounds sterling a year! Every eye is turned towards Mr. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH, whose invariably florid complexion conceals his blushes. The Vice-Chairman, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, neatly recommends the recommendation suggesting that his colleague combines the clerical industry of the bee with the legal knowledge of the ant—at least, that is the impression Sir JOHN's speech conveys to my mind. Somebody seconds the resolution, and then comes the tug of war. The gallant warrior, whose eloquence, rightly or wrongly, is often called "Rotten," leads the attack. He loves BOTTOMLEY like a brother—but there is nothing strange in this, as every subsequent speaker scarcely with an exception echoes the sentiment—but he does not want him to have a salary. There are a number of "Hon. Councillors" of the same way of thinking. For instance, Alderman ARTHUR ARNOLD does not like the idea at all. The Alderman considers BOTTOMLEY his oldest friend—if I understood him rightly he laid the foundation of Mr. FIRTH's fortune, by introducing him to BEALE the Chorus—what a sweet boon!—but he must not be paid. Then another Alderman objects, no less a person than *the Ghost of Hamlet's Father* as I must call him) the Reverend FLEMING WILLIAMS. The Hon. and Ecclesiastical Councillor looks gayer than he did last week. He wears a buttonhole, and is altogether more cheerful. And this reminds me that there are a number of flowers about, inclusive of a large bunch of white lilies on the Chairman's table, which are no doubt waiting for the moment when "Mister" ROSEBERY poses as a model for the central figure in a church-window. *The Ghost of Hamlet's Father* on this occasion, reminds me of another Shakspearian character—*Shylock* in a play called *The Merchant of Venice*.

And now there is a diversion. That gallant old warrior Colonel HUGHES (who I assume from his military title, must have the art of war at his fingers' end) complains of "surprise." Why were not the Council told three days in advance that this strange matter

was coming on? How did the Standing Committee come to think of such a clever thing? Such is the brave Colonel's complaint. He is immediately answered by a lawyer (I can fancy how the tough old warrior must fume at the notion of a solicitor correcting an "officer and a gentleman"), Mr. HARRISON, who takes a different view of the subject. Then Captain VERNY (who is every square-inch a sailor as Colonel HUGHES is every cubic-foot a soldier) interposes, and wants to know what has been done in the matter of Counsel's opinion about the proceedings of last week. The Deputy-Chairman springs forward and gives the required information with a courtesy and a promptitude that suggests and pleasantly suggests, "in this style, two thousand a-year." But this agreeable demeanour does not convert the Naval Representative of the United Service—he still objects to a salary attached to the office. Then we have a Refreshment contractor, whose name is not familiar to me, and whose remarks are of no great importance, and then the Patriot BURNS rises to represent the working-man. The Hon. Councillor is a member of the Standing Committee, and from my own observation, a friend of the noblest of his colleagues. He speaks with a silvery eloquence that wins all hearts. Every word is pronounced with exquisite purity—no dropping of aspirates, no saying "pied" for "paid," or anything of that sort. Personally, he thinks £1,500 a-year enough, and that BOTTOMLEY should have no more, and cease to be an M.P., but he does not insist on the latter suggestion. He wants, however, Mr. FIRTH to earn his money—on pain of getting the sack. It would be difficult to describe the delightful delicacy with which these proposals are made. I can only murmur, "Exquisite, beautiful, *how* refined!" And now the matter has been debated for nearly three hours, and we have got no further. Then "Mister" ROSEBERY interposes, as is his wont, and we have much voting.

In the end, the Deputy-Chairman is given his £2,000 a-year salary, and from a little anecdote he introduces in returning thanks, adroitly suggests that he intends to keep it until he joins the great majority.

"When I told a great statesman recently lost to us—JOHN BRIGHT," says the ingenuous BOTTOMLEY, "that I had turned my attention to Municipal Reform in London, the great man replied, 'I fancy you will find that you have before you the sole labour of your life!'" I can only say may Mr. FIRTH live long, and may his £2,000 a-year prosper!

May 10.—The Council meets again in Spring Gardens. However, as that genial wag *the Ghost of Hamlet's Father* would observe, "as the Summer has now set in, the less said about the Spring proceedings the better."

RATIONAL DRESS MOVEMENT.—The noble sportsmen visiting Kempton have been actuated by Mr. Sam Weller's motto, "Ease afore elegance," and, following their Royal and sensible leader, have discarded the "Sunday-go-to-meeting" tall hat for the "Go-to-race-meeting" pot hat. The fashion, however, was not adopted last week by GRANDOLPH, who explained to his companion, the Brave BOULANGER, that it was "only those who had a tile off would ever think of putting the pot on." The General smiled, but was unable to appreciate the jest. Having so far disposed of heads in the daytime, will not His Sensible Royal Highness dispense with our tails in the evening? "Off with the tails!"

## MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.



RIGHT HON. ARTHUR GIFFORD, M.P.

As Irish Secretary known to fame,  
Gifford, links-eyed, pursues his favourite game.



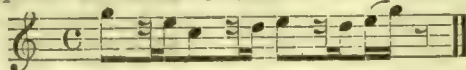
## OUR SPECIAL MUSICAL CRITIC.

THE Great Musical event of the week, has, of course, been the production at the Footleton Festival of the much-talked-of Cantata "Whitsuntide," by Dr. JACQUES STRAUSS CASTLE, by whom it was personally conducted. The hall was crowded with a highly fashionable, cultivated and critical audience who were enthusiastic in the extreme, and bestowed flattering receptions on the local Lawyer, Medical Man, Town-clerk, and Postmistress, as each entered the hall. Subsequently, during one of the most interesting numbers, the Medical Man was called out; but we ascertained, on good authority, that his unexpected summons had not been previously arranged by him. The audience rose *en masse* when the gifted composer appeared, and Dr. JACQUES STRAUSS CASTLE looked more than gratified at the ovation accorded him. Mr. BANCOLLIDES' poem of *Whitsuntide* is too well-known to need a detailed description here, but the opening stanzas, "Our feet are on our native

Heath," was most beautifully set, and effectively rendered by the choir. The first great success, however, was the *trio* between the three swains, "Thomas, Richard, and Henry." The chief *motif* is commenced by Thomas, and is as follows:—



This is responded to immediately by Richard (tenor), in C:—

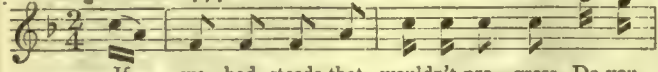


Henry then joins them with this quaint phrase in three-four time:—



This number became instantly popular with the audience, and there was scarcely a man in the cheap parts of the hall who did not commence whistling the above phrases. The next number was a masterpiece of scoring. It was the grand chorus of *Gay Muleteers*, and we quote the refrain, in the originality of which the gifted composer has surpassed himself:—

*Allegro vivace. ppp*



If we had steeds that wouldn't pro-gress, Do you



think we'd urge them? Yes! Yes!! Yes!!!

We venture to think, however, that the Composer might have dispensed with the trick of accompanying the final "Yes! Yes!! Yes!!!" with a banging of sticks at the back of the orchestra. Tricks of this sort have been introduced before, but the practice, except in Pantomimes, is not to be commended. The song by Harriet (first Soprano), "Arm in Arm with Henry," received the honour of a double *encore*, and nothing could have been more idyllic than the description of Thomas, Richard, and Henry, decorating their hats with wreaths. The swains and their sweethearts are supposed to witness a strolling performance of effigies. The music that accompanied the performance was marvellously orchestrated. The theme was in C, and the kettledrum tuned purposely to B flat. The effect was quite characteristic.

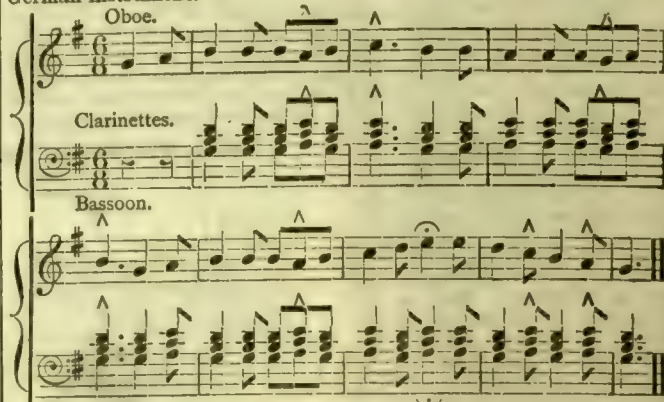
*Piccolo.*

*Sva.*



The final chorus was also excellent. The sweethearts and swains march home in couples, the latter holding a musical instrument in

their hands, with which they accompany their chant, according to the custom of the people. Dr. JACQUES STRAUSS CASTLE, in his orchestration, has quite caught the spirit of this beautiful, homely, German instrument.



## BRICKS AND MORTARFICATION.

RECEIVE a note from my Vestry telling me that, in accordance with the recent "Leaseholds Enfranchisement Act," I can, if I like, acquire the freehold of my dwelling by "serving a notice on my Landlord." What larks! Always wanted to pay my Landlord out, for his rapacity about those fixtures of his when I entered: also for his refusal to whitewash and paper various rooms, a refusal which he coupled with a most ungenerous reference to "the terms of my lease," whereby, it appears, all repairs are thrown on me!

Curious how calmly Landlord has taken my notice about purchasing freehold. Suppose he sees there's no good in protesting. Price to be settled by Official Arbitrator, on basis of so many years' rent.

It is settled. Price seems simply enormous. Arbitrator had to go by rent, and rent absurdly high. Landlord seems to have told Arbitrator that "he couldn't find a better built 'ouse, not if he searched all Lunnun over," and Arbitrator—who *must* be a simpleton—actually believed him!

Result. I am a freeholder. Proud position—only, in order to raise money, have robbed myself of all the capital I possessed, and had to execute a mortgage as well. Try to realise how much better it is for my self-respect to be *owner* than merely *tenant*. Try to feel that I've really and truly a *home* now, out of which nobody (Query—except mortgagee?) can turn me. Don't experience as much satisfaction out of these reflections as I ought to.

Day after sale, Landlord calls. Ostensible object, to "see how I'm getting on." Real one is to tell me—as he does, chuckling—what a splendid bargain he has made. Says "he always *did* want to get this 'ere 'ouse off his hands," and now "Parliament's done it for him." Points out to me with fiendish glee all the defects of the building of which I am now the happy possessor. Warns me not to press too heavily against wall of study, or "it may come down with a run." Adds, that whole house is a "shocking bad 'un."

I am surprised at Landlord's cool admission. Ask him if he doesn't feel ashamed at having built such a place. "He didn't build it," he replies. Then isn't he ashamed at having got me to buy it? "Not a bit," he says, cheerfully; I seemed very anxious to get freehold, and as he was anxious to part with it, why should he disappoint me? Why, indeed?

Find, after a month or two, that house is really showing signs of giving way. Patch it up (at considerable expense), and then try to let it. Find myself describing it (just as my old Landlord used to do) as "this desirable and commodious residence." Feel that this is a fib, and that my self-respect is distinctly lowered by it.

Result of Leaseholds Act, as far as I am concerned, simply is that I am turned from the swindlee into the swindler. (Query—Isn't all morality a matter of the circumstances one happens to be in?) Landlord seems to be flourishing—probably with money I was fool enough to pay him for this house. When I meet him in the street, he remarks, jocularly, that "my taking that lease off his hands was a happy release to him!" Find myself weakly asking him for his advice as to best mode of letting the house. To think that I should ever have come to this! Feel that, if mortgagee were to foreclose to-morrow, and turn me out of my freehold, I should be really grateful to him.

TWO GREAT SPORTING QUESTIONS.—Whether Donovan will win the Derby, and whether Derby will with SPOFFORTH. Derby desires to play the "Demon" this year, hoping that he will "play the demon" with its opponents.





### MONOPOLY.

*First Stock Exchange Man (reading newspaper).* "HULLO! POLICE RAID ON WEST-END GAMBLING CLUBS! AH—QUITE RIGHT—THERE'S TOO MUCH OF THAT SORT OF THING!"

*Second S. E. M.* "YES, A DEAL TOO MUCH. LOOK HERE. BET YOU SIX TO FOUR THEY GET OFF!"

*First S. E. M.* "DONE, WITH YOU!"

### INFANT ROSCII.

BRAVO, HENRICUS IRVINGUS et AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS COUNTI-COUNCIL-ARIUS, *homo mirabilis*! Excellent speeches you both made on behalf of the employment of the little bread-winning children in theatres. On the boards is the best Board-school for them. You are quite right, Gentlemen, in saying that the objections to such employment are brought by a number of prejudiced, narrow-minded, well-intentioned persons, who know little or nothing about the matter, and do not take the trouble to learn the facts. Why couldn't the Not-at-Home Secretary have been "At-Home" on this occasion, of which he must surely have had due notice?

*Mr. Punch* sincerely congratulates Messrs. IRVINGUS and DRURIOLANUS, and their Associates, on this first step in a just cause, and looks forward to the day when good Mrs. FAWCETT and her party will start a Model Theatrical Infant-School Company, to provide education and supervision for the future Roscii, to be entitled "The Fawcett and Katti Lanner Co. (Limited)." But as to urging on Government to any unnecessary interference, *Mr. Punch's* advice to the excellent lady leader of the crusade is, "Don't Force it!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MARK TWAIN'S *Scrap Book*, issued by WALKER & Co., is worth more than its price if only for MARK TWAIN'S recommendation of it. He invented it, he says, to lessen the profanity of his unhappy country, as every possessor of a scrap-book was accustomed to swear horribly, like our army in Flanders, whenever he or she couldn't find the paste, or scissors, or gum. Here no gum or paste is required, so that even "by gum!" is unnecessary. It doesn't obviate the use of scissors, though, nor of some method of damping, with an accent on the first syllable, as ARTHUR ROBERTS would say when he found he couldn't fix the scraps; and so, coupled with the publisher's name, there is a good deal of Walker about it. A varied volume is that by Mr. F. A. KNIGHT, entitled *By Leafy Ways*. The writer, who is a student in the school of the late RICHARD JEFFERIES, here collects two dozen or more papers which first appeared in the *Daily News*. We cannot but feel grateful to him for having rescued them and giving them a more permanent position than they could attain in the columns of a popular newspaper. It is cleverly illustrated by Mr. E. T. COMPTON.

BARON DE BOOK WORMS & Co.

### MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

#### NO. IV.—THE IDYLIC.

THE following example will not be found above the heads of an average audience, while it is constructed to suit the capacities of almost any lady artiste.

#### SO SHY!

*The singer should, if possible, be of mature age, and incline to a comfortable embonpoint. As soon as the bell has given the signal for the orchestra to attack the prelude, she will step upon the stage with that air of being hung on wires, which seems to come from a consciousness of being a favourite of the public.*

I'm a dynety little Dysy of the Dingle,

[Self-praise is a great recommendation—in Music-Hall songs.

So retiring and so timid and so coy.

If you ask me why so long I have lived single,

I will tell you—'tis because I am so shy.

[Note the skill with which the rhyme is adapted to meet Arcadian peculiarities of pronunciation.

*Spoken*—Yes, I am—really, though you wouldn't think it to look at me, would you? But, for all that,—

*Chorus*—When I'm spoken to, I wriggle,

Going off into a giggle,

And as red as any peony I blush;

Then turn paler than a lily,

For I'm such a little silly,

That I'm always in a flutter or a flush!

[After each chorus an elaborate step-dance, expressive of shrinking maidenly modesty.

I've a cottage far away from other houses,

Which the nybours hardly ever come anough;

When they do, I run and hoide among the rouses,

For I cannot cure myself of being shoy.

*Spoken*—A great girl like me, too! But there, it's no use trying, for—

*Chorus*—When I'm spoken to, I wriggle, &c.

Well, the other day I felt my fice was crimson,

Though I stood and fixed my gyze upon the skoy,

For at the gyte was sorry CHORLEY SIMPSON,

And the sight of him's enough to turn me shoy.

*Spoken*—It's singular, but CHORLEY always has that effect on me.

*Chorus*—When he speaks to me, I wriggle, &c.

Then said CHORLEY: "My pursuit there's no evyding.

Now I've caught you, I insist on a reploty.

Do you love me? Tell me truly, little myding!"

But how is a girl to answer when she's shoy?

*Spoken*—For even if the conversation happens to be about nothing particular, it's just the same to me.

*Chorus*—When I'm spoken to, I wriggle, &c.

There we stood among the loilac and syringas,

More sweet than any Ess. Bouquet you boy;

[Arcadian for "buy."

And CHORLEY kept on squeezing of my fingers,

And I couldn't tell him not to, being shoy.

*Spoken*—For, as I told you before,—

*Chorus*—When I'm spoken to, I wriggle, &c.

Soon my slender wyste he ventured on embrycing,

While I only heaved a gentle little soy;

Though a scream I would have liked to rise my vice in,

It's so difficult to scream when you are shoy!

*Spoken*—People have such different ways of listening to proposals. As for me,—

*Chorus*—When they talk of love, I wriggle, &c.

So very soon to Church we shall be gowing,

While the bells ring out a merry peal of jy.

If obedience you do not hear me vowing,

It will only be because I am so shy.

[We have brought the rhyme off legitimately at last, it will be observed.

*Spoken*—Yes, and when I'm passing down the oil, on CHORLEY'S arm, with everybody looking at me,—

*Chorus*—I am certain I shall wriggle,

And go off into a giggle,

And as red as any peony I'll blush.

Going through the marriage service

Will be sure to mike me nervous,

[Note the freedom of the rhyme.

And to put me in a flutter and a flush!



## THE OFFER OF THE OLIVE-BRANCH.



"My suggestion that recourse should be had to arbitration, as a means of settling the questions now in dispute between landlords and tenants on a number of estates in Ireland. I have, I must say, almost abandoned hope of my suggestion being adopted by the landlords and their advisers. My effort in the cause of peace has been strongly sustained by those newspapers—such, for instance, as the *Freeman's Journal* and *United Ireland*—which are universally recognised as exponents and advocates of the tenants' claims."—*Archbishop Walsh's Letter to "The Times."*

Is it a time when aught should bid to cease  
One honest effort in the cause of Peace?  
Is it an hour when journalistic scorn,  
Or Party anger should make more forlorn

The fainting hope of the peacemaker? Nay!  
Dissension here has had too long a day;  
Hate's hideous harvest only never fails.  
The scribe who sneers, the partizan who rails,  
Help *that*, not Law and Order—the glib cry  
Of pedants sour who mock at amity.  
Who knows the history? Who will stoop to learn?

Let shallow spouters sedulously turn  
The leaves of Ireland's story, and shake off  
That fatal readiness to rage and scoff  
At acts ungauged, and men misunderstood,  
Which checks the growth of all the seeds of good.

Between long raging foes, both hot and blind,  
Whom law iniquitous and chance unkind

Conjoined, have alienated, seems to stand,  
With friendly mien, and olive-branch in hand,  
A messenger of peace. Is it not time  
That stern constraint and fiercely furtive crime,  
So long resultlessly opposed should cease  
To have the field between them? "*Is it peace?*"  
Suspicion cries, "or some new shape of guile  
Intent to plague this faction-harried Isle?"  
So sneers the squint-eyed spirit which inspires  
Our rival thoughts and fans our mutual ire.  
Is here no opening, if not quite for trust  
Entire, for patient trial? Ah! be just



But calmly, carefully considerate too!  
While there's one chance that mild-faced  
Peace may woo  
That angry peasant and that landlord stern  
To drop their weapons, snatched in wrath,  
and turn  
Toward the olive-branch, let those who'd  
cope  
With hate by justice not abandon hope!

### COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

May 14.—The "Mister of ROSEBURY" (this is an adaptation of a Scotch title to metropolitan requirements) is in the chair, and ready to begin (with the assistance of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and the gentleman who has accepted "hundreds," after obtaining thousands) at the stroke of three. There is a pretty full attendance. A good start is made with the *Agenda* until the composition of "the Parks' Committee" is reached. "How shall the new members be elected?" The Mister of ROSEBURY lets it be understood that he doesn't mind "how," so long as subsequently he hears no more about it. "It" standing of course for composition, and not committee. No doubt the Mister is afraid of some one again suggesting that he should superintend the sale of nuts, oranges, and ginger-beer. An hour or so is then spent in pleasant, if not very instructive chatter, and then lists are ordered to be made out, and handed in. When they are collected, a little later, the papers of Councillor FORSTER, Barrister TORR, and last, but not least, Great Military Commander HOWARD VINCENT, are found to be imperfect. The Mister of ROSEBURY quite chuckles over the fact that three such highly distinguished and intellectual persons should be guilty of an informality.

Then comes the report of the Finance Committee; and it is a relief to some of us to find that its highly respected chairman, Lord LINGEN, is seemingly entirely unconnected with the recent proceedings in connection with the Park Club. As I gaze at him, portfolio in hand, murmuring soft somethings about figures, I feel certain that he shuns *baccarat* as the plague. His explanation (whatever it is) seemingly satisfies every one, save that unbloated aristocrat Earl COMPTON, who, not hearing every word of the fiery eloquence of the noble Lord, occasionally ejaculates "Speak up!"

The customary orators by this time are well to the fore. The Refreshment Contractor from the Law Courts expands in his usual fashion, and then takes some interest in a speech from Mr. BASSETT HOPKINS, possibly because it contains reference to "the Legislature," which latter word, as pronounced, sounds as if it were an *entremet* in the menu of a City dinner. Alderman *The Ghost of Hamlet's Father* (as I really must call him) opposes the retention of an open space (so I understand him) because it may be utilised to enlarge a chapel. This brings up a gentleman in a red tie (his face seems familiar to me, but I cannot say where I have seen him before), who expresses his wish to support the reverend Councillor in carrying out so admirable an object. Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, however, prefers open air to chapel-going in the locality in question (a very squalid one), and says so.

Then we have a long discussion about engineers and doctors. It appears that we have to appoint a chief engineer, and we are greatly exercised in our minds as to whether the coming official shall be allowed (when chosen) to take pupils. This matter is discussed with much earnestness, provoking loud cries of



### WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE AWFULLY FUNNY ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Brown. "I SAY—LOOK HERE! WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU MEAN BY CARICATURING MY PICTURE—HAY?" Jones. "YES—CONFOUND YOU!—AND NOT CARICATURING MINE!"

"Hear, hear!" from a part of the Council, and "ear, ear!" from the remainder. On the whole, I fancy the "hear, hears" are in the majority. As £1500 is the sum proposed as salary, I am not surprised to find the silvery-tongued BURNS suggesting a reduction of £500. It is always a pleasure to listen to the agreeable voice of this patriot, even when he has nothing particular to say as on the present occasion. Next we choose a Medical Officer of Health, and note, *en passant* that Mr. CLARKE (who is a real live Common Councillor of the City of London) is "guided by the personal appearance of a man as much as by anything else," a remark causing the reflection that he must be delighted when he gazes into a looking-glass. And after our doctor is chosen (after three attempts) we come perhaps to the most exciting incident in the afternoon's entertainment.

During the sitting Miss Alderspinner CONS and Miss COBDEN have been holding quite a little court at which, amongst others, Alderman *The Ghost of Hamlet's Father* has been (so I have noticed) in constant attendance. I find that we are now called upon to consider Mr. FLEMING WILLIAMS' motion for a deputation to the President of the Local Government Board to urge upon the attention of that Right Hon. and greatly favoured Gentleman, the thirst that the London County Council undoubtedly have for the charms of female society. Miss COBDEN, convulses us with laughter, as she asks whether the Chairman, Vice-Chairman, or Deputy-Chairman would undertake the arduous duties of visiting twenty-three baby-farms, *vice* Lady SANDHURST disqualified? Some of us (I think the "ear, ears") would like to add this pleasant little exercise to the daily routine of the self-sacrificing (but £2000 a-year-receiving) BOTTOMLEY, but no one ventures to make the proposal. Then, after a forcible but courteous protest from a man of mark, or rather marks, the ladies carry the day by a majority of 26, and we go home after four hours of hard talking (and harder listening) with what appetite we may, to dinner.

And now, having sufficiently "sampled" the proceedings of the London County Council, I close my note-book—for the present.

### Up! Up!

THAT great work of Highest possible Art, *La Tour Eiffel*, is the tall attraction in Paris. Eiffel-tower first, Exhibition second. They are all Eiffel mad. "Tall writin'," instead of being termed "high-fallutin'," is now "Eiffelutin'." A *gamin de Paris* who sees a tall lady cries out, "Tiens! Madame EIFFEL!" The *Figaro* records that a high note touched by Miss SYRIL SAUNDERSON, the new soprano, was immediately recorded as "*la note Eiffel de l'Opéra Comique*." *La Tour Eiffel* gives the tone to everything. The Parisians are holding their heads high; the hotel-keepers and shop-keepers are all highly delighted, because the prices are Eiffel-prices; that is, about as high as they can be.



## ODE TO FOUR O'CLOCK.

*A Drydenish Dithyrambic of the Special Commission. In the form of a Trio.*

*Vocalists—Sir J-M-S H-XN-N, Mr. J-ST-E D-Y, and Mr. J-ST-E A. L. SM-TH.*

*["The Court adjourned at Four o'clock."—Diurnal announcement.]*

O BLESSED Four o'clock!  
Thine advent makes e'en Rhad-  
manthus gay,  
And Eacus (or D-Y)  
With Minos SM-TH seem half  
inclined to play  
At leap-frog, which might  
shock  
Wigged W-BST-R's more than  
Cancellarian dignity.  
Our benison upon the sweet be-  
nignity  
Of him, the something slow but  
sure scythe-bearer!  
Oh! if the wearer  
Of horse-hair and of ermine  
Might but determine  
The pace of Kronos daily round  
the dial  
Upon this dread interminable trial,  
Old Edax Rerum  
(Who is not bound to hear 'em,  
These wrangling counsel and witnesses ramb-  
ling),  
Would have a pace less like a park-hack's  
ambling.

From harmony, from party-harmony  
This never-ending bore began,  
Where Justice underneath a heap  
Of jarring questions lies,  
And cannot heave her head.  
We Three feel well-nigh dead.  
Cold cynic questions, and quick hot replies  
From R-D and R-SS-LL leap,  
And scarce our power obey.  
From harmony, from party-harmony,  
This lengthy little game began,  
From S-L-SB-RY's and G-SCH-N's harmony,  
And that of those Dissentients who ran  
First from the follies of the Grand Old Man.

What passion cannot Eloquence raise and  
quell?  
When R-SS-LL perorated well,  
His listening "brothers" sat around,  
And wonder on their faces fell  
Whilst hanging on the silvery sound.  
Less than an Oracle there scarce could dwell  
In guise of that snuff-taking, legal swell,



Who spake so sweetly and so well.  
What passion cannot Eloquence raise and  
quell?

But Counsel's harsh clangor  
Less certainly charms,  
With shrill notes of anger,  
And pride up in arms,  
The double, double, double beat  
Of the hammering fist,  
Wake tired ill-temper 'tis hard to resist  
When nailed many hours to our seat.

P-GG-TT led W-BST-R a wild-geese chase,  
And nigh the Thunderer lost its place  
Sequacious of that liar;  
But lingering weeks of squabbling sadly tire,  
Oh, why to Law was wind so lengthy given,  
Making our triune judgment-seat appear—  
Well—certainly not heaven?

## Grand Chorus.

Therefore We Three thankfully praise  
The clock-hands as they move,  
And for the hour of Four we raise  
Our hands in thanks above.  
Oh, dearest, most desired hour!  
Thou bald-head who dost all devour,  
Grateful we are when thou dost knock  
Upon our tympanums with pleasant shock,  
And bring us once again thrice welcome Four  
o'clock!

## MOST APPROPRIATE.

NOTHING more natural than that the Lyric Club should branch out into the Lyric Cricket Club, a difficult combination of words to pronounce five times rapidly. The chief amusements at the Lyric commence about midnight, and finish about 3 A.M., when the hours are "small and early," during which time the Lyric Members are as lively as Crickets chirruping on the hearth. It was therefore almost unnecessary to add "Cricket" to "Lyric," but why not drop "Lyric" altogether? Let the Lyric Theatre enjoy the title all to itself, and let the Lyric Members call themselves "The Cricket Club." *Happy Thought.*—Excellent name for an Up-all-night Club, "The Crickets." Why on Hearth hasn't this been thought of before? Perhaps it has, and we didn't know of it. Very likely.

## The Coming County Councillors.

WHEN lovely Woman's made a C. C.,  
And finds, too late, that Acts betray,  
What is her tip? To take it easy,  
And—try again another day!  
The L. G. Act, it seems, won't qualify  
"Women" to sit as (and on) "men."  
But man-made law the Sex will mollify,  
And won't she "let us have it" then!

## Correspondence.

SIR,—I see the Bishops have been denouncing gambling. Is it on this account that the Bishop of LINCOLN is had up before the Archbishop, or only for some private speculations? I confess to being a little mixed, and only want to know.

Yours, MAX MUDDLER.

HYMEN HYMENÆE!—Last Thursday Miss HOPE GLENN married Mr. HEARD, and that afternoon our handsome mezzo soprano, although so justly popular at all recent concerts and musical festivals, was Heard for the first time. Fortunate HEARD, not one of the common herd.

NEAR ENOUGH—FOR HER.—The conversation turned on the First NAPOLEON. "I can't remember who his great Minister was," observed Mrs. RAM; "but I know it was a name suggestive of fox-hunting. Ah! I recollect—it was TALLYHO!"

## PARKS NOBISCUM.

MR. PUNCH is glad to see that, in the *Daily Telegraph*, "E.L." has once more opened up the old subject of Park Improvement. Mr. Punch has been harping on much the same string year after year.



Why not kiosques for light refreshment? No necessity for Mr. PLUNKET, or GEORGE RANGER, or Mr. ROSEBERRY, if the L. C. C. has got anything to do with it, to personally superintend the sale of apples, oranges, ginger-beer, cakes and ices. Why not a superior restaurant for cold lunches? We don't want to take the trees and shrubs from the Bois de Boulogne, having got some very fine ones of our own, but we might take a few leaves out of the French book. And, beyond this, why not consider Equestrians as well as Pedestrians, and give a ride across the Park, and another through the beautiful shady avenues of Kensington Gardens? Was there ever such a monotonous squirrel-in-the-cage arrangement as "Rotten Row" and its contributories now? And what is there for Equestrians in Regent's Park? A wretched strip not worth mentioning. As to the "ride"—Heaven save the mark!—in Birdcage Walk,—"a ride" in a "Walk" may be considered a concession,—instead of being a delight-

ful avenue for a canter, it is occupied by loafing roughs, small children, and mischievous gamins de Londres, who make riding dangerous to man, beast, and child. Are there no park-keepers or police to keep this place in order, and prevent its being a lounge for obstructive loafers and a playground for little imps who are a terror to those who (do or don't) ride well.

Mr. Punch addresses himself respectfully to "Mr." ROSEBERRY (if necessary) to the courteous and common-sensible Mr. PLUNKET, and to the gallant RANGER GEORGE, and begs E. L. and the *Daily Telegraph* to go on and hammer, hammer, hammer away in season and out of season, but especially now when it's in season.

## REGINA AD ETONAM.

CARISSIME DOMINE PUNCHIUS,—REGINA nostra venit hic alteram diem Saturni ultimum deponere lapidem corneram novarum edificarum scholasticarum, quid illa sua MAJESTAS Graciosa fecit dignitate multa, et nos omnes omnibus nostris cordibus illam cheeravimus. Visus grandis situs atque bonus, et magna dies Etonensis. Cum cantat VIRGILIUS, puto, "Incedit REGINA." Sic illa fecit. Nullum plus nunc in presenti, sed mitte mihi unum quid pro quod scripsi. Hurridus sum ad catchere postam.

Vester veritabiliter, "PUER ASCANIUS."

CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.—The son of DICKENS is shining brightly. His pathetic tone is good, but his evident appreciation of his father's humour is irresistible with an audience which prefers laughing to crying. It ought to be a successful series.









## ÆSTHETICS.

*Daughter of the House.* "BY THE WAY, MR. SMITH, MAY I HAVE YOUR KIND PERMISSION TO TAKE THIS OFF THE CABINET, AND PUT IT INSIDE! THE MODERN MASCULINE HAT IS SUCH A DEPLORABLY HIDEOUS OBJECT!"

## "POOR LITTLE BILL!"

Master WILLIAM SMITH, *loquitur* :—

WELL, of all the orkud, limpity lumpity babbies as ever did bother a nuss, I do declare that this kid of yours is the heaviest, 'ENERY. *Couldn't* be wuss. It flops in the head, and it drags on the arms, and it doubles up in the middle like fun. Now don't stand howling there, 'ENERY, *don't*, but up and tell us wot's to be done. I never did like the looks of it, drat it! it never wasn't a promising kid, But you *wos* so sweet on it; said *you* would carry it easy, 'ENERY, you know you did; And now where are we? A regular fix, and the way out of it I don't quite see, And there you stands a blubbering 'ENERY, a-leaving the beast of a babby to me. Kids of this stock ain't healthy, 'ENERY; you never rears 'em do what you will, Which young Fair-Trade was a blighted babe, and it's just the same with this Little Bill. Look at him, limp and lumpy, 'ENERY, weak in the back, and with weepy eyes; Nobody loves him, and none will nuss him; all hates a hinfant as flops and ories. Bother that blessed old Mother Purtection! Her brats are always such rickety imps. Oh, wot's the use of denying the parentage? It's only she as brings forth such shrimps. Got us to nuss it, you in particular, that is the wust of it, 'ENERY, dear. Artful old image, she's done us neatly; and you're fair flummoxed, and I feels queer.

"Such a *sweet* child, with a temper like sugar, healthy, too, and costs little to keep!" That's how the bad old baggage beguiled us; and now it is sick, and does nothing but weep. Sugar, indeed! Wich Wirgin Winegar's much more like it, and not molasses. And as for cheap? Oh, 'ENERY! 'ENERY! we wants to nobble the working classes. And nussing up such rickety babbies as this won't do it, I sadly fear. It will cost no end for pap and peppermint; in that sense only the babby's *dear*. "Dear little thing!" says you a snivelling. I only wish—but that's far too good—As you could gobble it up on the quiet, as t'other Wolf did Red Riding Hood! Can't farm it out to some Mrs. BROWNRIE, I s'pose? No, 'ENERY, no such luck! We've got it on our hands, for certain; and you stand helpless, and I'm fair stuck. Begin to sympathise with HEROD, and think them Spartans were not far wrong. Oh, 'ENERY, 'ENERY! you as told me that Little Bill was so sweet and strong! Wot *are* we going to do with it, 'ENERY? Wish you wouldn't stand bellowing there. I am a reglar Pill Garlic, I am; 'pon my honour it isn't fair, If we gave it an over-dose of "cordial," and sent it into a lasting sleep, Why, *there's the body* to be disposed of, and it's a thing as we cannot keep. Happy thought! Oh, 'ENERY, 'ENERY! here's a well in a 'andy spot, Like what *Lady Audley* dropped her husband down, and I tell you wot,

I'm tired out, and you ain't no use, and there's nobody looking; wot do you think?

Just a step, a slip, a stumble, close by the well—on the very brink?

When Johnny Green found the cat a nuisance, why, into the well he was prompt to pop it.

Murder poor Little Bill? Why, no; but we cannot carry it, so *let's drop it!*

AN EMPRESS'S MASSAGER.—Dr. METZGER, the celebrated doctor whose remedy is the Massage for everything, has taken the Empress of AUSTRIA under his care, and she is recovering her strength and health. The *Observer* recently said of him that the Doctor is so thorough-going a Republican that he wouldn't cross the street for a Sovereign. Nor would our courtliest London doctor; but he would for a guinea. If METZGER succeeds, all the Crowned Heads of Europe will patronise Massage, and Dr. M. will be brought out as a Company, entitled, the Massagéries Impériales.

FOREIGN TO OUR HABITS.—The Brave General, like Brer Fox, is "layin' low." This is wise generalship, but he would do well to advise any of his hot-tempered followers not to go about with revolvers in their pockets. When M. ROCHEFORT presented the weapon at M. PILOTTELL, why did not the latter, who is a well-known black-and-white artist, draw and defend himself?





“POOR LITTLE BILL!”

MASTER SMITH (to MASTER DE WORMS). “I SIAY, HENERY, WE CAN’T CARRY ’IM ANY FURTHER,—S’POSE WE DROP ’IM!!”







## THE STAGGERED STIPENDIARY.

*A Police-Court Cantata—Written up to Date.*

*The Scene represents the interior of a Metropolitan Police Court towards three o'clock in the afternoon. A miscellaneous crowd of Witnesses in adjourned cases, Reporters, Police-men, Attorneys, Officials of the Court, and the general Public, who have been waiting the arrival of the Magistrate, who has not yet come, from ten o'clock in the morning discovered in the last stages of irritable impatience.*

*As the Curtain rises, they join in the following general Chorus:—*

## GENERAL CHORUS.

HEAVENS! It is exasperating  
Thus to witness Justice scorning  
Public comfort! We've been waiting  
Quite from ten o'clock this morning.  
Now at three it's pretty near,—  
Yet his Worship is not here!

## WITNESSES.

Yesterday our case adjourning,  
To attend at ten he told us;  
Now at ten to-day returning,  
We discover he has sold us.

## OFFICIALS OF THE COURT.

Yes! and possibly to-morrow  
Of your case there'll be no clearance;  
For, we state the fact with sorrow,  
He mayn't put in appearance!

## ATTORNEYS.

Yet are we our clients fleecing  
Through extended litigations,  
And our modest costs increasing  
Much against our inclinations.

## POLICEMAN.

And the burglar we had brought here,  
Having tracked him out and traced him!  
Since the Beak, he ain't in Court here,  
It's a pity as we chased him!

## GENERAL CHORUS.

It's a pity! Yes, and shame, too,  
That the public thus should suffer,  
If our Beak we gave the name to  
We should christen him a "Duffer!"  
But Ha! 'tis on the stroke of three.  
[The door at the back of the Bench opens,  
and discloses The Magistrate.

And lo! he comes. It is! 'Tis he!

[The Magistrate enters pale and trembling,  
and staggers in the direction of his official  
chair. All manifest great concern.

What's come to him? Ah! who can tell

THE MAGISTRATE (smiling feebly).

I think, my friends, I am not well. [Faints.

[The Chief Clerk and a Chance Medical Man  
rush on to the Bench to his assistance.

CHANCE MEDICAL MAN (feeling his pulse).

The cause of this collapse is plain:—

A patent case of over-strain!

Has anybody got some brandy?

THE CHIEF CLERK (producing his flask).

I always have a little handy.

He's been so much like this of late.

[They administer some to him and he gradually recovers.

THE MAGISTRATE (cantabile).

Where am I?

GENERAL CHORUS (con brio).

Here, at any rate!

And p'raps you'll confidence restore  
And say why you've not come before!

## THE MAGISTRATE.

Ah! you for explanations call.

"Before"? Ask why I've come at all!

Would'st hear the tale of horror I could tell?

## GENERAL CHORUS.

We would! your tale of horror likes us well.

## THE MAGISTRATE.

## Ballad.

Now when first I accepted this post

I considered myself very lucky,

And I think, and I don't want to boast,

When I tackled my work I felt plucky.

But when five of my colleagues fell ill,

And their work fell to me and one other,

We but feared, when their place we would fill,

That the task would our faculties smother!

And our fear has proved right, for however

you strive,

You can't get out of two the hard work

meant for five!

Take to-day. I've not had any rest,

And have flown without halting or stopping

With a feeling of infinite zest

Straight from Southwark to Greenwich and

Wapping.

And though, here at Wandsworth I wait,

And to you for a moment am speaking,

I persevere, as it's now getting late,

I must shortly be Hammersmith seeking.

But it all proves no use, for however you

strive, [meant for five!

You'll not get out of two the hard work

(He rises) and now I think, I must depart.

## GENERAL CHORUS (rushing forward).

Our patience surely this has earned:—

And you will hear us ere you start?

[The Magistrate totters feebly towards the  
door, and whispers to the Chief Clerk.

THE CHIEF CLERK (confidentially addressing  
the Court).

He cannot stay! You're all adjourned!

[The announcement is received with consternation,  
on hearing it all rush forward  
and join in the following finale:—

## GENERAL CHORUS (finale).

Thus, again our case adjourning,

Justice into jest he's turning!

Yet he's helpless if he strive!

For 'tis proved beyond negation,—

Though some pence it saves the nation,—

Two can't do the work of five!

[At the close of the Chorus the back of the  
Court opens and reveals the HOME SECRETARY  
discovered slyly winking at the  
scene, while the Magistrate retires feebly  
from the Bench, and is assisted by two  
Constables and the Chief Clerk to a four-  
wheeled cab, in which he starts for Ham-  
mersmith, with a sickly smile, as the  
Curtain descends.

## New Gallery Guy'd.

No. 260. Obstinate Boy. "Shan't go home if I  
don't like."

No. 264. Quartette. So nice for the Lodgers in  
the next room.

No. 294. Some Relation of Ellen Terry's.

THE NEW PRINCE'S CLUB was opened on  
Saturday last. Racquet and Tennis Courts,  
Turkish baths, Restauration, and club-rooms.  
Ought to be a big success, and likely to fal-  
sify the ancient proverb, "Put not your trust  
in Prince's." Very staid persons may not like  
to join on account of its being rather a rack-  
etty place.

## 'ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SPORTING DISAPPOINTMENTS. — It was cer-  
tainly most annoying to find, that after having  
lately invited five London friends to your  
"box" in the Highlands for the purpose of  
giving them a "fortnight's deer-stalking,"  
there was only one stag in the neighbourhood,  
old and lame, and blind of one eye, and  
so tame that it hobbles up even to strangers,  
who call it "Jock," to which name it answers,  
and feed it from their hands with cakes and  
buns. It is no good trying to "stalk" this  
poor old creature, who probably is the pet of  
the whole neighbourhood, and would not un-  
derstand being shot at in the least, though  
you might possibly scare him into a run with  
a dynamite cartridge or two. Your idea of  
meeting the difficulty in future, by hiring a  
South American bison from the Wild Beast  
Emporium in the Commercial Road, as a sort  
of *pis aller*, is not a bad one, but you must  
be careful when the creature is once let loose  
from your premises that it does not catch sight  
of the railway omnibus horses, for should it  
happen to, it would be sure to go for them at  
once. With regard to the chances of your  
taking a fish in your salmon-run, we should  
think that, seeing the chemical works you  
mention have turned it sixteen miles both  
ways to a bright orange colour, and given it  
the consistency of starch, they would certainly  
be remote, and we would advise you to recom-  
mend your friends not to bring any tackle.  
Judging that your opportunities of giving  
them any sport whatever are, under the cir-  
cumstances, likely to be limited, would it  
not be as well to avoid having them down at  
all, if you could by any means manage it?  
Think this out.

## AN UNAPPRECIATED GENIUS.

I'M seen at every Private View,  
No *Matinée*'s complete without me,  
And people whom I never knew  
Talk quite familiarly about me.  
With every post the cards pour in,  
At every crush my face is seen,  
A show-face on a show-body;  
And eager paragraphs appear  
About my movements all the year,  
And yet I'm really Nobody.

The madman of the master's pen  
Exulted in his hidden madness;  
The homage of my fellow-men  
Kindles my soul to kindred gladness.  
For Rank, with unexpressive eye,  
And vapid Fashion, collar'd high,  
And Beauty, in her low body,  
Pay ever-growing court to one  
Who stands at gaze to watch the fun,  
And knows that he is Nobody.

Oh, were I but an actor-wight,  
Or minnesinger sentimental,  
Or artist in a threadbare plight,  
Or ranter burdened by his rental!  
The social favours of my lot  
Might make a heart of ice wax hot,  
A snow-man's in a snow-body;  
But I—I simply go my way,  
No fame to reap, no bills to pay,  
An independent Nobody.

Mysterious Fate! I'm "taken up."  
Not even such a lot desiring;  
I dine, I dance, I flirt, I sup,  
*Vires eundo* still acquiring.  
I know that Fashion's mystic laws  
Would frank with equal lack of cause  
A rag-doll with a tow body;  
Yet, 'mid the "set's" exclusive joys,  
The thought my honesty annoys,  
That, after all, I'm Nobody!



## UN 'CARR' D'HEURE IN THE NEW HALLÉRY GALLERY.



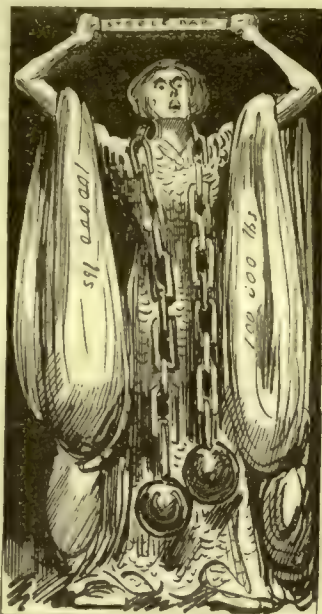
No. 14. Disgusted. Is a Soldier's life worth living? No.



No. 114. Prawn-sticking on highly trained Dolphins.



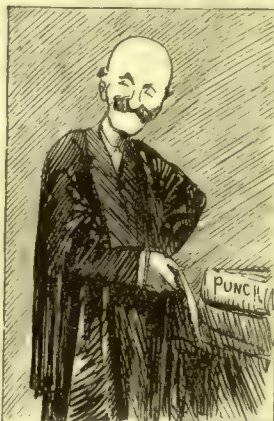
No. 84. The Earl of Stars, reciting, "Is this a dagger that I see before me?" while thinking to himself that his present glass eye feels very uncomfortable.



No. 110. Athletics. Strong Woman performing her tour de force.



No. 180. Siamese Twins bathing.



No. 55. Portrait of a Gentleman who has just thought of such a good Joke. "It seems to become funnier every minute," he says. [Bravo, Herkomer Junior!]



No. 59. "Aw—ya—as—aw—they're turn-over collars; but if I turned them up, Mr. G. wouldn't be in it with me." [Bravissimo, Herkomer Junior!]



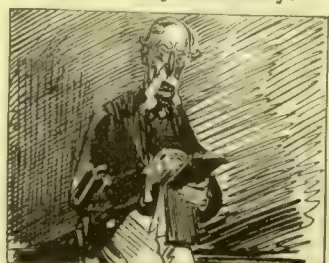
No. 42. "Shall I ask Jesse Collings to dinner or not?"



No. 151. Pipe-and-Bird's-eye View of "Mr. G. Wills. Portrait of the Artist by himself"—and likely to remain so.



No. 10. Guilty or not Guilty?



No. 26. Portrait of John Tenniel, painted in lobster sauce. Ward next!!



No. 154. Poor dear gentle sufferer! she has got the gout so very badly in her left foot. Send for Sir Merry Andrew Clark, Pretty Dicky Quain, Burney Yeo Ho, and Robinson Roosee!



No. 138. The New Summer Hat. "Very fine and rather too large."



## OUR ACITANT-GENERAL'S DIARY.

ASKED down to Oxbridge, to give lecture on "Military Power of England." Gratifying to find this interest in Army among University Dons. Shouldn't have thought it of them. Not quite their line—to know much about my "Line"! Master of Belial (curious title) has invited me, and I know he's a tremendous Liberal. Never mind, *must* have a slap at GLADSTONE. Can't help it, though certainly rather difficult to work it into a military paper. Well received. Splendid old port in Common Room. Should like to bring in something about "old port" into lecture, but difficult in military subject.

Arrive at Sheldonian Theatre (why theatre? Don't like name: nothing theatrical about *me*) and find room crammed with Crammers, Tutors, Heads of Colleges, Proctors, Bull-Dogs, Professors, Dons and Undergraduates. Also women and citizens. My appearance (in full regimentals, which I've put on to overawe the Professors) seems to create some surprise. An officious Proctor hopes my sword clanking over pavement "won't injure the encaustic tiling."

At a certain point in my discourse, create fresh sensation by "offering my sword to my country." Country doesn't seem to want it just now, as nobody responds. Master of Belial edges his chair away from me nervously. Offer it instead to Vice-Chancellor, a quiet old gentleman who seems afraid of it. Asks me *sotto voce* to "put that nasty thing in the sheath." Shall I resent this as insult to Army, and run Vice-Chancellor through the body? Might do so if I were quite sure my sword wasn't of the patent pliable corkscrew pattern, and that I *could* run it through anything.

Tell audience that "I know more of war than anybody else in England." Don't add (as I might) that I know more about everything than anybody else in England, including history, sociology, law, and politics. Under-

## MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.



## PARLIAMENTARY ATHLETICS.

THE HONBLE. MEMBER FOR ST. PANCRAS W. SUPPORTING THE WEIGHTS AND MEASURES BILL.

graduate a long way off shouts, "Bunkum!" Fix him with my eye. Undergraduate stares back. Fortunately a Bull-Dog catches sight of him, and seeing that he is out at night without cap and gown, makes for him. Undergraduate leaves hurriedly. Wish I could get something in about "the old port."

Now is my opportunity to give it 'em hot about Home-Rule! Nothing on earth to do with my subject—but here goes! Audience (among whom are a good sprinkling of starchy Gladstonians) seem surprised. What a lark! Can't, in politeness, go out till I've finished, and they shift about on their seats uneasily, looking warm. Master of Belial pretends to have gone to sleep. Vice-Chancellor really has gone to sleep! End up with rattling peroration about Empire, and sit down amid cordial cheers. Audience seems relieved that it's over. Regret not finding opportunity for jocular allusion to "the old port."

Go back to College with Master of Belial. Curious personage. I ask him how he thinks the lecture has gone; and he replies that the weather at Oxbridge has been rather rainy this Term. Is this the result of knowing too much Greek? Possibly my military remarks really Greek to him; but then, as he's Regius Professor of Language, that ought not to prevent his understanding them. And why did he ask the Military Authority down if he didn't want enlightenment?

Not treated so well when in College as I was before. No old port! Is this because I didn't mention it in lecture? Master asks me, "as a personal favour," to leave my sword in umbrella-stand, and to take off my spurs, as they "may catch in his carpets." When I begin to talk about politics, Master (Query—de-ranged?) goes off on to Soldiers' drill. Such bad taste. Wish he'd stick to his own subjects—as I always do! Though I wish I hadn't on this occasion, and then I could have lugged in a naval joke about "the old port."

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 13.—OLD MORALITY in fine form to-night. A great deal expected from him; came up to highest hopes. Opposition Benches crowded. Crisis been reached in career of Sugar Bill: what would the Government do? Would they abandon the Bill, and send the noble Baron to the Clock Tower, or would they stand by both, defy Opposition, and dare the Dissentients to desert them? LYON PLAYFAIR put momentous question. OLD MORALITY lightly approached table, and gazed benignly on eager faces watching him; Grand Old Man, most eager of all, with hand to ear, expectant.

"The Right Hon. Gentleman," said OLD MORALITY, "asks me whether, in compliance with the promise of the Government of the Eleventh of April, that before the Sixteenth of May the Government would fix a day on which they would propose to proceed with the Second Reading of the Sugar Convention Bill,—I will now state the day fixed. Before answering that question

and we have nothing to conceal from the House, wishing, indeed being desirous, to give all the information in our power, I would like to put a question to the Right Hon. Gentleman himself, whose authority on these matters the House and the Country gladly acknowledge. Does he know why a lump of sugar left at the bottom of the cup is so long in melting? The Right Hon. Gentleman shakes his head. Then, Mr. SPEAKER, I will tell him, believing as I do that there should always be a condition of perfect confidence between the House and Members on whichever side they sit. A lump of sugar left in the bottom of the cup prolongs the process of melting because, as it melts, it makes the tea around it heavier; and, so long as it remains at the bottom, is surrounded by tea fully saturated with sugar, in consequence of which the same portions of liquid will hold no more sugar in solution. That, Sir, is my answer to the Right Hon. Gentleman. I trust it will be satisfactory to him and to his friends, the Government having no other desire than to do their duty to the House, and, I may add, to the Country."

OLD MORALITY resumed his seat; face suffused with crimson tide of conscious virtue; murmured applause from Ministerialists; dead silence on Opposition Benches. LYON PLAYFAIR looked



"In maiden meditation fancy free."



at HARCOURT; HARCOURT folded his arms and looked meditatively at the toe of his boot; SPEAKER about to call on Orders, when Grand Old Man, bursting, as it were, through trance, pointed out that OLD MORALITY had not directly answered the question.

"The Right Hon. Gentleman," said OLD MORALITY, nodding pleasantly at him across the table, "is a little exigent. My remarks are in the recollection of the House. If there is any other information desired I shall be happy to give it. Being on my legs I may perhaps explain how it is that a piece of sugar held in a spoon at the top of our tea melts very rapidly. It comes about (so I have been advised) in the following way:—As the tea becomes sweetened it descends to the bottom of the cup by its own gravity, and fresh portions of unsweetened tea are brought constantly into contact with the sugar till the lump is entirely dissolved. I think I have now stated everything in connection with this interesting question that gentlemen seated in any part of the House can desire. If there is anything more that I could say on the subject I would do it, my only object, and that of my friends, being to keep the House fully informed as far as is compatible with our public duty."

"But the Sugar Bounty Bill?" Grand Old Man gasped. "You haven't mentioned it. Are we definitely to understand that the Government are going on with the Bill?"

"The Right Hon. Gentleman," said O. M., with a slight approach to a frown, "is definitely to understand that which I have stated to the House."

Loud cheers from Ministerialists, amid which G. O. M. subsided, and OLD MORALITY triumphantly brought in Bill to establish Board of Agriculture for Great Britain.

*Business done.*—Budget Bill read a Second Time. Naval Defence Bill through Committee. OLD MORALITY triumphant all along the line.

*Tuesday.*—At Evening Sitting, DILLWYN moved Resolution for Disestablishment of Church in Wales. House resuming at Nine. Debate must close at One in the morning. Of four hours allotted for whole debate, BYRON REED, a Yorkshire Member, moving the rejection of Motion, occupied over one fourth part.

"Always the same with Wales," said OSBORNE MORGAN, bitterly. "When the island was parcelled out, we were shoved into a corner, to begin with: been there ever since."

REED's stupendous Lecture (reserved seats one shilling, galleries free, programmes one penny each), rather cast damper over proceedings. Welsh Members in despair; popping up all round, trying to catch SPEAKER's eye. ABRAHAM, of the manly chest, naturally succeeded; gave fillip to proceedings by dropping into Welsh; on the platform is accustomed to vary oratorical attractions by a song; generally introduces, by way of peroration, a stave of "*March of the Men of Harlech*," "the Welsh Doxology," as WILFRID LAWSON calls it. Clearing his throat to-night for a song, when observed SPEAKER's eye sternly fixed upon him. In hurry of moment, lapsed into Welsh. Was replying to REED's statement that year by year the Church in Wales was waxing, and Nonconformity waning.

"*Machynlleth!*" he exclaimed, "*caer-neddun dolwyddellan*—" "Order; Order!" cried the SPEAKER, evidently under apprehension that Hon. Member was using unparliamentary language. But ABRAHAM's Welsh blood up.

"*Llanymynech!*" he shouted, at the top of his voice, "*digamwy nantfrankon cedom dolbadarn castell-gyfarch, cric*—" "Never saw the SPEAKER so angry."

"I have warned the Hon. Member," he said, interrupting, in his sternest tones, "and if he persists in this line of conduct, I shall have no option in the course I shall be obliged to take."

Friends, gathering round ABRAHAM, pulled him down by coat-tails. BAIKES, with great presence of mind, interposed, commenced his speech, and what might have been awkward scene came to abrupt conclusion.

*Business done.*—DILLWYN's Motion rejected by 284 against 231.

*Thursday.*—SAGE of QUEEN ANN'S GATE brought OUR ONLY GENERAL up to Bar. The ONLY ONE has been speaking disrespectfully of Liberal Leaders. Particularly hints that in order to go back to Downing Street they would assist at dismemberment of British Empire. SAGE, who abhors strong language, thinks that going little too far. Drags OUR ONLY in by collar before Head Master STANHOPE. Head Master STANHOPE as severe as he dares. Says he is not able to defend indiscretion. ONLY ONE, digging

knuckles into right eye, and secretly winking left at Colonels below Gangway, whimpers apology.

"I wish," he said, "to withdraw anything I ever said which can give pain to anyone."

"That will do," said STANHOPE, "and now withdraw yourself."

ONLY ONE disappeared, and BRADLAUGH came on scene. B. taken British Constitution under his charge; moved Resolution, dissenting



Defender of the Constitution.

from Treasury Minute on Perpetual Pensions. HANBURY seconds Motion: GRANDOLPH sits and listens; longs to take part in fray, but there's the Marlborough Pension; true it is commuted and out of the way; but someone sure to mention it if they get opportunity; so GRANDOLPH lies low and says nuffin. Grand Old Man, fresher than ever, selects this opportunity of making one of his three speeches. Hour half-past seven; House crowded; just time to rush off and dress for dinner. Dr. CLARK appears on scene; House roared like den of lions with morning meal delayed.

"I wish to move"—

says CLARK.

"Divide! Divide!"

roars House.

"Sir"—

"Vide! 'vide!'"

"I wish"—

"Vide! 'vide! 'vide!'"

After five minutes' struggle CLARK announces his desire to move Amendment, that "all perpetual pensions shall cease with lives of present holders." House mollified by this delicious bull. Scotland beaten Ireland out of the field; Caithness first, Connemara nowhere. CLARK going along beautifully, when BRADLAUGH moves Closure. So House never learned how a pension that is perpetual shall cease at given epoch. *Business done.*—Budget Bill through Committee.

*Friday.*—HARCOURT had great triumph in House to-day. Have sometimes, perchance, in privacy of these memoranda, jotted down remarks lacking in due appreciation of this eminent man. There are some people, it is well known, who would speak disrespectfully of the Equator. All the more pleased, and ready to acknowledge success. Interposed on Third Reading of Naval Defence Bill; subject hammered away at for weeks; thrice-boiled colewort, a delicate, tasty *entrée*, compared with it. HARCOURT probably not intended to deliver speech. That proved a happy incident; no signs of preparation; no indications of impromptu fragrant with the breath of the New Forest; a good, rattling, bustling speech; blow hit straight out from shoulder; told all round; so exhilarated Opposition, that they couldn't be brought to agree to Third Reading, which stood over.

"If it's the duty of an Opposition to oppose, must say HARCOURT did his work brilliantly to-day," said CHARLIE BERESFORD, the "Sweet little cherub who sits up aloft," to whom HARCOURT had alluded as responsible for Admiralty change of front.

*Business done.*—Miscellaneous.

### Between the Cup and the Lip.

THE Anti-Perpetual-Pensioners' plan Seemed ripe. Yes, the hour had come, and the man! But they found it a sell; and that GOSCHEN was in it. The hour *had* come—and the (Treasury) Minute! That made all the difference. Oh, shame and pity, That a Treasury Minute should swamp a Committee!

THE LIMITS OF TAXATION.—Bereaved relations in reduced circumstances owing to the loss of a bread-winner, and those who sympathise with them in their distress, very naturally complain of the additions lately made to the "Death Duties." Those imposts, however, can never be raised too high for people who don't pay them. There is no fear—and no hope—that the taxation of death will ever be raised high enough to prove prohibitive. No amount of duty can deter anybody from dying.



## ON COMMISSION.

May 21, 22, 23, and 24.—This may be called the Great O'BRIEN week, as the distinguished Irish journalist to whom I have referred has occupied the witness-box for nearly the whole period. And here let me say, that if my language has become a little more flowery than usual, it is due to the necessity, the desperate necessity, of having had to listen to the talented editor of *United Ireland* for a terrible—I had almost said a fatally-terrible number of hours. But there have been others who have shared with me the pleasant and yet all-but-entirely-distinctly-dead-certainly fatal labour. On Thursday, the bright star of Hawarden, that like the sweet soft secret voice of conscience rides through the thunder-clouds with an axe in his hand, an eagle's glance in his clarion-toned eyes, and the noble aspiration for the good of the Emerald Isle of the Sea, the land of the brave and the free, in his heart of hearts, was present. Mr. O'BRIEN has been so eloquent in denouncing the wrongs of Ireland, that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Mr. LOCKWOOD have evidently been touched to the quick, and as for Mr. GEORGE LEWIS (who has sat beside the eminent Counsel to whom I have just referred), it appeared to me, that it was all that experienced lawyer could do to restrain from a burst of passionate weeping. But here, as the occasion seems to lend itself to treatment in a dramatic form, I take the opportunity of subjoining a slight sketch, which I need scarcely say, is as unlike the real thing as it is possible to be. And I distinctly declare that no one who has been in Court will venture to doubt the assertion.



"The Court then adjourned."

Court full. Three Commissioners all awake. Distinguished personages in various quarters—some with opera-glasses, others with luncheon baskets. Counsel for defence gradually recovering from extreme agitation caused by a recent description of the wrongs of Ireland. Messrs. MURPHY and ATKINSON busy collecting proofs. ATTORNEY-GENERAL rises to cross-examine. The Attorney-General (lifting seat and leaning on back of desk of Junior Bar). I think you have just said it is one o'clock? Witness (in a low tone). If you allow me, I will explain. It is my decided and eternally expressed impression, that were the material products of a metaphysical atmosphere to be placed in juxtaposition (in a louder tone as he warms to his subject) to the rents of a self-governed country, the result would be unquestionably chaos! The A.-G. (looking sideways at someone in the jury-box, absently). I must repeat my question. I think, you have said it is one o'clock? Mr. Lockwood (interposing). Really the Witness ought to be allowed to explain?

A.-G. (addressing the Court in a distressed but dignified tone). I think I have put a plain question, and am not in fault. (Mr. LOCKWOOD throws an appealing glance to their Lordships, suggestive of a desire to say more, much more, which is only restrained by the haunting dread of seeing himself too frequently reported in the newspapers). I really must ask for a plain answer. (Puckering up his face into wrinkles, and looking earnestly at Witness). You said it is one o'clock?

Witness (at bay). Well, well, well! I may have said it! But I must explain the circumstances under which I said it.

A.-G. (continuing examination). Was it one o'clock? Witness (excitedly). I ask if this is fair! (Emphatically.) I have no sort of wish, or kind of wish, or description of wish to conceal anything. But when I admit that I said it was one o'clock, I wish to draw a distinction between one o'clock and 12'45.

A.-G. (looking with half-closed eyes). Do you approve of 12'45? Witness (rising abruptly from his chair, and speaking with great excitement). No, a thousand times No! I say—and I do not wish to detract one iota from the circumstantial necessity of a tyrant-composed delegation of artistic sensibilities—that it is the right of a free nation to persecute the persecutions of an alien dynasty, and thus cut itself off from the desperately dangerous chains of a wretched combination of acrimonious atoms! I do not know if this view of the subject is (with great force) right in law—but it appears to me (in a lower tone) to be entirely in accordance with the highest and most noble dictates of (lowering his voice to a whisper) superhuman domestic economy!

A.-G. But you admit that you said it was one o'clock? Witness (putting his hand to his head). I really do not know—it may have been.

A.-G. But I must press you upon this matter (holding up his hand to silence Mr. MURPHY, who is venturing upon a suggestion). Do you not know, Sir—Yes or No—that it was one o'clock? Witness (starting to his feet). I say that your question is not fair. I say that when the rifle is in the hand of the desperado, the patient fowler listens to the frightfully horrible music of the horn of the hunter with dismay!

A.-G. (pursing his brows). But surely—

Mr. Lockwood (interrupting). I really must ask that the Witness may explain himself in his own fashion. (The ATTORNEY-GENERAL and Mr. ATKINSON consult together, while Witness heaves an audible sigh). I am the last person in the world, my Lords, to put myself unduly forward, but—

The President. I think that the question should be answered.

[Mr. LOCKWOOD respectfully subsides, and devotes several minutes of earnest study to the completion of a half-finished caricature.]

A.-G. (with weary satisfaction at having overcome preliminary difficulties). And now, Sir, will you please say whether you declared it was one o'clock?

Witness (after a short pause for consideration). Yes, I did. (Interrupting the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who is about to put another question.) But allow me to say, that you must remember all the terribly horrible circumstances of the distinctly desperate case. Let me give an example. (With intense determination.) Yes, I will give an example! When JULIUS CÆSAR first invaded England, it is said that he asked for some oysters, and BOADICÆA, who was then in revolt—

A.-G. (plaintively appealing to the Bench). Surely, my Lords, this is foreign to this issue?

The President (mildly). Well, it is a little far afield, but perhaps I may say—

[Accidentally glances at clock, which points to half-past one. His Lordship pauses, and joyfully calls the attention of his Brethren to the welcome fact. The Three Commissioners rise. General movement, and exeunt nearly everyone to lunch.]

And as this seems a suitable point for breaking off in my Note, I drop my pen, and seek a refresher myself.

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

## "WAIT FOR THE WAGGON!"

OH, who would not ride in a nice Caravan?  
For a holiday outing this surely's the plan!  
There's a boldness about it, a dash, and a novelty,  
Which really should make us the travelling hovel try.  
Like the snail, you will carry your house where you go,  
And your progress may also be snailishly slow;  
What matter? For thus you obtain ample leisure  
To observe either Nature or Man at your pleasure.  
You need not depend on a landlady's lodgings,  
Or diurnally note her financial dodgings;  
Then you are not confined to a single vicinity,  
But can choose just the places with which you've affinity.  
You can see the sun rise—if the rain is not falling—  
And you'll know the delights of a Waggon-man's calling.  
At night-time, when tired, how pleasant 'twill be  
To unharness, and feed, and rub down your Gee-gee!  
If asleep, you enjoy quite a rollicking feeling  
When the rain has come in through a crack in the ceiling.  
Though the van-man, if hungry, it certainly riles  
To hear there's no shop within twenty-five miles.  
You can cook for yourself—handle kettle and pan;  
Oh, who would not invest in a nice Caravan?

WELL THOUGHT OUT.—Mr. CAPPER in conjunction with Mr. RUTLAND have recently been giving an entertainment, of which the former has certainly contributed the most amusing and interesting portion. Mr. CAPPER undertakes to discover a murder which only exists in the imagination of the would-be murderer. This he accomplishes very successfully. It seems, therefore, almost a pity that this accomplished gentleman is not attached to Scotland Yard, where his services in the Criminal Investigation Department appear to be needed, and might be of considerable value. If he was successful in finding out the perpetrator of the Whitechapel atrocities, everybody would take off their hats and "cap" CAPPER.

## MUSICAL NOTES.



Seen your Sara's 'Earty? (Signor Sarasate!)



"Bird's Morning Concert."



## SANDY TAKES THE FLOOR!

*A Song of the Scotch Local Government Bill. (Some way after Sir Walter Scott.)*



PIEROCH of DONNEL DHU,  
Piper of pipers,  
Wake thy wild voice anew,  
Scare Saxon vipers!  
Come away! come away!  
Hark to the summons!  
Come in your war-array  
Into the Commons!

Come with the swagger  
Of ARGYLE the cocky.  
The war-pipe will stagger  
The Unionists rocky.  
Work chanter and reed,  
Like that marvellous man,  
MACPHAIRSON CLONGLOCKETTY  
ANGUS M'CLAN!

Leave untended the "links,"  
For the Commons' wild welter;  
The SPEAKER e'en shrinks,  
As you go it a pelter.  
As the great Mace you near,  
Your form enlarges,  
Suggestive of fighting-gear,  
Broadsword and targes.

SANDY now takes the floor,  
Faith, and he fills it.  
"Progress" shall be no more  
Unless he wills it.  
Out, patient JOHN, and out  
PAT the belated!  
Scots for their turn about  
O'er long have waited.



Phough! How St. Stephen's  
shakes  
At the pipes' humming!  
Fresh frae the Land o' Cakes  
SANDY is coming.  
Drones and bag do not lag;  
Groaners and screamers,  
Go it! High waves the flag,  
Wide fly the streamers!  
Here is no stolid BULL,  
Pig-in-poke taking;  
Here's no Hibernian dull,  
Shindy awaking.  
He'll make BALFOUR look blue,  
Tories he'll scatter.  
Pibroch of DONNEL DHU!  
That's what's the matter!  
Play up, my piper bold!  
SANDY, ye'll try 'em,  
When this wild tune you hold,  
"De die in diem."

Woe's them, if they should shirk,  
Or shape shams hollow!  
Wild work with blade and dirk  
Pibrochs may follow.  
Come as Scotch feet come, when  
Dancing is forward;  
Come, as the chieftains come, when  
Golf-streams flow nor'ward.  
Faster come, faster come,  
Faster and faster!  
Show Tory benches dumb,  
SANDY's their master.  
Fast they come, fast they come,  
See how they gather!  
Twangle-twee! tootle-tum!  
House smacks of heather.  
Cast your plaids, draw your  
blades!  
Scots are a graun' set.  
Pibroch of what's-its-name.  
Sound for the onset!

### PURELY PERSONAL—AN EVENING OUT;

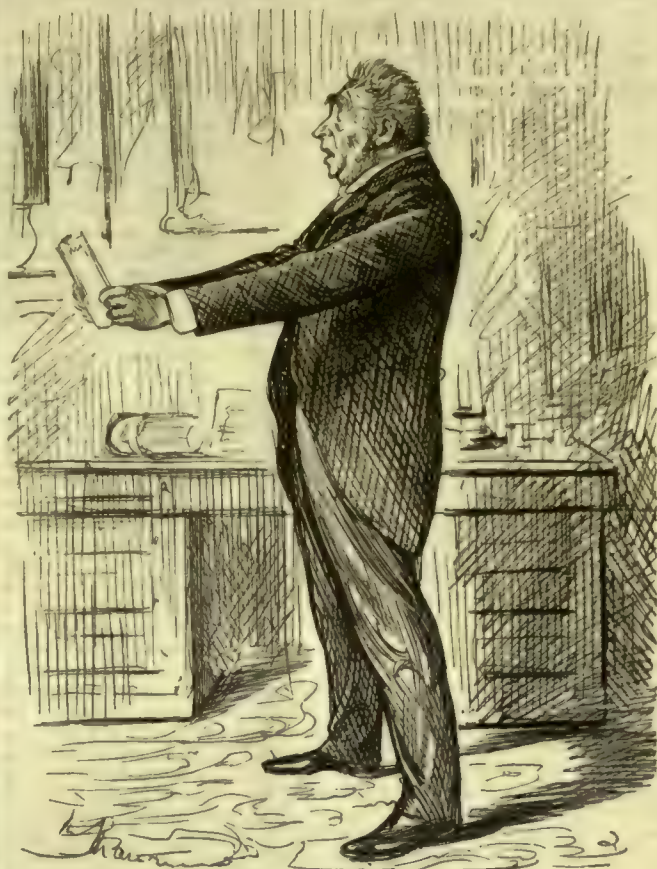
*Or, the Latest Development of Good Taste as understood by the "Society"  
Gossip-monger.*

MRS. FIZZLETON SKIPPINGS' much-talked-of dance came off with immense *éclat* at her spacious and commodious mansion in Battersea Fields yesterday evening, and everything, from the strip of carpet unrolled at the front door, to the tripe-and-onions—a perfect dream, served at the sideboard at supper with the champagne, JOHNSON & Co.'s *Cuvée Réserve Grand Vin*, 1889, 23s. the dozen—was as perfect as the most exacting guests of the ever-provident and economically-minded hostess who furnished the entertainment could possibly have desired. In an alcove on the half-landing a delightful rustic effect had been attempted, with the aid of three pots of mignonette and a dimly smoking petroleum lamp; but it was not till the drawing-room was reached, and the ear caught the strains of the inspiring dance-music furnished by the harp and cornet, whose services had been secured for the entire evening, regardless of expense, from the public-house round the corner, that the princely though judicious character of the whole entertainment could be fully appreciated.

As might have been expected, none but the very smartest people were present. Among the earliest arrivals was Lady SHUFFLESBY, strikingly attired in a ditch-coloured *peignoir*, supported by her husband, who had on a hired dress suit, and wore a magnificent button-hole of second-hand *Oreohids*, and her five elderly but sprightly daughters, who, in their pretty emerald-green *directoire* frocks, trimmed with *ruches* of sacking of *charbonne de terre au naturel*, created quite a sensation, and were much stared at. Mrs. MACHOOZLE, in a *redingote* of rich orange brocade, cut square and looped in front with *asperges en branche*, with a single Spanish onion on the shoulder, who brought a plain little niece with her in pepper and salt, also created much astonishment. Lady POPPINS looked magnificent in a brand new wig, and was severely mobbed.

Commerce was adequately represented by Mrs. OMULLIGAN SLICKERS, the wife of the well-known Millionaire Pork King, who simply blazed with imitation jewellery; her tiara, necklace, corsage, and stomacher so glistening with inferior Birmingham paste, that she was followed by an eager crowd, and had eventually to be roped off in a corner of the back drawing-room by the host himself, amidst the ill-suppressed sneers of the inquisitive on-lookers. Count ROOSTER, the noted Dutch *savant*, who came in a faded second-hand Windsor uniform, created much diversion by its evident misfit, and was fairly halloed round the room, while the Countess, in a plum-coloured Pompadour, relieved with a *ruching* of mashed tomatoes *chiffonné*, with large bunches of variegated double hollyhook over a *bouillonné* skirt of rich amber bed-curtain, was admitted on all hands to be one of the sensations of the evening.

The Cotillon was perhaps the most characteristic feature of the entertainment. The presents, which consisted of cooked hats for the gentlemen, and fans for the ladies, made of back numbers of various newspapers, created at first some little disappointment; but great *verve* and go were suddenly thrown into the proceedings, owing to the greengrocer, who had come to wait, but had helped himself somewhat plentifully to the champagne on the sly, forcing his way into the drawing-room, and, seizing upon Lady POPPINS, insisting on joining in the final *galop* with her. Some little confusion was caused in the departure, owing to the gas having been suddenly cut off at the main by the Company for arrears; but, with the assistance of a few local policemen, the guests were eventually got safely out of the premises, and the general verdict seemed to be that Mrs. FIZZLETON SKIPPINGS had provided her numerous friends with a unique and remarkable entertainment.



### REACTION.

*Indignant Citizen (who had expected great things of the London County Council after the extinction of the Metropolitan Board of Works and the abolition of the Wine and Coal Dues,—receives an application for Rates, amounting to 2s. 8½d. in the pound). "D—! D—! D—! D—! D—! D—!"*

### TO THE NEW AMERICAN MINISTER.

*"This is not my first visit to England, so I know my way about some."—  
Mr. Robert G. Lincoln.*

LOWELL and PHELPS were two splendid men,  
Whom *Mr. Punch* honoured with pencil and pen:  
To part with them was not too pleasant to think on,  
But here's a new link with COLUMBIA in LINCOLN!  
Welcome! Were't but for the sake of your father.  
Know your way round about England, Sir? Rather!  
And where you do not, trust friend *Punch* to instruct you;  
*He* goes everywhere, and will gladly conduct you.  
Your health in a bumper from *Punch* and the nation,  
And long may you stay at the U. S. Legation!

PUFFS BY THE TRADE WINDS.—Where is the "PEARS' Soap Beauty" Show, for which Mr. HOWARD PAUL was so busily collecting specimens some months ago? Is it that "there be none of Beauty's daughters" who will come forward? *A propos* of PEARs, this is an age of Centenaries. Is RIMMEL's old enough to celebrate his scentenary? Also PIESSE with Honour?

### Solatium.

MR. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH stirs Conservative mirth  
By taking a snug and well-paid little berth;  
But he knows that his critics will tire of the jeer  
Before he will tire of Two Thousand a Year.  
Though they do try to prove—what a sad waste of breath—  
That in this instance berth means (political) death.

EH, MR. GOSCHEN?—A fruitful and—as yet—untapped source of revenue might be found in putting a stiff tariff on poetical licences. Ask ex-Lord Mayor J. T. SULLIVAN, the Irish Tyrtaeus.



## PIECES WITH HONOURS.

WHAT *Doris* will be after it has run a few hundred nights it would be rash to predict, but probably a tremendous, overpowering success. It goes uncommonly well at present, thanks to the singers, especially Messrs. BEN DAVIES and HAYDEN COFFIN,



Barnett Payne; or, Une Vraie Madame Eiffel taking Master Ben Davies and Miss Annie Albu out for a walk.

whose personal popularity is invaluable to the Opera. The women are not strong, except Miss ALICE BARNETT, the Eiffel Tower lady, with very little to do, but that little is capitally done. The First Act is decidedly good; the plot so far being interesting, and the situations dramatic, or humorous, as the case may be. Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, too, is funny, and, in fact, the First Act has so much "go" in it—including a charming song, admirably sung by Mr. BEN DAVIES—that the other two Acts have a hard time of it, and appear to be eeked out with ballet and spectacle. How it happened that so witty a playwright as Mr. STEPHENSON came to grief in the story and the dialogue, probably only the author himself can explain.

Mr. ALFRED CELLIER's music here and there is pretty enough, but why enter into competition with Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN by introducing a Chorus in the costume of *The Yeomen of the Guard* at the Savoy, of which the only *raison d'être* ought to be its originality, but which really is a copy, conscious or unconscious, of the composer's own Wooden-legged Pensioners' Chorus in the *Sultan of Mocha*, which was invented, as far as I recollect, to show that the Old Men's Chorus in *Faust*, and the Conspirators' Chorus in *Madame Angot* were not to have it all their own way. The Beefeaters' Chorus goes for nothing, and deservedly so. I hear that all sorts of permutations, combinations and alterations have been made since I saw it, and are even now in process of rehearsal. If Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN and Mr. BEN DAVIES had each another good popular song, I have little doubt but that the run of *Doris* would rival that of *Dorothy*.

The *mise-en-scène* reflects the greatest credit on the Stage Manager, Mr. CHARLES HARRIS, the Scene-painters, CRAVEN, TELBEIN and RYAN, the Costumiers, and the artful Designer, M. LUCIEN BESCHE. What a first-rate Comic Opera might be constructed out of *Paul Jones* and *Doris* amalgamated, with Miss HUNTINGDON and the Ladies of the Prince of Wales's, and retaining the services of Messrs. BEN DAVIES and HAYDEN COFFIN. ARTHUR WILLIAMS should be retained on the premises, and be bound over to keep the piece in the bills by being originally droll without imitating the other ARTHUR whose surname is ROBERTS. Among the public, the ladies admire Miss HUNTINGDON at the Prince of Wales's, and CELLIER's music at the Lyric.

After all, there is money in *Wealth* at the Haymarket. The rule nowadays seems to be that a first-night failure indicates a long run. If this is due to alterations made in consequence of judicious criticism, then criticism fulfils a most useful function. So Mr. BANCROFT, the Manager in retreat, is going to reappear in the striking part of the *Abbé* in the *Dead Heart*, whenever Mr. IRVING revives this old play at the Lyceum. *Abbé* thought!

Mr. WYNDHAM should seize the opportunity offered by this sudden tropical weather to give extra publicity to *Still Waters*, which paradoxically are "still running." He might advertise "still waters iced." The Criterion is quite the theatre for a thirsty soul, as there is plenty of excellent BEERE throughout the piece. Lots of other pieces have been recently brought out. But none of them with honours, except perhaps *Angelina*. The London Theatres ought to do well, as there is no big Exhibition to distract the public.

## ROBERT ON RATES.

WELL, I does my werry best to hunderstand the whole matter, but it's all in wain, but there's one pint as I does hunderstand, and that is, that year by year and amost munth by munth my rates seems for to be increasing at sitch a rate as fully justifies their rayther peculiar name. I'm told as how as a good deal of it is hoing to the change of government from the old Bored of Works with their Cole Dues and their Wine Dues, to the New County Counsel with their no Cole and Wine Dues and their perfectly staggering Rate of 2 and 8 pence three farthings in their pound. Well, now, I've bin a calculating it out on a Slate, till it's amost covered with figgers, and I finds as my Dues on Wine, witch I'm told it was ony a farthing a gallon, didn't cost me a single penny, and my Dues on Coles, which it was thirteen pence a Tun, cost me xactly 2 and tuppence a-year, while my hincreased Rates is just about ten shillings, so I at wunce, and without no hezzitation, shall wote for going back to the hold system and paying my farthing a gallon on all the wines as I buys, not on the wine as I drink, not by no means, for that woud be quite another pair of Shoes.



And then just see what hairs the new Collecckters gives thereselves. Mine called last week and I was hout, so in course I coodn't pay him, so he calls again to-day, and leaves word as he shan't call not no more! Werry kind I think it of him, till I learns as he'll have me up before the Magistrate if I don't pay dreckly! And the lordly Gent is ony at home twice a week, and then ony for a few ours.

What a blooming lot of Rates there is to be sure! First, there's the Poor Rate, not so werry poor neither, as it cums to 8½d. in the pound for harf a year. Nex there's the County Counsel Rate, and that's 6d. in the pound; then cums the Police Rate, and that's 2½d.; and then cums the Rate jist for lighting the Public Lamps, and a penny in the pound seems a good deal for that werry small matter; then cums a rate for the old Bored of Works, and that's 3d. Then bang goes 4½d. for looking after the Streets, and another 4½d. for the School Bored, and then a penny for repairing the Sewers, and another penny for the xpences of the Westry, includin, I suppose, a nice little Westry Dinner now and then, and for that I most suttenly don't blame 'em; not a bit of it, speshally if they acts libberally to the Waiter, poor Feller!

I wonders what the good of Rates is. One generlly xpees in a free country to git sumthing for whatever money one has to pay, but what do I git here? It's werry diffrent in the case of Taxes. Wen I pays a Nincum Tax I pays it willingly, coz I gets a nincum for it. The same with the Ouse Tax—I has a ouse for it; and the same with the Property Tax—it gives me a nice little property; so I don't mind paying 'em. But what do I git for my Rates? Litorally nothink; and so I naterally pays 'em with a grumbl. As to the owdaacious County Counsel, as meets in a place as doesn't belong to 'em, and is in sitch a wonderful hurry to make new Rates that they won't even stop till we've had time for to pay the old ones, so that we're aeshally asked to pay the two lots at the same time altogether at once, why, if they'd ony kindly wait till we've all had the hopper-toonity of telling 'em what we thinks of their wonderful hurry, they might lern sumthink as they woodn't like, so praps that's the reason why they won't.

It's all the fault of having werry rich men to make the Rates. What does a man with twenty or thirty thousand a year, or even with ony two thowsand a year, care about Rates? Why, nothink. He doesn't know, and praps doesn't care, what the amount is, and little knows how a poor Waiter is sumtimes trubbled to raise the money, speshally wen he's had a bad week or two, a waiting on a speshally shabby lot of stingy diners-out. We gets rayther more than usual of this kind of gent during the May Meetings, as they're called, for, strange to say, however singler it may seem, wot people calls wice is werry much more libberal than wot people calls wirtue. This is a suckemstance as is werry trying to us Waiters, as it reelly makes us, wen pertickler stumped up, and has our Rates to pay, greatly prefer the cumpany of such jolly gents as frequents Richmond or Grinnidge with their fare partners, to those werry much soller and seriouser gents as has bin a spending the afternoon at Hexeter All.

Upon the whole I finishes by saying, as Rates is a conundrum as I don't quite hunderstand.

ROBERT.

INSURANCE AND IRONY.—From evidence given to the House of Commons Committee on the working of the Friendly Society's Act, it appears that all the Coroners in England concur in condemning the system of Infant Life Insurance. Significant unanimity! Wouldn't the insurance of children's lives be in most cases more properly denominated death insurance?

"I DON'T profess to be much of a theologian," observed the DEAN of BROADCHURCH, "but when you ask me how the Church of England proves her belief in eternity, I should say by the practice of appointing 'Perpetual Curates.'"



## BRAVO, POTTER!

[Bishop POTTER, of New York, in his Centennial Sermon commented on "the infinite swagger of American speech and manner, which mistook bigness for greatness, and sadly confounded gain and godliness."]

YOU reckon, Brother JONATHAN, that you can lick Creation;  
You put on what in this old town's denominated "side;"  
You're certain in your inmost heart each antiquated nation  
Of Europe looks with envy o'er the vast Atlantic tide.

YOU're quite the biggest thing on earth, you'd like to see a bigger;  
You count your mighty millionnaires by dozens at a time;  
The first thing that you ask about a man is "What's his figger?"  
And nothing except poverty is counted as a crime.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was great and good, and not for him the Caucus,  
The blatant carpet-bagger and the democratic boss;  
The partisans who howl for place with voices loud and raucous,  
And try to grab their profit, though it be their country's loss.

Then purity of principle was held the State's sheet-anchor,  
We never heard of lobbying, of dodges, or of "rings;"  
Political corruption now has spread, a hideous canker,  
Where'er the eagle that you boast has waved his mighty wings.

The swagger, says the Bishop, of your speech and of your manner,  
Takes bigness to be greatness, confounds gain and godliness;  
So let us have a single reef in that star-spangled banner,  
And let Columbia put on a less obtrusive dress.

## "MODUS OPERANDI."

Monday.—House brilliant again. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES present to hear *Faust*. Miss MCINTYRE looks the *McMargherita*, or Scotch-German MAGGIE, to perfection. She gives quite a "How-happy-could-I-be-with-heather" air (this is not sung, though, as GOUNOD might object) to the Opera. What was *Margaret's* surname? If she hadn't one, she couldn't



Big Mephistopheles and his Little Victims.

have changed it to *Faust*, even if she had been asked, which, except in decorous poet WILKS's play, she never was. MAGGIE MCINTYRE's rendering of the Jewel Song, and her un-acting edition of *Faust's* victim, just as delightful as it was last season. The little boy with the long Russian name, WINOGRADOFF, was mistaken by those who were not *au fait* with the Opera for SCALCHI as *Siebel*. There is a family resemblance when regarded from a back row of the stalls without using an opera-glass. But his name should be in keeping with his stature. Let him either be "WINO" or "GRADOFF," but not both together. "In *Wino Weritas*," so I'll stick to this abbreviated form, as he is a true singer, nothing false about him, I won't say nothing bass, as there must be always something low in a baritone. Of the Death Scene, *Valentine's* great chance, WINO did not make the most. But he will come out stronger next time, and DRURIOLANUS was quite justified in taking WINO for his *Valentine*. If the Signor CASTEL (short for CASTELMARY, another long name) as a burly *Mephistopheles*, would give less of his time and attention to striking attitudes for a photograph, his performance would be more fiendishly satisfactory. To my mind he plays the denue with *Mephistopheles*, which is quite different from being the very devil. His laugh, too, has in it more of the heartiness of the practical joker than the cynicism of the demon. The new *Faust*,

The Cap of Mephistopheles as reflected on a tree in the Lime-light Walk.

M. MONTARIOL, sang charmingly, but ought to have been more ardent with such a MAGGIE to inspire him. Clever little Madame BAUERMEISTER always makes *Martha* a merry and attractive little dame, who, on this occasion, fully appreciated the humour of trotting about arm-in-arm with the portly *Mephistopheles*. Everything else perfect; the Old Men's Chorus so especially good as well-nigh to revive the ancient enthusiasm.

Tuesday.—MARIE ROZE as *Carmen*. She can look, act, and sing it, and to do the two first of these is a good two-thirds of the battle. Never better than to-night. The simple MAGGIE MCINTYRE an admirable contrast to her as the peasant maid, who tries to reclaim



Marie Roze has set her face against the presentation-of-extravagant-bouquets system.

the enamoured "bould soger boy," F. DAN DRARDY MAJOR, who plays the *Toreador*, with which I was content O as usual, has brought his brother up to town for the season, and so DAN DRARDY MI. played *José*, and did it uncommonly well. Another good performance: the first week starts admirably. Organising Committee beaming.

Thursday.—*Traviata*. Splendid House. ELLA RUSSELL in great form, almost too great form for the consumptive heroine of the opera, yet at times reminding me of an amplified SARA BERNHARDT in her acting. DAN DRARDY MAJOR excellent as the "stern parent," and Signor TALAZAC appeared as his stout substantial son, a kind of Italian version of the impressionable *Josh Sedley* in *Vanity Fair* flattered by fascinating ELLA BECKY SHARPINI, who at one time seemed to me to be going to give a new turn to the old story by "mashing" flabby and impressionable *Alfredo's* good-looking and decidedly well-preserved parent. To-night I see that ALBANI is to appear on the same night that the Colonel announces the opening of the Hopposition. But DRURIOLANUS is first in the Garden. Melting moments for TALLER-ZAC, but he sang sweetly, though not powerfully; and touching was it to witness ELLA's deep affection for him. A big night for ELLA and DAN.

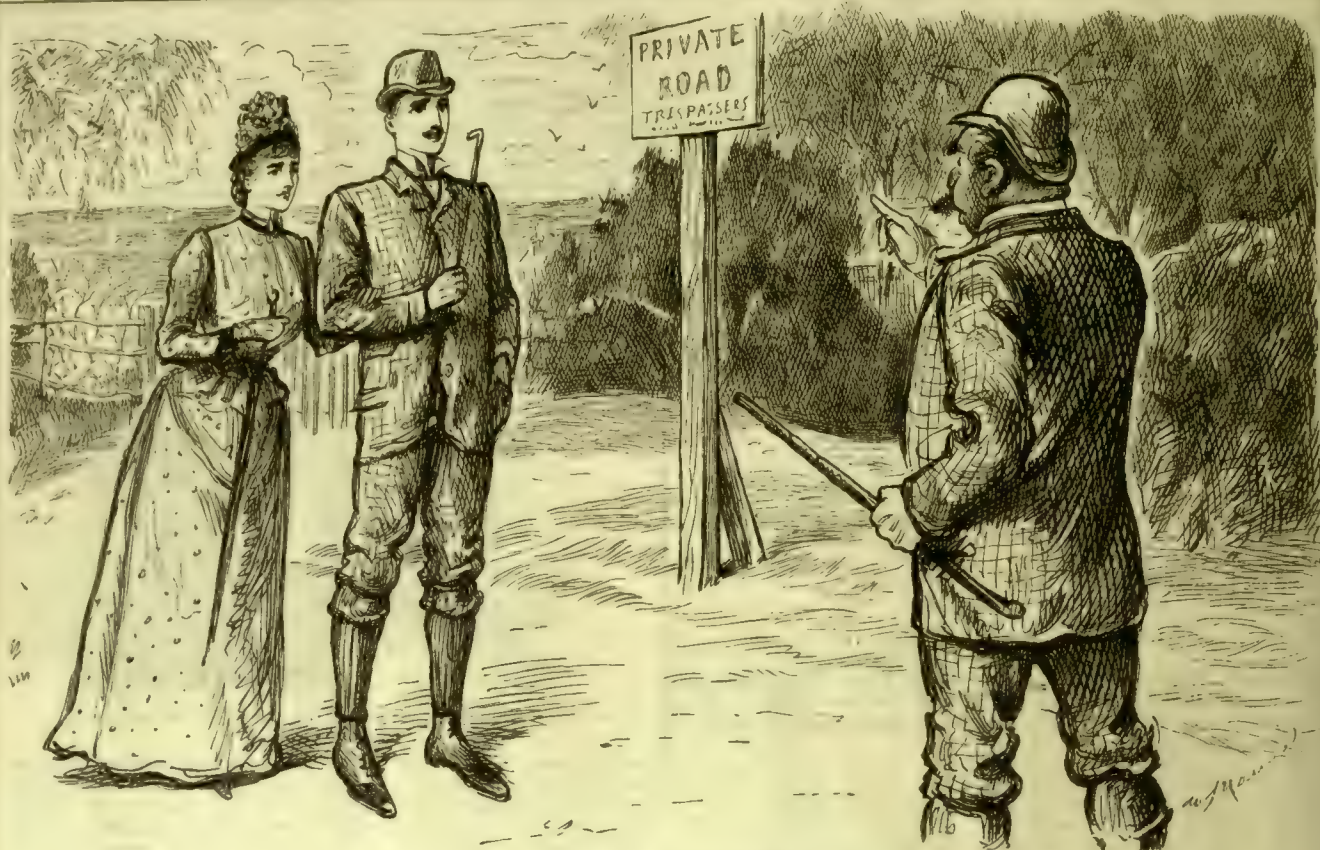
Saturday.—Another splendid audience. Performance of *Aida* more than satisfactory. "The Two DANCERS" (who must not be confused with "The Two MACS," also very clever artists, but quite in a different line) again taking a turn. Madame SCALCHI as good as ever in the character of the Egyptian Queen, but perhaps a trifle too white for a countrywoman of CLEOPATRA. Signor MIRANDA as "*Il Re*," no doubt to keep his consort in countenance, also more than fair. Madame VALDA rather heavy for *Aida*, but still most effective. The *mise-en-scène*, of course, splendid,—but this was to be expected under the rule of DRURIOLANUS. Standards in the triumphal procession in the Second Act full of quiet humour, but absolutely historically correct. Egyptians always partial to weird waggery. Instance in this very Opera, where *Radames* is looked in a cellar, and left to his fate, to the music of harps and the dancing of fan-bearers. Before and behind the Curtain equally brilliant. The week ends as it began with every prospect of a successful season. It is admitted on all sides that Covent Garden has not looked so much like its old self for years.

## THE NEW ART BART.

HERE'S to Sir Sculptor BOEHM—  
I was going to write a Poem,  
And having tried the Sacred  
Nine,  
I find I scarce can write a line!  
THE QUEEN, Sir B., I understand,  
Has given you an extra Hand—  
The Baronet's—('tis on the  
shield,

Or coat, or ground, or something  
"field"—  
Those on this subject who lack  
knowledge  
Can simply ask the Heralds'  
College);  
But any way this Hand, my Bart,  
Does honour to your Head and  
Art.





### A VENIAL TRESPASS.

*Squire Bluenose.* "NOW THEN, SIR! CAN'T YOU READ? DIDN'T YOU OBSERVE THAT THIS ROAD IS *PRIVATE*?"  
*Edwin.* "A—M—YES! TO TELL YOU THE HONEST TRUTH, THAT'S EXACTLY WHY WE CAME HERE!"

### A DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

*A Historical Parallel. (From Paddy's Point of View.)*

OCH! shure, a laygend ould historians ye'll find tellin',  
 Of the year twelve eighty-four, after they'd slain LLEWELLYN,  
 Of the thriick that EDWARD LONGSHANKS the Welshmen played, in  
 state, on.

(If ye know your *Poly-Olbion*, ye'll find it tould by DRAYTON.)

"Through every part of Wales he to the Nobles sent,  
 That they unto his Court should come incontinent,  
 Of things that much concern'd the country to debate;  
 But now behold the power of unavoided fate!"

When thus unto his will he fitty them had won,  
 At her expected hour the Queen brought forth a son—  
 Young EDWARD, born in Wales, and of Caernarvon called.

Thus by the English craft the Britons were enthralled."  
 Faix, bhoys, I see it now—that smart gossoon, King EDWARD,  
 All in his royal arrums and ermine going bedward,  
 And bringing forth the babe, all native claims thus squelching,

And, lifting it on hoigh, the Welshers nately welshing.

Well, history, they say, repates itself. By jabers!

Thim Saxons would sarve us as once they did our naybours.

In hopes O'MULLIGANS, FITZPATRICKS, and MCHAFFIES

Will take their cradle-thriick as mildly as thim TAFFYS.

Hillaloo! The Prince of WHALES has gumption, and I'll vinture he

Remembers that we're not now in the Thirteenth Century.

Clane out the Castle? Yes! Wid that scheme we'll not wrastle;

But, BULL, don't substitute a brand-new *Blarney Castle*!

Black CROMWELL burned the ould one, as Father PROUT informs us;

But though we PATS brave hate, a little love soon warms us.

The Sassenachs seem findin' the way to Erin's heart, bhoys,

They won't find it so long when once they make a start, bhoys.

But though we relish blarney, we can't abide sheer bunkum,

Our hopes full oft have risen, but Party spite soon sunk 'em

In doubt's black bog again. The Castle gang demolish?

The Lord Liffenant sack, and his ould post abolish?

Och shure, it seems too good! We'd gladly give free lodging

To Prince or Royal Duke—if there's no artful dodging!

Sly LONGSHANKS long ago wid Cambria played a game—  
 What if—say BATTENBERG—should contemplate the same?  
 PAT, give him a fair chance, will prove himself right loyal;  
 But—ye can't heal ould wounds with mere soft soap—though Royal!

### TO WHOM IT CONCERNS.

(*Little Suggestive Comedy of the day.*)

SCENE.—A Fashionable West-End drawing-room. The hostess  
 being anxious to provide for the "entertainment" of her guests  
 in a remarkable manner, has secured the services of a noted  
 Popular Foreign Entertainer.

Popular Foreign Entertainer (concluding a risky recitation, of  
 a highly spiced character). Et Sapristi! Houp-là!—Voilà la fin  
 de Madame La Duchesse!

First English Miss (in raptures). Oh, isn't it delightful?

Second English Miss. It's quite too lovely!

Third English Miss. So awfully funny too!

Fourth English Miss. Oh! it's perfectly killing! Did you under-  
 stand it all?

First, Second, and Third English Misses (in chorus). Oh, every  
 word of it!

[But they didn't, of course. Had they, they would have hid their  
 diminished heads for very shame at being suspected of taking in  
 the meaning of even a single sentence. So Mr. Punch, who  
 looks on at the above, shakes his head, and asks those who do  
 understand it, whether they think they are quite right in pro-  
 viding their defenceless guests with "Entertainment" of this sort.]

TROPICAL WEATHER.—Muzzle the dogs by all means, but what is  
 to be done with the hatters? Does the proverb, "Mad as a hatter,"  
 exist in any country besides our own? Perhaps Mr. JOSEPH KNIGHT  
 of *Notes and Queries* will help us to solve the difficulty.

A VERY MUCH OVER-RATED PLACE.—London, under the County  
 Council.





## A DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG PRESENTING THE FUTURE VICEROY TO THE LOYAL PEOPLE OF IRELAND—SUGGESTED AS AN HISTORICAL PARALLEL.









## HIS BARGAIN.

LITTLE JONES PICKED UP A WONDERFULLY SMART HACK, FOR AN ABSURDLY LOW PRICE, AT A RECENT AUCTION. THIS IS HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE PARK. HE NOW LEARNS THE ANIMAL FORMERLY BELONGED TO BUFFALO BILL'S CIRCUS.

## THE (COUNTY COUNCIL) PARADISE AND THE (LIBERAL) PERI.

*A Moore-ish Legend modernised.*

At three a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood disconsolate;  
And as she listened to the springs  
Of talk within in torrents flowing,  
And caught the light upon her wings  
Through the half-opened portal glowing,  
She sighed to think her subject race  
Should e'er have lost that glorious place.  
"How happy," exclaimed this outcast fair,  
"Are the many male members who wrangle  
there,

'Midst flowers (of speech) that freely fall;  
Though I of the School Board now am free,  
And parochial portals open for me,  
The County Council were worth them all!  
Though sweet an 'At Home' graced by  
Gladstone oration,  
Of the Women's Liberal Federation,  
In the Grosvenor or the Memorial Hall;  
Though dear are the platforms your sweet  
tones haunt,

Mrs. OSCAR WILDE, Mrs. ORMESTON CHANT,  
Let the Earl of MEATH make it clear—I  
can't—

How the County Council outshines them  
It is very hard that the Dames who intrigue  
For that Tory Aidenn, the Primrose League,  
Are praised and petted by Prince and Peer,  
Whilst I'm forbidden free entrance here.  
Backstairs influence well may gain  
The entrée to loftiest Habitation;  
But here I linger and long in vain  
For a seat within, which to attain  
Is the goal of she-Liberals' emulation.  
'Tis the goal which my womanly heart was  
fixt on;

I hoped by the aid of suburban Brixton,  
With male monopoly proudly to cope;

And now an outcast I sadly stand,  
Foiled by that bogey, the Law of the Land,  
Driven to despair by false (BERESFORD)  
HOPE!

If only I'd stray on the Primrose Path  
(As many Partisan Peri hath)  
Society's scorn, and the *Saturday's* wrath  
Might be diverted from my poor head;  
But now, my mad and unmodish crimes  
Are mocked by the *Post* and denounced by  
the *Times*,

And ostracism's my daily dread.  
Mean race of men, your monopolist spirit  
Still, still would hold our sex in thrall!  
Some show of freedom we now inherit,  
But the trail of 'Subjection' is over them  
all!"

The smooth-faced Angel who was keeping  
The C. C. doors beheld her weeping;  
And, as he nearer drew, and listened  
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened  
Within his eyelids, like the spray  
From patriot fountains, when 'tis pearl'd  
On Beakey's blossom, which—Tories say—  
Blows nowhere but in Primrose-World.

"Nymph of a fair but luckless line!"

ROSEBERY said—"one hope is thine.

'Tis written in the Book of Fate,  
The Peri yet may be admitted  
Who brings unto this C. C. gate  
The Earl of MEATH's Bill—passed!"

You're pitied  
E'en by the Tories. When you win,  
I shall be proud to let you in!"

ANTI-TOWER-OF-BABEL BILL. — Mr.  
Punch wishes every success to Mr. WHIT-  
MORE's Bill for restricting the height of folly  
in building. May Parliament be inspired by  
its ancient lights of wisdom, and the Bill  
soon become an Act.

## SHAKSPEARIAN.

WHAT the dear children—who of course are  
educated up to the *Hamlet* standard—say to  
hard-hearted mothers when they hear Dr.  
BARNARDO has made an offer,—"*BARNARDO!*  
*Ma' sell us!*" If they're very dear children,  
they are likely to be too much for Dr. BAR-  
NARDO. We suppose we've not heard the  
last about the "*Barnardo Homes*." "*Homes*"  
is a nice word. If Mr. MATTHEWS were any-  
thing but the Not-at-Homes-Secretary, he  
would look into the matter at once.

## FIRST-RATE;

*Or, Ten of One and Half-a-dozen of the Other.*

In Parliament young Mr. LAWSON—  
Learned in facts as in Greek PORSON—  
Assures us that our L. C. C.  
Keeps watchful eye on L. S. D.  
But, with much vigour, Mr. BAUMANN  
Leaps from his seat, exclaiming, "*How, Man,*  
Can you make statements rash and heady,  
When up the rates have gone already  
By fivepence in the blessed *su'v'rin*?"  
Then Mr. LAWSON, on recov'rin'  
From this remark, says, with effusion,  
"It's all an optical illusion!  
Over ten months the 'Precept' ranges,  
And thus the half-year's rate deranges."  
Whereto sneers BAUMANN, "*At this rate*  
We shall regret the 'Perks' its fate."

## Moral.

Even if our rates are now abating,  
There seems to be increase of rating!

EPIGRAMMATIC. — A cynical Tragedian  
writes thus:—"At the Haymarket Theatre  
only one stage-direction is necessary for any  
scene in any play, and that is, '*Centre, a Tree.*'"



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 69.



The Fancy Fair Season. Why not have a Parliamentary One in Westminster Hall?



## A BALLAD OF SALAD.

I CANNOT eat the red, red rose,  
I cannot eat the white;  
In vain the long laburnum glows,  
Vain the camellia's waxen snows,  
The lily's cream of light.

The lilac's clustered chalices  
Proffer their bounty sweet  
In vain! Though very good for  
bees,  
Man, with unstinted yearning sees,  
Admires, but cannot eat.

Give me the lettuce that has cool'd  
Its heart in the rich earth,  
Till every joyous leaf is school'd  
To crisply-crinkled mirth.

Give me the mustard and the cress,  
Whose glistening stalklets stand  
As silver-white as nymphs by  
night  
Upon the moonlit strand;

The winking radish, round and red,  
That like a ruby shines;  
And the faint blessing, onion-shed,  
Whene'er LUCULLUS dines.

The wayward endive's curling  
head,  
Cool cucumber sliced small,  
And let the imperial beet-root  
spread  
Her purple over all.

Though shrinking poets still prefer  
The common floral fashions,  
With buds and blossoms hymn  
their Her,  
These vegetable loves would stir  
A flint-heart's mineral passions!

"A WHITE LIE."—Mr. GRUNDY'S latest piece is the best he has ever written!

## MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.



"THE WOLFF AT THE DOOR."

[Sir DRUMMOND has returned from Persia.]

## OUTSIDE THE GLOBE.

*Warm Admirer.* MANSFIELD is going to take off *Richard the Third*.

*Less Warm Ditto.* "Going to"! Why, he's been doing it for the last two or three months.

*Warm Admirer.* I mean he is going to withdraw *Richard* from the Globe—

*Less Warm One (interrupting).* And RICHARD M. will be himself again. Yes—proceed, sweet warbler.

*Warm Admirer (continuing).* Because, as the *Observer* observed, "he finds the heat too trying." Yet it was a success.

*Less Warm One.* Clearly it isn't a frost, or else he might advertise the Globe as "the coolest theatre in London." Is it the rise of temperature that has affected RICHARD's theatrical thermometer, and which shows that the place has become too hot to hold him?

**JOKE'S DIARY.**—(Note By Joe Miller, Junior, for July.—SHAH coming. Must look up all my old wheezes about *Shah* and *chat*. *Shah* and *P'shah*! Riddle about *Char-a-banc*. Another about *Char-i-vari*, *Char-cutier*, &c. Work these up and get good names to them. Can dine out for a week.

**FOREIGN AND DRAMATIC.**—Berlin. In the evening of the reception of King HUMBERT by the German Emperor and Empress, there was "a family state dinner of 140 covers." What a nice little family party! "Pernicious Snug," as Mr. Folair remarked to *Nicholas Nickleby*.

## WHAT THEY'RE DOING WITH HIM.

## THE VERY LATEST CANARDS.

We hear that the Directors of the General Omnibus Company have notified to the General their unanimous resolution to give him a lift, whenever he may desire to avail himself of that means of locomotion, in any of their vehicles, free of charge. On this having been intimated to the General, he is said to have expressed much satisfaction at the proposal.

The General, we understand, yesterday morning accorded an interview to several influential Music Hall Proprietors, anxious to secure his services as a feature in the programme of their respective entertainments. The terms of each varied in some slight particulars, but the leading idea of all seemed to be the appearance of the General in one or more costumes, with or without a comic song, but, if possible, with a grotesque dance, or some other striking gymnastic feat performed to the accompaniment of a taking refrain. On the nature of their respective propositions being explained to him, the General manifested an evident interest, and after expressing himself as much gratified at their offers, intimated that he would leave the question of their acceptance in the hands of his "Committee."

It is understood that the General has been offered, and has accepted, the Presidency at the Annual Dinner to be held at Wapping on the 19th proximo, in Aid of the Decayed Bathing-women's Grandmothers' Association.

It is reported that a well known Caterer for Public Amusement has in contemplation proposing to the General an extended provincial tour, on advantageous terms, with a first-class Travelling Circus, the General to contribute to the performance a comic scene with a highly-trained elephant, from whose back he would eventually be expected to jump through three paper moons, coloured respectively blue, white, and red, as indicative of the National Flag of France. It is contemplated that when the scheme is fully explained to the General he will entertain it with every expression of gratification.

We hear that this morning an influential deputation from Westbourne Grove called on the General for the purpose of securing his

presence at a "small and early" organised in the neighbourhood with a view to introducing him to "the nobility and gentry" of Bayswater. On the object of their visit being made clear to him, the General who smiled most graciously at the deputation, expressed his gratification at the honour they proposed to pay him, and intimated that he would leave the matter in the hands of his "Committee."

It is rumoured that on the 9th, 17th, and 23rd prox., respectively, the General will open the Cabmen's Shelter at Hackney, lay the foundation stone of the new Cemetery at Tooting, and preside at the Inauguration of the Bazaar in aid of the Funds of the Consumptive Pastrycooks' Orphan Asylum at Houndsditch. It is also further stated that not only on these days, but on all others, the General's time is already fully taken up with prospective engagements. On this having been pointed out to him, the General is said to have contemplated the circumstance with every manifestation of the very liveliest satisfaction.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

## EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, May 20.*—The NOBLE BARON had little surprise in store for Opposition to-night. Comforted themselves with conviction that Sugar Convention dead, and only awaiting convenient opportunity for burial. But NOBLE BARON comes up smiling, with an All-a-blowin'-and-a-growin' air. Convention been signed by seven out of the eight great Bounty-giving Powers, he observes; accepted in principle by eighth; and Her Majesty's Government fully alive to importance of maintaining it.

"Quite a resurrection party," says WILFRID LAWSON. Never suspected the NOBLE BARON of such fund of quiet humour; fancy LYON PLAYFAIR put him up to this; got a tremendous convincing speech ready to move Rejection of Bill on Second Reading; if Bill's dropped, what's to become of speech? But if the BARON can be lured on to stand by his Bill, PLAYFAIR will get off his oration. "There are wheels within wheels," as the little boy said when he fell into the works of the windmill.



Debate on Naval Defence Bill set in with accustomed severity. Thought it was all settled on Second Reading; broke out again in Committee; now begins again on Third Reading. Members who could not catch SPEAKER'S eye on earlier stages, now grab at it. Members stand it well enough till half-past seven; after that, patience breaks down. ILLINGWORTH, rising at twenty minutes to Eight to continue talk, uproar burst forth in deafening shouts for Division. AIRD moved Closure; SPEAKER took no notice.

"Yet he must have AIRD him," said CHARLIE BERESFORD, who had made his speech, and was getting hungry.

WILFRID LAWSON followed ILLINGWORTH; heartrending groans from famished Members; LAWSON talked on. Eight o'clock struck; ten minutes past; dinner spoiled in three hundred desolate homes. Howls increase; WILFRID immovable.

"They'll only drink wine and cherry brandy," he said, "if I let 'em off. Better stop here few minutes longer."

Quarter past eight; division called; ten minutes later three hundred hungry men racing downstairs, and Palace Yard resonant with the tramp of the sympathetic cab-horse and the roll of the wheels of the hurrying brougham.

*Business done.*—House "kept in" over dinner-hour. Third Reading of Naval Defence Bill carried by 183 votes against 101.

*Tuesday.*—Buzzing round Sugar Convention again; HARCOURT quite in high spirits. Looked up lot of questions he was going to ask, when what now appears to have been premature announcement of demise made; fires them off at Treasury Bench. GLADSTONE backs him up. HICKS-BEACH throws himself into breach; stands fire for ten minutes. Didn't make very much of him; hasn't the unique, benevolent simplicity of OLD MORALITY, off which oburgation, reproach, and abuse run as harmlessly as water off duck's back.

"The worst of OLD MORALITY is," HARCOURT says, "that one gets so little for one's pains. Blows that would pulverise another man haven't slightest effect on his imperturbable ingenuousness. It's like doubling up your fists and hammering a feather-bed. Feather-bed shaken up, and two minutes later presents precisely same placid, benevolent, inviting appearance as it did before you were yourself out upon it."

Less of the feather-bed about HICKS-BEACH at question time; but result not much more satisfactory to assailant. "I must beg for an answer from some member of the Government," HARCOURT blusters.

"The answer of the Government is," said MICHAEL-ANGELO BEACH, "that we do not consider it consistent with our duty and the interests of the public service to give the Right Hon. Gentleman the information he wants."

HARCOURT persisted; GLADSTONE pounded away; MICHAEL-ANGELO, leaning confidentially on the box, fired his last shot.

"I must decline," he said "to answer hypothetical questions." HARCOURT not having any other kind ready at moment, performance terminated.

Later, JOSEPH GILLIS appeared on scene, a rare delight in these days. National Debt Bill on for Third Reading. HARCOURT up again, dropping big tears over GOSCHEN'S unfaithfulness to memory and principles of STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. Destroyed two great works of his financial life—Cheap Sugar, and Scheme for Rejection of National Debt. HARCOURT could scarcely control his emotion. Others joined in. JOKEIM, temporarily laying aside cap-and-bells, earnestly pleaded his innocence. Then JOSEPH GILLIS appeared with outstretched hand that instantly stilled tumult of controversy, and left him the centre of a listening Senate. If you'd given your mind to it, might have heard a pin drop, as JOEY B., with gaze sternly fixed on prostrated CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, chanted forth his notes of regret, attuned more to sorrow than anger, that there should be a Government capable within the space of fifteen years of having twice attacked financial principles of his late Right Hon. friend, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

HARCOURT had said these very things, and had, indeed, the advantage of uttering them first. But JOSEPH GILLIS, unconsciously imitating sweep of HARCOURT'S arm as he delivered with Harecourtian ponderosity the very sentiments he had heard delivered a couple of hours earlier, was much more effective than the original. JOKEIM, listening to HARCOURT, from time to time scornfully smiled and defiantly shook his head. But when JOEY B. delivered same lofty

sentiments, expounded identical principles of financial purity, JOKEIM'S guilty head sank on his alarmed breast, he folded his trembling arms, and vainly tried to shut out with closed eyelids the spectacle of the terrible accuser. *Business done.*—Budget Bill agreed to.

*Wednesday.*—London Coal Dues under discussion. PEASE wants to abolish them. Press heavily upon the poor. FOWLER (Alderman) shows, on contrary, that prosperity of London is derived entirely from regular exaction of Coal Dues. To this source is due Holborn Viaduct, Thames Embankment, Polytechnic, Tower of London, and Underground Sewage. If old Charters of London are to be abolished, then New Zealander better at once apply to Cook's agent for ticket for London Bridge. FERTH, urged by momentous subject to unusual flights of eloquence, expresses desire that ancient Charters of London may "remain in the womb of the past." BAUMANN makes clever speech in moving rejection of Bill; but RITCHIE runs amuck at Dues. OLD MORALITY proposes compromise, and Bill read a Second Time by 264 votes against 104.

*Thursday.*—Scotland's turn at last. Ireland we have always with us; England gets an opportunity occasionally; Gallant Little Wales had evening and morning sitting in succession last week. Now SANDY takes the floor; all the blue bonnets are over the border; Westminster echoing with Scotch "All a-blowin' and a-growin'!" accent; the wail of the pibroch heard in distant corridor; haggis figures prominently in menu in dining-room. JACOBY, arrayed in lightest summer suit, perambulates lobby. Smiles beamingly an all Scotch Members.

"We'll hae a gude diversion the night, I'm thinkin', Dr. FARR-QUHARRISON," he said, just now to Member for West Aberdeen.

That not his usual way of speaking; but JACOBY a born Whig. Knows how to get at the heart of a man. Only with greatest difficulty his colleague, PHILIP STANHOPE, prevented his coming down to-night in kilt.

"It would fetch them," he said. "I'm sure Scotch very susceptible on national matters. Would like a little delicate attention like the kilts."

STANHOPE said, No; thought they'd better not try it yet. JACOBY, not permitted to don Highland garb, put on what he believed to be Scottish accent; whistled "Scots wha hae" as GEORGE CAMPBELL passed him; asked BUCHANAN to lend him copy of "Meg Merrilees," which he believes is one of SCOTT'S novels. Wonderfully enthusiastic man in his new vocation!

*Business done.*—Debate on Scotch Local Government Bill.

*Friday Night.*—A melancholy day. At morning sitting, Scotch Local Government Bill; in the evening, PICKERSGILL on Penal Sentences. Prevailing dulness momentarily varied by interesting story told by MATTHEWS, of How They Went to the Prize Fight at Moscow. Seems "Fancy" had themselves packed up in covered furniture-van. Police placidly watched ponderous vehicles passing along highway; never suspected anything, though on *qui vive* to stop fight. When furniture-van—"Taking-all-Risks"—arrived at selected spot, unpacked, and "the furniture" went at it undisturbed. *Business done.*—Much talk.

It is the fashion, as a matter of business, for the Managers of seaside Hotels to telegraph up to town, daily, informing intending visitors of the state of the weather, *chez eux*. One sends up, "Dull morning, warm. Glass steady." Glad to hear it—it's better than "Dull morning, dry. Hand shaky."



Michael-Angelo.



The new Whip.







### SPECIAL COMMISSIONERS FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

President. "SMITH, OUR NOBLE SELVES! QUITE RIGHT TO ADJOURN FOR THE DERBY, DAY!"

#### ON COMMISSION.

May 28, 29, 30, and 31.—The feature of the week has been the examination and cross-examination of Mr. BIGGAR. Of course, it would be very wrong to comment upon the evidence of the distinguished humorist in question, but I must be permitted to say, that there were many present who expected a scene, when he was called, something like the following:—

Counsel (rising and referring to his brief). Mr. BIGGAR, I think you are a politician?

Witness (rubbing his head). Bedad, Sorr, that am I, as the pig said when he turned himself into bacon!

[Roars of laughter.]

Counsel (quietly amused). Never mind the pig for the moment, Mr. BIGGAR.

Witness (quaintly). But begorra, Sorr, if I don't mind the pig, the pig won't mind me!

[Renewed laughter.]

Counsel (biting his lip). How long have you been in the House of Commons?

Witness. The House of Commons, is it? (Stroking his nose with his forefinger.) Shure it became the House of un-Commons when I joined it!

[Further laughter.]

Counsel (suppressing a smile). Pray be serious, Mr. BIGGAR.

Witness. Serious is it! Look at that, now! How will I be serious? (With a merry twinkle in his eye.) Do ye take me for an ould blind fiddler, who can't rade because it's too dark for him to say! &c., &c., &c.

[General merriment.]

I must admit that certainly Mr. BIGGAR did not give his evidence in a manner closely resembling the above. On the other hand, I should be exceedingly loth to assert that his cross-examination was at all like the following:—

Counsel (rising deferentially). I think, Mr. BIGGAR, you have devoted many years of your life to public affairs?

[Every one in Court on the alert for something witty in reply.]

Witness (gravely). Certainly.

Counsel. I do not wish to unduly press you, but can you give me any idea of how many years have been thus devoted?

[The Public smilingly expectant for a bon-mot of unusual brilliancy.]

Witness (solemnly). I cannot say.

Counsel. May we take it that you have been engaged in public affairs for some twenty years or so?

[Audience on the qui vive for the best thing heard during this century.]

Witness (with a sigh). I believe so.

Counsel. I am sure you will credit me, Mr. BIGGAR, when I say that I have no intention of fixing you to dates; but may I take it that those twenty years may be said to extend from 1869 to 1889?

[General anticipation of something waggish beyond parallel.]

Witness (wearily). Probably, &c., &c., &c.

[General somnolence.]

A less important incident of the week was the appearance of Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR (late of the War Office, and now a member of the British Bar) without his wig. On Friday, the Court adjourned until the 18th of June, on the understanding (which, however, was not expressed in terms) that, if necessary, there should be a purely informal interim meeting of both sides on the 5th—at Epsom. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court.

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A *Mystery of Queen Anne's Gate*, by RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, is a good story in two volumes, for which the author must be praised, as he might have spun it out into three. It would have been better in one volume, as though the story is interesting and the excitement well sustained, yet you can skip handfuls of it at a time—plenty of skipping exercise, and you can give yourself any amount

of rope—and get through the novel easily within a three hours' railway journey. "Alone I did it!"

#### "EN BON PRINCE."

WRITES our Prince to HOWARD VINCENT:—

"I prefer to think you innocent  
Of the mess at the Parade  
Of the gallant Fire Brigade,

"When the crowd would have been cleared  
Had you never interfered,  
And the Medals would have been  
Graciously bestowed, I ween.

"I forgive and I forget,  
But, Unt-'Oward VINCENT, let  
That unlucky Saturday,—  
'Twas the twenty-fifth of May,—  
In your mems be marked, *en noir*,  
'Medal and Muddle.' *Au revoir!*"

#### PETITES BOUCHÉES DE BUSHEY.

"A good play needs no Bushey."

"Off with bonnets! Hat-tention!"

"Light modern Comic Opera I do not despise, as is proved by my engagement of Dorothy—DENE."

#### FANCY IMPRESSIONIST PORTRAIT.

(By Don Lunatico Inky Rendo.)



Professor Hair-Comber of Bushey.

"If Miss D. D. makes a great success here, I shall engage her permanently and call this the Deanery."

"JOHN SMITH, I've heard that name before."

"I compose these little things in my Idyl moments."

"I am going to compose an ode to the County in which I dwell.

"I shall call it *Herts, mein Herts!*"

"Hope to give this performance in the Hall of my College, All Souls' Oxford. '*Bene natus*,' I've always enjoyed excellent health. Was born well, and hope to continue so—'*Bene vestitus*,' everyone will come in evening dress; no bonnets or hats, '*Moderate doctus*.'—Mustn't know too much about it. Don't like self-sufficient critics.

H. H., A. R. A., B. A., OXON."



## "MODUS OPERANDI."

(The Covent Garden Government and Her Majesty's Opposition.)

Tuesday, May 28.—How plucky of BORRO to have written *Mefistofele*, after GOUNOD had made such a success with *Faust*. It was almost as if *Mefistofele* were tempting the gifted Composer into a *Mefisto-failure*. If so, *Mephistophiles* was done, not for the first time, and done remarkably well. The impressive prologue was

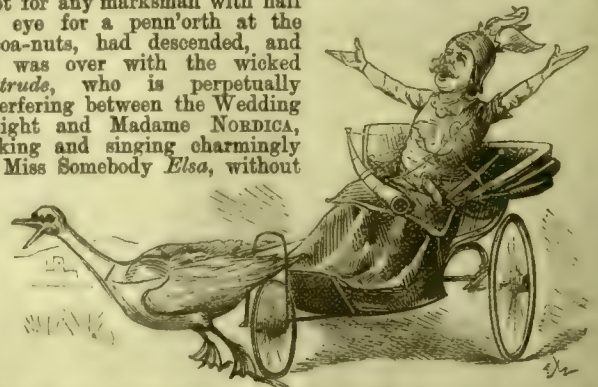


Mad Maggie frightens Funny Little Faust.

magnificently rendered, Signor NOVARA taking Signor CASTELMARRY's part at short notice, which made "no *vara* great difference" as Miss MCINTYRE observed in her best Scotch McAccent. Why call her "Mademoiselle" in the bills? Aiblins (whatever that may be), but she's a puir and bonnie Scotch lassie, and nae French. She looked charming as BORRO's *Marguerite*, who is much more of a genuine *ingénue* than is GOUNOD's girl, and sang superbly. I shall welcome the time when she can rely entirely upon herself, and act her part without keeping one eye on Signor MANCINELLI to see if it's all right. I dare say MANCINELLI likes it: I should, if I were in his place,—and, by the way, if I were in his place, what a row there'd be in the orchestra! Of course, the old musical hands in the orchestra sympathise with her, and yet must wish that she should be out of their leading-strings. Even when she goes as mad as a hatter—as a Straw-hatter—(is this anywhere near the solution as to the origin of this proverbial simile?)—her rule seems to be, "Keep my eye on my MANCINELLI, and my MANCINELLI will pull me through." Madame SCALCHI, is a jovial *Marta*, far too wicked for *Mephistophiles*, who objects to being *Marta*'d in *Marta-rimony*. Sly humour of BORRO's in introducing a little bit of WAGNER, well-played and sung by Signor RINALDINI in true Warbling Wag'ner style, in the First Act. How good that German dance is! It haunts me for days afterwards, and what a contrast is its peasant-like elusiveness to the graceful classical movement of the Grecian Ladies in the Troy Town Act, where the warbling Wag'ner reappears as *Nereus*—just like him—and *Marta* comes out in classical drapery as a lady of the name of *Pantalís* (who was she when she was at home?) who does her best to play nothing on an old harp with damp strings—not a true harp, but a lyre—and sings a charming duet with HELEN MCGREGOR; no, I should say HELEN MCINTYRE of Troy, our sweet *Belle Hélène*, from whom OFFENBACH—again memories expect the song of "*O Belle Venus, quel plaisir trouves-tu?*" "Ah, SCHNEIDER, how you vas!" as RUP VAN JEFFERSON WINKLE used to say. The Opera is not a light one, but it was made heavy by the "waits" between the Acts; especially the Troy Wait. The Broken Scene raised the enthusiasm of the house, and would have restored the spirits—it was full of them—of even the most Broken-hearted Manager, which DEURIOLANUS most decidedly isn't.

Thursday.—An eventful evening for the Cosmopolitan Organising Opera Committee. Irish Tenor with Scotch name was to have played on Italian Opera Stage in German Opera *Lohengrin*. Rather mixed. But poor Signor BARTONI MAC-ARONI GUCKINI unfortunately sprained his ankle, and it didn't come off. By "it," I mean the event. Rather than disappoint the brilliant house assembled to meet him, Signor M'GUCKIN would have been only too pleased to have come on as *Lohengrin* in a Bath-chair drawn by swans, and sung with all the fervour and sweetness of which he is capable. The Organising Committee all for the idea—such a novelty. DEURIOLANUS decided against it. "Bad precedent," said the astute Manager, "for Tenor to come on in Bath-chair." So DAN DRARDY, Junior, took the part at short notice, and acquitted himself as well as the short notice would permit. Audience, following the excellent

example of punctuality set by Their Royal Highnesses, came in early, and stopped till the wobbling property pigeon, a very easy shot for any marksman with half an eye for a penn'orth at the ocooa-nuts, had descended, and all was over with the wicked *Ortrude*, who is perpetually interfering between the Wedding Knight and Madame NORDICA, looking and singing charmingly as Miss Somebody *Elsa*, without



Il Cavaliere Bartoni Mac-aroni Guckini as a Knight of the Bath-chair.

even saying, "Beg pardon, hope I don't do ought rude." Hardly recognised Madame NORDICA in new fair-haired wig, and evidently she looked much taller than last season. Evidently grown rapidly in public opinion. Puir Scotch Lassie MAGGIE MCINTYRE, in a state of Scotch lassie-tude, reclined in the Stalls, and was clearly surprised at finding herself on the wrong side of the Curtain. Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN was radiant after his successful bimetallic deputation, and insisted on explaining to DEURIOLANUS the theory of bimetalism. DEURIOLANUS, equal to the occasion, comprehended it in a twinkling. "I see," he said, "bicycle thing on two wheels; 'biped,' creature on two peds: bimetalism evidently means doubling the prices. Won't do, my boy; won't do. Ta ta!" The MAHDI—FÜRSCHE-MADI, I should say—in great force as *Ortrude*. Opera magnificently put on the stage; everything first-rate except the property-moulting wobbling pigeon, and the sooner he is put into a property-pie, and seen no more, the better for the finish of *Lohengrin*. Orchestra conducted by MAN-TALINI,—no, MANCINELLI,—superb. *Vive l'Opéra!*

Saturday.—*Rentrée* of Madame ALBANI. Everybody enraptured. But why the Story of ALFRED and the Cakes, called *La Traviata*? Alfred, in this case, could hardly be called ALFRED the Great, and Madame ALBANI had doubtless something to contend against in Signor TALAZAC's curious idea of a lover's passion, and Signor COROGNI's quaint conception of paternal pathos. But, despite these drawbacks, what a triumph was hers, and how well did *Violetta* deserve the huge bouquets of roses and lilies, orchids and iris, which were presented to her at the close of the First and Second Acts respectively! A brilliant House apparently had eyes and ears for *Violetta* alone, though it certainly did not let her alone when her liquid trills and lovely piano passages fairly brought it down. Alfred the Little sang his part in the duet in the Last Act with some sweetness and effect; and Signor COROGNI's powerful voice would probably please more if his peculiar facial play and manual movements did not quite so strongly convey the idea that he was playing alternately at Dumb Crambo and Forfeits.

Her Majesty's Opposition.—The Session commenced with the *Barbieri*, possibly in the hope that that Opera might save, or rather shave, it from disaster. Signor PADILLA (certainly one of the best *Figaros* of modern times) gives it most valuable support. But as a solitary swallow does not make a summer, a singular celebrity (especially when of the male sex) does not always create a season's success. Fortunately the *Rosina*, Madame GARGANO, and the *Almaviva* of Signor VICINI (who appears vicariously for someone else), are equally good. From the appearance of the House generally, I fancy that Her Majesty's Opposition is not unlikely to secure what may be termed "a good working minority."

AFTER the ceremony last Saturday, Prince GEORGE of Wales is in full possession of the Liberty of the City of London. He can do whatever he likes. It is GEORGE without the drag on. This freedom is H.R.H.'s hereditary right; so, as a Citizen, he is "free as the heir."



"Oh, this is a Gye-ful moment!"



### "SIZING."

"Sizing," is nowadays practised by some of the Lancashire millowners to an extent which is neither fair nor reasonable, and is distinctly calculated to injure the reputation of British Cotton-stuffs in the markets of the world."—*Morning Post*.

THIS shows a state of trade extremely rotten :  
To Cotton-doctoring *Punch* cannot cotton.  
Even JOHN CHINAMAN is scarce so callow  
As to be diddled long by flour and tallow.  
Shame, Cotton-spinners ! On your own confessing,  
"Fraudulent sizing" is not "needful dressing."  
What constitutes true "shirtings" ? Reason halts  
When powdered spar, and deliquescent salts,  
Magnesium, and calcium, are meant,  
To the extent of seventy-five per cent.  
A British patriot does not like to think  
Of China clay, plus muriate of zinc,  
As making up the major part of sheeting ;  
Or of starch, Epsom Salts, and soda meeting  
In cotton-cloth. Who views with temper placid  
A blend of eurd-soap and carbolic acid,  
French chalk and maize, dextrine and Irish moss,  
Meeting in "lining" to the buyers' loss ;  
Or putrid flour, palm-oil, and British gum  
Making of honest "stuff" the merest hum ?  
*Punch* must be down upon those Cotton-spinners,  
Who against British honour are such sinners ;  
Conspiring in a way, base as unwise,  
To lessen England's greatness by her "size."

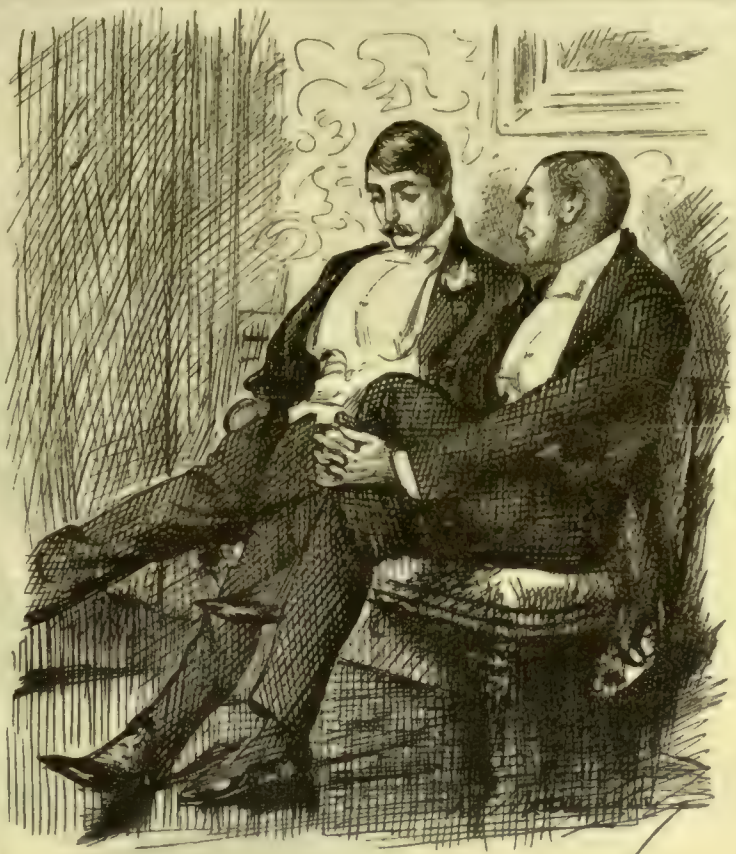
ANOTHER Rival to the Grand Hotel at Charing Cross.—  
VERDI's Grand *Otell* (*O!*!) at the Lyceum in July,  
started by M. H. L. MAYER ET CIE.

### "That Lovely Night in June!"

(*The Fourth at Eton.*)

THE QUEEN surveyed the boats. "The Monarch" gay  
Pursued "the even ten-oar of its way,"  
With its own "Sitter," so called, I'll explain,  
Because he "stands" a ten-oar for champagne—  
At least he should. I'll write, to music choice,  
The Monarch Boat-song for a ten-oar voice.

(Signed) BROCAS *MI. Laureate, didit.*



### SCIENTIFIC ACCURACY.

"BUT WHY DO YOU WANT TO MARRY HER?"—"BECAUSE I LOVE HER!"  
"MY DEAR FELLOW, THAT'S AN EXCUSE—NOT A REASON!"

### WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

SIXTEENTH EVENING.

"I KNOW a young policeman," the Moon told *Mr. Punch*. "He is extremely civil and obliging, but he has not been very long in the force. His beat lies in a highly fashionable and secluded district, and the other evening his services were called into request in a somewhat strange manner. He was going his rounds, and quite enjoying the clomp of his heavy boots on the pavement, when he came upon a gentleman and lady standing in great perplexity by the area railings of one of the houses, which was all dark and shut up. My beams shone clearly on the party: on the constable, who thought it incumbent upon him to remember that he was a policeman and adopt a surface suspicion; on the pretty pale face of the lady, under whose furred cloak could be seen the shimmer of her evening gown; on the gentleman, who was also in evening dress, and who seemed humorously annoyed at something, as he sought vainly in all his pockets. 'This is pleasant, constable!' he said; 'come out without our latch-key!' The young policeman offered to ring and knock for them, but the lady would not hear of it. 'It would frighten darling LILY so,' she said, 'and the poor child has been so feverish all day.' She had such a sweet voice, and her eyes looked so large and so pathetic in my rays, that the young policeman felt himself becoming less official. 'O Policeman,' she said, 'can't you think of anything? Fancy not to be able to get into one's own house!' The policeman reflected for a moment; it was so gratifying to feel that this beautiful lady had such confidence in him that he naturally wished to show that he deserved it. At last he hit upon a

plan. They were painting a house opposite, and the workmen had left their ladders; perhaps, he suggested, if he fetched one, the upper windows might be found to have been left unfastened.

"So the policeman and the gentleman brought the ladder between them, and, curiously enough, the upper window *had* been left unfastened—which showed that the young constable knew something of the world. And presently I saw the gentleman go up and enter through the window, and then the lovely lady, after pressing a half-crown in the policeman's palm, prepared, with graceful timorousness, to ascend. 'What fun it would be,' I heard her say, with a musical little laugh, 'supposing another policeman saw me now and took me for a burglar!' 'No fear o' that, Ma'am,' he answered, gallantly, 'not when I'm at hand.' Then she went up the ladder, higher and higher, till he could only see a dim grey form aloft, and then the window was cautiously closed, and the house was dark and still once more. The young policeman gazed up at it sentimentally; a light shone in the upper room; he pictured the beautiful mother bending over her sick child's cot, and, reverently and tenderly, he removed the ladder which had been hallowed by her feet.

"Suddenly it occurred to me that the couple who lived in that house were quite middle-aged people, and had no child to be feverish. I remembered now, too, that they had left home that very afternoon on a short visit. Could the lady and gentleman have mistaken the house? I think they must have done so, though it took them nearly an hour to find it out, for it was much later when I next saw them both come out by the little garden at the back, when the gentleman helped the lady over the wall into a side street. He had a bag in his hand, which I had not noticed before, and she seemed to be carrying something under her cloak. I fancy they went out that way because they did not like to trouble that obliging young constable a second time, which was a pity, because, as it happened, he was in front of the house at that very moment. His beat had brought him round there a second time, and he could not help stopping to glance up once more at the windows, where there was no longer any light to be seen. I heard him sigh and hum a little snatch of a song, rather out of tune, as he went clumping on his round, for it is quite a mistake to suppose that there is less human nature in policemen than in other people. And this was a very young policeman, too."







MR. PUNCH'S NOTES—IN CORRECT TIME.



"FRIGHTFUL CREATURES."—Heraldry in Parliament. Dedicated to the First Commissioner of Works by Mr. Punch.



### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 27.—For swiftness, neatness and effectiveness, just rough enough, but not too rough, have heard nothing in Parliament better than PLUNKET's tumbling-over-to-night of GEORGE CAMPBELL. CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, that eminent aesthete, brought forward question of the Griffins on the staircase in Westminster Hall, supplemented by question from J. ELLIS. PLUNKET answered with fine gravity, describing how some of the sculptured animals represent heraldic supporters bearing arms of RICHARD II., EDWARD III., and Queen VICTORIA, whilst in other parts of the building there are numerous examples of figures and animals on newels of staircases and tops of pedestals "both with and without heraldic meaning." Subject seemed, as PLUNKET said, exhausted by this elaborate reply, when up jumped GEORGE CAMPBELL, always ready to put in word on any question from Camberwell to



Cathay. House now always takes him good-humouredly; roared in simulated indignation. Above the uproar CAMPBELL's voice heard shrilly demanding whether PLUNKET was himself "responsible for permitting these fearful creatures to be put up in Westminster Hall?"

Rather a rude question as it stands; but nothing particular meant; only CAMPBELL's pretty way. PLUNKET came back to table; waited for uproar to subside, then, nodding and smiling pleasantly at Sir GEORGE, said, "I am not responsible for the fearful creatures either in Westminster Hall or in this House."

Bolt went straight home; CAMPBELL wriggled up, nervously nursing his expressive right knee; House roared with delighted laughter; CAMPBELL concluded that, on the whole, had perhaps better not interpose when PLUNKET in the lists.

After this, House prepared itself for another evening with Scotch Members. Adjourned debate on Local Government Bill down as first Order; just when majority of Members were preparing to rush out, and air of resignation stealing over faces of LORD ADVOCATE and RITCHIE, who must needs remain in place, Irish Members burst in; raised debate on Luggacurran Evictions. O'BRIEN's first appearance since release from prison. Once more face to face with BALFOUR. A striking contrast the two men, gaoler and prisoner; the one fair, *débonnaire*, smiling, reclining with languid grace on the Treasury Bench; the other standing upright with clenched fist, set lips, pale face, flashing eyes, hoarse, passionate voice. Shut up for weeks and months, and now all the long-pent stream of wrath dashed downward like a cataract. BALFOUR bore it pretty well. Talk went on to dinner-time; then Division, and Scotch business began.

*Business done.*—More Scotch debate.

*Tuesday.*—TIM's back again. Been for some time in Ireland attending to his own business. Now comes to Westminster to look after nation's. No opportunity for not knowing TIM HEALY is in House when he once puts in an appearance. As GEORGE CURZON says, "his voice is heard through rolling drums, that beat to battle where he stands." Gave HOME SECRETARY a genuine start, by suddenly appealing to SPEAKER on matter of order, touching little dinner-party MATTHEWS gave on Saturday. What TIM really wanted was opportunity of publicly hitting out at ROWLAND BLENNERHASSET, whose name cropped up before Special Commission as having subscribed certain sums of money for dispensation by an energetic searcher after truth. BLENNERHASSET, otherwise of retiring disposition, takes no part in public affairs; TIM longing to give him an Oliver for his Rowland. Difficulty how to do it? Chance unconsciously provided by innocent HOME SECRETARY. Gave customary dinner in honour of QUEEN's Birthday; invited among other friends the Judges on Special Commission and BLENNERHASSET. Here was TIM's opportunity. Used it with superb gravity. Called SPEAKER's attention to fact that, in addition to three Judges, one of the guests was Sir ROWLAND BLENNERHASSET, "a person implicated in the PIGOTT forgeries."

That was what TIM wanted to say. In order to say it, framed question to SPEAKER, as to who had control over House and its precincts? SPEAKER obliged to answer, with equal gravity, that he had no control over gentlemen who came to dinner within precincts of House. TIM much obliged for reply, and business proceeded.

"Wasn't sure at first I could manage it, TOBY, dear boy," TIM said, his honest face suffused with satisfaction. "But you see I managed it. Suppose I had got up in my place and said, 'Sir ROWLAND BLENNERHASSET is a person implicated in the PIGOTT forgeries'; there would have been an awful uproar; I should have been out of order; SPEAKER would have been down on me; perhaps I would have been 'named'; and then where would I have been? But, you see, I wrap it up in a question, fire it off accidentally as it were, the boys cheer and the thing's done. Apart from BLENNERHASSET, quite worth while doing to see how frightened MATTHEWS was when I alluded to him. For a bit of real sport, if you know how to manage it, give me the House of Commons."

*Business done.*—Vote on Account taken.

*Thursday.*—Since PLUNKET flashed forth his answer to GEORGE CAMPBELL the other night about "fearful creatures" in and out of House, has been a marked tendency on part of Ministers to sparkle at Question Time. HOME SECRETARY tried it to-night with GEORGE CAMPBELL again for subject. It seems that GEORGE, taking his walks abroad, has exclusively enjoyed spectacle of cabs running over citizens. Would appear that, walking down from Southwell



Tim's back.

Gardens to Westminster, scarcely a turning at which he did not come upon man, woman, or child under the hoofs of a ruthless cab-horse. Lived in India some time; Juggernaut nothing to it. HOME SECRETARY sits with arms folded, legs crossed, his face suffused with highly cultivated aspect of incredulity.

"Are the police to stand by," CAMPBELL insists, "and see cabs come up and knock persons down without interference or remonstrance? Will the Right Hon. Gentleman take up the subject?"

No human impulse more natural, even in a HOME SECRETARY, than to take up a subject if he accidentally finds it knocked down by a cab at a street corner. But MATTHEWS a lawyer, accustomed to quibbles.

"There is," he replied, "a statute in force. What handle is there, then, for taking up the subject?"

This posed CAMPBELL; not prepared for that way of looking at it. Time might come, if this sort of thing went unchecked, that no father of a family would go out in London streets without first providing himself with a handle by which he might be picked up when knocked down by a cab. That time not yet arrived. HOME SECRETARY, took base advantage; House rudely laughed; CAMPBELL temporarily subsided.

Other answer was from ARTHUR BALFOUR. Questioned as to sale of lands in Ulster by London Companies, he said CHARLES LEWIS had Motion on paper, which referred to subject; when it came on would discuss it.

"But," said CLANCY, "Suppose this Motion never comes on; what does the Right Hon. Gentleman propose to do?"

"When that eventuality occurs," said BALFOUR, "I shall be ready to answer the question."

A pretty answer this, imbued with the spirit of Philosophic Doubt. No one knows whether he quite meant what he said, or whether he accidentally stumbled on this deliciously round-about way of saying he would never answer question. Crowded House sat for a moment puzzled and silent; then there was a titter, ending in a roar of laughter: in which ARTHUR blushing joined.

*Business done.*—Scotch Local Government Bill read Second Time.

*Friday.*—Scotch business in the morning, Indian in the evening. The morning and the evening a dull day.

## LA VIE À LA ROOSE.

THE art of prolonging life being, of course, a most interesting subject to everybody, Dr. ROBSON ROOSE who is always "up to date," deals with it in the *Fortnightly* for this month—still ably conducted by the open and frank HARRIS (not DRUCIOLANTUS of that ilk)—and treats his subject as well as he treats his patients, which is saying a great deal, but not too much. Here are some notes arising out of a careful perusal of his article which may be of use to him on a future occasion, should he resume the subject.

1.—*Question.* Are men or women the longer lived? *Answer.* We have all heard of Old PARR, but never of Old MA. Perhaps one reason is that any allusion to a lady's age is considered impolite.

2.—*Q.* How to prolong life?—*A.* Live above PARR.

3.—*Q.* "Three-score and ten" is "accepted," says Dr. R. R., "pretty generally." Are musicians long-lived?—*A.* Yes, as a rule, because they live after they have completed several scores.

4.—*Q.* Is there any Longevity Association to which we can belong?—*A.* The Eighty Club is the nearest approach to it.

5.—*Q.* Is there anyone now living who was alive four centuries ago?—*A.* Certainly. Four centuries ago were the Middle Ages. A number of middle-aged people still exist. This is a fact which, strangely enough, has escaped the Doctor's notice.

6.—*Q.* The Doctor recounts how one old woman, who never washed, but rubbed her face with lard, lived to 106. What rank in life was she?—*A.* We should say she must have been addressed as "Miladi."

7.—*Q.* The Doctor is against "tricycling" for old men. Why?—*A.* Doctor is wrong here. For an old man who has completed one cycle, to go on to two cycles and up to three, cannot do him any possible harm. He will be a hale and hearty Tricyclinarian.

8.—*Q.* Dr. PARKER is quoted as recommending rice to old persons because of the starch in it. Would not a diet of nice white ties fresh from the washerwoman's do equally as well?—*A.* Yes. The dish could be included in the vegetarian list, and called white artichokers.

9.—*Q.* Rest is absolutely necessary. Can you suggest a form of diet or exercise, or both, which will economise time by including simultaneous rest?—*A.* Certainly. Go to a fishmonger's and take forty winks. As for exercise; quiet games are good, therefore "Go Nap" as often as possible.

Finally, Mr. Punch presents his compliments to Dr. R. R. and repeats *Rip Van Winkle's* salutation, "Here's your health, and your family's, and may you live long and broser!"









“WON IN

MR. PUNCH, “CONGRATULATE YOU, MY LORD! ‘NAVAL DEFENCE





CANTER!"

BOUND TO WIN;—THE OPPOSITION STABLE WASN'T IN IT!!"







# "WON IN A CANTER!"

A COLLOQUY ON THE COURSE AFTER THE GREAT RACE.

SCENE—*The Derby Course in the vicinity of the Judge's Box. The Derby Winner, "Naval Defence," being led away. Crowd closes in, shouting; Mr. Judge Punch descends to congratulate the Owners of the Successful Horse.*

Crowd. Hooray! Hooray!

Sir W. H-re-rt (aside). Ah, shout, brave boys! You'd bellow

As blatantly for any other fellow

Who owned the Winner.

Mr. M-rl-y (drily). Even for you, Sir WILLIAM!

Sir W. H-re-rt. Flatter myself in enterprise and skill, I am

Equal to S-L-SB-RY and his "boy" together.

H-M-LT-N with the crack, and such rare weather,

Couldn't help winning; in a real race

I doubt if he'd contrive to get a place.

But, hang it all, their Stable has such luck.

Lord G-r-n-l-l-e. Sugar-Loaf cut up badly in the ruck.

Sir W. H-re-rt. Only their second string! Look at Lord S.!

His sorrel face melts sweetly at success

So brilliant—and so easy.

Mr. Judge P-uch (to Lord S.). Well, my Lord,

Even a Judge impartial can afford

Congratulations upon such a win.

Naval Defence was certainly well in.

Rather on the small side, perhaps; not quite

The shape and size of one in the first flight

Of equine heroes; still he quite outstrode

Anything that the other jockeys rode;

And romped in every inch a winner.

Lord S-l-sb-ry. Yes!

Yet we were scarcely cocksure of success.

The horse had not filled out as some expected.

Lord CHARLES, for instance, fancied he detected

Weediness and a slight peacocky action,

Nor did I feel the fullest satisfaction

With H-M-LT-N's peculiar style of riding,

Which sometimes checks a horse at its full striding.

He's not an ARCHER, GEORGE,—but no matter!

Fancy this victory is like to shatter

The other Stable's prospects for the season.

What can they do,—unless they trot out *Treason*?

And he is stale and short of work. Of course

They may possess the great dark Irish horse

They magnify mysteriously. If so,

Let's have him out and see how he can go!

Mr. Judge Punch. Naval Defence, my Lord, was bound to win,

Although he might not carry all your tin

As you suggest, for in the rival Stable

It is no secret there was nothing able

To vanquish him, or even to extend him,

For this race, anyhow.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Fortune befriend him!

As we have done, Lord H-RT-NGT-N and I.

Lord S-l-sb-ry (bowing). Our dual providence!

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (aside). More mockery,

My black-a-vised *Coriolanus*! Well,

We'll see one day who is the bigger swell.

Anon, perhaps your "dual providence"

"Dual Control" may be.

Mr. G-sch-n (hugging himself). But for the expense

I rather like this union of Stables.

Our champion anyhow has turned the tables

Upon the Hawarden-cum-Hibernia lot.

GL-DST-NE does look as though he'd caught it hot.

(Which will please JOSEPH.) As for icy P-RN-LL,

His countenance is cheerful as a charnel.

While H-RC-RT like a (burst) captive balloon—

Ha! ha!—seems vastly like descending soon.

Wishes he'd joined us, doubtless.

Lord H-rt-ngt-n. How they roar,

The swarming cads! E'en racing gets a bore,

Now the *hoi polloi* take such interest in it.

Mr. GL-dst-ne. Crowding all round, I see! But wait a minute!

Sir W. H-re-rt. A minute?

Mr. GL-dst-ne. Well, a year, or maybe two.

Sir W. H-re-rt. Oh, years are nothing to a youth like you;



"Oh no, we never mention her!  
Her name is never heard!"

SHE HAD BEEN TO THE STATE BALL—AND HER NAME WAS OMITTED IN EVERY LIST NEXT MORNING! "IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

But I confess that I should like to see  
A champion in our stables, my dear G.  
Fancy their winning with that three-legged crook!  
Whilst JOE, the renegade, can mouth and mock  
The bareness of our stalls.

Mr. GL-dst-ne. Ah, you must school  
Your soul to patience, WILLIAM mine. *Home Rule*  
Is not so out of it as some suppose;  
He'll "come again," to G-SCH-N's shame—and JOE's.

Sir W. H-re-rt. Evergreen Hopeful!

Mr. M-rl-y. But, by Jove, he's right;

Though "aged," he will beat them out of sight,  
These cocky "three year olds," before he's done.

Lord R. Ch-rch-l-l. By Jove, the Stable's having lots of fun.

Naval Defence has brought them fame and pelf.

I almost wish I'd backed the brute myself!

Lord C. B-r-rf-rd. What did I tell you, RANDOM? "Back the Favourite!"

Although the Stable did not quite behave aright,

According to my notion. Only fault

I find with them is that they seemed to halt.

The crack was bound to win, if they would run him.

But I maintain *they should have had more on him!* [Left arguing.

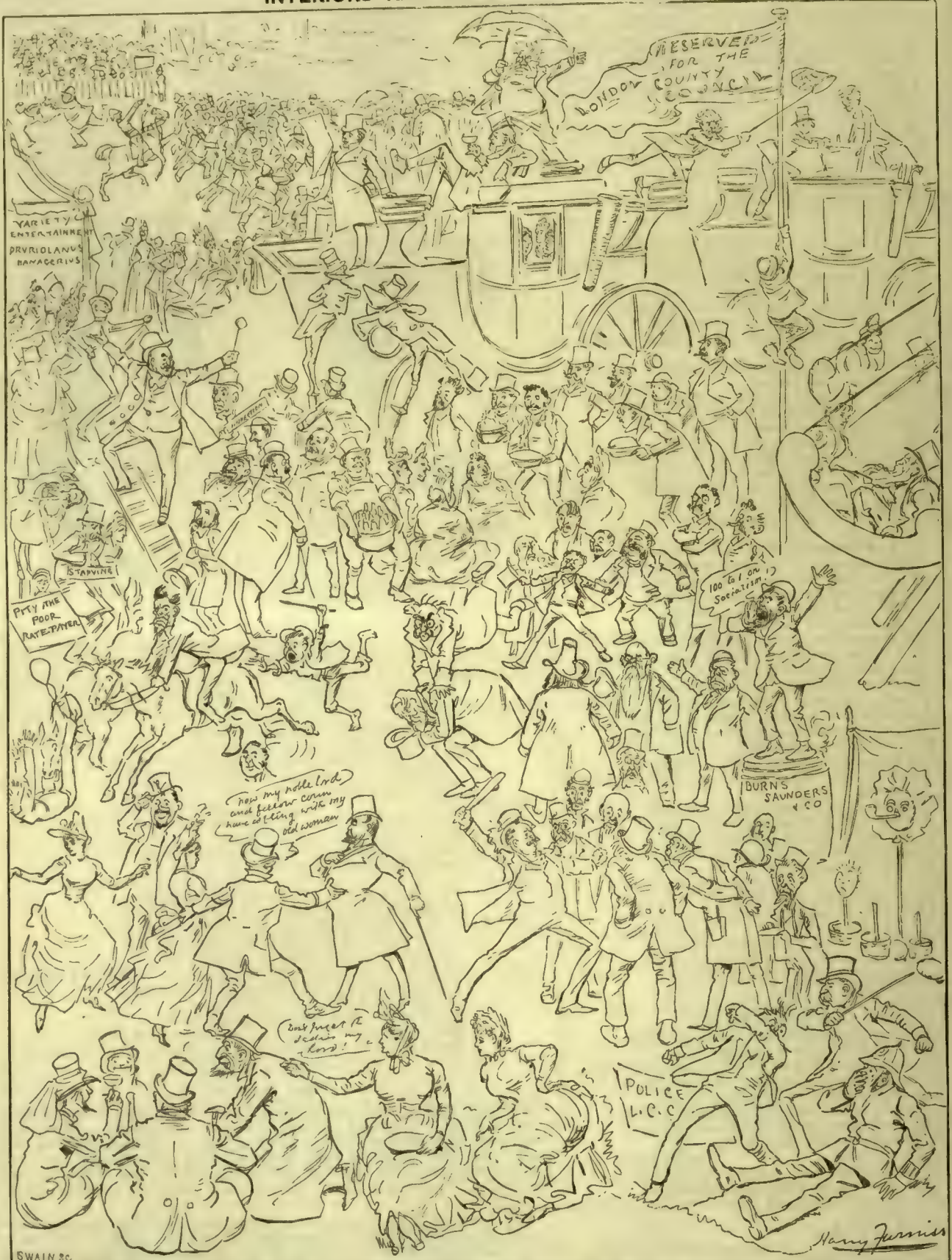
## All the Difference.

WHETHER women shall, or shall not, have the Parliamentary Suffrage, is regarded as "a burning question;" whether they should, or should not, have more than threepence for lining a pair of trousers, making nine buttonholes, and sewing on nine buttons, is *not*—save by the poor souls who toil night and day for that pitiful pay. Well, this button business may not be "a burning question"—yet; but it is certainly a "burning shame."

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Is it an Apes thought to have a Monkey Show? Should the London public be disappointed, its monkey would be up, and the Alexandra would suffer. On Sunday, if fine, the Apes might be shown Monkey Island, or, by the kind permission of the noble owner, taken for a treat to Apethorpe.



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 70.



MR. ROSEBERY TAKES THE MEMBERS OF THE L.C.C. DOWN TO THE DERBY.





### FELINE AMENITIES.

*Proud Mother (piqued that her Child's advances meet with no response from Fair Stranger). "WHY, BABY DEAR, THAT'S NOT YOUR GRANDMA!"*

### ROBERT ON THE DARBY.

AN, there was a time when I looked forward for the Darby for weeks to come as one of the grandest days of the hole year, and now, strange to say, I'm not a going. And why? Well, for several reasons. In the first place I don't like the downs as I used to. I remember thinking last year that it was about the stickiest place when wet and the dustiest place when dry as 'ever I seed. I don't remember as I used to care much about them little suckumstances years ago, but I spose as we gits more partickler the more older we grows. In the second place,—which by-the-by is generally where my favorit horse finds himself at the hend of the race—I had sitch a dose of bad luck last year that I was afeard of repeating it. I didn't care about telling my sad tail at the time, coz I finds as one never gits no sympathy on sitch sad occasions but rayther plenty of charf and plenty of reticule, but as it's now a hole year ago, I plucks up my currage and speaks out like a man.

Well then, I had larst year, thro a sporting frend of mine, the werry stratest of strate tips, and, what's remarkable strange, it come off all rite. I lade no less than one golden suvverain to three on the favorit and another golden suvverain to six on another favorit, and my fust favorit won and the second lost, so I was the appy winner of two pound sterling. So in the pride of my art I took off BROWN to Mr. CARELESS's Dinner Booth and stood treat to a helegant repast of cold foul, and am, and sallad, and beer, and thorowly we both enjoyed it, speshally me with my winnins a gingling in my pocket, as it were. We then set off to find my 2 betting-book makers, and there was my winning better in his usual place, and he smiled as he seed me a passing by, and said, "Better luck next time, Sir; you can't allus win." To which I replied in my off-and-manner, "Oh, suttlenly not." Thinking to myself, "Ah, he little nose wot a stroke of luck I've had!"

Presently I cums to my other betting book-maker's place—but "Oh what a site met my view!" as the poet says. There had evidently been some little misunderstandin, for the hole place was a perfeck reek! On inquiring of a werry remarkabel savage-looking Gent a standing by, what it all meant, he told me the werry startling intelligence that the book-maker with who I had made my large winning-bet having lost a great deal more money than he cood posserbly pay, had been convicted of being a mere swindling Welch-

man, insted of a honest Englishman, as ewerybody had thort him to be, and so had bin chivied off the Course by a angry mob of his customers, who all discovered as they was all rayther large loosers, insted of werry large winners, as they had all fondly hoped as they was! Wot a dishcovery for a poor Waiter, who, after going through all the hagony of the prewious two ours, and all the dredful xoitement of the aeshal five minets, finds himself proclaimed by the Humpire as a proud winner, and then, when he cums for his farely wun money, insted of receivng back his one golden suvverain as he had laid, and his three golden suvverains as he had won, finds himself defrauded of all four by a swindling Welshman, and has to seek his disconsolate home a looser of two pounds sterling, insted of a winner of the same respectabel sum. I don't beleave as all Welshmen can be alike in this respect, for it does so happen as my own Mother was wun, and in course she produced me, which is a pritty good proof of what I says, for I am not only pussonally the werry Sole of Honner, but I regards cheating with the werry heels of contempt.

I took care to keep my true story a secret larst year, being rayther ashamed of it, if the plane truth must be spoke; but as the Poet says, "Distance takes the sting from out the view," and my xperience may prove a holesome warning to other Noble Sportamen, like myself, and then my four lovely golden suvverains will not have been alltogether lost in wane; though I suttlenly do hope as the werry next xampel will be kindly purwided by sum one jest a leetle more abel to afford that sumwhat xpensive luxury, than a mere umbel Waiter, tho' he does happen for to be a Hed 'un.

It must be a werry nice thing for to be abel to set a good xampel, and to be werry libral to the Pore, and setterer, when you has plenty of money, thowsands and thowsands a year, and don't miss it. It's sumthink like a werry old Gent a being werry virtuous, or a werry ugly old Maid being werry ditto. I remembers when I was at our Parish Skool I used to be offen kaned for bad spellin, but then our Caning Master had bin at it all his life, and oood spell amost ewerythink, so how oood he xpect me to spell like him, and the nateral consequens was as I never quite suckseeded in being a remarkabel good speller, tho of coarse I've greatly himproved sence then, and after all I don't kno, so long as people knos what you means, as it's of werry much consequents how you spells it.

ROBERT.

POLICE MOTTO.—The "Monro" Doctrine.—"No Cards."



## "LE CRICQUETTE."

*How he will be played—shortly.*

MONSIEUR,

*Offices of the Athletic Congress, Paris.*

I am overwhelmed with my gratitude to you and to the generous dignitaries, the Chancellors of your Universities, the Heads of your great Public Seminaries and the Principal of your renowned



Mary-le-bone College Club for the information they have given me concerning "Le Cricquette," your unique National game, and I thank you in the name of my Committee for your present of implements,—*les wickettes, le boule de canon, les gros bois* (the batsman's weapons), *le*

*cuirasse pour les jambes de Longstoppe*, and other necessities for the dangers of the contest that you have so kindly forwarded for our inspection. But most of all are we indebted to you for sending over a 'ome team of your brave professionals to play the match against our Parisian "onze," for you rightly conjectured that by our experience of the formidable game in action, we should be able to judge of its risks and dangers, and after mature investigation be able so to revise and ameliorate the manner of its playing as to bring it into harmony with the taste and feeling of the athletic ambition of the rising generation of our young France.

A Match has taken place as you will see by "Le Score" subjoined, which I enclose for your inspection. It was not without its fruits. It disclosed to us, as you will remark, by referring to "Le Score" very practically the dangerous, and I must add, the murderous capabilities that "Le Cricquette" manifestly possesses. Our Revising Committee has already the matter in hand, and when their report is fully drawn up, I shall have much satisfaction in forwarding it to you. Meantime, I may say, that the substitution of a light large ball of silk, or some other soft material for the deadly "boule de canon" as used by your countrymen, has been decided upon as absolutely necessary to deprive the game of barbarism, and harmonise it with the instincts which Modern and Republican France associates with the pursuit of a harmless pastime. *Les wickettes*, as being too small for the Bowlsman to reach them, should be raised to six feet high, and the Umpire, a grave anomaly in a game cherished by a liberty-loving people, should be instantly suppressed. The "overre" too, should consist of sixteen balls. But this and many other matters are under the consideration of the Committee. I now, subjoin "Le Score" I mentioned, a brief perusal of it will show you what excellent grounds the Committee have for making the humanising alterations at which I have hinted.

### ALL FRANCE v. AN ENGLISH 'OME-TEAM.

#### ALL FRANCE.

- M. DE BOISSY (struck with murderous force on the front of his forehead by the *boule de canon*, and obliged to retire), b. JONES-JOHNSON 0
- M. NAUDIN (hit on his fingers, which are pinched blue with the *boule de canon*, and incapacitated), b. JONES-JOHNSON 0
- Le Marquis de CAROUSEL (receives a blow from the *boule de canon* on the front bone of his leg, and is compelled to relinquish the contest), b. JONES-JOHNSON 0
- M. BUSON (receives a severe contusion of the cheek-bone from the *boule de canon*, which is delivered with murderous intent by a swift "round-and-bowlsman"), b. JONES-JOHNSON 0
- Le General GREX (hits his three *wickettes* into the air, in a daring attempt to stop the *boule de canon* with his batsman's club), b. JONES-JOHNSON 0
- Le Duo de SEPTFACES (has his *pince-nez* shattered to atoms by the *boule de canon*, and, being unable to see, withdraws from the "innings"), b. JONES-JOHNSON 0
- M. CARILLON, M. le Docteur GYROFLÉ, Le Professeur d'Équitation (all the three being given, in turn, "out, legs in front of the *wickette*," leave the ground to arrange a duel with the Umpire), b. JONES-JOHNSON 0
- M. de MONTMORENCY (on reaching the *wickette* and seeing the terrible approach of the *boule de canon*, has a shivering fit which obliges him to sit down), b. JONES-JOHNSON 0
- M. JOLIBOIS, coming in last, triumphantly avoids the "overre," and is, in consequence, not out.

#### THE ENGLISH 'OME-TEAM.

- JONES-JOHNSON, not out . . . . . 3276
- BROWN-SMITH, not out . . . . . 3055

So the game stood at the end of the fifth day, when, spite all the efforts of "All France," even to the putting on of three "Bowlsmen" at once, it was found impossible to take even one of the "Ome-team" *wickettes*. Yet the contest was maintained by the "Out-side" with

a wonderful heroism and *elan*, for though by degrees, in nobly attempting to stop the flight of the *boule de canon* as it sped on its murderous course, driven by the furious and savage blows of the batsmen in all directions over the field, the fieldsmen, one by one, struck in the arms, legs, head, and back, began to grow feeble under their unceasing blows and contusions, still one and all from the "Long-leg-off" to the indomitable "Longstoppe," faced the dangers of their situation with a proud smile, indicative of the noble calm of an admirable spirit. So, Monsieur, the game, which was not finished, and which, in consequence, the Umpire, with a chivalrous generosity, announced as "drawn," came to its conclusion. You will understand, from the perusal of the above, the direction in which my Committee will be likely to modify the rules of the game, and simplify the apparatus for playing it, so as to give your "Cricquette" a chance of finding itself permanently acclimated in this country.

Accept, Monsieur, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration,

THE SECRETARY OF THE PARIS ATHLETIC CONGRESS.

## COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

*(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)*

May 27th.—It is with regret that I find myself once more in the Council Chamber, where I have listened to so many dreary debates. I had hoped that I should have been able to give the London County Councilors a long rest. But Fate, represented by that distinguished warrior, Colonel HOWARD VINCENT (late Lieut. Royal Welsh Fusiliers), has decided against it. There is a large assembly present, all more or less politely thirsting for the gallant Colonel-Lieutenant's blood. I regret to say that the hero does not look very heroic. He is dressed in *mufti*, which is unnecessary, as he might have made quite an effective costume out of his (so to speak) Official Wardrobe. Surely he could have found in it a Barrister's wig, a Fusilier's bearskin, a Berkshire Militiaman's sword-belt and sash, a Constable's staff, a Central London Ranger's overalls, a Queen's Westminster pair of gaiters, and the Mess jacket and vest (now, perhaps, a trifle small) of a Sandhurst Cadet. Over this tasty combination-uniform the gallant Colonel-Lieutenant might have worn his badge of the Bath, in addition to the stars proper to a Knight of the Crown of Italy and the German Crown. As it is, the hero, in spite of the extreme intelligence which habitually characterises his highly intellectual features, seems a trifle insignificant. "Mister" ROSEBERRY, whose wrongs are too deep for words—has he not wandered about, looking unsuccessfully for fire-engines, and the Prince and Princess of WALES on the previous Saturday?—coldly calls upon the Colonel-Lieutenant to rise in his place.

Then the hero makes a statement, which clearly proves that he does not know—in spite of his career at Sandhurst, his service in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, his appointment to the Royal Berkshire Militia, his command in the Rangers and Queen's Westminsters, his call to the Bar, his Directorship of Criminal Investigations, and his entrance to the Paris *Faculté de Droit*—how to occupy ground to keep a space clear for the manœuvring of troops. Immediately the gallant Colonel-Lieutenant sits down, Sir WALTER DE SOUZA (a gentleman who, according to *Dod*, was knighted in recognition of his charity), moves a vote of censure, which is seconded "with pleasure," by WHITELEY'S Rival, Mr. BARKER. Then, after some eloquence that appropriately may be styled RORTON, Mr. PROBYN (Captain and chemist) rushes to the assistance of his chief, and explains, in tones of thunder, what happened in his "immediate front." Upon this Mr. BOULNOIS (practically "the Pride of Marylebone and its Neighbourhood") moves that the Council shall proceed to the next business. A division follows, and the numbers are equal. "Mister" ROSEBERRY is asked to give a casting vote, but possibly remembering a walk through a crowd of roughs with two little children in kilts on either side of him, promptly refuses. Then comes a division, and the Colonel-Lieutenant, by a Majority of five, is "saved—saved—saved" from censure!

Upon this, Earl COMPTON (who I fear the Patriot BURNS would not consider on this occasion quite so unbloated as usual) asks whether the Council intends to apologise to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES. This is too much for the refined and popular Representative of Battersea and Clapham, who, in silvery accents, intimates his intention, if such a resolution be put, of moving an amendment to it. But "Mister" ROSEBERRY interposes, and declares the incident at an end. It being now decided that the gallant, learned, and Foreign-Knightly Colonel-Lieutenant is not (at any rate for the moment) to be either executed on Tower Hill, or confined in the deepest dungeon beneath the Castle's moat, the proceedings became comparatively uninteresting. So I leave the County Councilors to their own devices (which, by the way, include a design for the Common Seal, which has merited "Mister" ROSEBERRY'S recommendation) until their labours are suspended for a season by the approach of the Whitsuntide Recess.



## MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

NO. V.—THE AMATORY EPISODIC.

THE history of a Singer's latest love—whether fortunate or otherwise—will always command the interest and attention of a Music-Hall audience. Our example, which is founded upon the very best precedents, derives an additional piquancy from the social position of the beloved object. Cultivated readers are requested not to shudder at the rhymes. *Mr. Punch's* Poet does them deliberately and in cold blood, being convinced that without these somewhat daring concords, no ditty would have the slightest chance of satisfying the great ear of the Music-Hall public.

The title of the Song is:—

## MASHED BY A MARCHIONESS.

*The Singer should come on correctly and tastefully attired in a suit of loud doltos, a startling tie, and a white "pot" hat—the orthodox costume (on the Music-Hall stage) of a middle-class swain suffering from love-sickness. The air should be of the conventional jog-trot and jingle order, chastened by a sentimental melancholy.*

I've lately gone and lost my 'art—and where you'll never guess—I'm regularly mashed upon a lovely Marchioness!  
'Twas at a Fancy Fair we met, inside the Albert 'All;  
So affable she smiled at me as I came near her stall!

*Chorus*—Don't tell me Belgravia is stiff in behaviour!  
She'd an Uncle an Earl, and a Dook for her Pa—  
Still there was no starchiness in that fair Marchioness,  
As she stood at her stall in the Fancy Bazaar!

At titles and distinctions once I'd ignorantly scoff,  
As if no bond could be betwixt the Tradesman and the Toff!  
I held with those who'd do away with difference in ranks—  
But that was all before I met the Marchioness of MANX!

*Chorus*—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

A Home was being started by some kind aristo-crats,  
For orphan kittens, born of poor, but well-connected, cats;  
And of the swells who planned a *Fête* this object to assist,  
The Marchioness of MANX's name stood foremost on the list.

*Chorus*—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

I never saw a smarter hand at serving in a shop,  
For every likely customer she caught upon the 'op!  
And from the form her Ladyship displayed at that Bazaar,  
(*With enthusiasm*)—You might have took your oath she'd been  
brought up behind a bar!

*Chorus*—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

In vain I tried to kid her that my purse had been forgot,  
She spotted me in 'alf a jiff, and chaffed me precious hot!  
A sov. for one regalar she gammoned me to spend.  
"You really can't refuse," she said, "I've bitten off the end!"

*Chorus*—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

"Do buy my crowl-work," she urged, "it goes across a chair,  
You'll find it come in useful, as I see you 'ile your 'air!"  
So I 'anded over thirty bob, though not a coiny bloke.  
I couldn't tell a Marchioness how nearly I was broke!

*Spoken*—Though I did take the liberty of saying: "Make it fifteen bob, my Lady!" But she said, with such a fascinating look—I can see it yet!—"Oh, I'm sure you're not a 'agging kind of a man," she says, "you haven't the face for it. And think of all them pore fatherless kittings," she says; "think what thirty bob means to them!" says she, glancing up so pitiful and tender under her long eyelashes at me. Ah, the Radicals may talk as they like, but—

*Chorus*—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

A raffle was the next concern I put my rhino in:  
The prize a talking parrot, which I didn't want to win.  
Then her sister, Lady TANNY, showed a painted milking stool,  
And I bought it—though it's not a thing I sit on as a rule.

*Spoken*—Not but what it was a handsome article in its way, too,—had a snow-scene with a sunset done in oil on it. "It will look lovely in your chambers," says the Marchioness; "it was ever so much admired at Catterwall Castle!" It didn't look so bad in my three-pair back, I must say, though unfortunately the sunset came off on me the very first time I happened to set down on it. Still think of the condescension of painting such a thing at all!

*Chorus*—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

The Marquis kept a-fidgeting and frowning at his wife,  
For she talked to me as free as if she'd known me all my life!  
I felt that I was in the swim, so wasn't over-awed,  
But 'ung about and spent my cash as lavish as a lord!

*Spoken*—It was worth all the money, I can tell you, to be chatting there across the counter with a real live Marchioness for as long as ever my funds would 'old out. They'd have held out much longer, only the Marchioness made it a rule never to give change—she

couldn't break it, she said, not even for me. I wish I could give you an idea of how she smiled as she made that remark; for the fact is, when an aristocrat *does* unbend—well,—

*Chorus*—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

Next time I meet the Marchioness a-riding in the Bow,  
I'll ketch her eye and raise my 'at, and up to her I'll go,  
(*With sentiment*)—And tell her next my 'art I keep the stump of  
She sold me on the 'appy day we 'ad at her Bazaar! [that cigar

*Spoken*—And she'll be pleased to see me again, I know! She's not one of your stuck-up sort; don't you make no mistake about it, the aristocracy ain't 'alf as bloated as people imagine who don't *know* 'em. Whenever I hear parties running 'em down, I always say:—

*Chorus*—Don't tell me Belgravia is stiff in behaviour, &c.

## A CASTLE IN SPAIN AT WEST KENSINGTON.

LEAVING the Sunny South, where the chesnut-trees blossom, and the Alhambra, with its thousand lights, bounding brothers and brilliant *signoritas* playing on their gay cigarettes, basks in the golden land of Leicester El Squaro, I came to West Kensington. I had been asked—*O nommo del tobacco!*—to be present at the inauguration of the Spanish Exhibition. Had I my wish, I would have preferred to have watched *Toreador* as, singing on the boards of a *Theatro el Gusarrioso*, he expressed his Italian *contento*. But, out of a feeling of haughty nationality—for we sons of the due South are as proud as the eagles who peck at our sherry-giving grapes—I thought it my duty to support the great show of the products of my native land. I was greeted at the Welcome Club (an Institution that reminded me not a little of Madrid and Barcelona, combined with a dash of El Dorado, and summits of the merry Pyrenees), and was regaled with some of the



dishes of my own dear land. Many of these were accompanied by a vegetable called *El potato*, which I found to be simply excellent. But enough of this. Let me paint a picture of the great Spanish Exhibition—a picture that has never had its equal.

Imagine an enormous Arcade filled with every possible production of Spain. Imagine thousands and thousands of gaily decked booths erected for the sole purpose of exploiting the merits of Spanish Liquorice. Imagine again thousands and thousands of beautiful counters groaning under the weight of a wealth of Spanish onions—onions so good, so strong, that they draw tears from the eyes of myriads of pleasure-seekers! Imagine tambourines, and tomatoes, and olives! Imagine all this, and you still have but the faintest impression of the real contents of the Spanish Exhibition.

Imagine a fleet of Spanish boats, that would create surprise even on the silvery bosom of the gentle Guadalquivir. Imagine an enormous magazine of arms, with blades from Toledo, and old armour from the stores of the street known as El Wardour. Imagine once again, pictures of the most startling magnificence. Imagine VANDYCK at his best, and VELASQUES at his more than best, to say nothing of PEARS EL SOAP in the more inspired of his publicity-seeking moments! Imagine all this, and throw in more—such as local colouring and poetic sentiment—and yet you have not quite got the Spanish Exhibition!

Imagine a bull-fight. Imagine the Matadors and the gaily-dressed Cavaliers of the Circus. Imagine Spanish music of the most admirable kind, headed by the Bando El Gardo, conducted by Lieutenant DAN EL GODFREYDO. Imagine the original Electric Light discovered by COLUMBUS, ages before gas was invented by GASCO DE GAMA. Imagine a fairy scene of wonderment and delight, with its gay lamps and illuminations, resembling El Vauxhall de Cremorna.

Imagine every possible distraction—theatres, concerts, cuts from the joint, drinks, dioramas, and earthquakes of Lisbon—and yet you have not imagined everything. Fancy picture galleries miles long, conservatories full of the choicest plants, lakes without equal at Windermere or Switzerland, and mountains that resemble as little Primrose Hill as they do the Alps.

Imagine all this, and much more (or less), and you yet have to imagine the contents of the Spanish Exhibition!

(Signed)

DON ONION THE HIDALGO.

SILVER SHEEN.—Last Thursday Sheen was *en fête* for the Silver Wedding of the Comte and Comtesse de PARIS. Many of the visitors were there for the first time, "not in a *pays de connaissance*," observed the witty and venerable Marquis de VIEUX-CALEMBOUR, "for it might as well have been *Un Voyage en Sheen*."





### TRUSTWORTHY AUTHORITY.

Host. "MICHAEL, DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO DECANT THE BEST CLARET?"  
 Michael. "YOU DID, SORR." Host. "BUT THIS ISN'T THE BEST."  
 Michael. "NO, SORR; BUT IT'S THE BEST YOU'VE GOT!"

### PER-VARSITY.

"Hereafter no Student can matriculate in the University of the Pacific, at San José, California, who uses tobacco in any form."—*Evening Paper.*

'Tis sad the Yankee Undergrad  
 Should be debarred his baccy;  
 And forced to rank his "Head" a "crank,"  
 And all his Tutors cracky;  
 Yet that's the dismal case in the  
 Pacific Universitee.

The modest cigarette is banned;  
 They've quite tabooed cigars;  
 And naughty triers of secret briars  
 Are sent home to their Ma's;  
 They rusticate like mad from the  
 Pacific Universitee!

"Cut Cavendish!"—the Dons exclaim.  
 "Hav-ana weeds you mustn't!  
 What? 'Nicotine assauge the spleen?'  
 Oh, trust us that it doesn't!"  
 A real "un-weeded garden," the  
 Pacific Universitee!

"Pale students are made pale by pipes,"  
 So say San José doctors;  
 "All College men to rest by ten  
 Must go," chime in the Proctors.  
 They go—and smoke in bed in the  
 Pacific Universitee!

Of Greek you may know less than ought,  
 Latin less than you oughter,  
 Be very rude, give "wines," get screwed,  
 And then "screw up" up the Porter;  
 Smoking's the only "Vice" in the  
 Pacific Universitee!

By boycotting the "men's" cigars  
 They've made a dreadful 'ash;  
 This pedant's joke may "end in smoke,"  
 But not in fame—or cash;  
 Such is our Birdseye view of the  
 Pacific Universitee!

Oh, English *Alme Matres*, pray  
 Don't imitate San José;  
 A fragrant weed is good indeed  
 When intellects feel dose.  
 There'll be no Undergrads in the  
 Pacific Universitee!

### LADIES AND LOGIC.

LADY HARDMAN, Hon. Secretary of the Ladies' Grand Council of the Primrose League, speaking at the annual meeting of the Upminster Habitation,—is reported to have said, that "not for the wealth of all the Indies would she consent to enter into public life and political strife." This savours strongly of the "self-denying ordinance." Only one wonders in that case what are the functions of the Primrose League, which, if it does not enter into "political strife," has certainly been undeservedly complimented by Grand-Master SALISBURY, and others. Lady HARDMAN "trusted that the Dames of the Primrose League would never be confused in their minds with those ladies who entered into contested elections and mingled themselves in the strife of Party politics." (*Applause.*) Contested elections! Party politics! Dear, dear, and the world had been supposing that the Primrose League

### "TO THE WEST!"

#### NEW GLADSTONIAN VERSION.

[MR. GLADSTONE, during the Whitsuntide recess, will conduct a political campaign in Devonshire and Cornwall.]

G. O. M. sings:—

To the West, to the West for a Whitsuntide spree,  
 Where Devon and Cornwall jut out to the sea,  
 Where the tired G. O. M. if he's willing to toil,  
 May hope to ingather political spoil.

Where meetings are scarce, where my generous host  
 My aid at political fireworks will boast,  
 Where the mobs will exult whilst I spout, scorning rest;  
 Away, far away, to the land of the West!

To the West, to the West, where my speeches will flow  
 Like rivers of words, spreading wide as they go;  
 Where Weymouth and Dartmouth shall stir at my call,  
 And Torquay and Plymouth keep rolling the ball.

Where the steam-yacht of kind Mrs. ELIOT YORKE,  
*The Garland*, shall waft me away to my work.  
 Till Tintagel's truth I shall put to the test;  
 Away, far away to the crowds of the West!

To the West, to the West; there are votes to be won,  
 There's Home Rule to clear up, lots of work to be done.  
 I'll try it, I'll do it; I'll never despair  
 Whilst I've breath to orate or a moment to spare.

Poor Pat's independence my labours shall buy,  
 Though CHAMBERLAIN swears that the game's all my eye  
 Away, boys, away, let us hope for the best,  
 And fight for Home Rule in the land of the West!

HAPPY THOUGHT. — Dear Sir, I have been looking about everywhere for an appropriate place where I may set up my Educational Establishment for Boys, in opposition to Dr. SWISH's Academy at Birchington. I have decided on going North, and settling at Middle Wallop. Please, let all parents know this. Yours, Dr. BIRCH.

HI! HI!!—Colonel MAPLESON's Acting Manager, Mr. HUY, quitted him. Does this mean No Huy prices? The Colonel ought to see his way better now than he did before, with only one HUY to look after everything.

was a Conservative organisation, and that its Dames were remarkably active in canvassing and its kindred duties at election times! Oh, what a surprise! Perhaps, after all, the lady-beloved League, with its 800,000 members, its Habitations, its badges, its Tory flatterers and Radical defamers, is only a great pastoral association for the culture of Primroses!

A little later, however, Lady HARDMAN seems—mark, *Punch* only says *seems*!—to let the political cat out of the Primrose bag. "The League was an educational movement, designed to counteract the inaccuracies—if they liked to use a stronger word she should not object—of the other side." *The other side!* Why that spoils it all. Arcadia vanishes at once, and the Primrose path becomes a party-road instantaneously. The trail of the Caucus is over it all. "The Knights of the Primrose League had to fight, not with the lance of the olden time, but with the poisoned darts of gross inaccuracies and misrepresentation." This *sounds* equivocal,—but let that pass. Only is there no "political strife," no party militancy here? What more could a Lady of the naughty Liberal Federation itself do? Alas for the pastoral peacefulness of the Primroses! The League may be "an educational movement," but hardly in the direction of teaching logic to ladies.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE SUGAR BOUNTIES CONVENTION. — A "certain Convocation of politic Worms."—*Hamlet*, Act IV., Scene 3.

SCARCELY A DUMB ANIMAL.—A "Roarer."

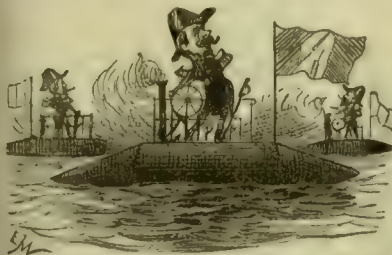


## TO CALAIS AND BACK BY PEN AND PENCIL.

MR. PUNCH, THE MOST RESPECTED,

WHEN I told you how I wished to see the beautiful France, to inaugurate the harbour of Calais, you replied, "Do so, BARKINS." When I said I was an exile from a country I love like a mother—

O my female parent!—that were I to return (to music), I should be arrested, and perhaps (oh, horrible!) be expelled! you suggested, "Then why not go in disguise?" It was a grand idea! I love all that is of the theatre! Still I hesitated! I questioned you once again. "What disguise?" Once more you were ready with an answer—"You might go as a Member of the *Punch* Staff." I trembled! How



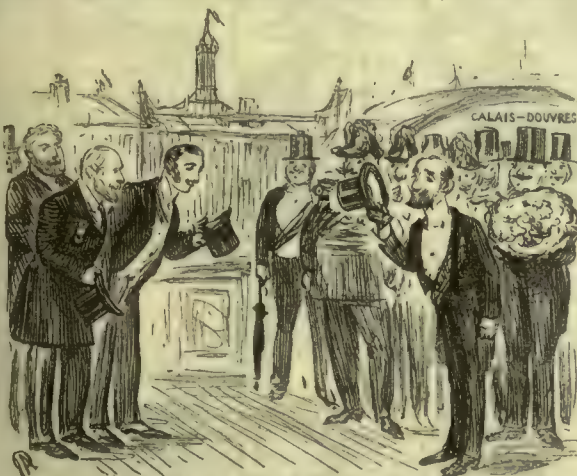
A Menace to "La Perfide Albion."

could I undertake such a task—such a responsibility? You continued—"You will find it easy enough—you are already considered comic."

So I started. I was full of amusing anecdotes (ancient and modern), and wore my best smile. We left the Victoria Station at half-past eight—our train carrying a most distinguished freight. There were high Government officials and authors, but, above all, there were those admirable gentlemen, the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Traffic, and the Secretary of State for London, Chatham, and Dover Affairs. As we passed the various stations, *en route*, I fancy I noticed the pointsmen tremble with emotion as they recognised us. I motioned to them not to leave their work—to cheer us—as I considered that a display of good-will at such a time, although deeply gratifying, might cause an accident.

On our arrival at Dover, we were conducted, with every sign of rejoicing, to the *Calais-Douvres*. This is the magnificent new steamer of the L. C. & D. R., and worthily replaces its namesake, the wonderful Siamese twin-vessel that, it will be remembered, was always at the service of passengers subject to *mal de mer*—except in rough weather! In rough weather the old *Calais-Douvres* very wisely remained at home. Our voyage was uneventful. Amongst our number on board was a distinguished Member of the House of Peers, who by an oversight had neglected to bring his robes with him (he had even forgotten the box containing his travelling coronet!) and who, consequently elected to keep in the background. I felt, that my countrymen would pardon this noble self-effacement—when they understood that of course Englishmen cannot forget that the loss of Calais caused the gravest regret to an illustrious ancestress of Her present Majesty. The commemoration of the French Revolution cannot be officially recognised, nor can the cession of Calais by England to France!

As the *Calais-Douvres* reached its destination (in admirable time)



The President Visits the Sight of Waterlow.

my heart increased its pulsations. I nearly fainted with emotion as I noticed there was a new buffet. Would it be safe to land? I would risk it! As the Representative of the noblest form of Literature, I was soon eating and drinking all that was of the best. Fearing to be recognised (although my proceedings did not appear to cause surprise) I returned on board shortly after the *déjeuner*, and awaited the visit of the President. But first, we had a procession. It was led by a dispatch-boat occupied by M. CARNOT, and followed by a

second dispatch-boat, then came some torpedo vessels (representing the French Navy) then sample vessels from the Railway Companies. One of the latter—the *Albert Victor* belonging to the S. E. R.—seemed to me to get out of hand and would stroke the quay with her paddle-box. I could not see those on board, but felt intuitively that this proceeding must have given great delight to Sir EDWARD and his ever genial colleague S' MYLES—I beg pardon, I should say Sir MYLES. As the President passed, there was a little cheering, which sounded to me as if it came from British throats. We watched the procession as it disappeared, and then after an hour's pause we noticed a crowd approaching. It was headed by M. CARNOT. After a careful (and probably exhaustive) inspection of the resources of the new Railway Station, the crowd emerged from a waiting-room, and made for the *Calais-Douvres*. This was the supreme moment of my day! The President (such a President! not even in a cocked hat and on foot!) attended by his Generals (such Generals!—were I at the *Bureau de la Guerre* I would—but stay, I must dissemble), came on board. Sir SYDNEY WATERLOW, the D. C. of the L. C. & D. R., received him. Mr. WILLIAM FORBES bowed. I who speak to you, concealed my face! I smiled grimly as I saw M. CARNOT shudder and grow paler than ever, as he noticed the preparations in some of the cabins for what you call "dirty weather." Ah! this President! he is no sailor! His suite were dressed de *rigueur*—gibus, evening clothes, and an umbrella! He did not recognise me! Then I remembered that I was hidden in the personality of a member of the Staff of *Punch*, and laughed! Who would not laugh at such a sight? The procession—the President, the Generals (such Generals!), the bouquet-bearer (such a bouquet!), the *gentilhommes* in evening dress (such evening dress!)—once more, vanished. I was not known—I was not denounced! I was saved!



New Version of the "Pas de Calais."

In the evening I assisted at the Banquet. It was very good. A dream—not followed by a nightmare! Is there more to tell? No, I think not—save to say that I returned in perfect safety to England. And yet I must add this: In spite of the necessity of concealing my identity; in spite of whatever may have been the blandishments of that grand old *farceur*, Sir WILFRID LAWSON (who was on board the *Calais-Douvres*); in spite of the disappointment of not having the opportunity of choosing a second horse at a circus—I did not return disguised in liquor! Accept my consideration the most distinguished, THE BRAVE GENERAL.

[We are a little surprised at the above communication, as we have no recollection of asking any foreigner to represent us at the inauguration of the Calais Harbour. We were under the impression that the gentleman who accepted the post of "Our Special Commissioner" (and whose handwriting, although rather shaky, strangely resembles that of our unknown Correspondent) was British born. It is right to add that we are told, on what seems to us to be good authority, that this individual did not return by the *Calais-Douvres*. It is said that, having attempted to dance (under the inspiration of the moment) the "Pas de Calais" at the Ball following the Banquet, he was promptly removed, and, through the kindness of the Authorities, was subsequently provided, free of expense, with an apartment in that well-known hostelry, the Hôtel de Ville. We still await from him an explanation of what appears to be a mystery.—ED.]

## STABLE COMPANIONS.

ABROAD

AND

AT HOME.



THE "OAKS" DAY, JUNE 7, 1889.



## 'ARMING THE KNIGHT.'

MODERN CIVIC VERSION.

*Mr. Punch loquitur :—*

BRAVO, my LORD MAYOR! It's a singular sight  
Is this same modern version of "Arming the Knight;"  
And JOHN BULL to stomp up must be other than slow,  
If he wants any portion in *Punch's* Bravo!  
A Patriot Volunteer Fund shows the *nous* and  
Right feeling of WHITEHEAD, and sure Eighty Thousand,  
Or very much more, will be fitly expended  
In helping the lads whom so few have befriended  
Of late. Bless us all! *Mr. Punch* well remembers  
When patriot fire, fresh stirred up from its embers,  
Blazed forth at the thought of Invasion. Heigho!  
Thirty long years ago! Thirty long years ago!

Has it paled back since then to a pitiful splutter?  
The question is one he does *not* like to utter,  
But Middle-class shirking, and Upper-class scorn,  
Which seem to have grown since the Movement was born,  
Official neglect, and the snubbing of snobs,  
The huckstering spirit that haughtily robs  
Our "Citizen Army" of comfort and scope,  
*Do* stimulate fear, and falsify hope.  
"Dogs of War," *Mr. Punch*, in the year 'Fifty-nine,  
Called the young Volunteers; *jolly* dogs, who in line  
Would face the "French poodles," then given to snarling.  
The Rifleman then was Society's darling,  
Was petted, and patted, paraded and puffed,  
By swells made a chum of, at Wimbledon stuffed,



At Westminster flattered, and cheered in the City.  
A change has now come o'er the scene; more's the pity!  
The swells have cooled down and the cits have called off,  
And Royal Dukes snub, and press-pessimists scoff;  
And he who JOHN BULL from Conscription's harsh grip  
To save on the cheap—cannot get his equipment! [meant  
Shame, JOHN! Your bad faith has become more than  
Punic.

If your Volunteer guards lack great-coat, mess-tin, tunic.  
Your young "Dogs of War" without war-kits? Absurd!  
If they cannot supply 'em, you should "like a bird."  
Well, here's good Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD now gives  
you the chance!

And you're not the old JOHN if you do not advance  
At the double to back him, and hang the expense!  
For neglecting *this* form of the Nation's Defence,  
The cheapest all round, you can have no excuse.  
It should not have been left to him, but there's small use  
In harping on that, you deserve the same railery,  
As when for your National Portraits a Gallery  
Had to be furnished by private munificence,  
But that you should open your purse in a jiffy, sense  
Patriotism and pride must dictate,  
And he giveth twice who gives early, not late.  
To arm, or equip, the young Knight of the Rifle,  
Is clearly your duty; 'twill cost but a trifle  
Compared with the sums which you freely disburse  
Every year from your big, almost bottomless purse,  
For what was once called—you remember the day,  
That 'tis equally true at this hour, *Punch* won't say—  
"An army of lions, led on by jackasses."  
Volunteering's now shirked by the well-to-do classes;  
They tell us. The asses must go, if they will,  
But the stalwart young lions who stick to it still,  
And are plucky, though poor, must be fitly looked after,  
Or you'll be a butt for the world's scornful laughter.  
One good turn does merit another, that's clear,  
Then volunteer help to the young Volunteer.  
Reciprocity should not be all on one side.  
It is your great privilege—should be your pride—  
Every patriot must pay up, in person or purse;  
If some shirk the former, why so much the worse;  
But let them fulfil the next best form of right,  
And help the LORD MAYOR in "Arming the Knight."

LETTER PERFECT.—In a recent circular petition addressed to the House of Commons, the Royal College of Physicians have pointed out the absolute necessity for Private Asylums, and raised objection to any limit being put to their number. Evidently these distinguished persons are looking forward to the time when every one will be entitled to write after his name either M.D. or M.A.D.

## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

"A Few nights ago," said the Moon, "I was looking down on a French Fair, which was being held outside a small Norman town. It had a very picturesque appearance, with the coloured lamps and gay streamers, and the bustling crowd of pleased and chattering

French people. All the usual sights were there; the Strong Woman, the white-robed Pierrot, blowing his immense trumpet in front of the stage, the Quack Doctor, the Lottery Stall, the Circus, and the Merry-go-round, and I, the Moon, was present at each performance, from beginning to end. But the great attraction seemed to be a Shooting Gallery, around which all the best marksmen were collected, each endeavouring to hit the bull's-eye, though without the least success. If anyone could have managed to hit the exact centre, he would not only be entitled to choose a prize out of a collection of little gilded vases and coloured statuettes, under glass

shades, but a door would have opened, and a small plaster angel, representing Fame, have appeared, holding out a wreath to celebrate so great a triumph. Unfortunately, though all had done their best, no one had succeeded in inducing this angel to show itself, and some



## THE WAY TO PROLONG LIFE.

Jones, M.P. "MY DEAR FELLOW, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY—PLENTY OF REST. I MAKE IT MY RULE ON OFF-NIGHTS—WEDNESDAYS, SATURDAYS, AND SUNDAYS—TO GO TO BED AT 9.30. OF COURSE ONE MUST ATTEND A FEW DINNERS AND PARTIES, YOU KNOW—BUT THESE ARE EXCEPTIONS."

Smith. "AH, NO WONDER YOU LOOK SO WELL! AND HOW MANY EXCEPTIONS DID YOU MAKE DURING THE SESSION LAST YEAR?"

Jones, M.P. "WELL—A—TAKING A SESSION AT A GOOD SIX MONTHS—THAT IS 182 DAYS—I SHOULD SAY THERE WERE 181 EXCEPTIONS!"

sceptical youths were even growing to disbelieve in its existence. Presently I saw two of your countrymen elbowing through the crowd, with that air of grown-up people at a children's party which you all adopt when you go abroad, and which makes you so popular with foreigners. They came to the Shooting Gallery, and stood watching the efforts of the natives for a while with pitying contempt. Soon a murmur of excitement arose—the English Milords were about to try their skill. Would they succeed where GUSTAVE and JULES and ALPHONSE—who had all served their time in the ranks—had failed? Impossible, since these English, it was well known, were an unmilitary people, for all their arrogance! The taller of the two was shouldering his gun... Would he never have done aiming? Ah! but see—the bell has rung—he has succeeded! And then the crowd uttered a long-drawn exclamation—partly of jealousy, partly of satisfaction—for the angel was no myth after all! Yes, the door at the back opened, just as the proprietor had declared it would, and now a little plaster angel, with very red cheeks, and a trumpet held to its smirking lips, came jerkily out, extended a garland to the fortunate Englishman, and staggered in again, after which the door shut with a snap.

"The victor maintained the phlegm of his nation—he did not seem particularly elated; but the shorter and stouter Englishman whispered in his ear—it was a challenge of skill! Now both took up guns; *this* time, assuredly, they must fail! But no—the first Englishman fired, and again the bell rang, and again the smiling little plaster image came staggering out of the door; and then—in an instant—before it had time to retreat, the second Englishman, with a really diabolical treachery, raised his gun, and deliberately blew the poor little angel—trumpet, wings, simper and all—into atoms! I thought the crowd would have torn them in pieces, they were so enraged. The proprietor was frantic—he tore his hair, and danced dramatically in his despair, as he pointed to the shattered





remains of the image of Fame. It was detestable, it was ignoble to shoot his angel down like one of their own foxes! It meant ruin to him, for that was the only angel he possessed, and was it probable that JULES and GUSTAVE and ALPHONSE would continue to contend when there was only a pair of feet left to congratulate a victory? The Englishmen remained cool; they threw down a couple of sovereigns on the table, and went off laughing.

"A little later, I saw the proprietor standing alone by his deserted stall. He gazed in the direction of the two Englishmen, whose light suits were still conspicuous in the crowd, and shook his fist with a terrible gesture. 'Perfidious Albion!' he cried, 'nation of insolents! Wait only till we have BOULANGER once more—he shall avenge me this outrage!' And then, still scowling, he bit the pieces of gold to see if they were genuine, and closed his gallery for the evening. I was sorry for him," added the Moon, "and I think that if your two countrymen had been true sportsmen, they would have respected an inoffensive little angel. Still, I hope there will be no war about it."

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, June 3.*—A great day for the Government. Business advanced by leaps and bounds. ARTHUR BALFOUR almost breathless with bringing in Bills. Had five all in a batch; dealt with Drainage, and Establishment of Light Railways. According to Magna Charta (stipulation also embodied in Bill of Rights, so EDWARD CLARKE tells me), no law would run in Ireland, or indeed elsewhere in the United Kingdom, unless Minister or Member in charge started from Bar of House when bringing it in.

Whole process very funny. Shows with what care Constitution is built up. Here's BALFOUR with his five Bills; moves for leave to introduce them; SPEAKER puts question; no one objects; BALFOUR, springing up from Treasury Bench, walks with long swinging stride towards the doorway; halts at Bar; faces about; SPEAKER, suddenly looking up, quite surprised to find him there, calls him by name; whereupon ARTHUR, blushing like young maiden, taking longer strides than ever, almost tumbling over the obeisance he makes to Chair, advances with piece of paper in hand, which purports to be the Bill. Crowning joke is paper imposture; no Bill at all; only a piece of foolscap, folded lengthwise, indorsed with name of Bill. Clerk at table enters thoroughly into spirit of fun; when ARTHUR, smiling and blushing, brought up his scraps of paper, Clerk, raising his eyebrows with air of surprise as who should say, "Dear me! you don't say so?" read out title of Bill indorsed on back. "Bann Drainage Bill read a First Time."

Nobody *did* read it first time, for best of all reasons—nothing to read; Everybody made-believe that it was read a First Time, and in

to-morrow's official record of business done you'll find "Bann Drainage Bill read a First Time." This done, BALFOUR set off again on fresh expedition to Bar. Brought in in succession the Barrow Drainage Bill, the Shannon Drainage Bill, and the Suck Drainage Bill. Quite breathless when the fourth Bill safely landed. Still one other, the Light Railways Bill. Could he manage this, in addition to other four? He might. Would certainly try; dauntless spirit, and body in fair training with golf. But there was a fatherly eye upon him.

JOSEPH GILLIS noted the feverish eye, the parched lips, the panting breast, the trembling limbs. Had many a quarrel with BALFOUR, but not going to see him done in completion of this foolish *tour de force*. The only way to save a valuable life was to interpose with opposition to First Reading of Light Railway Bill. JOSEPH did it. Began by graphically and originally likening the proposed Light Railway to "a red herring drawn across the path." Then went on to describe ratepayers robbed by promotion of existing light rail-

ways; drew a fearful picture of speculation and waste of public money, always with fatherly eye on BALFOUR, "watching him," said Sir CORRY, "as a hen watches its favourite chicken." In ten minutes BALFOUR got his wind again, ready for fresh start; seeing which, JOSEPH concluded his objurgations, and BALFOUR, setting off for Bar once more, brought in his fifth Bill.

*Business done.*—Trenorous! Half-a-dozen Bills advanced stage, besides block of Supply.

*Tuesday.*—Wily and wary Old Moralist managed the holiday with his usual tact and skill. Yesterday LYON PLAYFAIR wanted to know whether we could not "have off" till Monday week. OLD MORALITY shook his head, a tear glistening in his eye. There was a tone of infinite sympathy in his voice. "No, dear boy," he said, "it cannot be effected. There are few things, compatible with my duty to the House, the Country, and the QUEEN, that would give me greater effulgence of satisfaction than to extend the leisure time of the Commons House of Parliament. But, looking at the state of public business, and having regard to the period of the year at which we have now, however tardily, arrived, I do not see—and I say it with great regret—how we can meet the views of Hon. Gentlemen. We must really return to the scene of our labours on Thursday the 13th of June instant." That seemed to settle it; Motion for Adjournment must be made at Morning Sitting to-day. When House met, OLD MORALITY again approached on interesting subject.

"I am," he said, in reply, "most anxious to meet the views of the House, as far as I possibly can. Any expression of desire on the part of Hon. Members falls upon me as dew upon cultivated soil—that is, as far as is compatible and consistent with my public duty. Why, I may ask, does dew fall more abundantly on cultivated soil than on barren lands? Because cultivated soils, being loose and porous, very freely radiate by night the heat which they absorbed by day; in consequence of which they are much cooled down and plentifully condense the vapour of the passing air into dew. I am, if I may say so,—loose and porous whenever the dew of the House's desire falls upon me. I think, therefore, that if we are able to take Class II. in Supply, with the exception of the Irish Votes, it will be in the power of the Government to propose an extension of the holidays until Monday week."

That settled it. Class II. rattled through with extraordinary vigour. GEORGE CAMPBELL, concerned for Scotch Votes, lay down in middle of road, and tried to stop onrush. Members ruthlessly trod on his prostrate body.

"More than ever a 'fearful creature,'" said PLUNKET, with his childlike smile.

By Six o'Clock Votes passed, and, amid rapturous cheering, OLD MORALITY,—looser, more porous than ever,—moved that the House, at its rising, adjourn till Monday the 17th.

Prospect of holiday enabled remnant of House to bear with moderate patience debate on Bi-Metallism, raised at Evening Sitting by Squire of BLANKNEY. Having turned his back on Protection, Squire takes up Bi-Metallism with all the vigour of growing youth. Spoke for an hour and forty minutes. SAM SMITH read essay an hour long. JAMES MACLEAN, only man on published list of speakers House

desired to hear on subject, delivered one of his practical, unadorned speeches, that go right to the point, a pleasing contrast with surrounding verbiage. OLD MORALITY got his innings at a Quarter to One; filled up space creditably; and at One o'Clock all went home for Whitsuntide. *Business done.*—Adjourned for Holidays.



The Squire of Blankney.

## A STUDY ON THE THAMES.



Lock-Jaw.

to humorous treatment, but a fatal fall from the clouds is no joke—especially to the faller!

DOWN FROM A BALLOON.—Accidents to parachutes are becoming so numerous that they are scarcely a matter for man's slaughter. A Coroner's Jury, on the contrary, may possibly describe them (to the confusion of those who aid and abet them) as man's slaughter. The subject does not lend itself readily



## "MODUS OPERANDI."

(The Covent Garden Government and Her Majesty's Opposition).

Monday, June 3.—Very full house indeed, ready to support an addition to the Cabinet of the Covent Garden Government. Mlle. MARIE VAN ZANDT, having accepted office, appears for the first time



"Evening dress indispensable."

observes in *Sweet Lavender*, and her term of probation is over. No meeting of Her Majesty's Opposition.

Tuesday.—*Aida* again, but with a difference. I was sorry to find Madame SCALCHI out of the cast, although her place was fairly well filled by another. This opinion was shared by a friend, who in recognition of my suggestion (conveyed in good plain English) that *Amneris* was "DE VIGNE," observed "divine—scarcely!" To make up for any shortcomings elsewhere, Madame NORDICA in the title rôle was simply magnificent. She received an ovation, and took her call before the Curtain with graceful gratitude. She was enthusiastically applauded by everyone—even by the orchestra. Nay more, Signor COROENI (upon whose swarthy shoulder the Indian girl had rested her cheek) bestowed upon her a mark of approbation which proved to demonstration that he was not nearly so black as he was painted. The *finale* of the Triumph Scene was grand in the extreme. There was a volume of sound that led me to believe that even the serpents of the standards (to say nothing of the serpents in the military band) were joining in the chorus. The house was crowded in every part—so full indeed that it was necessary to placard the vestibule with announcements that no admission would be granted to umbrellas. This being the case, sticks appeared before (but not behind) the Curtain. Her Majesty's Opposition wide awake with *La Sonnambula*. The Chorus, who missed their train at Turin, now arrived, and in full force. PACINI (REGINA) the Queen of the evening.

Wednesday.—An extra night (the first of the Season), of extraordinary value. The knotty point of what to

play was solved by AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS choosing the *Nozze di Figaro*. Madame ALBANI led the VAN—after the end of the Act—to receive the hearty congratulations of the audience. Both were excellent. In fact, Mlle. MARIE was the most delightful *Cherubino* I have ever seen. When this Opera is put up again, there will be no necessity to substitute a new page—in that part, at any rate—for Mlle. VAN ZANDT was capital from the



The most interesting Page in the *Nozze di Figaro*.

first line to the end of the chapter. Her singing was faultless, and her acting was not only naughty, but more than nice. In the Letter-writing Duet between Madame ALBANI and *Susanna*, Mlle. ELLA RUSSELL gave the most artistic assistance. Until then I had rather regretted the foreign title that had been bestowed in the programme upon this young lady of Anglo-Saxon birth. However, I was thoroughly satisfied, as she took an *encore* with her distinguished colleague, that it would have been a matter of universal regret if she had been Missed. DAN DRARDI MAJOR, very good as the *Count*. More at his ease, I fancy, than in the elderly *Germont* of the *Traviata*. Striking a balance, I certainly prefer him in the *Nozze*. But, after all, it is obviously merely a matter

of account. Signor COTOGNI, a first-rate London representative of the *Figaro*, better even than that amiable lover of all that is English—M. JOHNSON—engaged in another place. All in all, the performance of "everyone concerned" may prove to be the most artistically successful of the season. DRURIOLANUS, with all the resources at his command (inclusive of the suggestions of his Committee), I imagine will find it extremely difficult to beat this record. Her Majesty's Opposition quite silent—in the other House.

Thursday.—*Rigoletto* at Covent Garden with an excellent caste. Madame MELBA, who has won golden opinions in Australia (as she has assumed a *nom de théâtre*, why did she not, as a British Colonial, call herself Melbourne?), appropriately brightened up the Opera as a *Gilda*. Madame SCALCHI returned to us as *Maddalena*. She filled the part to admiration, but as she appeared neither insane nor attenuated, the name was misleading. By the way, as Monsieur LASSALLE sang in French, why did not Mrs. MELBOURNE—I beg pardon, Madame MELBA—warble in English? Art has no nationality, and half-a-dozen languages sung together at one and the same time would out-Ollendorff OLLENDORFF. Be this as it may, Monsieur could not have been better—his *Rigoletto* was in every sense a great performance—not a thin note in it. However, this did not cause surprise to the professional actors present, who declared the part technically to be "full of fat." Another Monsieur (one MONTARIOL of that ilk) was anything but bad as *Il Duca*; on the contrary, he played and looked very well indeed. I fancy from this gentleman's performance that the Italian noble must have been accustomed to the *Cafés* on the *Boulevards*. He was quite the *petit crève* of the last Empire! The house was full, and yet there was room for plenty of enthusiasm. Her Majesty's Opposition (to the accompaniment of a real thunderstorm) introduced Mlle. GARGANO as *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Friday.—As someone is reported to have said at Epsom (late in the evening), "a Faust-rate Opera at Covent Garden." Someone did not turn up subsequently, and if he had, he would probably have



Rival attractions at Epsom and Covent Garden. Our Artist (who dined rather late on the Oaks Day) sends an "Impressionist Study."

found no room, as the house was crammed from floor to ceiling. Before the Curtain rose there was some anxiety felt lest the company should be detained at the Oaks. But the fear was happily unfounded, as Mesdames NORDICA and SCALCHI, the Messieurs LASSALLE and DE RESZKE, to say nothing of Signor TALAZAC, were in their places at the appointed hour. Again a night of triumph. Monsieur LASSALLE, as *Mephistopheles*, greatly to be preferred to Signor CASTELMARY, who, after all, was rather a poor devil of a fiend. No sitting in the House of Her Majesty's Opposition.

Saturday.—At Covent Garden, a glorious *finale* to a glorious week. *Lohengrin*, with ALBANI in the title rôle! Signor BARTONI MACABONI GUCKINI still absent, so his place occupied by Monsieur Herr JEAN DE RESZKE, Esq. The "Song of the Swan" was sung in a style that banished the thought of its ever being accompanied by the voice of the goose. Madame ALBANI in wonderful voice—*Elsa* to the life and death. The MADI also well to the front, ever ready to come up smiling—or, rather, frowning. Altogether a splendid performance. Ave, AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, Ave!

By Her Majesty's Opposition, in place of *Lucia*, which had been announced, the well-worn *La Sonnambula* was played in the well-worn way, with the usual doll's bedstead and toy water-mill, a somewhat throaty *Rodolfo* (Signor DARVALL), and an *Elvino* (Signor VICINI) who sang forcibly, though now and then just a little flat. But Mlle. REGINA PACINI, as *Amina*, was very well received, and deserved her reception. Her voice, which has, perhaps, hardly attained its full maturity, is very pure and sweet, and in the last Act especially she sang exquisitely, and fairly held a not too crowded house. *Vivat REGINA!*





### THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

#### OUR SEMI-DETACHED NEIGHBOURS.

*Grace.* "AND YET, DEAR, HOW LITTLE WE HAVE SEEN OF EACH OTHER LATELY—CONSIDERING THERE IS ONLY A PARTITION-WALL BETWEEN US!"  
*Emily.* "BUT THEN, DEAR, IT IS SUCH A COMFORT TO FEEL THAT YOU ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE!"

### "WESTWARD HO!"

#### AN IDYLIC FRAGMENT.

*King Arthur* . . . Mr. GL-DST-NE.

*Sir Bedivere* . . . SIR W. H-EC-BT.

FOR on their march to Westward, BEDIVERE,  
 Who in the Forest New was Arthur's host,  
 At Malwood heard the mutterings of the  
 King:—

"I find it in the records of the polls,  
 I find it in the flowing of the tide,  
 But in the West, always, I find it not.  
 And so I'm going to pass my holiday  
 In holding forth to gathered Cornishmen.  
 B-LF-R, the Tories' new divinity,  
 Still wages war in the sad Emerald Isle.  
 O me! For why is all around us there  
 As if some lesser god had made the place,  
 And had not force to shape it as he would.  
 Till my Home Rule, high scheme, whereof  
 I'm fond,  
 Shall enter it, and make it beautiful?  
 A plan, if faint-defined, yet wholly fair,  
 But that the eyes of men are dense and dim,  
 And have not power to see it as it is!  
 By heaven, but they *shall* see it ere I close!  
 For I, being simple, thought to work my will,  
 And yet have lifted the new flag in vain;  
 For much whereon I leaned in flock and friend  
 Is traitor to my rule, and half my realm  
 Reels back to Tory ways, and is no more;  
 Nay, some there be who reckon on my death:  
 But I'll astonish them before I die."

This heard the bold Sir BEDIVERE, and spake:  
 "O me, my King, let pass whoever will,

JOE, and that sullen patron of the Turf;  
 But I will stick to thee like death, and cling  
 Until we win back place; the golden cloud  
 Of thy free eloquence shall whelm men's minds  
 As ever. Nay, as yet thou shalt not pass.  
 And care not thou for Whitsun rest, but rise—  
 I hear the steps of MODRED in the West,  
 And with him many of thy people, and knights  
 Once thine, whom thou hast led, but grosser  
 grown  
 Than Tories, spitting at their vows and thee.  
 Right well in heart they know thee for the  
 King,  
 Arise; go forth, and conquer as of old."  
 Then spake King ARTHUR to Sir BEDIVERE:—  
 "Far other is this battle in the West  
 Whereto we move, than when we strove in  
 youth,  
 Or brake 'cute DIZZY's bands, or fought with  
 Rome,  
 Or thrust the Tory from Midlothian's heart,  
 And shook him thro' the North. Ill fate is  
 mine  
 To war against my people and my knights:  
 The king who fights his people fights himself.  
 And they, my knights, who loved me once,  
 the stroke  
 That strikes at them is as a blow to me.  
 Yet let us hence, and feel or find a way  
 Through this blind haze, which ever since I  
 saw  
 Power lying at the feet of SALISBURY,  
 Hath blurred the passes of the Party World."

So said the tireless chief, and forward fared  
 To waging wordy warfare in the West;  
 Wild work to fill a Whitsun holiday!

### NAVAL INTELLIGENCE—UP TO DATE.

It is satisfactory to know that affairs are looking up at Portsmouth, and that it is now believed that the Authorities will be in a position to cope with the difficulty occasioned by the deficiency of big guns by the date of the approaching Naval Review.

H.M. Ironclad *Blunderer* will, it is said, be sure to have one of her four promised guns on board in time, while one other will be borrowed for the occasion from the *Jackass*, and the remaining two supplied from the reserve of condemned ordnance of an extinct type, of which a large store is always kept in hand, with a view to possible emergencies.

There is also said to be some makeshift in contemplation for the proper supply for H.M.S. *Megatherium*, and the belted cruiser, *Four-poster*; but it is supposed that this deficiency will be met by requisitioning the services of both the guns on the Parade at the back of the Horse Guards, the one on the Fort at Margate, and several others hired from the proprietors of Rosherville Gardens.

As there is no ammunition available for any of the above, they will not be of much practical use for firing purposes; yet the fact that they are forthcoming at all, must be regarded as a favourable sign by all who have been hitherto disposed to criticise severely the tardiness of the Authorities. Anyhow, it may be gathered, as Mr. STANHOPE confided to the House of Commons, when he last addressed it on this question, that "those who are responsible" are evidently grappling with it with much vigour and originality.





“WESTWARD HO!” OR, HIS LITTLE HOLIDAY.







## PUCK AMONG THE PICTURES.



WHEN Puck takes the pencil his fancies to limn,  
With the spirit of humour, the impulse of whim,  
Art, masking as Momus, illumines with mirth,  
The follies and frauds of our dull-driven earth.  
In a world so beset by the base and impure,  
There is plenty of office for Caricature;  
And when TITIAN and TURNER have played out their part,  
There is still a wide sphere left for Humorous Art.  
He who'd gather its view of the vicious and silly,  
Should visit the Institute's halls, Piccadilly.  
From HOGARTH to FURNISS! A fairly wide stretch  
For the lords of broad fun and satirical sketch.  
Not too well selected, scarce neatly arranged;  
Much might be omitted, and some things be changed.  
But he who would study, what few understand,  
British Caricature in the mass, at first hand,  
Might well do much worse than betake him (as we go)  
To view the collection of HOBROCK and GREGO.  
Thirteen hundred odd pictures, from canvas wide-spread,  
To "postage-stamp" sketch, somewhat muddle the head.  
He who pores for some hours, in hot thundery weather,  
At "Cartoons" and "thumb-nails," all huddled together,  
In fashion suggestive of hurry, may find  
More of fog than fine judgment possessing his mind.  
There is hardly a thing that depression provokes  
Much more than a motley "collection" of jokes,  
Whether merely Joe Millers or truly wit-litten ones.  
Pictorial skits are in this much like written ones.  
The mind, like the stomach's not boundlessly peptic  
Of pungencies; showmen should be more eclectic.  
But here's broadly humorous, human HOGARTH,  
Who knows man all round from the hulks to the hearth;  
Strong, various, vivid, whose brush is a flail,  
Whose eye misses nothing, whose wit cannot fail.  
Here's ROWLANDSON, rioting wild with sheer force,  
Ferocious in satire, in comedy coarse,  
But masterly; touched too not seldom with grace,  
In a broad rustic scene, or a fair female face,  
That pencils more finical fail to attain.  
Here's GILLRAY, his fellow in brush-power and brain.  
The great Dioscuri of Satire in Art.  
Comes CRUIKSHANK the fertile, and honest of heart,  
Humane, inexhaustible, grimly grotesque,  
With the spirit of tragedy blent with burlesque.

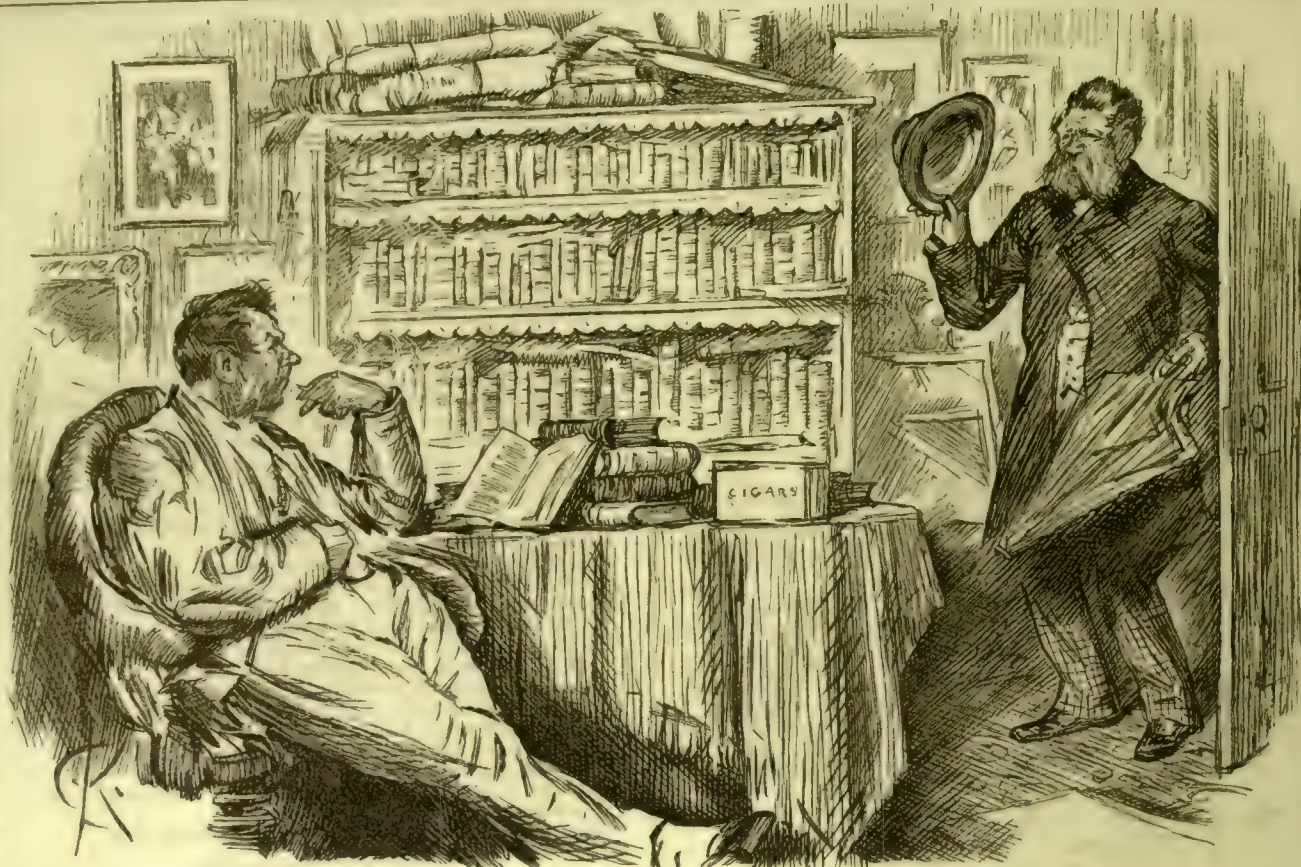
Comes SEYMOUR's keen eye for the humours of sport;  
And dear "DICKY" DOYLE's dainty fun, of a sort  
*Sui generis*, genial, graceful, and quaint.  
Here's "PRIZ," still delightful, with pencil or paint,  
Spite of fluent convention; 'tis hard, that is poz,  
To criticise closely that colleague of "Boz,"  
Who first made his characters live in our eyes;  
Though BARNARD, whose art with late knowledge is wise,  
And delicate GREEN, with broad BROWNE here compete.  
And then, with a world of his own fresh and sweet,  
Free and broad as the fair English landscapes he drew  
With felicitous ease, and with touches so true,  
Or the fair English faces, with cheeks of the peach,  
He limned and loved well, unforgettable LEECH,  
Punch's genial JOHN, in the streets, in the fields,  
At home almost equally; hardly he yields  
In sheer strength to the elders of Humorous Art;  
Whilst in grace and good taste he still plays his own part  
Unapproached. None too well on these thick-covered walls  
Represented is he, RANDOLPH CALDECOTT thralls  
Every eye with that blending of humour and grace,  
For which who will fill his too soon voided place?  
Then TENNIEL, the classic, whose art's fine address  
Gives us never a line or a touch in excess;  
DU MAURIER, the black-and-white THACKERAY; KEENE  
Of the pencil miraculous; his art is seen  
Not with insular optics alone as superb.  
Then SAMBOURNE the subtle, whose fancy to curb,  
Dulness vainly might try; fertile FURNISS, whose fire  
Of invention and humour no labours can tire.  
Brisk BRYAN, and whimsical SULLIVAN next,  
And BAXTER with talent too fine for his text.  
These and others all crowd on these walls. Well, to PUCK,  
In the rôle of an artist, Punch wishes good luck.  
The Art that shoots folly, with fun, as she flies,  
And hammers old Humbug, and lashes new lies,  
Is a wholesome delight, and a chastening scourge.  
So, spite of some drawbacks and faults, Punch would urge  
His readers towards Piccadilly to start,  
For Sir JAMES's new Show—English Humorous Art.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IMPROMPTU DENTISTRY.—We can well understand your desire, if possible, to carry on at once without a day's delay, the nice little Provincial Dentist's Practice that has just come to you through the will of the second cousin you mention, and you have no doubt, seeing that you know nothing of the business, acted wisely in having immediately commenced practising extraction by taking up all the nails in the stair-carpet as soon as you received the Solicitor's letter intimating to you your good fortune. No doubt your having had some experience in driving a four-horse coach might, as you suggest, warrant you in the belief that you would soon be able to command a good "grip" of the instrument, when once you had got it into the patient's mouth, but we cannot, at the moment, call to mind any thoroughly recognised Institution that, taking this circumstance into consideration, would be likely to hurry an urgent applicant through all the required courses, and grant him his diploma forthwith. Doubtless, though, several such exist. Perhaps your best way would be, after all, to take the bull by the horns, and boldly throw yourself into the work, and see what you can make of it. You might at first secure the assistance and co-operation of the local Chemist's boy, who, you will probably find, has already had a large experience in the matter of extraction. Between you, you ought to be able, at least for a short time, so to conduct matters as not to seriously scare and diminish your *clientèle*. Of course, some disagreeable *contretemps* may happen. You may break a jaw or two; and this will be awkward. But don't let any prospect of this kind dishearten you. We think your idea of "payment by results,"—namely, that you should charge your patients only a shilling, if you succeeded in getting the top of a tooth off, half-a-crown if you managed to get half of it out, and five shillings if you conducted the operation satisfactorily, and extracted the whole tooth entirely,—a little risky. There is novelty about it, and old-fashioned patients are, therefore, likely to look at it with considerable distrust. You are right in asking why one should not as easily become a dentist as a gardener, for all that is wanted is a facility for successful "tugging." We shall be interested in hearing how you have grappled with and met the few initiatory difficulties that appear likely to beset you in this rather hastily-adopted new calling.

AN UNFORTUNATE ATTACHMENT.—That of Captain Woodward's, at the instance of Mr. Justice MANISTY, after consultation with Mr. Justice MATHEW.





### EVICITION.

*Visitor.* "OOPH!—WHAT BEASTLY TOBACCO ARE YOU—"

*Host.* "YR, I KNOW. SHUT THE DOOR! SOME AFRICAN CIGARETTES I KEEP ON PURPOSE—FOR MY MOTHER-IN-LAW. D'RECTLY I LIGHT UP, SHE'S OFF! OPEN THE WINDOW FOR A BIT, AND TAKE A WEED!"

### PATRIOTISM À LA MODE.

I'm a Patriot! No chap can be worth a single rap  
Who doesn't love his native land with passion.  
Yet stay, though, let me see! Humph! how awkward it  
If patriotism were the general fashion! [might be  
Were there patriots all round it would greatly disconcert you  
When you want for your own land all power and pelf.  
No; I see that I must have the monopoly of this virtue,  
And no one must be a patriot save myself!

### LORD DUFFERING AT THE MANSHUN HOUSE.

EVER since the time as I gave my raythur largish order for Coles to my lordly Cole Merchant, the most Honnerabel the Markis of Lundonderry—which it was just this time last year, and werry decent sort of Coles they was too, fairly nubbly, and werry respectable for size and with a hutter habesence of slates—I have bin possesst of quite a longing desire to see, with my own estonished eyes, what partickler sort of pusson, to look at, a Most Honnerabel Markis could be. I'm told as there ain't no other kind or sort of Nobbleum, or of any other descriphun of humane beings, as is intitled to be called a Most Honnerabel One, xcept a Markis, and so I was only too glad of my hoppertunity, last Wensday as ever was, to have the honnor of waiting at the honnerd Manshun House upon the Most Honnerabel the Markis of DUFFERING.

I don't think as DUFFERING is quite xactly the werry name as I shoold have selected, if as how Her Most Grayshus Majesty had asked me for to be a Most Honnerabel Markis, but as that isn't werry likely to occur, I needn't trubbel myself about it jest now, and as I am told as how as the Most Honnerbel Markis chose his name when he was over in Ingry, why praps a Duffer may have a different meaning over there to what it has over here, seshally among us Waiters.

I wunders what line of bizziness as the new Markis will go into? BROWN tells me as the Rite Honnerabel the Erl of SHREWSBURY has gone into the Cab line, but I can't allus beleave BROWN. Besides, after all, what's a mere Rite Honnerabel, as cumpared with a Most

Honnerabel? If I mite venture humbly to surgest, I shoold think as a Italyan Warehouse woodn't be a bad idear, as his Lordship would find his thoro nollodge of Ingian Pickles, and Piccadilly Sauce, and all kinds of Currys, would be of the werry greatest use to him in that rayther genteel perfession.

I may as well menshun it, as he might be a wundering why it didn't come, that I haven't sent my most Honnerabel Cole Merchant another order just yet, as I hear that he's away at his Carsel at Dublin, so coudn't in course give his own pussonal attention to it, as he ewidently did afore, as he told me as he employed no agents. I hopes and trusts as his pore Carman didn't git into trubbel for his bad spellin, but reelly "Pade," for a receet, was a litle too bad from a Most Honnerabel Markis's hofishal.

I've bin told by a Irish M.P., so in course it must be trew, that when his Most Honnerabel Lordship is jest a leetle trubbled with affairs of State, such as marching at the head of his Troops a collect-ing of the Landlords' rents for 'em, that he goes off, after it's all over, to a place called Punch's Town, of all names in the world, and then has quite a jolly day's racing; and, if he has a run of bad luck, he just sells a few thousand Tuns of his best Wall Send Coles, and that puts him all strait again. I allus understood as the reel *Mr. Punch* was enormously rich, but I never thort as he had a hole town all to hisself.

I begins to find as I'm rayther a wandering away from my horiginal hintenshun, which it was to discribe Wednesday's perceed-ings; but there wasn't much of a werry uncommon natur to discribe, so I dessay I shall be xcused.

The new Markis is a nice quiet-looking Gent, a good deal like BROWN, who amost blusht wen I told him so, and speaks bewtifool, amost as well indeed as the LORD MARE hisself. He told us a good deal about Ingry that ewen I had newer heard on afore; but he was rayther a long time about it, which is allers a great mistake, ewen in a Most Honnerabel Markis, as the other speakers, as is to be, naterally don't like to be kep waiting, and to see quite a rush out when the great man has quite finished. The CHANCESELLER of the XCHEQUER, seshally, looked quite savage at having to speak to a arf emty All. I heard sum grate Swell say as the Markis had haddad





### THE PAUL PRY OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

Mr. Rosebery. "NOW THEN, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! WE DON'T WANT ANY PAUL PRYS IN THE COUNCIL!"

a bit to the Ingian Empire amost as big as all England! But peeple will xadgerate so! His manly buzzom was amost covered with stars and garters which he had gained, I spose, on many a field of slorter. We was told as he had seen service in four of the Quarters of the World, which ewen a pore Waiter must be aware must needs be about all of 'em, unless, indeed, the World's like a orange, and has quite a lot of quarters, which isn't not werry likely, I shoold think.

Taking it all together it was about the most splendidest looking Bankwet as ewen we Waiters had ewer seen at the Manshun House, and we all agreed with the werry heminent Reporter as said as it

had hacshally beaten the Record! Strange to say, sum of the most magnificontest of the many werry magnificent dressed of the Injean Officers was quite at a loss when they cum to the Loving Cup sherry-monial. But that's a little mistery as it takes sum time to learn. Ah, if they ood jest see BROWN and Me go thro' it with what's left in the Cups, they wood see what dignerty and grace and horthy demeanor belongs to it when properly done. I thinks, upon the hole, that "Our Only General" gos through the sherrymony about as well as any one I knows, and I feels quite sure as he'll thoroly apresheate my truthfull complement.

ROBERT.





### PLEASURES OF THE WHITSUNTIDE VACATION.

(Fancy Portraits of Two Q.C.'s, and an Amicus Curie—a Recollection of a Sitting on a "Celebrated Case.")

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Pocket Atlas and Guide to Paris is a useful little work for the Tourist, appropriately published by WALKER & Co.; but I



doubt whether the Paris - Diamant, one of the collection des Guides-Joanne, has ever been beaten. It was published years ago at HACHETTE's, and for maps and information generally (I suppose it has been brought up to the time of day) it was, and now ought to be, the best of all Guides—quite a maximum in minimo.

Dickens's Dickensianaries of London for 1889 are now out. Very useful to Country Cousins and to "Water Babies," which reminds me that Messrs. MACMILLAN have just re-issued CHARLES KINGSLEY's charming work, with "our Mr. SAMBOURNE's" charming illustrations.

My faithful Co. says:—"The Fatal Phryne is a not very pleasant novel by a couple of authors—Messrs. WILLS and PHILIPS—who hitherto working on their own separate accounts, have now combined forces to work together. Such a number of stories are published nowadays that it is difficult to remember details; but, so far as I recollect, As in a Looking-glass was written by one of these gentlemen, and a reference to the title-page has confirmed my impression—it there appears under his name. Mr. PHILIPS seems to write in collaboration with another with as much facility as he exhibited when trusting entirely to his own resources. The plot is rather suggestive of that now half-forgotten cause célèbre once known as 'The Pimlico Mystery.' Again, admirers of the works of Mr. WILKIE COLLINS may pos-

sibly, on reading the new novel, faintly call to mind an incident in Poor Miss Finch. Briefly, a husband much the senior of his wife does not discourage the idea in his own mind that some day an artistic friend of his may become his successor—the date, of course, to be no earlier than his wife becoming a widow. The artist friend unfortunately falls in love with the wife prematurely, and the husband (a doctor), growing jealous, uses his medical knowledge to spoil his beauty. On learning (at the end of the book) in spite of appearances, that his wife has been really true to him, the Doctor is so overcome with emotion that he dies, leaving his widow to marry, if she pleases, what remains of the man he has hitherto believed to be his favoured rival. The Fatal Phryne," concludes my faithful Co., "has one great merit—it is in two volumes, and not in three."

Our Celebrities this month is full of excellencies. M. WALERY gives us the portraits of three Ambassadors—the French, the German, and the Russian. Excellent Excellencies. M. WADDINGTON looks bull-doggedly English; Count HATZFELD, bare and bald-headed, he might have had on one of his "felt hats," from which, of course, he derives his title,—is uncommonly like a Heathen Chinese with Christianised moustache; and M. DE STAAL bears a handsome and polished resemblance to the late Professor DARWIN. All life-like; and, indeed, M. WALERY's photographic portraits, outside this particular Café des Ambassadeurs, strike me as equal to the best, and superior to most, I have met with. The other day I saw one of his reproduced in colour. The effect was that of a highly-finished miniature, and I am informed that the tints will stand the ravages of time as well as a modern portrait in oils. By the way—Happy Thought—why should a severe-looking person go to an artist in oils—say, Sir JOHN MILLAIS or Professor HERKOMER—for his portrait? Because

the use of oil is "to make him of a cheerful countenance." Revenons à notre revue de la Galerie-Walery—not "greenery-yallery"—and finish by saying of the descriptive letterpress that LOUIS ENGEL, the Musical Monographist, is, as usual, the accompanist of these celebrities, and gives us full and clear notes in his own peculiar allegro style. If I rightly remember, this is the first number without a lady in it. Cherchez la femme in vain. Yet it isn't often that she is nowhere among diplomatists. Perhaps, after these three Excellencies, male, the Walery-Gallery will give us three Perfections, female; or, three Duchesses as the Three Graces. The Recording ENGEL must certainly discover some trio to equal the three Excellencies which have so delighted the heart of

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

### THE LITERARY LADIES' DINNER.

[A Dinner, at which Literary Ladies only were present, was recently given at Messrs. SPIERS AND POND's Criterion Restaurant.]

THEY, greatly daring, met to dine,  
These Ladies, writing thrilling fiction;  
And o'er the olives and the wine  
Were doubtless "Ouidalises" in diction.  
Some twenty Ladies  
Went one Friday night, and  
Much enjoyed their dinner;  
A smart symposium  
at the "Cri,"  
And, save the waiters, no male  
sinner.



"A young Greek goddess," too,  
Was there,  
Escaped from high Olympian duty,  
"Robert, toi que j'aime!"  
Another, with Junonian air,  
A delicate dark-featured beauty.  
A poetess, in gold brocade,  
Who murmured triplets and sonnets;  
And many spinsters, every maid  
Was quite above the thought of bonnets.

They talked of pictures and of books,  
And subjects argument inviting;  
They interchanged the sweetest looks,  
And each one puffed the other's writing.  
And silver laughter filled the room,  
At jokes, the subjects are not stated;  
But publishers were left to doom,  
And Paternoster Row was "slated."

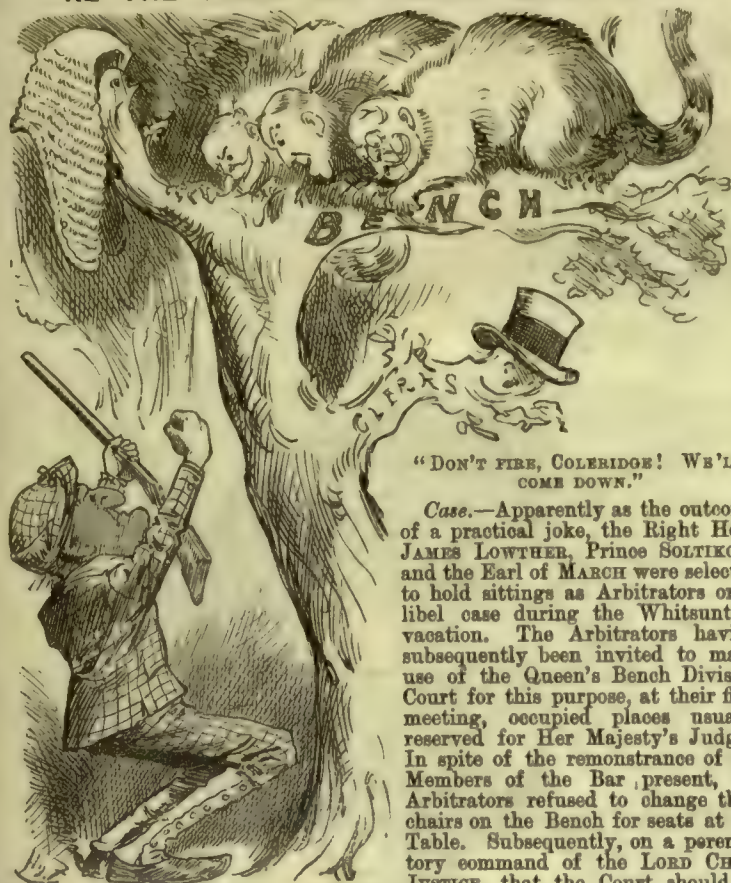
At last, O tell it not in Gath!  
A lady, hailed as benefactress,  
Did not disdain Nicotian path  
Of dalliance with the weed: an actress  
Produced a case of cigarettes,  
And then, O theme for scurrile joking!  
These attitudinising pets  
Of railway bookstalls, took to smoking.

Uprose then Mrs. MONA CALED,  
With soul superior to garters,  
And in sarcastic speech she dared  
To give as toast, "The Married Martyrs."  
Perchance some spinsters there who heard,  
Would think they'd often wondered why  
Did not propose: and how absurd  
It was, a wife should scoff at Hymen.

Ah! Literary Ladies, you,  
Who are not prudish or pedantic,  
If all these foolish tales be true  
About each gastronomic antic,  
Think on the Laureate's lines, and scan  
His "Queen of Farce," so sagely silly;  
Woman's "not undeveloped man,"  
Although she dines in Piccadilly.



## RE—THE TABLE AND BENCH QUESTION.



"DON'T FIRE, COLERIDGE! WE'LL COME DOWN."

*Case.*—Apparently as the outcome of a practical joke, the Right Hon. JAMES LOWTHER, Prince SOLTIKOFF and the Earl of MARCH were selected to hold sittings as Arbitrators on a libel case during the Whitsuntide vacation. The Arbitrators having subsequently been invited to make use of the Queen's Bench Division Court for this purpose, at their first meeting, occupied places usually reserved for Her Majesty's Judges. In spite of the remonstrance of the Members of the Bar present, the Arbitrators refused to change their chairs on the Bench for seats at the Table. Subsequently, on a peremptory command of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, that the Court should be

closed unless the Arbitrators descended from the Bench, the Arbitrators expressed themselves satisfied with the less dignified resting-places indicated by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, which they thereupon occupied.

Counsel will kindly say:—

1. Whether there was any justification for Arbitrators occupying the Bench.
2. Whether the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE was right in ordering the Court to be closed if the Arbitrators failed to content themselves with seats at the Table.
3. Whether the Arbitrators acted wisely in making to the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE the concession required of them, and comported themselves discreetly.

And will advise generally.

*Opinion.*—1. I cannot, go so far as to say, that the Arbitrators were "justified" in taking the places reserved for Her Majesty's Judges, but, I feel they had a strong excuse. No doubt, it was the intention of the Arbitrators to invest the proceedings, into which they seem to have been lured with so much humour, with as much pomp as possible. To use a word frequently employed in this case, they were "handicapped" at the outset, by having to appear in morning dress instead of the robes worn by their Lordships when sitting in open Court, and anything suggestive of "importance" no doubt would occur to them as enhancing their dignity. It may be advanced, that they might have appeared in hunting costume, and certainly this would have had a picturesque effect, but it must be remembered that it would have been contrary to the traditions of the Bar for the Counsel employed, so to speak, to have followed suit. In obedience to these traditions, the Counsel engaged dispensed with their robes with the result, that when Sir CHARLES RUSSELL aided by his learned Junior, Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS cross-examined Sir GEORGE CHEWYND, the scene was not entirely unsuggestive of a retired Doctor of Divinity assisted by a favourite pupil (who having come from school last, it was to be presumed would be less "rusty" than his leader) conducting the *vis à voce* portion of an attempted pass of a somewhat backward (both in age and knowledge) undergraduate. It must be remembered that as a Member of the Privy Council and an ex-State Official of high standing, the Right Hon. JAMES LOWTHER (the Chief Arbitrator) would naturally desire to invest his proceedings with as much state as possible. It would occur to him that an entrance from the Judges' Apartments, through curtains, would be infinitely more impressive than emerging, through a small hole, from the subterranean regions below the level of the well of the Court. It cannot be denied that this is a reasonable view of the matter, as the first entrance would not seem to be an unworthy companion picture to the "Doge of Venice and two of the most influential Members of the Council of Ten taking their seats in the Council Chamber," while the second would not be unlikely to conjure up a recollection of a severely reduced band mournfully occupying the space devoted to the orchestra in a small provincial theatre threatened with

bankruptcy. There was this further excuse for the Right Hon. Gentleman, that the surroundings he found in the Queen's Bench Division No. 5 were similar to those in an ordinary *cause célèbre*, and likely to create in his mind some misconception of the part he should play in the inquiry. For instance, the number of reporters were legion, and the proceedings were of a nature to suggest the dreariest hours of the Special Commission. It was natural too, that he should wish to go down to posterity at the pencil of Mr. SYDNEY HALL (who was present) in that atmosphere of grandeur which does not exist apart from the Bench. But after making all these deductions I am unable to find an entire justification for his conduct.

2. As the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has jurisdiction over the Common Law Courts, both in Term and out of Term (I do not myself find anything in the authorities upon this matter, but no doubt this decision will in future be quoted as a precedent), his Lordship was clearly within his rights to order Queen's Bench Division No. 5 to be closed unless the Arbitrators consented (like the coon in a frequently quoted American case) to "come down." I do not see that the consideration that the possible result of this closure might have caused a change of venue from the interior to the exterior of the building should have had weight with his Lordship, as there was nothing to prevent (if required) the holding of the inquiry in the green space bounded on the North by Carey Street, the South by the Strand, the East by the Law Courts, and the West by Clement's Inn. I am the more of this opinion as the matter, being heard out of Term, the proceedings would not have distracted the attention of the Chief Clerks of the Chancery Division, whose rooms overlook the green space I have sufficiently indicated. Consequently I concur in his Lordship's decision.

3. For the above reasons I think the Arbitrators acted quite wisely in making the required concession. I also believe that they have been most discreet. It was not impossible that, after the foreign fashion, Prince SOLTIKOFF, in the heat of the moment, might have demanded satisfaction. I am happy to hear no suggestion that this has been the case. It is patent that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE could not have agreed to meet his Highness within the Queen's dominions; and, had his Lordship consented to visit some distant land outside Her Majesty's jurisdiction, with a view to carrying out the Prince's hypothetical proposals, considerable, and, possibly, irreparable damage and delay might have been occasioned in the due administration of the law. I also entirely approve of the Arbitrators placing on their table volumes of the *Racing Calendar* in lieu of law books, and concur with them when a dispute on a difficult point of law arises between Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Sir HENRY JAMES in the advisability of seeking professional advice from my learned (if somewhat youthful friend) Mr. NORTH—a gentleman no doubt quite capable of affording them assistance of the utmost benefit and value.

Finally, I advise generally that those not engaged in the case should carefully avoid Queen's Bench No. 5, as the proceedings therein are so dull that, compared with them, ditchwater is an effervescent beverage, of the most exhilarating character.

(Signed)

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

*Pump-handle Court.*

## HOLES AND CORNERERS.

AN admirable society for the help of Bachelors, has been started in London. The programme is to provide persons who will sew on buttons, darn, mend, and otherwise care for the neglected habiliments of unwedded gentlemen. In future such a thing as a button off a shirt, or a rent in a vest, or a little rift within a sock, will be impossible. The Society issues its "No Rent" manifesto, and will cure faulty garments by the process of "mending or ending." All bachelors should in-vest in the Society's aid—"first aid to bachelors," it might be called. How often, when we have discovered a "missing link," or a link missing between collar and shirt, have we been inclined to darn—but no; in future that sort of thing can be done by the skilled fingers of the humble workers provided by the "Stitch-in-time Association." Won't the result, however, be to remove one powerful inducement to matrimony—the desire to have a mender on the premises? If so, Mr. Punch cannot call the idea admirable, but only sew-sew!



## THE MODERN PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.



No bacchant-nymph, with breeze-borne  
tresses,  
And luring eyes, and bosom bare,  
Is it in whose pursuit fast presses,  
With blood-shot gaze and blatant blare,  
*This* eager crowd.  
How hoarsely loud

The ululations rise!  
Pirates who track a helpless prize,  
Might howl like this, or wolf-pack pierce  
The wintry air with cries as fierce;  
And yet they chase not prey, but—Pleasure!  
SWIFT's savage wit perchance might  
measure,

In flail-like phrase, the glorious gain  
Of Realism's ruffian train,  
Over those merely fancy-pictures  
Which move the modern critic's strictures.  
Great Modern Spirit! what a mercy  
That Allegory, quaint, fantastic,  
No longer finds our fancy plastic,—





## COMPLIMENTS.

"The Court" (thinking aloud). "HU—M—'MARKABLY FINE YOUNG WOM—!"      The Witness (overhearing). "EXCELLENT JUDGE!!!"

That the contemporary Circe,  
Needs not a limner high, Miltonic;  
Rather a Zola, coarse, sardonic.  
Out on the false poetic prism,  
And ho! for dry-light Naturalism!  
What do they chase, this motley mob?  
Not aught to make the pulses throb  
With Passion's fire or Beauty's light,  
Such rubbish is *rococo*, quite;  
The Comus of the Parachute,  
The Pleasure of this mob's pursuit,  
Appeals to the unchastened brute  
In animal humanity.  
A scent of risk, a whiff of blood,  
These are the things the world finds good  
To move the masses to the mood  
Of suitable insanity.  
The mob won't move in eager chase  
If Beauty only lead the race.  
Who will pant on for the first place  
In the court of a Muse, in the train of a Grace?  
Rather the butcher-mood of Rome  
Finds in our British bosoms home.  
Beetle-browed brutes who bruise for gain,  
Athletes devoid of heart or brain  
Appeal not to the mob in vain.  
The hope of risk, the sight of pain,  
These thrill the sons of toil—or leisure.  
The callow swell, the callous "rough,"  
Both find brute-impulse quite enough  
Without art, taste, or such tame stuff,  
To fire the new Pursuit of Pleasure.

Pleasure? Yes! There's a peril there,  
Dropping, drifting in mid-air.  
Prospect of nerve-tingling crash,  
Chance of sanguinary smash,  
Something lethally soul-thrilling,  
Fetches fast the people's shilling.

Skill? There's not much "fun" in skill  
When not meant to maim or kill.—  
"Great Scott! The beggar's dropping, BILL!  
Come on! *This way!* No road? What matter?"  
See how they cluster, crush and clatter,  
How fast the brute within them wakes!  
Through flower-beds and shrub-clustered  
brakes  
Headlong they throng and heedless trample.  
Flushed, fiercely howling!

Lo, a sample  
Of the material for a nation  
Under thy stimulus, Sensation!  
Smugsages, shifty statesmen, can you measure  
The meaning of this new Pursuit of Pleasure?

## DOWN ON THE FOG DEMON.

In his pictorial forecast of New London, *Mr. Punch* indicated that one of the labours of that new Hercules, the L. C. C., should be fighting the Smoke Fiend. Well, *Mr. WALTER WREN*, it seems, has given notice of Motion to the effect:—

"That it be an instruction to the Sanitary and Special Purposes Committee to take into consideration the causes of the Fogs which trouble London during the winter months, and the increased death-rate during their prevalence, in order to put in force existing powers for dealing with them, and obtaining increased powers if necessary."

In support of which Motion *Mr. WREN* has written a Memo. on "Causes and Cures for London Fogs." The Motion and the Memo. have *Mr. Punch's* approval and best wishes.

"We want London Fogs to be things of the past," says *W. W.* Precisely. But it would seem that in the past they were in-

finitely less prevalent. He draws a pleasing picture of London seventy—only seventy—years ago when, says he, "it was a bright and sunny town." Bright and sunny! Why it was but the other day, *Mr. Punch*, had to burn gas during the greater portion of a forenoon in June. "At Queenhithe, in 1832, the air was quite as pure as it now is at Streat-ham 'or Blackheath; and beds of flowers blossomed to perfection within twelve furlongs of the City boundary." Indeed! "This state of things must be regained." 'Tis a consummation most devoutly to be wished. "Were coal smoke avoided by complete combustion, and were houses scientifically warmed, the saving in the cost of coal, and in the labour and sickness, the destruction and depreciation caused by smoke, would in one year yield all the sum that is immediately required to provide sufficient parks and playgrounds, gardens, boulevards, and avenues for the Metropolis; and London would then be as bright and cheerful as it was three-quarters of a century ago." Sounds optimistic, not to say Utopian. But we have it on the authority of *Mr. WREN* and the *Quarterly Review*.

O *WALTER WREN*, if you do not joke, But will the C. C. powers invoke To banish from London the Demon Smoke, Whose game is to blacken, and poison, and choke, You'll win the thanks of long-suffering folk. O Science, teach us to burn and stoke, In 'ARRY's phrase, "bid that black-a-vised bloke," The London Fog-fiend, "go home and eat coke," And free our necks from his dismal yoke!



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, June 17.*—Feel something like the boy who stood on the burning deck; "CASSAWARY"—wasn't that his name? Not that there is a deck, or that there is anything burning, except JACOBY'S indignation at general disregard of his Whip. It's the all-but-him-has-fled aspect of the situation that fits me. *Mr. Punch* and his merry men all gone off to Paris, not principally to see the Exhibition, not principally to enjoy themselves; stern sense of duty calls them off.

"Why," said my venerated Leader, "should OLD MORALITY enjoy monopoly of performance of duty to House and Country? we have a duty to perform and shall do it; the MARKISS has snubbed France, has declined to permit British Minister to take part in Centennial celebration of certain historical event; LORD MAYOR stepped into breach; very well done, but still something lacking; *Mr. Punch* shall go to Paris in the flesh (what there is of it) and thus shall be removed the last vestige of ill-feeling created by the MARKISS'S *bêtise*."

"And me?"

"You, TOBY, dear boy! like the rest of us, you'll do your duty: House meets on Monday after Whitsun Recess; you shall go and keep House for us; let you know how we get on; ta ta, or as they say in Parry, *o revor*."

This was yesterday; now he's gone, and they're gone, and I'm left. All doing our duty, I know; but on whole think they've got pleasantest department.

Not many here, and not much doing; looked in at Post Office for letters; quite a heap; some been here for day or two; shall go on terrace, smoke cigar and read 'em.

*Yacht "Garland," off Tintagel, Friday.*

TOBY ahoy! You will, I am sure, excuse the nautical turn of my address, but persons of my comparatively youthful years and decidedly impressionable nature are apt to take on the tone and colour of current circumstances. I am, as you will gather from the ordinary channels of information, not exclusively a seafarer. One foot on sea and one on land, I am, perhaps, to a certain extent amphibious in my characteristics.

We have had a very pleasant time, our progress being marked by those kindly gifts, miscellaneous in their design but uniformly useful in their character, the presentation of which has for many years past marked my public peregrination through Great Britain. Amongst other things we have received a casket of pure white Mexican onyx, with a handsome raised floral decoration of



wild roses and forget-me-nots on the lid. The casket is enclosed in a polished walnut box. *Item*, a marble mosaic table. These and other articles of what *Mr. Wemmick* called portable property we shall add to the accumulation gathered on earlier pilgrimages which, warehoused at Hawarden, gives the place what my recent host Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT calls a pantechronic air. I shall not be in the House on Monday, but hope to see you later. Meanwhile, I remain,

Your humble and obliged

W. E. GL-DST-NE.

*Hatfield, Thursday.*

DEAR TOBY,—What do you think of Grand Old Man spending his Whitsun holidays cavorting about Devon and Cornwall? Why can't he take a rest like an ordinary mortal? The worst of it is, it seems to agree with him. What would break down an ordinary man at half his age, only serves to brighten him up. Still I think he ought to be ashamed of himself going about with white umbrella, a

rose in his coat, and a mosaic table under his arm. But if he thinks he vexes me, or gives us a moment's uneasiness, he is mistaken. If you have an opportunity, just mention this.

Yours faithfully,

S-L-SB-RY.

*Eddystone Lighthouse, Friday.*

TOBY, old man, how goes it? It's my watch below, so I take this

opportunity of writing a few lines, hoping they will find you pretty taut, as they leave me at present. You will be surprised to hear of me here; but the fact is, it seemed the only place I could go to spend a quiet time. I can't stand a ship in present state of our Navy, and I can't live ashore. There are only three courses open in such circumstances. I determined to take the third, and live in a lighthouse. So here I am, tra-la-la!

Very jolly time with my two mates; we weigh out each other's grab, take watch and watch about, and sit down to supper intarpaulins when the weather is rough. When I come back to

House, I mean to let out on Lighthouses. We are terribly undermanned. England will never be the nation she was, or able to hold her own, unless she has as many Lighthouses as any two Continental Powers combined. That's my new tack, of which you will hear more by-and-by.

Yours to command,

CH-BL-E B-R-SF-RD.

*Somewhere in Norway (can't spell the name). Tuesday.*

DEAR TOBY,—Just heard I've won the Oaks; (hope it is not spelt with a h.) DUNRAVEN sends me word, and you know what an incorrigible joker he is, in spite of his grave aspect, and his mission to reform the Lords. If it is true, it will suit my book to a t. I have long had a fancy that the only thing lacking to complete my popularity as a Statesman is, that I should own horses, and win an occasional race. Fancy GEORGE HAMILTON winning a race, or even OLD MORALITY, though of him I'll say nothing. Of course you've read what warm friends we are now; how I look up to him as my natural Leader, and how he begins to think I'm not nearly so bad as I've sometimes been painted.

I hear there's some wonder expressed at my leaving London for this place in height of the season, and on eve of Oaks. All kinds of reasons are suggested. I don't mind telling you the truth, though it needn't go any further. It's WOLFFEY; he's come home quite rosy, with a lot of fresh stories culled from the Persian; a sort of spectacled *Lallah Rookh*. He was bad enough before he went, but now he's unsupportable. He offered, in patronising way, to present me to the SHAH when he arrives. Me, who only the other day had BOULANGER'S boots under my mahogany! WOLFFEY is not going to show me round, I can tell him. So I made up my mind to come off here, where he is not likely to follow me.

I'm supposed to be fishing, but haven't done much yet. Saw a salmon yesterday, at least I think it was one; hope I'll catch it; Generally do when I'm at home.

Yours,

R-ND-LPH S. CH-RCH-LL.

*Henley-on-Thames, Saturday.*

DEAR TOBY, I wonder if you will be in the House on Monday, or whether you will be tempted by the state of the weather to extend your recess? It is, as you know, the early bird that catches the





last train, and I should be wanting in my duty to the House and the Country if I were to miss it, and so fail to be in my place to greet the SPEAKER on his resuming the Chair.

I do not expect we shall be excessively lively. The disposition to lead to excitable episodes appears to have subsided. What influence upon the assembly my equable presence may have had it is not for me to say; but it is impossible to avoid noting the circumstance. Mr. GLADSTONE, it is not unreasonable to expect, may, to a certain extent, be what, in writing privately to you I may describe, as pumped out by his excursion to the West. My esteemed young friend GRANDOLPH is engaged in what I am given to understand are piscatorial pursuits; CHAPLIN is in a simmering state of content in anticipation of the devolution upon him of newly constituted ministerial functions. Looking around from this quiet retreat in a riparian district, I think I may say that events have a pleasant air of quiescence, and that in the coming weeks we shall have the opportunity of making steady progress with business, which, as far as is consistent with anybody's feelings, is my earnest desire.

Hoping that you have enjoyed the temporary cessation from labour, and will return to what I may perhaps call the workshop refreshed and invigorated, I am, yours faithfully,

W. H. SM-TH.

There's the division-bell; don't know what the question is, but I shall go and vote. JACOBY sure to be there to show me which Lobby to go into; only, as LAWSON says, one is apt sometimes to get into the wrong box.

"Looking at JACOBY," he says, "one instinctively starts to follow the 'Noes.'" *Business done.*—Supply.

### "MODUS OPERANDI."

(The Covent Garden Government, and Her Majesty's Opposition.)

Monday, June 10.—The bill for this evening at Covent Garden contained *Aida*, set down to be read, or rather sung, at least a third, if not a fourth time. The provisions thoroughly understood, and passed without demur by a full house. Madame VALDA in charge of the title rôle resuming the lead (shared a few nights since with Madame NORDICA), ably supported by Madame SCALCHI. Monsieur JEAN DE RESZKE also made a most effective defence of VERDI's music. Proceedings in every way satisfactory. Her Majesty's Opposition still enjoying the pleasures of the Whitsuntide recess.

Tuesday.—At Covent Garden, *Guillaume Tell*, with Monsieur LASSALLE in the bill, but out of the cast. However, the disappointment might have been greater had not Monsieur SEGUIN supplied his place, at short notice, most efficiently. Monsieur LESTELLIER not so satisfactory. If very great things were expected from this *Mons.*, the result has not been entirely unlike the *ridiculus mus*.

By the way, it is becoming so much the fashion nowadays to allow the *artistes* to select their own language (I fancy Monsieur SEGUIN sang in French this evening), that it would not be half a bad idea to put up *Lucia*, with Miss MCINTYRE in pure Scotch, and the MAC-GUCKIN as *Edgar* (to balance his not having played the Knight of the Swan in *Lohengrin*), in the original Irish engravin, in the original Irish of his native land. But to speak once more of *Tell*. Mlle. LITA made rather a mess (some even said a litter, but they were wags, and as such unworthy of respect), of the acting in the part of *Mathilde*. I could not help thinking that her presence in the train of *Gesler* may possibly have had something to do with the unpopularity of that misguided nobleman. The *Barber* leading the Opposition in another place.

Wednesday.—Evening sitting at Covent Garden as an extra night with *Faust* to the fore, and here let me correct a slip of the pen in my report of last week when the matter was also before the house. I then praised M. LASSALLE as an excellent *Mephistopheles*, and however just that praise may have been (for, no doubt whenever the gifted baritone plays the part he plays it thoroughly well), he was not on the occasion in question devilling for anyone, but appearing in *proprid personâ* as *Valentine*. It was Monsieur DE RESZKE who assumed the diabolical character, and assumed it very well. To-night we had the same cast *plus* an additional DE RESZKE and WINOGRADOFF and minus LASSALLE and TALAZAC. The absence of the latter was not to be regretted, as he was scarcely the sort of *Faust* to captivate the heart of so charming a *Marguerite* as Madame NORDICA. It must have occurred to many present that *Mephistopheles* had given rather short measure in return for *Faust's* blood and bond. The Opposition taking it very easily at Her Majesty's, but promising something with the charm of novelty by GOUNOD for to-morrow.

Thursday.—Again Monsieur LASSALLE away as the leader of the house at Covent Garden, and once more there is an efficient substitute to supply his place. A member of "the talented DAN DRARDIES family" simply excellent as the amatory *Don*, and Madame MARIE VAN ZANDT more than confirms the favourable impression she has created in the *Page* from the *Nozze*. Another absentee in the person of Mlle. TONI SCHLÄGER was to have done wonders with that lively individual *Donna Anna*. Instead, we have the MADE, who, after the fashion of her great African namesake, turns up unexpectedly, but (unlike him) most pleasantly. Another alteration of not quite so delightful a character is the appearance of M. LESTELLIER as *Don Ottavio*, when we had been promised Signor MASSIMI. It is of course, rather difficult to say what the Signor would have been like, as he did not appear, but I think he would have been better than the *Mons.*—if he had not, I should have been at once surprised and disappointed. For the rest, the *mise-en-scène* excellent, and the general performance all of the best.

*Faust* at Her Majesty's Opposition. Politically it has been declared that "the business of an Opposition is to oppose." Lyrically the maxim hardly applies; but Mr. MAPLESON may perhaps claim to have "opposed" the conventional setting of GOUNOD's masterpiece; the performance on Thursday being at least an original one. There was a fair muster on the Opposition benches—or stalls—and the house seemed to approve Mlle. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN as *Marguerite*, and Signor PAL O' MINN—I mean PALERMINI—as *Valentino*. Mlle. ZÉLIE was voted bright and tuneful, and no cynical operative TALLEYRAND seemed inclined to protest in this case against *trop de Zélie*!

Saturday.—Foreign affairs attracting the attention of the House. *Romeo et Juliette* produced in French, and our "lively neighbours" consequently put upon the footing of the most favoured nation. Madame MELBA (French, no doubt, for Melbourne) a capital representative of SHAKESPEARE'S heroine. Her singing of the waltz in the First Act had but one fault—it provoked the audience to ask for a double *encore*. The Brothers DE RESZKE in great force. Monsieur EDOUARD conducted the marriage service (fully choral) in a manner calculated to cause the profoundest envy in the breast of the most accomplished curate attached to St. George's, Hanover Square; and Brother JEAN "lightened up" the part of *Romeo*, by wearing tights of an eccentric pattern. Chaff apart (as they do not say in the French), both admirable. Smaller parts well filled. Signor CASTELMARY distinguished himself as *Le Duc de Vérone*—this accomplished person is a very good Duke, in spite of his appearance in *Faust* having argued that he was a very poor devil. The whole production (dresses, *mise-en-scène*, everything) worthy of the Poet, the Composer, and the Manager.

Her Majesty's Opposition, to-night, "moved" DONIZETTI, and *L'Elisir d'Amore*, the majority of a rather thin House voting decidedly "in an affirmative sense." Mlle. GIUSEPPINA GARGANO made a sprightly and melodious *Adina*, and Signor CARACCILO a sonorous and Lal-Brough-ish *Dulcamara*: whilst Signor VICINI, whose voice is very pleasing in piano passages, found them to be by no means "passages that lead to nothing," for in *Nemorino's* slightly sentimental Romance, "*Una Furtiva Lagrima*," they led, on this occasion, to a very vigorous *encore*, duly accepted.



"Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."  
Suggestion for a Statue to be erected in the R. I. O. C. G.



Mixed Italian Opera. Barty M'Guckin, bodad, and Maggie Macintyre "take the flure." engravin, in the original Irish of his native land. But to speak once more of *Tell*. Mlle. LITA made rather a mess (some even said a litter, but they were wags, and as such unworthy of respect), of the acting in the part of *Mathilde*. I could not help thinking that her presence in the train of *Gesler* may possibly have had something to do with the unpopularity of that misguided nobleman. The *Barber* leading the Opposition in another place.





1888.

"HAVE A DANCE?"



1889.

"M' I HAVE TH' PLEASURE OF A DANCE?"

## L'INVITATION À LA VALSE.

(Great Improvement in Masherly Form.)

## THE SHAH'S HOLIDAY.

NASR-ED-DIN soliloquises:—

*Personally conducted!!!* By the Seven Fountains of the Sun, it is one of the accursed innovations of the modern muddle they mis-call Civilisation to which a descendant of DARIUS finds it hard to reconcile himself. Oh, for the Magic Carpet of HOUSSAIN the Persian! When he, setting forth on his travels, "took the road of Samarcande" he was not bothered with such "supporters" as mine. Better the blessed Carpet of Bishnagar than the cheapest and most carefully arranged Cook's Tour!

"His throne was in radiance like the bow of Heaven, upon which, pre-eminent in majesty, he sat without observing the sceptred potentates of the earth more than atoms in the beams of his presence." So the old Persian tale said of a King. *That was something like.* "Good old Persia!"—as a cockney cad would say. The "sceptred potentates of the earth"—confound them!—did then not dare to bother the Shahinshah concerning railway concessions or the free navigation of Persian rivers. Whereas now, between the Bear on one side, and the Lion on the other—but hist!—the brutes will overhear me!

Oh, to be a fine old Persian potentate, one of the olden time! "He fixed the rings of subjection in the ears of Fortune, and made the Spring spreader of the carpets of his pleasure. Time gave the reins of his party-coloured coursers into his hands, and Pride laid the head of obsequiousness upon the threshold of his door of audience." Lovely! INATULLA of Delhi, flowery wert thou in language, but thine ideas of kingliness were decidedly O.K. Then, as INATULLA said, "of all gardens that of rhetoric justly challenged the highest fame." But now, to enter the modern Baar Daneah, or Garden of Knowledge, even NASR-ED-DIN must pass through the portals of forced politeness, on the arm of these rude rival brutes, who, to imitate INATULLA's style, endeavour to hide the greed of carnivorous appetite under the grin of diplomatic dissimulation.

As to the Bear, he is getting unbearable. Smirks like a Nautch-girl, but snubs like a Shah in a tantrum. How affectionately—and paralytically—he grips my arm at this moment! On the whole I

prefer his frank menaces to his sinister caresses. Yet could I have bowstrung him with my own hands when he boastfully and threateningly alluded to his bristling legions and my defenceless borders. Like DAKIANOS in the coils of the serpent, I feel "a shadow of power, an object of impotence."

As to the Lion, he is better-mannered perhaps, but has he better intentions? Keeps a tight hold of my dexter arm as though I were an inebriated Bank-Holiday-maker, and he, what the batter-faced infidels call, I believe, a "Bobby." Quite a little holiday! Yes! Only somehow I feel as if I were being "run in."

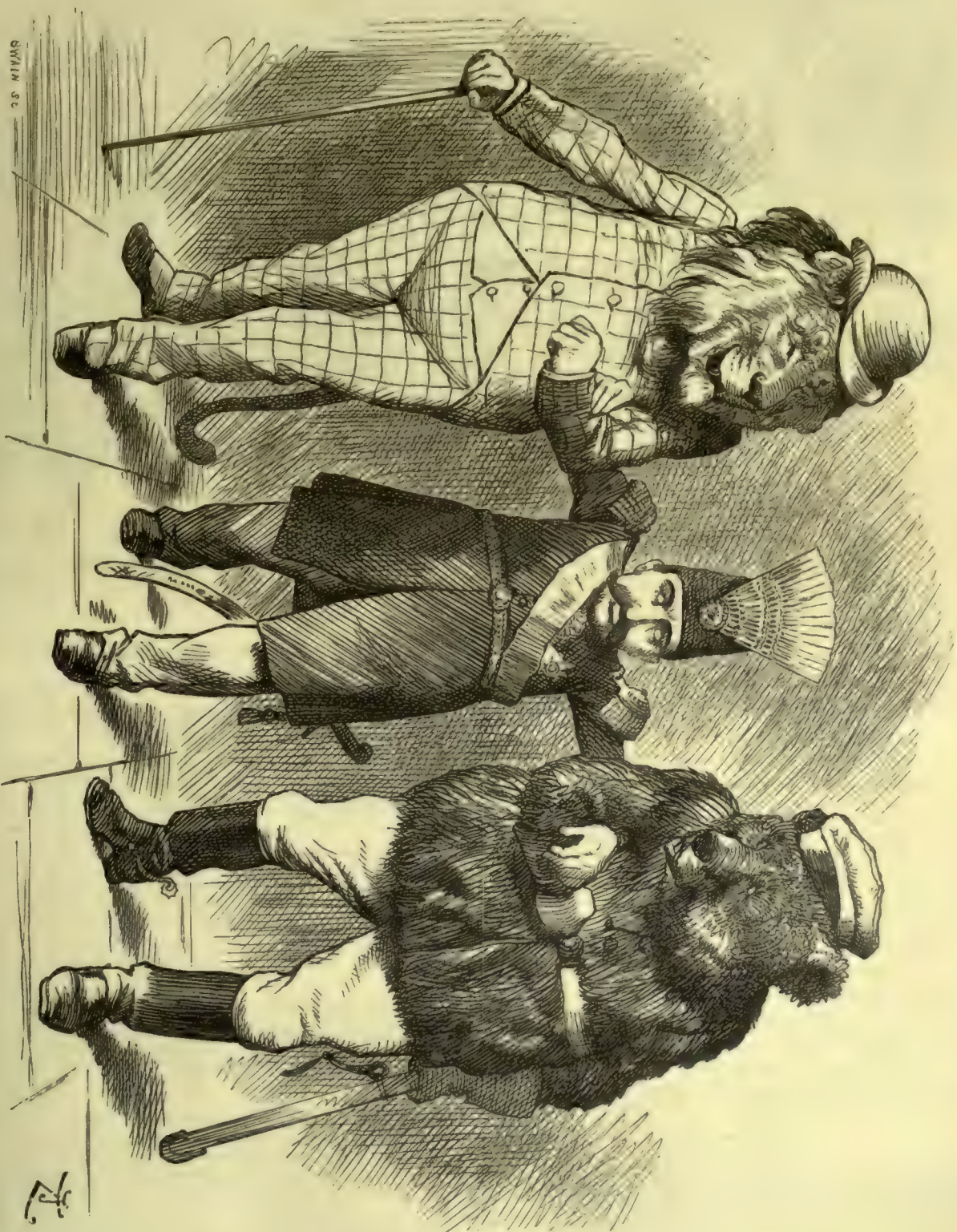
That Bishnagar Carpet, now, would obey my orders, and not direct my course. Forty purses were well expended upon its like. Better infinitely than a Special Pulman. As it is, I feel that I am "on the Carpet," in the coarse Western sense. Oh, for the wonder-working aid of the fairy PARI-BANOU to give these intrusive Infidels emphatically and finally "what for!"

No, by the beard of ZOROASTER, were their Buckingham Palace more beauteous than that of PARI-BANOU herself—which it is *not*!—yet would I gladly shirk a second visit thereto did I dare. Nay, even their grand orchestral music—what they call "tuning-up"—and the jocund gyrations of their nimble Nautch-girls—or Gaiety "Choristers"—should not tempt me again into their brumous Babylon, were I but absolute master of Prince HOUSSAIN's Carpet—and of myself. But between Bear and Lion—not to mention the fortuitous wing-flappings and incidental beak-proddings of certain Eagles, one or two-headed—a Shahinshah's life is not a happy one. How happy could I be *without* either! Hah! I begin to think that life would be tolerable—even to an elderly Shah in difficulties, but for its—Holidays!

## Tram-car Trammels.

WE are told that the London Tram-car men are kept on their feet some sixteen hours at a stretch. Poor fellows! *Mr. Punch* wonders they stand it, and feels that they—and a sympathetic Public—ought to make a stand against it. Let Public Opinion, as imperatively as the old highwaymen, bid the Monopolists, "Stand and deliver" these poor tram-slaves from their tedious thralldom!





## THE SHAH'S HOLIDAY.

SHAH (*sotto voce*). "RATHER WISH I HADN'T COME!"









## HINTS FOR THE PARK.

IF YOU ARE A NERVOUS RIDER, AND RATHER AFRAID OF YOUR NEW MARE, IT'S BETTER TO LEAVE YOUR SPURS ON, THAN TO PUT THEM INTO YOUR POCKET!

## MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

## NO. VI.—THE CHIVALROUS.

*The Singer (who should be a large man, in evening dress, with a crumpled shirt-front) will come on the stage with a bearing intended to convey at first sight that he is a devoted admirer of the fair sex. After removing his crush-hat in an easy manner, and winking airily at the orchestra, he will begin:—*

THERE'S enthusiasm brimming in the breasts of all the women,  
And they're calling for enfranchisement with clamour eloquent:  
When some parties in a huff rage at the plea for Female Suffrage,  
I invariably floor them with a simple argu-ment.

*Chorus (to be rendered with a winning persuasiveness).*

Why shouldn't the darlings have votes? de-ar things!

On politics each of 'em dotes, de-ar things!

*(Pathetically.)* Oh, it does seem so hard

They should all be debarred,

'Cause they happen to wear petticoats, de-ar things!

Nature all the hens to grow meant, I could prove it in a moment,

Though they've selfishly been silenced by the cockadoodle-doots.

But no man of sense afraid is of enfranchising the Ladies.

*(Magnanimously.)* Let 'em put their pretty fingers into any pie they choose!

*Spoken—For— Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.*

They would cease to care for dresses, if we made them elec-tresses,

No more time they'd spend on needlework, nor at pianos strum;

Every dainty little Dorcas would be sitting on a Caucus,

Busy wire-pulling to produce the New Millenni-um!

*Spoken—Oh! Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.*

In the House we'll see them sitting soon, it will be only fitting.

They should have an opportunity their country's laws to frame.

And the Ladies' legislation will be sure to cause sensation,

For they'll do away with everything that seems to them a shame!

*Spoken—Then— Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.*

They will promptly clap a stopper on whate'er they deem improper,

Put an end to vaccination, landed property, and pubs;

And they'll fine TOM, DICK, and HARRY, if they don't look sharp and marry,

And for Kindergartens confiscate those nasty horrid Clubs!

*Spoken—Ah! Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.*

They'll declare it's quite immoral to engage in foreign quarrel,

And that Britons never never will be warriors any more!

When our forces are abolished, and defences all demolished,

They will turn upon the Jingo tack, and want to go to war!

*Spoken—So— Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.*

*(With a grieved air.)* Yet there's some who'd close such vistas to their poor down-trodden sisters,

And persuade 'em, if they're offered votes, politely to refuse!

Say they do not care about 'em, and would rather be without 'em—

Oh, I haven't common patience with such narrer-minded views!

*Spoken—No! Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.*

And it's females—that's the puzzle!—who petition for the muzzle,

Which I call it poor and paltry, and I think you'll say so too.

They are not in any danger. Let 'em drop the dog-in-manger!

If they don't require the vote themselves, there's other Ladies do!

*Spoken—And— Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.*

*[Here the Singer will gradually retreat backwards to the rear of the stage, open his crush-hat, and extend it in an attitude of triumph as the Curtain descends.]*

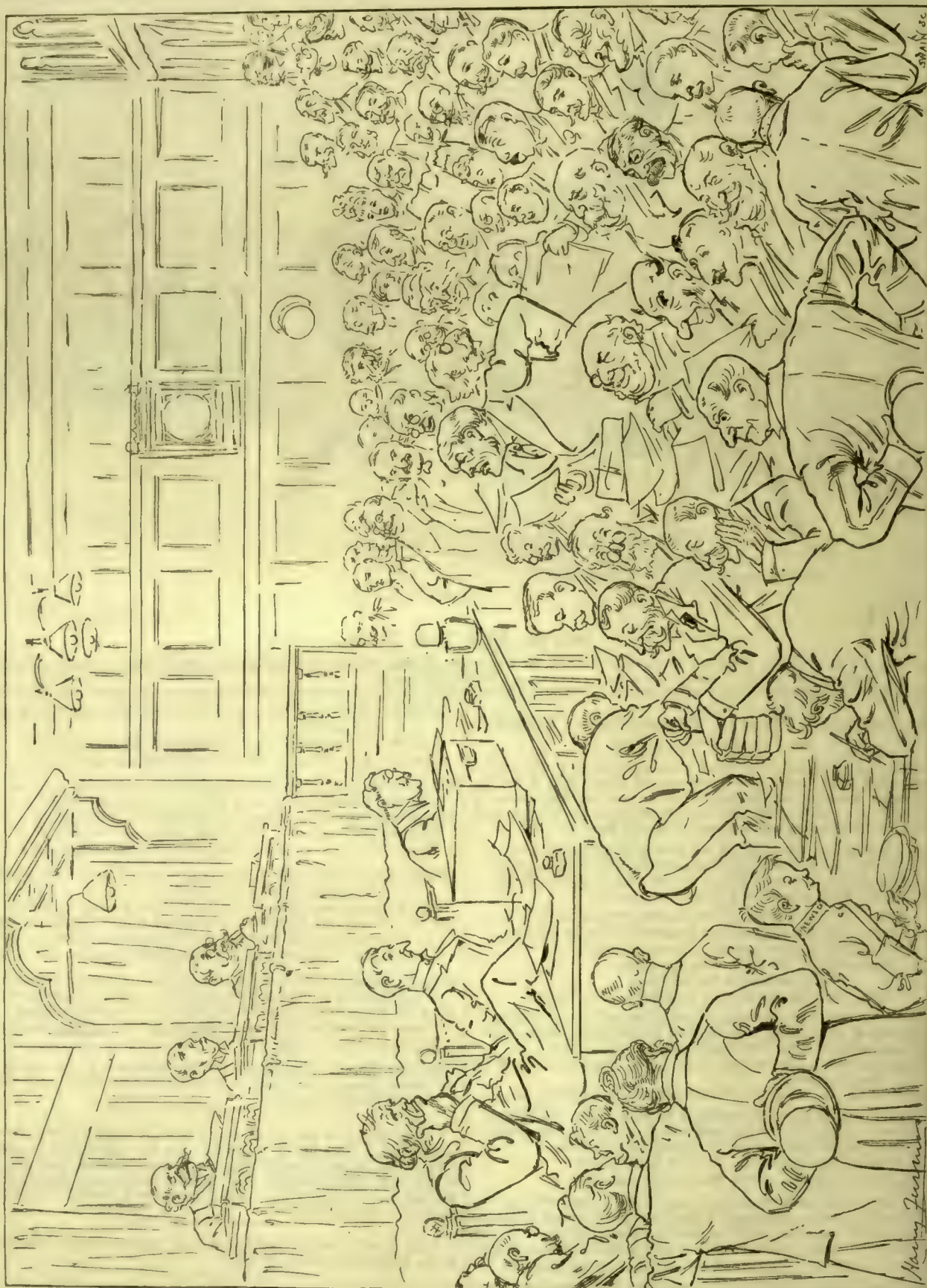
“THE case in a nutshell”—or at least, if a nutshell may be considered as a hat, in a hat-box. In the Bishop of LINCOLN's prosecution, it was thought that the decision in the BENNETT case would be of some weight. One objection to this was, that in future the two would be quoted as “The Lincoln and Bennett” cases, and so cause some confusion.

FROM THE DISESTABLISHER'S POINT OF VIEW.—The modern JONAH is the English Church in Wales.

“STRIKES ON HIS OWN BOX.”—The Paris Cabman.



INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 71.



THE JOCKEY CLUB IN COURT.



**PERSIAN PUZZLES. (WAITING SOLUTION.)**

How will they manage to land the SHAH at the Speaker's Stairs? How will they get him there? Will they smuggle him on board at Greenwich, and bring him in a Penny Steamboat, or leave it in the hands of the River Police?

Will he and his *suite* of seventy-three attendants be conveyed by the London General Omnibus Company, and escorted by the Royal Horse Guards Band to Buckingham Palace? Will the stair-carpet of that establishment all be taken up, fresh straw spread on the floors of the State rooms, and the furniture covered up, so as to suit it to the Oriental habits of its temporary occupants?

Will the Director of the Household supply the SHAH and *suite*, pending their stay, with free admissions to the Baths and Washhouses in the Buckingham Palace Road?

Will His Majesty be suffered to make his toilette in the State drawing-room, and wipe his muddy boots on the blue satin damask of the over-mantel?

Will he, when he lunches with the LORD MAYOR, present him with the stalks of his asparagus and expect him to eat them?

Will he insist on bestowing the Grand Cross of the Order of the Pink Hyena on M. TUSAUD?

Will he, during his visit to Covent Garden, send for Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS and, offering to buy the entire *Corps de Ballet* of him, expect him to cart it off to Buckingham Palace as it stands?

Will the Crystal Palace Company secure him on a Saturday, and making a feature of him, together with "fountains and fireworks," manage, by the joint attraction, to score a decent financial success.

Will the rival institution at Muswell Hill be able to persuade him to go up in a Balloon and descend in a Parachute before the admiring thousands who congregate there daily to witness such performances.

Who will look after the SHAH when the public Showmen have done with him?

What on earth will Lord SALISBURY do with him for the two days that he is going to entertain him at Hatfield? How will he try to counteract the effect of the CZAR's alleged threat of the "hundred thousand bayonets"? Will he button-hole the SHAH, and do his best to allay his fears at a Garden Party? Will he try to pacify him by making him an Honorary Grand Knight Outsider of the Primrose League? Or, will he endeavour to impress him by showing him his poultry and pigs? If not, will the Duke of NORFOLK, who is to have him next, be likely to improve on the occasion?

Failing this, who will be able to provide a programme of excitement, change, and sight-seeing that will last his surfeited Majesty out the entire three weeks he purposes devoting to his inquiring stay among us?

**Blissful Ignorance.**

"It may be doubted whether one person in ten thousand who read what was written (last week in the papers) knew anything about BRUNO at all."—*Saturday Review*, June 15.

WHO WAS GIORDANO BRUNO?

I don't know, I own. Do you know?

Who or what he was but few know;

Fewer still, and this I do know,

Care one cuss for this same BRUNO.

**HOOK AND LINE.**

HAPPY Thought of the Great Eastern Railway Company to issue little pamphlets containing lists of houses and cottages to let along their line, also farm-house apartments, with names of owners, number of rooms, terms, &c. Delightful associations conjured up by the words "farmhouse apartments"—better still, if they could keep the good old title of "lodgings"! Home-made bread! Pure milk! Fresh eggs! And fresh air! And purling (why "purling"? streams! And daisied and buttercupped meadows! All you have to do is to get your pamphlet, and take your choice—of houses. The list is a long one—you enter the lists, and you're suited at once! Then the G. E. R. also publishes little descriptive leaflets of the districts it runs through—the Valley of the Stour, for instance, which of course helps the tourist greatly in fixing on his s-tour! He will probably sing, "Mine be a cot beside the Great Eastern Railway Line," and thank the Directors for directing his attention to this crowd of would-be letters—this rural "letter-press"!

**SONGS OF THE SUMMER.**

"THE WEATHER SEEMS TO BE IMPROVING, NUPKINS!"—"YES, MRS.; THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE CUCKOO IS A-OLLERIN', EVERY NIGHT!"

**YANKEE NOTIONS.**

(New Version composed by a Member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, during the visit of the American Engineers to London on their way to the Paris Exhibition.)

WE have come across the sea from America the free,

And we guess it is to see how you are, JOHN BULL.

WE'd a notion that your bridges matched with ours were much like midges,

When compared with a big bufler or a bar, JOHN BULL.

WE have enterprise and nous, and a hundred and fifty thousand

Miles of railway, and the Washington monument, JOHN BULL,

But we've seen in your small clearing some big works of engineering,

And a very jolly time of it we've spent, JOHN BULL.

WE have seen the Mersey Tunnel, 'tis a tidy little funnel;

The Manchester Ship Canal, and Bridge of Forth, JOHN BULL.

And we find the land of SMEATON not so easily is beaten.

WE have travelled East and West, and South and North, JOHN BULL.

In your skill we've grown believers, and those Forth-Bridge cantilevers

Lick the topping towers of Washington and Eiffel, JOHN BULL.

And now we would say thankee on behalf of every Yankee

Who has had your hospitality, no trifle, JOHN BULL.

At the Guildhall Banquet truly every toast was honoured duly,

And the Yankee Engineers received a bumper, JOHN BULL.

The old "Star-spangled Banner," sung by FRYER in a manner

All his own, made every Yankee heart a thumper, JOHN BULL.

It seemed to float right o'er us as we all joined in the chorus,

And drank the loving cup in Civic style, JOHN BULL.

Well, and here's three hearty cheers for Old England's Engineers,

Who make the best of your queer little isle, JOHN BULL.

'Tisn't long, 'tis rayther narrow, but LAIRD, BESSEMER, and YARROW,

With ARMSTRONG, WHITWORTH, MAUDSLAY, FORD, and RENNIE, JOHN BULL,

And others quite as clever use their very best endeavour

To make their little land as good as any, JOHN BULL.

We must presently go back, and when on the homeward track

The results of our excursion we shall tot, JOHN BULL,

And shall find ourselves agreeing we have seen some things worth seeing

In the land of TELFORD, STEPHENSON, and WATT, JOHN BULL.





### THE AUTOMATIC POLICEMAN.

PUT A PENNY IN THE SLOT, AND HE STOPS THE TRAFFIC.

### A PACIFIC LAY.

"The American Consul in the Society Islands, Consul DORY, has just married the beautiful but dusky Princess POLONA."—*Daily Paper*.

MR. DORY was an enterprising Yankee,

An aggressive, imperious, go-ahead sort of cuss;

In New York he frequently became rather moody (but not particularly SANKY),

Because the place offered no scope to his undoubted geni-us.

He said to himself, "I am in rather a ticklish position, If I stay here, I may be driven to some desperate deed;

I may become a murderer—or even a politician, Though naturally to the son of scrupulously honest parents (that's me) the latter possibility is horrible to contemplate, unless one were in absolute need."

So Mr. DORY went off to the White House, and asked for a berth,

Although, having already been born once, it was rather unfair of him to expect to have it all over again;

He got one, however, as a Consul at the ends of the earth; And, having a good eye to the main chance, he determined to chance the perils of the main.

He arrived at the Society Islands in perfect safety,

And seeing a comely Princess, bethought himself of a Safety Match!

"As an American Consul," he soliloquised with remarkable naïveté,

"I have a right to some Consul-ation, and I fancy I'm rather a catch."

The wooing was short, in accordance with the habits of the nation,

For Consul DORY just told the King he doted on his Burnt-Um-berish girl;

And his Majesty treated the matter as an official communication,

And regretted that all the dowry he could afford was one exceptionally fine pearl.

So, married they were; but the Bridegroom thought he had been a trifle hasty,

When his Father-in-law explained the usual rites where a cannibal Princess is wed;

And Princess POLONA herself boxed his ears in the vestry,

Because he had not provided some plump relations (cold) for the nuptial spread.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule

However, they served up his best man (a Yankee friend) as a tasty side-dish,  
And the Princess's "going-away dress" was exclusively composed of the teeth of some lively sharks,  
And when the Consul succeeds to the kingship of the Cannibal Islands—if such be his wish—  
He may be more inclined than he is at present to think that his alliance with the beautiful but carnivorous Princess POLONA was rather larks!

### "LE FOOTE-BALLE."

Offices of the Athletic Convention, Paris.

MONSIEUR,—HAVING already expressed my views as to the capabilities possessed by "Le Cricquette" for becoming a national game worthy the attention of the young sporting gentlemen of our modern France, I now turn me to the consideration of your "Foote-Balle."

I have examined the apparatus for the play you have so kindly sent over,—the great leathern bag of wind which is kicked, "*les Goalpoles*," and the regulations for the playing of the game, and have seen your fifteen professional County "kickmen" engage,—I shudder as I recall the terrible sight,—in a contest, horrible, murderous, and demoniacal, with an equal number of my unhappy compatriots, alas! in their enthusiasm and élan, ignorant of the deadly struggle that awaited them in the game in which they were about innocently to join. To witness the savage rush of your professional kickmen was terrifying, and when, in displaying "*le scrimmage*," they scattered, with the kicks of their legs, my fainting compatriots, who fell lamed and wounded in all directions, I said to myself, this "Foote-Balle" is not a pastime, it is an encounter of wild beasts, "*un vrai carnage*," fit to be played, not by civilised sporting gentlemen, but by cannibals.

But let me explain that it is not the kick to which I object, for is not *le coup de pied* the national defence of France? Indeed, in your own fist contest in "Le Boxe Match," is not to deliver a kick in the jaw of your antagonist considered a meritorious *coup*, showing great skill in the boxe-man? And do not our own *garçons de collège* kick a *confrère* when he is "down," and point to the circumstance with a legitimate pride and satisfaction? No, it is not *le coup de pied* which makes horrible "Le Foote-Balle," but the conspiracy organised of the kickmen—*Les Demids* (the 'alf-backs), *Les En Avants* (the Forwards), and the "Goal-keepers"—all to kick the leathern bag of wind at once, and so produce a murderous *mêlée*, in which arms, legs, ribs, thighs, necks, and spines are all broken together, and may be heard simultaneously cracking by any of the terror-struck but helpless spectators who are watching the ghastly contest.

Viewing the game under this aspect, you will not be surprised to hear that my Committee have, as they did in dealing with "Le Cricquette" revised the rules and regulations for the playing of your "Foote-Balle," so as to suit it to the tastes and requirements of the rising generation of our Modern France. I cannot at present furnish you with full details of the suggested modifications, but I may inform you that it has been unanimously decided that the "Balle," which is to be of "some light airy, floating material, and three times its present size," is not to be touched by the foot at all, but struck lightly by the palm of the hand, and thus wafted harmlessly with a smart smack, over the heads of the combatants.

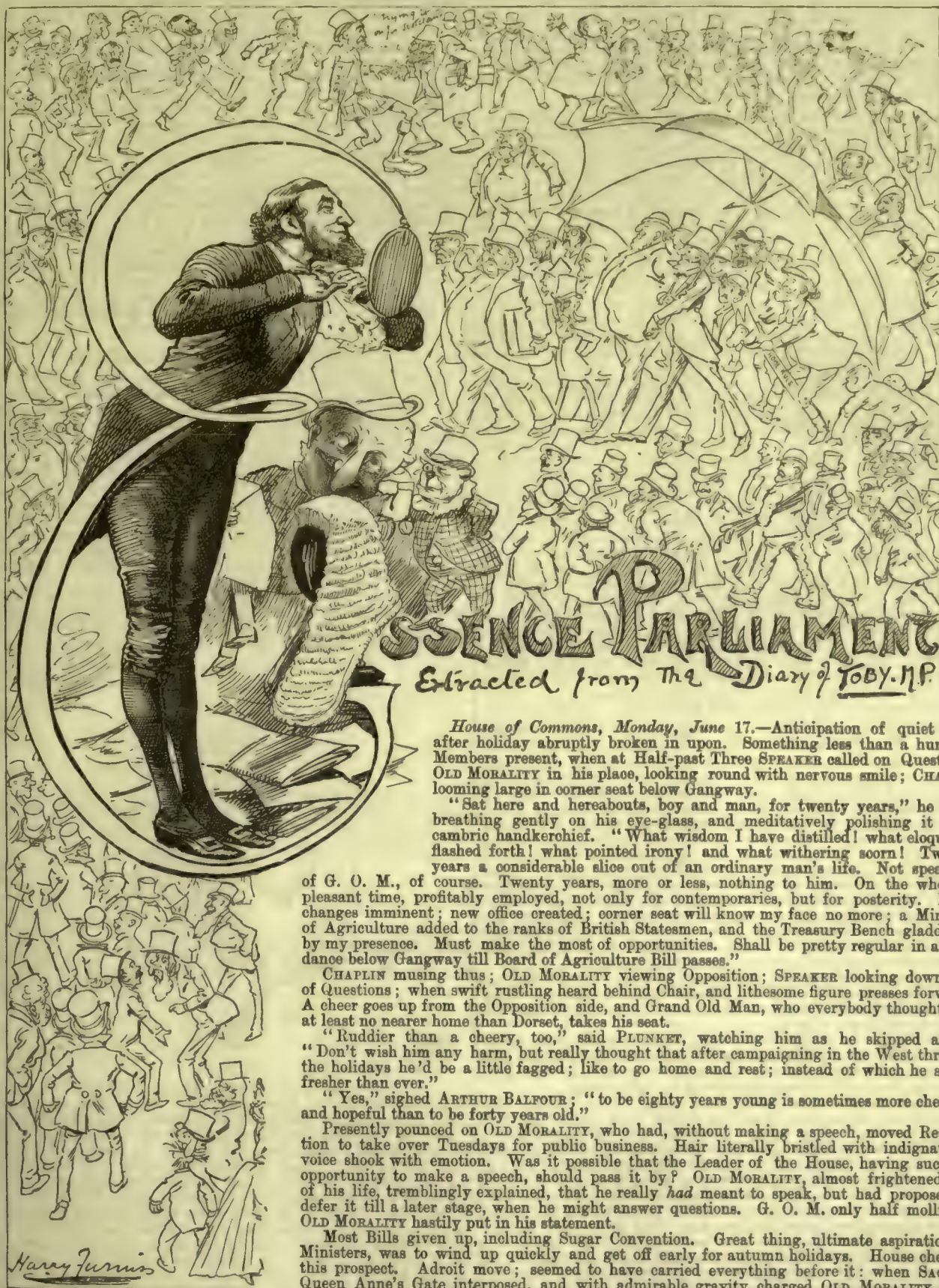
As to costume, the game is to be played in white satin bed-room slippers, with (as a protection in the event spite every possible precaution, of "*le scrimmage*" arising) feather pillows strapped over the knees and chest. It is calculated by our Committee that the savage proclivities of the game, as fostered by the terrible rules of your murderous "Rugby Association," will be thus, in some measure, counteracted.

Hoping soon to hear from you on the subject of your *Courses d'Eau*, as I shall doubtless have some suggestions to make in reference to the conduct of your aquatic contests, receive, Monsieur, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration,

THE SECRETARY TO THE CONGRESS.

MUSICAL NOTE.—A song, called "*Though Wisdom Be Me Forget*," by H. KLEIN, is effective if, on being asked you can sing it; if not, "D. Klein with thanks."





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT

Extracted from The Diary of TOBY. M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 17.—Anticipation of quiet time after holiday abruptly broken in upon. Something less than a hundred Members present, when at Half-past Three SPEAKER called on Questions. OLD MORALITY in his place, looking round with nervous smile; CHAPLIN looming large in corner seat below Gangway.

"Sat here and hereabouts, boy and man, for twenty years," he said, breathing gently on his eye-glass, and meditatively polishing it with cambric handkerchief. "What wisdom I have distilled! what eloquence flashed forth! what pointed irony! and what withering scorn! Twenty years a considerable slice out of an ordinary man's life. Not speaking

of G. O. M., of course. Twenty years, more or less, nothing to him. On the whole, a pleasant time, profitably employed, not only for contemporaries, but for posterity. Now, changes imminent; new office created; corner seat will know my face no more; a Minister of Agriculture added to the ranks of British Statesmen, and the Treasury Bench gladdened by my presence. Must make the most of opportunities. Shall be pretty regular in attendance below Gangway till Board of Agriculture Bill passes."

CHAPLIN musing thus; OLD MORALITY viewing Opposition; SPEAKER looking down list of Questions; when swift rustling heard behind Chair, and lithesome figure presses forward. A cheer goes up from the Opposition side, and Grand Old Man, who everybody thought was at least no nearer home than Dorset, takes his seat.

"Ruddier than a cheery, too," said PLUNKET, watching him as he skipped along. "Don't wish him any harm, but really thought that after campaigning in the West through the holidays he'd be a little fagged; like to go home and rest; instead of which he seems fresher than ever."

"Yes," sighed ARTHUR BALFOUR; "to be eighty years young is sometimes more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old."

Presently pounced on OLD MORALITY, who had, without making a speech, moved Resolution to take over Tuesdays for public business. Hair literally bristled with indignation; voice shook with emotion. Was it possible that the Leader of the House, having such an opportunity to make a speech, should pass it by? OLD MORALITY, almost frightened out of his life, tremblingly explained, that he really *had* meant to speak, but had proposed to defer it till a later stage, when he might answer questions. G. O. M. only half mollified. OLD MORALITY hastily put in his statement.

Most Bills given up, including Sugar Convention. Great thing, ultimate aspiration of Ministers, was to wind up quickly and get off early for autumn holidays. House cheered this prospect. Adroit move; seemed to have carried everything before it: when SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate interposed, and with admirable gravity charged OLD MORALITY with systematically aggressive conduct; hoped there would be an improvement in this respect. OLD MORALITY, at first thought this was a joke, and smiled his genial smile. But no



responsive flicker of amusement on faces round him. All looked grave, sad, reproachful. Smile after few ghastly flickers, died off OLD MORALITY's face. Was it true? Could it be so, that he had shown himself aggressive, bullying the House, trampling on the rights of private Members, scaring his colleagues with scathing glances? He bent his head in acknowledgment of the crime, resolved to fight against his besetting sin. *Business done.*—Supply.

*Tuesday.*—Miraculous effect of waving of OLD MORALITY's magic wand. His masterly speech of yesterday has overcome all opposition, smoothed away all acerbity, brought about a political Millennium.

"Talk about squeezing oil out of bladders on to the stormy seas," said Admiral FIELD "it's nothing to our great Captain's operations. I'm an old Salt of many years pickle. Suppose I may say that I'm the best stage sailor in the House, more rollicking in my gait, more familiarly uncouth in my speech, and more generally a nuisance than any other retired Admiral. Feel I've a right to speak on this as on any other matter, and I will say that, for a regular storm-soother, a patent dead-calm producer, pipe all hands aloft and give me OLD MORALITY!"



The Admiral.

By Half-past Ten the last Vote for the year in Navy Estimates agreed to. Everyone makes believe it is in ordinary course of things; not even a cheer raised. Then Fleet retires; British Army assembles on the strand, and STANHOPE moves successive Votes. The Colonels prove as docile as the Admirals; Vote after Vote passed; only when midnight hour strikes, Committee pulled up, having done more work in a single sitting than accomplished in the whole of twenty-nine nights previously spent in Committee.

*Business done.*—Supply voted with both hands.

*Thursday.*—GEORGE CAMPBELL managed to give a fillip to Debate on Scotch Universities Bill. Didn't look as if anyone could do it; but GEORGE, taking counsel with Dr. CLARK, managed it. Debate been on for several hours. Scot succeeded Scot with regularity and despatch. English, Welsh, and Irish Members fled the scene. It was Home Rule realised; Scotch Parliament debating a Scotch measure. JOSEPH GILLIS, whose judicial engagements keep him in town, hovered around the back benches, casting benevolent regard upon the scene. Particularly enjoyed the bored look of the Clerks, and the lassitude against which SPEAKER bravely struggled. When five or six Members rose together, competing for precedence, JOSEPH's smile broadened, and his eye took on a deeper mist of tenderness as it fell upon the four or five who missed the chance and resumed seat with woebegone look. After a while the pleasure palled, and JOSEPH lightly withdrew, to return again at midnight and see that no one by accident got his Bill advanced a stage.

CAMPBELL and CLARK each had speech to make. Rose with great regularity when opening presented itself. SPEAKER didn't see them. "Oh! very well!" said the KNIGHT of KIRCALDY, "the time will come when you *shall* hear me."

LYON PLAYFAIR, finding an opening, grew quite eloquent. "The lion rampant o' Scotland," said he, "has been standing on its hind legs, pawing the air." Curious to note how involuntarily the orator, extending his hands, imitated gesture of the nobler beast.

At midnight Professor STUART on his legs, "commenting with satisfaction on the clauses for affiliation with local institutions with the Universities." Only ten minutes left. OLD MORALITY sent for; hurriedly enters; planted himself on extreme edge of Bench, with hands on knees and eye on the clock; familiar attitude, ready to pounce. STUART, catching sight of him, brought remarks to sudden conclusion. Five minutes to twelve, and still time to divide. Then uprose KNIGHT of KIRCALDY and moved adjournment of Debate. Cry of despair from Ministerial Benches. OLD MORALITY's emotion pitiful to look on. Just missed his chance. If he moved that "the question be now put," "the question" would be, not that Bill be read a Second Time, but that Debate be now adjourned. Appealed to KNIGHT to withdraw. CLARK said "No." He and KNIGHT would die first. Question put, that Debate be now adjourned; the KNIGHT relented; did not challenge SPEAKER's decision that Noes had it.

Therefore Debate might proceed. CLARK rose to continue it. Only two minutes to twelve. If he spoke for two minutes Debate necessarily stands adjourned. Critical moment. OLD MORALITY, trembling with excitement, rose to its height. Almost tumbling off edge of seat, he pounced. Closure was carried, with sixty seconds to spare, and, just on the stroke of Midnight, Bill read Second Time.

"These are mad moments," said OLD MORALITY, as he passed the LORD ADVOCATE's handkerchief over his moist and massive brow, "that make old men of us before our due time."

*Business done.*—Scotch University Bill read Second Time.

*Friday Night.*—Ireland once more burst in at Evening Sitting. Introduced by JOHN ELLIS. House went back to old topic like reformed drunkard breaking out again. Benches filled; eyes brightened; faces flushed; cheers and counter-cheers filled place. Grand Old Man looked in, spoiling for a fight. Up half-a-dozen times whilst SAUNDERSON speaking. But no chance for Old Parliamentary Hand. ARTHUR BALFOUR driven into last half hour of sitting; JOHN MORLEY crushed out altogether; CLANCY delivered tremendous oration; SAUNDERSON lashed out in fine form. Then WIND-BAG SEXTON took the floor, and all was lost. Stretched himself and his speech over Half-past Twelve. *Business done.*—More Supply.

## SOLDIERING AT ISLINGTON.

THREE more days of the Military Tournament! Charming sight at Merry Military Islington. Go and see the musical single-stick drill by the boys of the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea. Not a single stick among them. What a good idea for rehearsing dull actors? The "Single-stick Drill" eh? The Prince of WALES's own Lancers—Dancers are as good as ever, and their musical ride is one of the prettiest sights of the Show. So for the Gallant Heavies on their magnificent chargers. The musical dumb-bell Sailor Boys Drill is a fine sight. How the exercise opens their sea-chests! And then to see them marching home gaily sucking oranges! "The Tug of War," is exciting. This is a part of the entertainment calculated to attract all Etonians, and I wonder your friend Mr. DUMB CRAMBO hasn't drawn a youthful Eton Colleger squaring up at an Oppidan to illustrate "The 'Tug' of War."

The Grand Finale of laying down a river, starting a couple of banks—quite secure, and offering facilities for military investment—of making a bridge in less than five minutes, of bivouacking, of firing, fighting, killing, wounding, mending, marring, storming and



"The Camels are coming! On quick! On slow!"

capturing the fort, is admirably done. This portion of the show, with the additional novelty of a specimen of the Camel Corps, is under the command of Colonel ONSLOW, the Inspector of Military Gymnasia, who has done so much to give an impulse to useful and entertaining work. Then, when the battle is over, to see them pack up, demolish the bridge, pull up the river (without any boat! quite a marvel in itself), carry off the wounded, and ride and drive away as blithe as thrushes in the early morn, sends all the spectators away contented, except such as choose to stop for the lemon-slicing and ring-sticking for prizes. Perhaps ere this appears the German Dogs of War will be on view. In speed they excel bicyclists and horses, and are trained to fetch and carry despatches. Retrievers capable of retrieving the ill fortunes of war. *Ah, que j'aime les Militaires!* And long life to Major MARCUS TULLIUS, the courteous and obliging Cicerone.

THE ANGEL OF ISLINGTON.



ROYAL AGRICULTURAL  
SOCIETY OF  
ENGLAND  
PRESIDENT  
HER MAJESTY  
~QUEEN~  
50<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY



"SPEED THE PLOUGH!"

"MODUS OPERANDI."

(The Covent Garden Government and Her Majesty's Opposition.)

Monday, June 17.—Covent Garden devoted to the Home Department in *Lohengrin*. Scotland and Ireland represented by the O'BARTON McGUCKIN, and the Colonies generally by Madame ALBANI, the "Tenor from the Emerald Isle" playing with just the least touch of vinegar in the title rôle. The O'BARTON makes *Lohengrin* a much sharper Knight than the gentleman usually represented by M. JEAN DE RESZKE. As he sings in Italian, those who do not understand that delightful language, and are too mean to purchase "a book of the words," can imagine that he is saying "just thread on the tail of me coat," in Act I. Madame ALBANI as delightful as ever, and the real trees introduced in the "exteriors" flourishing. No Opposition to speak of (or to listen to) at Her Majesty's.

Tuesday.—Mlle. TONI SCHLÄGER, promised for last week, makes her first appearance under the banner of DRUBIOLANUS in *Valentine*. The young lady scores a success, although only a daring wag would declare that her name should not be abbreviated, as there AN TONI like her. *Mise-en-scène* excellent, and real trees from Epping Forest, in spite of their late hours' work, as fresh as Epping butter. Her Majesty's Opposition, determined to have one good night of something really novel, produces the *Trovatore*. *Manrico*, represented

by Mr. WARMUTH. In Music Hall slang, "WARMUTH is a 'hot 'un.'" He beginneth coolly, but Warmuth to his work.

Thursday.—Mr. HARRIS's Government supports the second reading of Italian Opera in French. *Roméo et Juliette* Bill cut up into several Acts. M. MONTARIOL as good-natured as ever. Last week this talented person sang the music of a minor character "to oblige the management;" now he is announced to have "kindly consented to play *Tybalt*, although not a leading part, in order to assist in making a perfect *ensemble*." DE RESZKE FRÈRES engaged in the like endeavour. Same pleasant task undertaken by M. SEGUIN, and that perfect Duke, Signor CASTELMARY. Madame MELBA-MELBOURNE also doing her best to carry out a similar object. Last and not least, real trees from Epping Forest kindly lending their valuable services by appearing in the Garden Scene, thus obliging the management, and assisting in making a perfect *ensemble*. House crowded with an audience at once discriminating and enthusiastic. *Her Majesty's Opposition*.—Low-price Policy Bill brought in.

### MON SHAH, CHAR-MANT.

SIR.—Now that the SHAH is on his road to our shores, it has occurred to some one to remember the condition in which Buckingham Palace was left after his last visit. To say the least, the recollection is not a pleasant one, and can scarcely afford gratification to Lord SALISBURY, the Duke of NORFOLK, and the other obliging and patriotic persons who have been so good as to promise to "look after" his barbaric Majesty from "a Saturday to a Monday." It is, perhaps, not too late even now to make some slight alteration in the programme which would at once protect the Royal property, and sensibly increase the comfort of the swarthy Sovereign and his eccentric suite. To assist the Authorities (if they are willing to adopt this idea), I beg to suggest the following time-table:—

10 A.M. Grand reception of the SHAH and suite in the grounds of Buckingham Palace.

11 A.M. State practical joke of upsetting His Majesty and suite into the ornamental water.

12 NOON. Great drying competition in the sun on the top of an artificial hill, in which His Majesty and Court will be invited to take part.

1 P.M. State visit of inspection of the SHAH, attended by his Grand Vizier, to the coal-cellars of Buckingham Palace.

2 P.M. Royal banquet. Specially prepared luxuries for the SHAH and suite, served in an empty wine vault.

3 P.M. Prize-fight in a retired part of the pleasure-grounds, at which the Persian visitors will assist in honour of His Majesty.

4 P.M. Siesta (in the loose-boxes of the Royal stables) of the SHAH and Persian Court.

5 P.M. "Five o'clock bones" served in the same place.

6 P.M. Visit to Spanish Exhibition, where the Wild West Enclosure will be reserved as a retiring-room for the Persian visitors.

7 P.M. Fireworks and a Bull-fight, subject to the consent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

8 P.M. "Row-how-whack," or State Quarrel, in which members of the Persian Court will take part.

9 P.M. The SHAH, escorted by a squadron of Horse Guards (Blue), will be conveyed to his State Apartments in the Zoological Gardens.

10 P.M. His Majesty will take dinner in the presence of the British Public.

They say His Majesty has much improved since he was last here, so this change of programme may not be so necessary as at present it appears to yours, "SWEET LAVENDER."





## ARISTOCRACIES OF THE PAST AND FUTURE.

SCENE—An Island in British Oceania. TIME—1889.

*His Highness the Grand Duke of Gerolstein.* "ACH! MISS PROWN—IN YOUR LÖFLY BRESENCE I FORKET MY ZIXTY-VOUR KVARTERINGS. I LAY MY DITLÉ AT YOUR VEET. BITTE! PECOOME ZE CRANT TOCHESS OF GEROLSTEIN!"

*Miss Brown.* "YOUR HIGHNESS ALSO FORGETS THAT I HAVE SIXTY-FOUR QUARTERINGS!"

*His Highness.* "ACH! HOW IS DAT, MISS PROWN?"

*Miss Brown.* "WHY, MY FATHER AND MOTHER, MY FOUR GRANDPARENTS, MY EIGHT GREAT-GRANDPARENTS, MY SIXTEEN GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPARENTS, AND MY THIRTY-TWO GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPARENTS, WERE ALL CERTIFIED OVER SIX FOOT SIX INCHES, PERFECT IN FORM AND FEATURE, AND WITH HEALTH AND MINDS AND MANNERS TO MATCH, OR THEY WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO MARRY. AND THOUGH I'M THE SHORTEST AND PLAINEST GIRL IN THE COLONY, I SHOULD NEVER BE ALLOWED TO MARRY ANY-ONE SO VERY MUCH BENEATH MYSELF AS YOUR HIGHNESS!"

## TAKING IT EASY.

HENLEY, 1889.

S-L-SB-RY (in stern-sheets) sings:—

REALLY, WILLIAM HENRY, this is placid.  
DIZZY'S "holy calm" was hardly in it.  
In his smile there lurked a sneer sub-acid,  
But this calm grows calmer every minute.  
Pouf! The breeze puff hardly fill the sheet.  
Just a brisker puff would be more bracing.  
Henley time; but nothing that we meet  
Speaks of racing.

"Greenlands," SMITH, is really most delightful;

Quite a jolly place for the Regatta.  
Here we can forget the shindy frightful  
Of the friends and foes of restless PAT. Ah!  
GLADSTONE has a funny way of spending  
Holidays. He Cornwall stumps, and Devon.  
Purgatory sure is speech unending;  
This is heaven!

With the wind, and with a stream that's  
flowing, [sion],  
(GLADSTONE fancies that's his sole posses-  
This, indeed, is pleasant, easy going.  
Look ahead, SMITH! What is your im-  
pression?

Far as I can see, the way before us  
Is as clear as are the skies above us.  
Whilst our friends ashore, in cheery chorus,  
Swear they love us.

Where are now the boats that blocked our  
course? [scamper?

Where the tow-path imps that howl and  
On we waft, with wind of gentle force,  
With a flowing sheet and a full hamper.  
Soughing winds soft whisper through the  
trees,

By our boat the wavelets lap and bubble,  
All is happiness and hopeful ease,  
Void of trouble.

The preliminary heats are done,  
All portends an unopposed "walk over."  
Don't you feel, SMITH, that this life is fun?  
Don't you own, my lad, that we're in  
clover?

Don't you think this calm, of menace void,  
Free of all the row the Rads were hoping  
for,

This sweet time of joyance unalloyed,  
Was worth stopping for?

THE NOBLE GAME OF CRICKET. — An op-  
posite to "Base Ball."

## A LAUREATE'S PROTEST.

Uttered on reading an account of a recent Auction  
Sale.

BEHOLD, they will dare anything!  
They'll sell my friendship by the yard,  
And count the bargain none too hard,  
Provided it but profit bring!

So runs my say! But what are they?  
Mere wretched hucksters, making light  
Of authorship's unchallenged right!  
Their one idea—to make it pay!

NICE DOG THAT.—Last Saturday the *Daily Telegraph*, giving an account of a burglary at Wanstead, told how plucky young Mr. DENMAN let loose the dog and entered the dining-room, where two burglars were at work. One of them bolted. Mr. DENMAN went for the other, calling upon the dog to seize him. But the dog quietly turned tail and "trotted out of the room." We present this wonderful instance of sagacity to the *Spectator*. The reason for the dog's movements will probably be best explained in one Latin word, which gives at once the question and answer; i.e., "Cur?"



PARIS WELCOMING MR. PUNCH.

(Allegorical Cartoon.)







## MR. PUNCH IN PARIS.

COMMUNICATION FROM THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

"Il faut absolument faire quelque chose," wrote M. le Président CARNOT to the Universal President PUNCH, "ou la grève va tout gâter, et l'Exposition ratera. Notre bon M. DE BL-W-TZ n'est pour rien dans cette crise, et ce cher C-MPB-LL-CL-RKE, 'de la plus grande circulation du monde,' a naturellement son équipage à lui, par conséquent cette grève ne l'incommode en aucune façon,—au contraire, il n'en circule que plus grandement dans les rues désencombrées de fiacres. Et moi,—hélas!—est-ce que ma présidence va se signaler par un fiasco, comme celle de mon prédécesseur GRÈVE-Y?"

"I must stop this," said Mr. Punch, Universal President of Art, Science, Letters, and, raising his silver ink-horn to his lips, he sent forth one circular note, clear and distinct. In obedient response to the summons, fourteen Cabinet Counsellors stood round the Presidential Chair.

"Ten of you will accompany me to Paris," said Mr. Punch, "TOBY, M.P., has Parliamentary duties to attend to." Toby howled piteously.

"Cheer up, TOBY," whispered The Great Unapproachable Cartoonist, "you are out of it, but so, unfortunately, am I. Yet you shall be in my allegorical cartoon, representing the triumphal entry of Mr. Punch into the French capital."

## AT VICTORIA.

The Regiment of Guards was drawn up, and all the veterans of the Line (L. C. & D.) were in gala uniform, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Punch, who was accompanied by Mr. BRIEFLESS, Q.C. of Grub Court, The Private Orator, The Treasurer, Mr. CARTOON JUNIOR, The Marquis D'AMPSTEAD, The Philosophic Bard, The Lightning Impressionist, The Reciter, and The Genial One. The Chairman and Directors

walked in procession to the State Saloon Carriage; and Mr. WILLIAM FORBES, of the L. C. & D. Foreign Office, to whom the perfection of all the arrangements is due, overcome with emotion, fainted in the arms of Mister Chief Station-Superintendent MATTHEWS, as amid the joyous peals of bells and the letting off of the Royal steam-whistle-salute, the train slowly left the platform, Mr. Punch waving his adieux to the enthusiastic crowd.



## EXCITEMENT AT DOVER.

Weather lovely. On board the *New Calais-Douvres* Mr. Punch was received by all the L. C. & D. officials in full uniform, and shown into the State Cabin. Here a Deputation of the Ladies of England presented an Address and a magnificent bouquet. Then the Private Orator returned thanks in a speech which would have been ever memorable as one of the finest efforts in the English language, had not Mr. Punch, to whom punctuality is of the essence of politeness, ordered the *clôture* bell to be sounded, when the Deputation withdrew as quickly as possible, and the Orator was taken below.

## THE SCENE AT CALAIS.

Here the enthusiasm was indescribable. All along the quays, the jetties, and everywhere about the harbour, the crowd was drinking a "Punch d'honneur." Captain BLUMFIELD, of the L. C. & D. Navy, presented the courteous *Chéf-de-gare*, the principal officials, and the French representative of ROBERT the Waiter, who in turn presented the luncheon, on its arrival.

assembled, when Mr. Punch, unwilling to detain the train, expressed his wish to proceed.

"But, Sir," protested the Private Orator, "my address"—"Is on your luggage," said Mr. Punch, benignly; "it will be taken as read."

## REJOICINGS IN PARIS! LA FIN DE LA GRÈVE!

Mr. President PUNCH's progress had been one long triumph all along the line. His entry into Paris was an event the like of which, for simple and touching grandeur, has not been seen within the memory of man. The *Cochers*, all out to a man, beamed with joy, cracked their whips and sides with laughing. *Largesse* and *pourboires* everywhere.

## THE GRAND HOTEL.

Here The Baron BLUM, and all the Chiefs of the Service, with band and chorus, received Mr. Punch in the courtyard. After a short speech from the Private Orator, Mr. Punch was conducted to the State Apartments, specially reserved for him and five of his *suite*. The remainder were taken to



## EN ROUTE. MR. PUNCH AT LUNCH.

## TOUCHING CEREMONY.

It was here that TOBY, M.P., wearing his collar, for it was a "Collar Day," most reluctantly took leave of his kind master and the luncheon, which he eyed wistfully.

"Sorry we cannot take you with us, Toby," said Mr. Punch, "but you must stay at home and mind 'The House.' You can have some chicken and a little *Beaune* at the Buffet. Your barque is on the sea. Love to all at Westminster. *Au revoir!*"

## EN ROUTE.

"Better a luncheon *ong root*, and contentment therewith," began the Marquis d'AMPSTEAD, forgetful for the moment of the presence of the President, who at once, raising his glass, drank to "absent friends." ROBERT le Français did wonders with an apparently inexhaustible basket. It was an entertainment equal to anything of another ROBERT's—ROBERT HOUDIN—only infinitely more substantial.

## RECEPTION AT AMIENS.

When ROBERT with his trick-basket descended from the train, Mr. Punch presented him with a gold medal commemorative of the occasion. The chief officials were in waiting, the Private Orator had already placed himself in an attitude near the book-stall, in front of which an enthusiastic and respectful crowd had

## THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

Where the Treasurer *dût* "The Pard," The Bard, The Lightning Impressionist, Mr. CARTOON JUNIOR, and The Young Substitute for the Unapproachable, were comfortably accommodated. The next morning the first meeting was held at

## LA TOUR EIFFEL.

There was a discussion as to the correct pronunciation of this word. "*Mon ami*," said the President, taking off his hat to M. EIFFEL, and then looking up at the gigantic, but light and elegant, structure, "I pronounce it—MARVELOUS!"

## M. PUNCH VISITS M. FIGARO.

"We cannot do better than procure a *Guide-Bleu* for the Exposition," observed Mr. Punch, "published by my friend Figaro, who, as Figaro should be, is everywhere."

"Ah, bravo Figaro, bravo bravissimo," hummed Mr. Punch gaily, as, stepping out on the second platform of the Eiffel Tower, he made his way to the Pavillon du Figaro, "*à 115 mètres 73 centimètres de hauteur*,"—but there was not the slightest sign of hauteur about M. EMILE BERR, who, *très bien élevé* at that elevation, most courteously received the Illustrious Visitor, explained to him "*comment s'est faite l'Exposition*," showed him how Figaro's



printing machines worked, and gave him "*renseignements généraux*" of the most useful and comprehensive character.

After warmly shaking hands with M. EMILE BEHR, and saluting the cheerful and polite compositors, Mr. Punch was conducted to the lift by M. EIFFEL, whom he sincerely congratulated on the success of his vast enterprise.

#### AT THE SUMMIT.

Subsequently, in company with the Great Originator, Mr. Punch spent over an hour on the topmost storey, whence is visible the most admirable panorama in the world, and in the Observatory he made this one observation—"L'Exposition,—c'est La Tour Eiffel."

"Now, Sir," said Mr. BRIEFLESS, Q.C., of Grub Court. "it is already twenty minutes past breakfast-time,"—but not another word was requisite, and they descended by the lift

garden of the Tuileries. After a short rest, and an entire change of costume, Mr. Punch drove to

#### LE RENDEZVOUS DIPLOMATIQUE, AUX AMBASSADEURS.

Here, as might be expected, the table, *sur la terrasse*, was covered with "excellencies," while a crowd in the garden below from time to time acclaimed with rapture the entertainment, which lasted on "that lovely night in June" (Miss DAMIAN's health and song!) until 11 o'clock. It was nearly midnight when Mr. Punch, noticing that Mr. BRIEFLESS, Q.C., was speaking of a *Café Chantant* as a "shaffy kontong," thought it time to summon the *voitures*, and drive to the *Café de la Paix*, where he considered that a refreshing iced drink taken through straws, would revive the eminent Barrister. The last straw, however, broke the Barrister's back, and murmuring something about "legal business of importance requiring his instant



### MR. PUNCH AT THE GRAND HOTEL.

#### AU RESTAURANT BRÉBANT,

where, out on the balcony, was served for him and his companions an excellent *déjeuner à la fourchette*, a light and airy repast, with plenty of moisture perfectly in keeping with the situation in *nubibus*.

"It is an eager and a nipping air," quoth Mr. CARTOON JUNIOR, as he helped himself to a "*fine*."

"*Finis coronat opus*," said The Philosophic Bard, following CARTOON JUNIOR'S example.

After cigars and coffee, the party descended to the *Beaux-Arts* Section, where awaited them an

#### ARTISTIC DEPUTATION,

headed by M. MAURICE BONVOISIN, to whom the *Journal Amusant* is the *Vrai Champ de "Mars"*, and M. POIRÉ dit "*Caran d'Ache*," in whose work Mr. Punch has always been deeply interested. Accompanied by these Artists of Light and Leading, Mr. Punch visited the most interesting and entertaining shows of the Exhibition, as well as the cleverly executed *Panorama du Siècle* in the

attention," Mr. BRIEFLESS received permission to retire for the night. On the third evening, being waited upon by a deputation from the *Français* to be present at a performance of *L'Etrangère*, Mr. Punch expressed his genuine regret that such a visit was not included in his programme, as nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to visit

#### LA MAISON DE MOLIERE,

if he had not received a most hospitable invitation to be present at a special evening entertainment

#### CHEZ MOLIER,

which he admitted was a horse of quite another colour. Here, while the night was yet young, Mr. Punch enjoyed the humours of *Le Veau et le Paysagiste*, the fun of *Le Buste*, and the capital burlesque pantomime of BUFFALO BILL'S Show.

#### LE RETOUR D'ULYSSE.

Early on Wednesday morning Captain CHURCHWARD, L. C. & D., in full uniform, was in attendance, as were all the officials of the



Gare du Nord, with hands. A Parisian *Garçon-en-chef* was on guard in the Reserved Saloon, where, soon after 10'30, a sumptuous repast was served, and between Amiens and Calais many a toast was drunk to the lasting success of *L'Exposition*, which had been in temporary peril on account of the *grève des cochers*, now happily ended by the visit of the Universal President PUNCH, who had thus restored confidence to the international visitors, good humour to everybody, and if he had left General BOULANGER in London, it was to establish General Satisfaction in Paris.



FIGARO, BIEN ÉLEVÉ, WELCOMES MR. PUNCH ON THE TOUR EIFFEL.

### 'ARRY IN PARRY

*Arry (who has overheard a Lady in a Victoria tell her Friend something about an "en tout cas").* I say what's she mean by that? (suddenly struck by his own sharpness). Oh, I twig! of course, "ong two car," that's the thing she's driving in. 'Ow simple, when you know the language a bit!

How to "Do THE EXPOSITION."—Take a *fauteuil roulant* at 2.50 the hour, and be wheeled about everywhere. Said SANDY M'NAB, "In this way ye'll do it varra wheel."

ANOTHER AND A SHORTER WAY OF "DOING" THE EXPOSITION.—Get in without paying. If you succeed, you will, perhaps have the additional pleasure of being invited to remain in France for some time, enjoying the hospitality of a truly liberal Government.

### A FULL AND COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE EXHIBITION.

(Compiled in the Style of the French Newspapers.)

You wish to get there? Why not? First your ticket. Bought at the door—one franc! Purchased at the Grand Hotel, seventy-five centimes!! But you may even obtain one just outside the entrance for *four sous*! Yet the one purchased at four *sous* may be a forgery! If it is, a *sergent de ville* will arrange matters with you, and probably give you a new experience!!!

And now you are in the great Exposition! Your first impression is, that the Government have annexed a large slice of Paris! You find that the "right of way" has disappeared from bridges, streets, and galleries. If such a thing were done in England, the papers would teem with indignant letters, addressed to the Editors. Do the Parisians complain? Not in the least—it is simply carrying out the idea of "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*," at the nominal charge of one hundred centimes per person. Long live the Republic!

"*Vive la Liberté!*" ought to have been inscribed over the Section where "Liberty's Fabrics" are exhibited.

You pass under the canvas awning of an annexed bridge, leaving on your left the Palais Gastronomique, and the theatre of *Les Folies Parisiennes*, and on your right the Pavilions devoted to the glories of two sister governments, the Mexican and Argentine Republics, supported by a railway station. You can leave these objects (with the Trocadero at your back, full of casts of ancient sculpture) safely for inspection until you visit the Exposition for the 489th time; if you do not visit the Exposition as often—well it doesn't matter! And now you are at the *Tour*. It is certainly immense, and so are the crowds waiting to go up it! There are two ways of going up.

**Plan Number One.**—Wait an hour in the first crowd round the bureau for tickets up to the *second étage*. Wait two hours in like manner on the *second étage* for tickets for the *troisième étage*. Fight your way to a seat after each wait, feel "jumpy" (especially during the last ascent—*deuxième* to *troisième étage*) from first to last, get a view of Paris which might be equally well obtained from Mont Valerien, and—come down again!

**Plan Number Two.**—Get at once and without any difficulty a ticket at the bureau for the *premier étage*, and go up to a restaurant (that of Russia is the best) at an altitude of about the summit of St. Paul's. Stay an hour, or an hour and a half. Allow yourself five minutes for the view—the rest for refreshment. Come down again and see whether you can decide which was the sweeter—the air or the champagne *très sec*!

Having disposed of the Tour Eiffel as you imagine (it will be only in imagination, as you will find it in models and pictures, everywhere) you can turn your attention to other matters. Make for the *Beaux Arts*, and do the pictures. But, first admire the group of sculpture round the statue of CHANCY. And although Gastronomy is certainly a fine art (and consequently very properly, here you will find the chief restaurants inclusive of SAPIN's) do not forget the pictures. England represented by MILLAIS, LEIGHTON, SOLOMON, FILDES, WATTS, and gentlemen nearly equally illustrious.

General impression created by the picture-show,—"*Seen nine-tenths of this before, and would not mind seeing a third of it again.*"

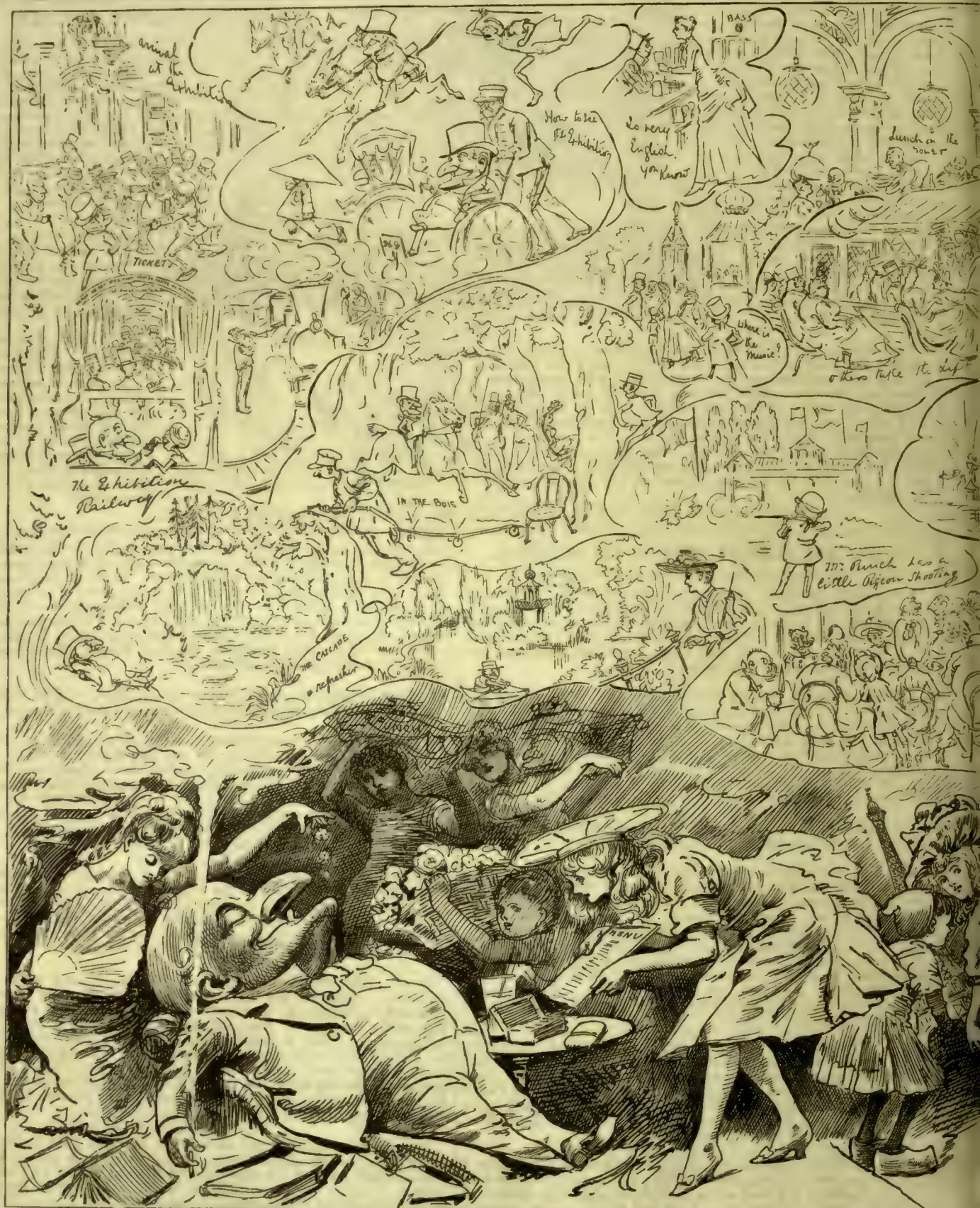
Pictures done, and there remain the *Galerie des Machines* and the *Groupes Divers*. Well, the last are like the usual things at Kensington, Vienna, Australia and America. International selection of leather, cotton, pottery, furniture, brass, wall-paper, clothes, jewellery, and clocks and watches. You may spend five minutes or (if the Exposition remains open long enough) five years in looking at the interesting display—if you are pressed for time, perhaps it would be wiser to limit yourself to five minutes!

**Galerie des Machines.**—Biggest room in the world, full of working machinery. Compared with the Jubilee collection at Manchester, objects superior in quantity but inferior in quality. Exit, and you will find at hand the Cairo Street and the bits of Old Paris, which would be startling in their novelty had not the same idea been worked out in the British Metropolis years and years before!

Grounds left—and right. Fountains—illuminated, and others—shrubby. Make for the toy railway station to the left of the Tour Eiffel. You start. The little engine puffs, and bangs a gong. You rattle away, and your attention is drawn to a request, written on the walls, in English, French, Greek, Russian, Spanish, and Hebrew, to "respect the trees, and not to put head and arms out." You jerk along, just shaving a tunnel here, a road there, and some shrubs yonder, until you stop at the "*Station Alimentation.*" *En route*, more shaves, another station, and you find yourself landed at the terminus of the Quai D'Orsay.

There are yet a few odds and ends. You will find them in front of the Hôtel des Invalides. Some concerts—which are not to be recommended, as they are unworthy of a country fair. French Colonies, Ministry of War, with guns, balloons, ambulances, tents, mineral waters, and a Panorama (to wind up) of *Tout Paris*. This last costs an extra franc, which may be cheerfully expended by a loyal Briton wishing to see how much imagination a French artist can display in painting the portrait of the Prince of WALES!





LASTING

MR. PUNCH, CHEZ LUI, DRE





LESSIONS.  
S TRIP TO PARIS LAST WEEK.



## 'ARRY IN PARRY.

DEAR CHARLIE.—You'll twig by the paper this comes from a Parry hotel; It's the great "Continental," my pippin', the pick of the proper and swell. I'm a doin' my Parry on prance, I can tell yer, dear boy, and no kid; And an English *Milord* on the scoop can't be equalled at blueing a quid.

Oh them spundulicks, CHARLIE, old pal, 'ow they 'andicaps dashers like hus! Still I've spread myself out pooty sparkling, dear boy, and it might 'ave bin wus.

There's a party I know lives in Parry, got pieces, and well in the swim, And this pal's put me up to a lot I should never 've seen but for him.

This 'ere *Grand Exposition*, dear boy, is a town in itself, and no kid. If you'd wandered about it for hours on the 'unt for a friend, as I did, You'd have thought 'twas as big as all Brompton, with Battersea Park, say, chucked in, To do the thing proper all round would want weeks and a hatfull of tin.



There's miles of it, CHARLIE, I tell ye. It covers the big *Chump der Ma*, And stretches hout like a large *Hoctopus* 'eaven alone knows 'ow far. I quite lost the run of it, swelp me, found Guide Books and Plans little use, And the paths was that endless and gritty I wore out my best pair o' shoes.

Bazaar bizness, lots on it? Yus; but there's larks in them bloom'n' bazaars, Some sights 'as would knock a mere juggins, and make even 'ARRY see stars. Arab dancers, dear boy, dark-eyed donas in shawl-patterned togs on the twirl. One on 'em a fair champion wriggler; I got reglar mashed on that girl.

Not our form of the mazy, my lad; she teetotummed about on her toes, Whilst her mates drummed and soraped like JEMIMER. 'Twas one of the rummiest shows

A gal with her body all hinges aint my style of partner, exact, But if dancing means wild wiggle-waggle, she did take the cake, that's a fact.

The East must be 'ot and no horror! but podgy young minxes arf drest, A-wobbling their 'ips to wild music seems nuts to the swells of the West. Whether Tunis or Egypt perdooced 'em their ways was not pooty or nice, And for beauty a lee-gal from Peckham would lick 'em two times out of twice.

Then the Tower, dear boy! Ah, that Tower! I guess I've the gift o' the gab But this 'ere is a case where description falls flat as a sole on a slab. It's a blooming sky-scraper Topper; Jack's Beanstalk in iron! Oh my! Good old Babel may take a back seat, for the Eiffel is boss of the sky.

Just fancy a big iron tortoise a-straddle in Trafalgar Square, With a lighthouse of girders and rivets about arf a mile in the air

Aperch on its back; all Bank Holiday chucked into lifts and let loose, To grub, swarm, and cackle, all over it! Fancy—but lor, wot's the use?

Fancy chucks up the biz as too big for her. Paris jest now is the Tower.

The *Chump* may be like a bazaar, and the *Bor der Boolog* like a bower,

But to eat, drink, and smoke, on the Eiffel, and brag of the "stages" you've done, Is the treat of the whole blooming Show, and the pick of the whole blooming fun.

To grub arf a mile in the air on a balcony 'ung in blue space,

With mankind like black beetles below, and the clouds nearly flicking yer face,

Gives yer storberries quite a fresh flavour, and lends a new charm to yer smoke.

From the top of the Eiffel, old pal, all the world looks a jolly good joke.

When you go to a Show, my dear boy, and must travel about it by rail.

And take trips—say, from Tunis to Java, a cove's parts of speech seem to fail.

If I piled it on thick for a ream, I should still 'ave a lot left to pile,

So we'll jest leave new Babel a bit, and trot back to the city awhile.

I've done all the *Caffys* in turn, mate, and as to the tipples—well, there!

'Ardly know 'ow I worked through 'em, CHARLIE, and managed to keep on my hair.

Nasty syruppy mucks, many on 'em; the waiters are slippy and neat,

But I couldn't, somehow, make 'em see as they mixed all my lotions too sweet.

Here, Gassong! sez I—"Vla Mossou!"—Now, *regarday*, sez I, "mong onfong,"

*Donnay mor ung—er—squash—par trow doo, ler—er—* last was like treacle gone wrong,

Didn't twig, but fell back upon "*Commong?*" the Frenchified form of our "Wot?"

I fell back on a "Bock," sort o' beer as is prime when it isn't too 'ot.

In fact, mate, I *Bocked* it tremenjus, for wosn't it sultry? Ah, just!

And the fust thing I picked up in Parry, dear boy, wos a thunderin' thust!

I 'ad Bocks on the Bullyyards, Bocks on the Tower, at all the rum shows,

In fact, CHARLIE, "*Hangcore ung Book!*" wos my motter from starting to close.

Wot I like about Parry, dear boy, is the general *al frisky* all round.

(*Al frisky* means out in the open) wherever you sit there's a sound

Of feet and *flakers* (that's cabs), rustling leaves, chinking glasses, and song,

And I must say the slappapest lark is to sup at a *Caffy Chantong*.

Our "Healtheries" game wasn't in it with—say the "*Ambassadors*." Ah!

Fancy pouching your prog on a terrace, with crack Comic Singers *lah-bah*;

Green leaves, pooty women, gay mashers. *Tam-tam! Patata!! Patapouf!!!*

Great Scott! I could go it for hages, if only I'd mere of the oof.

Then the *Caffy American*, CHARLIE! My eye and a bandbox, dear boy,

Talk of Lumps of Delight! It's all dazzle and yum-yum, a place to enjoy;

The *crame der lar crame* of the rosy and rorty, mate. Thanks to my friend,

I 'ad wot is ere called the *ongtray*; and him and me went it, no end.

Swell furniture, CHARLIE, soft swabs, and the air full of frolic and fizz;

Sleek waiters with regular-bilk footfalls, but snide, and Like a helegant droring-room party, but rollicking, yus,

and *song jane*, [tubs of champagne, Which means free-and-easy, my pippin, swell dresses, and



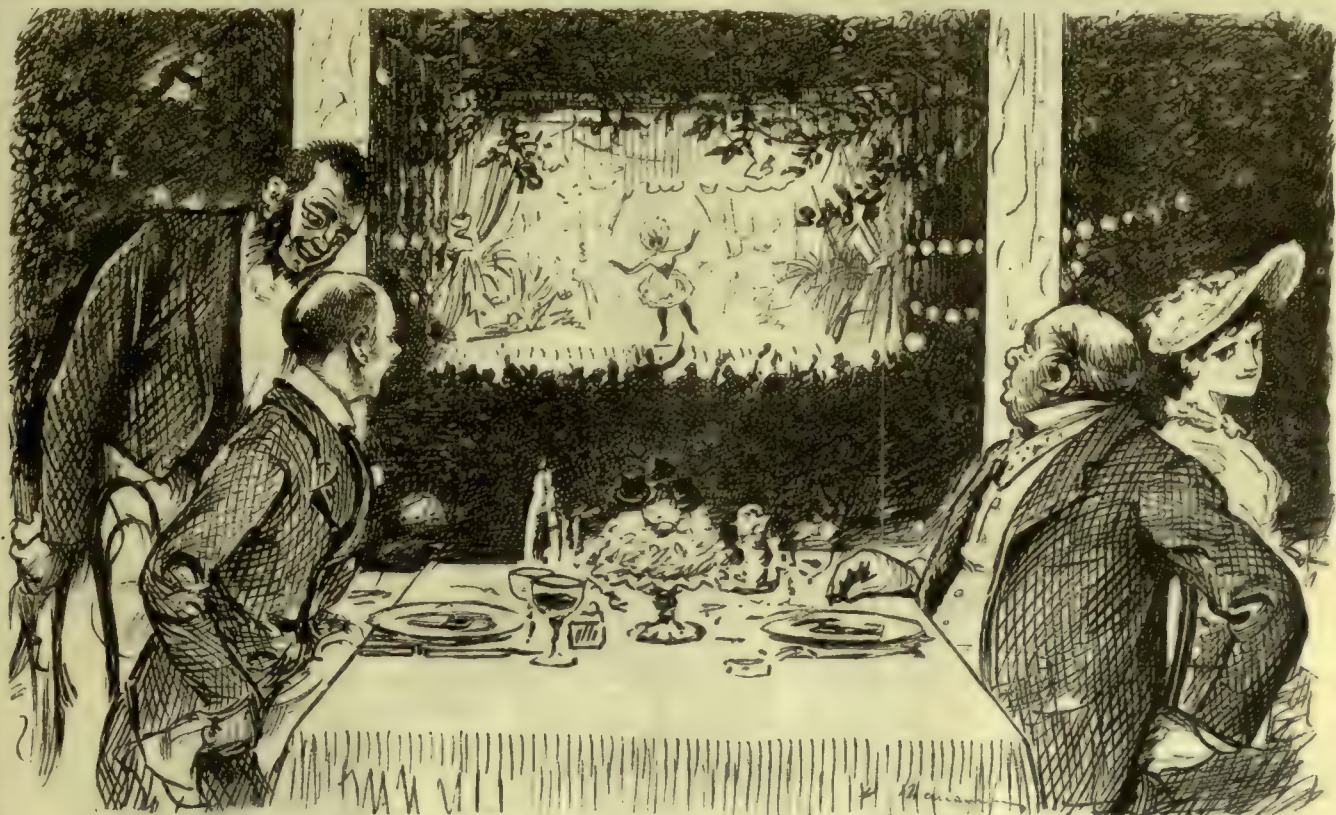
I wasn't quite fly to the patter, not always, French chaff may be prime,  
But it flew a bit over my 'ed, and I felt in a fog arf the time.  
Still, when one of the ladies, a sparkler, got quoting "Two Lovely Black Eyes,"  
Wy, it put me at 'ome in a jiff, though I answered, "O, wot a Surprise!"

At night-time they squat at round tables of marble, mate, under green trees,  
The Frenchies, men, women, and young 'uns, in parties of twos or of threes.  
Buz-wuz goes the Bullyyard bustle, click-clack go the *Voytures*, and loud  
Above leaf-rustle, glass-chink and chat sounds the tramp of the orderly crowd.

Spicy cards, snapping cigarette-cases, rum himages, all sold as free  
As shirt-studs or sticks in Cheapside! There ain't no bloomin' fiddlededee  
Of mealy mock-modesty, CHARLIE, about the dashed Froggies, that's flat,  
As their funny *offichees* or posters will prove. But no more about that.

It's the whole world packed into a field, spreadin' out by  
the side of the Seine.  
A Babel of talk, with the Tower chucked in, travelled  
over by train,  
Full of palaces, parks, and pavilions, bazaars, buffets,  
brasseries—Lor!  
When I foxed the whole thing from the Eiffel, it struck  
even 'ARRY with hor.

The people swarm in in their 'underds of thousands, and  
yet there's no squeeze,  
'Cos the place seems like all out-of-doors, with its  
parke, pooty gardens, and trees;



### L'EMBARRAS DES RICHESSES. AT THE CAFÉ DES AMBASSADEURS.

*The Garsong (to Jones and Brown, from Clapham). "BUT YOUR DINNER, GENTLEMANS! HE GO TO MAKE 'IMSELF COLD, IF YOU EAT 'IM NOT!"*

The Bullywards do me a treat, mate, and so they do BILLY BOLAIR.  
You know BILLY; an old pal o'mine. Well, I tell yer, old man, I did stare  
Wen a-settin one night in a Caffy a-doing my smoke and my wet,  
I lifted my lamps and saw BILLY. We did a good chi-like, you bet!

"Watcher, old buster!" says I, "you in Parry, like all the herleet?  
"Yus," sez BILLY, "*jee swee ay jee rest*," for a fortnit. This is a rum meet.  
Wot's yer pison, old pal?" I was on; and the way we two spread ourselves  
out,

And went in for more Books and loud barnies, estonished the Gassongs, no doubt.

Our true English manner of greeting, a dig in the ribs and a 'owl,  
Seemed to kibosh the Frenchmen completely, and some on 'em did a fair scowl.

"Yah!" sez BILLY to me, *sotter cochy*,—though some seemed to twig; they're  
dashed quick—

"Their hail when they meet is a smack on each cheek, 'ARRY." Made me quite  
[sick!]

Me and BILLY made quite a sensation along of our style and our togs,  
They can't do the heasy *daygajay* in check suits and rounders, them Frogs.

And my storr and striped flannels fair flummoxed 'em. Scissors! our style made  
'em stare

More than all the Moors, Arabs and Chinamen found in that rum *Roo der Caire*.

BILL and me did that quarter completely. Rode races in queer Chinese cars  
Drawn by lemon-skinned Johnnies in 'ats like hextinguishers. Made 'em see  
stars,

We did, at the caffays and sing-songs, a *gammon der Parry's* all there.

But when 'ARRY is well on the swivel he makes Cairo donkey-boys stare.

They are nice cups of tea, and no horror, fair cautions for patter and cheek.

Then—but, there, I can't tell yer a tenth of the larks if I yarn for a week.

It's a reglar fust-class fair eye-opener; a Big Thing, dear boy, and no kid.

I can't patter or picture it out, and you couldn't catch on if I did.

Domes here, towers yonder, big *sals*, monstrous galleries  
theatres—yus

And enough grubbing places chucked in, mate, to feed  
'arf a town without fuss.

If you get tired of padding the hoof, there are *fotoosey*  
*roolongs* all round,

Like big pramberlators, dear boy, which blowed coves  
shove along without sound.

I didn't quite cotton fust off, for I felt like a kid with  
his nuss,

But when you've bin hours on the trot you will find you  
might easy do wus.

I return, mate, tomorr—wus luck! There's enough to  
fill up all next week,

France has taken the bun with this Show, and her Tower  
is somethink uneek.

I may drop yer a line or two more, when I'm back, about  
wonderful Parry,

But no more at present, dear boy, *except Vive lah bell*  
*France!* from

Yours, 'ARRY.

**RAPID ACTS.**—Very rare are the instances of trans-  
lating English pieces into French. Last week, how-  
ever, a well-known English Dramatist was observed  
busily engaged in this operation. In less than three  
minutes he had transformed five English pieces into six  
French ones!! This took place at the *Caisse* of the Grand  
Hotel.





"GREAT ATTRACTION."—BIRDS OF ALL NATIONS FLYING TO LA TOUR EIFFEL.





1889.

FROM CALAIS TO PARIS. QUITE FIRST-CLASS.

## "WHAT, GO YOU TOWARD THE TOWER?"

*King Richard the Third, Act. III. Sc. 2.*

THE Pharos of Egypt, the world's Seventh Wonder,  
(If poets feign not and historians don't blunder)

Must take a back seat amongst marvels quite minor,  
Since France pitted stable strong fact against fable,  
And beat at a bound all the rivals of Babel,

Where men do not swarm up in lifts, smoke or dine, or  
Crowd on to and into. That old liar, PINTO,  
His credulous hearer would hardly dare hint to

Of such an imposing, colossal, Titanic,  
Earth-striding, sky-climbing, huge mountain metallic,  
Which schemed in the epoch of structures termed phallic

As something Satanio had raised a world-panic.  
Lutetia's long-spined, wide-straddling, young giant  
Though huge, to the canons of beauty is pliant,

What marvel it acts like a world-lighting beacon  
And draws to its flare all the earth's birds of passage?  
Curiosity draws both in clever and crass age,

Its hold on mankind wit and wisdom wont weaken.  
See, see how they muster, and crush, crowd, and cluster!  
With what wild wing-flappings, what bluster and flutter!

These birds which can scarcely be called "of a feather,"  
So varied their plumage; but yet with wild rumpus  
From every conceivable point of the compass,

With far flight convergent, they're flocking together,  
With twitter and squeal, and with crow and with cackle,  
With all shapes and colours of pinion and hackle,

Cocks, eagles, and owls, birds of paradise, pigeons,  
Great condors and ospreys, and gulls, quite a lot of 'em,  
Some vultures (he'd help the great world who'd get shot of 'em),

And bantams, and boobies, and wild-ducks and widgeons,  
All species of creature that flutters on wings there,  
The harpy that preys, and the warbler that sings there,

Come, drawn like the gulls to a lighthouse, with power.  
And *Punch* owns that there is attraction, for Paris  
Has managed to blend Vulcan swart with sweet Charis

For once in her Titan-like world-witching Tower.

## VOCES POPULI.

AT A PARISIAN CAFÉ CHANTANT.

SCENE—An open-air restaurant in the Champs-Élysées; the seats in the enclosure are rapidly filling; the diners in the gallery at the back have passed the salad stage, and are now free to take a more or less torpid interest in the Entertainment below. Enter Two Britons, who make their way to a couple of vacant chairs close to the orchestra.

First Briton. "Entrée libre," you see; nothing to pay! Cheaper than your precious Exhibition, eh? [Chuckles knowingly.]

Second Briton (who would rather have stayed at the Exhibition, but doesn't like to say so.) Don't quite see how they expect the thing to pay if they don't charge anything, though.

First B. Oh, they make their profit out of the dinners up in the gallery there.

Second B. (appreciating the justice of this arrangement, having dined with his companion elsewhere.) Well, that's fair enough.

[Feels an increased respect for the Entertainment.]

First B. Must get their money back somehow, you know. Capital seats for hearing, these. Now, we'll just take a cup of coffee, and a quiet cigar, while we listen to the singing—you'll enjoy this, I know!

[With the air of a man who knows the whole thing by heart; the Waiter brings two tumblers of black coffee, for which he demands the sum of six francs; lively indignation of the Two Britons, who denounce the charge as a swindle, and take some time to recover sufficient equanimity to attend to what is going on on the Stage.]

Female Artiste (sings refrain)—

"Pour notre Exposition,  
Il faut nous faire imposition!" &c., &c.

Second B. (who not being at home in the language, rather resents his companion's laughter.) What's that she's saying?

First B. (who laughed because he knew there was a joke about the Exhibition.) Eh?—oh! I'll tell you afterwards.

[Hopes his friend will have forgotten all about it by that time.]

Second B. (pertinaciously, as the Singer kisses her hand, and rushes precipitately off stage.) Well, what was all that about?



## MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.

*First B. (who, upon reflection, finds that he hasn't the faintest idea). Oh, nothing very much—more the manner, you know, than anything else—it's the men who have all the really unny songs.*

*A Male Artiste appears, bowing and kicking up his left leg behind: the First Briton bends forward with an anxious frown, determined to let nothing escape him this time. Fortunately, as M. CHARLEMAGNE, the Comic Singer, possesses a powerful voice, the First Briton is able to follow most of the words, from which, although they reach his ear in a somewhat perverted form, he contrives to extract intense amusement. This is how the Chanson reaches him.*

*Seul boulevard silent vous arrête:  
Quand monde a tout départ d'amas,*

*[He can't quite make out this last word.*

*Repondez vite ment—  
[Something he doesn't catch.*

*Le fou l'eau sitôt vous orie "un rat!"*

*[Here he whispers to his friend that "That last line was rather neat."*

*Refrain (to which M. CHARLEMAGNE dances a gavotte with his hat thrust into the small of his back).*

*Il n'a pas départ Dinard.*

*[This makes the First Briton—who once spent a week at Dinard—laugh immoderately.*

*Ne Pa, ne Ma!  
C'était pas tant, mais sais comm ça—  
Il n'a pas départ Dinard,  
Il non a pas certain-y-mal là!*

*First Briton (to Second Ditto). Very funny, isn't he?*

*Second B. (who—less fortunate than his friend—has not caught a single word). Um—can't say I see much in it myself.*

*First B. (compassionately). Can't you? Oh, you'll get into the way of it presently.*

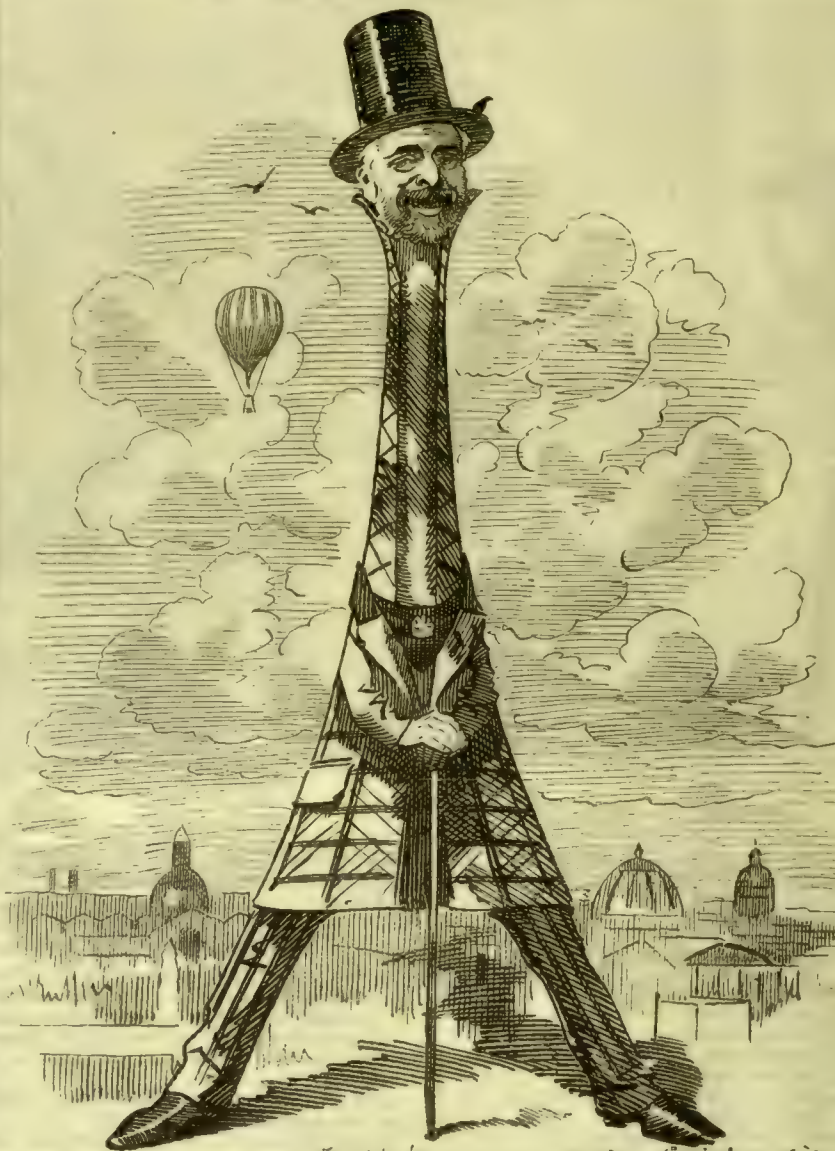
*Second B. But what's the joke of all that about "Pa"?*

*First B. (who has been honestly under the impression that he did see a point somewhere). Why, he says he's an orphan—hasn't any Pa nor Ma.*

*Second B. (captiously). Well, there's nothing so very funny in that!*

*First B. (giving up the point on consideration, as M. CHARLEMAGNE skips off). Oh, it's all nonsense, of course; these fellows only come on to fill up the time till PÔLUSSE sings (feels rather proud of having caught the right pronunciation). PÔLUSSE is the only one really worth listening to.*

*Second B. (watching two Niggers in a Knockabout Entertainment). I can follow these chaps better.*



M. EIFFEL.

"OUR ARTIST'S LATEST TOUR DE FORCE."

*One of the Niggers to the other. "Ha—GEORGE WASHINGTON, Sar! I'll warn you fur dat ar conduct!"*

*First B. (in a superior manner). Oh, yes; you soon get into the accent.*

*[Later—M. CHARLEMAGNE has re-appeared, and sung a song about changing his apartments, with spoken passages of a pronouncedly Parisian character.*

*First B. (who little suspects what he has been roaring with laughter at.) That fellow really is amusing. I must take NELLIE to hear him some night before we go back.*

*Second B. (dubiously). But aren't some of the songs—for a girl of her age—eh?*

*First B. My dear fellow, not a bit! I give you my word I haven't heard a single line yet that was in the least offensive—not a single line! Anybody might go! Look here—it's PÔLUSSE next; now you listen—he'll make you laugh!*

*[The great M. PAULUS appears and sings several "Chansons" in a confidentially lugubrious tone, and with his forefingers thrust into his waistcoat pockets. Curiously enough, our First Briton is less successful in following M. PAULUS, than he was with the Artistes who preceded him—but this is entirely owing to the big drum and cymbals, which will keep coming in and putting him out—something in this manner:—*

*M. Paulus. Et quand j'rentr', ce n'est pour rien—  
Ma belle me dit; "mon pauv' bonhomme,  
Tu n'a pas l'air de"—(The cymbals: brim-brin-brien!)  
Ell' m' flangu' des giffl's—(The drum: pom-pom-pom-pom!)*

*Refrain (which both Britons understood).*

*"Sur le bi—sur le bô; sur le bô, de bi, de bô.*

*Sur le bô—sur le bi; sur le bi, de bô, de bi!" &c., &c., &c.*

*First Briton (after twenty minutes of this sort of thing). That's the end, I suppose. They've let down the curtain. Capital, wasn't he? I could listen to him all night!*

*Second B. (as they pass out). So could I—delightful! Don't know when I've enjoyed anything so much. The other people don't seem to be moving, though. (Consults programme.) There's another Part after this. PAULUS is singing again. I suppose you'll stay?*

*First B. Well—it's rather late, isn't it?*  
*Second B. (much relieved). Yes. Not worth while going back now (with a yawn). We must come here again.*

*First B. (making a mental resolution to return no more). Oh, we must; nothing like it on our side of the Channel, y' know.*

*Second B. (with secret gratitude). No, we can't do it. (Walk back to their hotel in a state of great mental exhaustion, and finish the evening with a bock on the Boulevards.)*





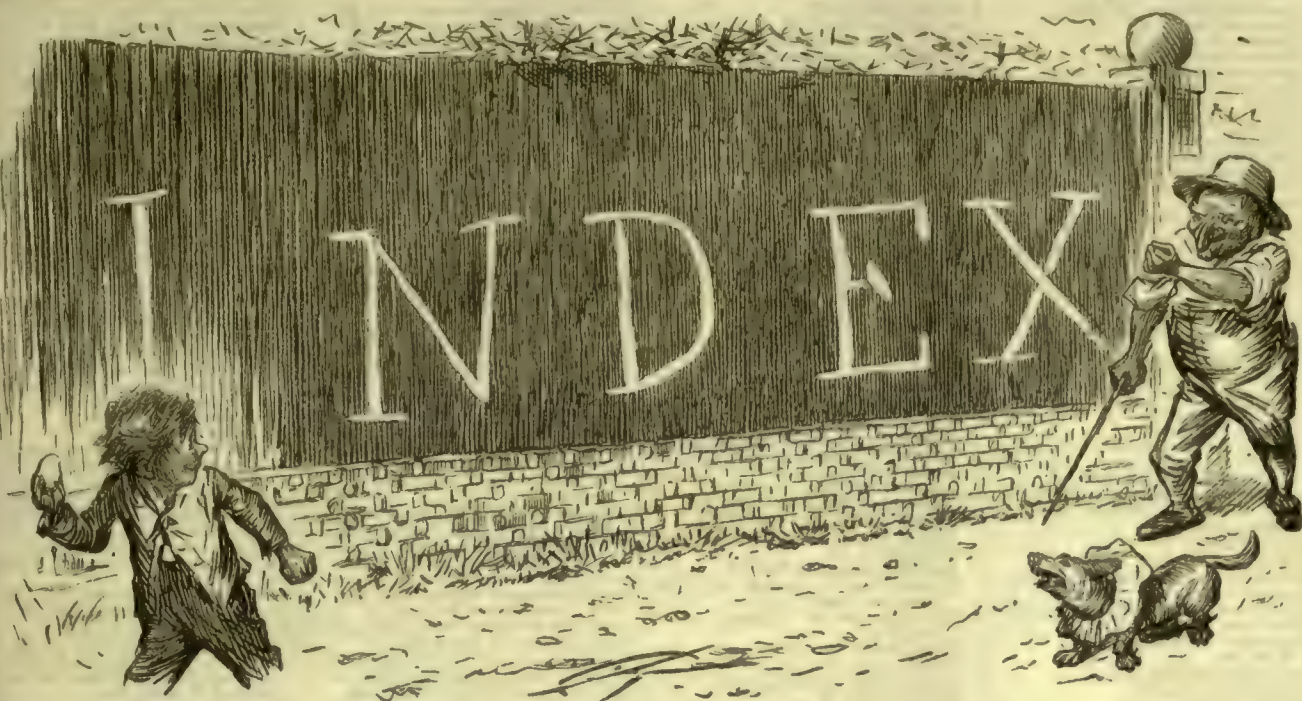
TAKING IT EASY. HENLEY, 1889.

SALISBURY. "A FAIR WIND, A FLOWING STREAM, A FULL HAMPER, AND NOTHING IN THE WAY—THAT I CAN SEE. JOLLY—AIN'T IT!"









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# PUNCH

## VOL 97



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1889.







# PREFACE.

SCENE—*The top of the Tour Eiffel.* TIME—*The Eve of the New Year.*  
Present, MR. PUNCH and TOBY.

Mr. Punch (*quoting from his friend the Poet Laureate*).

"I stood on a tower in the wet.  
When the New and the Old Year met."

Humph! ALFRED, you were unfortunate in your weather.  
(You are not in your new poem, however—nor is the world.)  
Wonder what tower it was? Not the Tour Eiffel, anyhow.  
(*Improvises.*)

PUNCH stands on a Tower in the night,  
As the Old Year takes its flight;  
And the star-rays shower like rain  
O'er the City by the Seine;  
O'er the site of the mighty Show  
That in shadow stretches below,  
Silent, where lately beat  
The tramp of a million feet;  
Still, where a while ago  
Such a tide of life did flow;  
Dark, where Lutetia's air  
Was gay with her summer glare;  
Ghostly, where—

TOBIAS, what are you looking at? Do you see a ghost?

Tobias. Whack-wow-wow! [*Crouches and quivers.*]

Mr. Punch. TOBY, TOBY, be not alarmed!

Come, bear thee like a Sage's dog,  
And do not droop thy tail!

By SHAKESPEARE and the Psychical Society, he *does* see a ghost, though. Who is this, slowly "materialising," like a Mahatma, before my very eyes? Spirit of BEAUMARCHAIS, Shades of MOZART and ROSSINI, I should know that short Spanish jacket, that jaunty cap, that jimp figure, that *espiègle* physiognomy. It is, it must be, *mon ami* FIGARO himself. *Largo al factotum!* Ah! bravo, FIGARO! *bravo, bravissimo!!!*

Figaro. None other indeed! Well met, in good season and suitable place! The Sage of Fleet Street and the Barber of Seville encountering on the top of Paris's Babel Tower, just before the dawn of the *Jour de l'An*, is a sight for gods and men,—could they see it.

Mr. Punch. "Two on a Tower," as my friend THOMAS HARDY might say. Would the witty watchmaker were here to make a third. PIERRE AUGUSTIN CARON, surnamed of Beaumarchais, has never yet perhaps been quite fully appreciated.

Figaro. Sir, I salute you! The compliment to my spiritual progenitor sounds pleasantly in my ears.

Mr. Punch. *Les beaux esprits se rencontrent?* But wits well met surely never foregathered so singularly. LUCIAN and CHARLES LAMB talking a-top of CHEOPS' Pyramid, what time Memnon awaited the music-stirring sun, might perhaps be "in it" with this encounter.

Figaro. You were here before, when the Great Show was at its height, *n'est-ce pas?*

Mr. Punch. Is it not written in the book of the chronicles of the Visit of the Punch Staff to Paris? Which of course you have read?

Figaro. Upon the advice of M. EMILE BERR—yes. But here we are, higher than even the "Pavillon du Figaro," "à 115 mètres 73 centimètres de hauteur." And what a panorama is spread before us—to the mind's eye! Wider even than the Panorama of the Year in your Christmas Number, Mr. PUNCH.

Mr. Punch. I perceive that you keep *au courant* with the best literature and art of the time, friend FIGARO.

Figaro. Else would the Shades be somniferous indeed. Notre Dame still towers *là-bas*, notwithstanding PAUL BERT and Company. And there stands the simulacrum of that Bastille, the destruction of which BEAUMARCHAIS lived long enough to witness. "Tout Paris" is therein expressed. They say I "did no little towards preparing the way for the Revolution," that the *Mariage de Figaro* effected even more than the *Memoires* towards bringing contempt upon the "institutions of the old régime." Fitly then was the Pavillon du Figaro perched high on the Tower whose erection was part of the celebration of the Centenary of the Year of Revolution. And yet—

Mr. Punch. "BEAUMARCHAIS, in spite of all his wit and energy, was not naturally a revolutionist." Neither am I.





'Tis the "lilies on the cart-wheels" who prate most of Revolution. Like you, I am "*partout supérieur aux événements, loué par ceux-ci, blâmé par ceux-là, aidant au bon temps, supportant le mauvais, se moquant des sots, bravant les méchants.*" Yes, "*aidant au bon temps,*" but not turning the world upside down in search of an Utopian Paradise of Fools.

*Figaro.* Mr. PUNCH, I also spake of myself as "*faisant la barbe à tout le monde.*" But even I could not "shave" you!  
*Mr. Punch (singing).*

"My comb and my razor,  
 My lancet they praise, or  
 My scissors for trimming stray locks into grace."

My dear FIGARO, your razor, or lancet, and my *bâton*, should be co-operative, not antagonistic. "*Se moquant des sots, bravant les méchants!*" There lies our joint function!

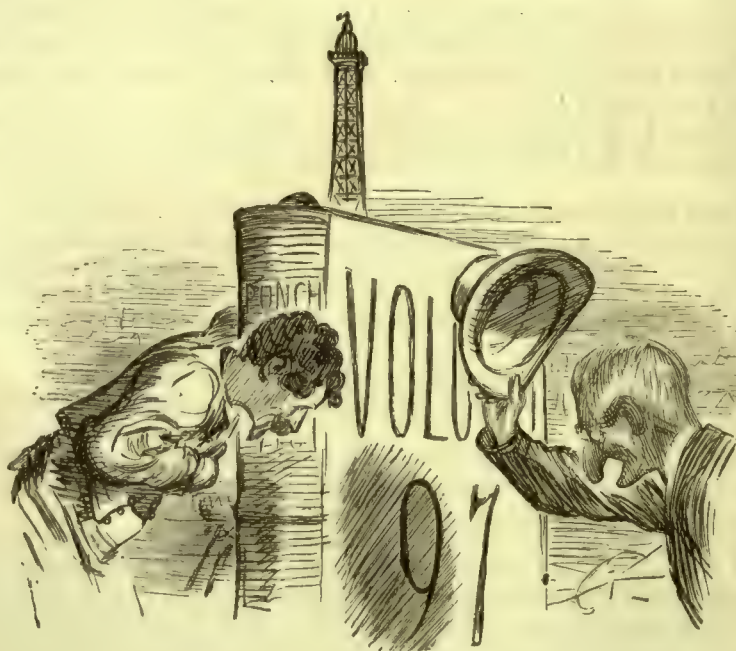
*Figaro.* And how do you fulfil it, Mr. PUNCH?

*Mr. Punch.* I, the FIGARO of Fleet Street?

*Figaro.* That, and much more!

*Mr. Punch.* Graciously said, but truly withal. My instruments are pan-pipes and drum, yours is the guitar. But I am Moralist as well as Musician, Sage as well as Shaver, Bard as well as Barber, Warder as well as Wit,—have in fact a whole world of varied functions that even the Factotum himself never aimed at fulfilling. As you say, yon scene, stretching far and wide from the foot of this Tower, suggests my Panorama of the Past Year! A scene of Changes and Chances, of Catastrophes and Centenaries, of Revolutions and Royal Flights, of Wandering Princes and Flying Pretenders, of Mighty Reforms and Brave Rescues, of Social Upsurgings and Great Strikes, of Big Commissions and Colossal Shows! As my pointer indicates, so my *bâton* should direct. It is a sort of universal wizard-wand, or cosmopolitan sign-post, conspicuous as this Titan Tower, sensitive as the fabled Divining-Rod, unerring as the gnomon on the sun-dial of Old Time himself. Sages, Heroes, and Wits gladly accept its guidance, as Fools, Knaves, and Quacks shrinkingly fear its force. BISMARCK, EIFFEL, STANLEY, as well as McDUGALL, BOULANGER, and BARNUM, recognise, each in his own way, its influence. True as the Magnetic Needle, straight as the tail of TOBIAS, it "rides the whirlwind and directs the storm" of contemporary events. And you, my brave *Barbier*, would fain know "how it's done," as Dr. LYNN would say. Take, then, what will enlighten you on that, and on most other points, as well as move you to honest laughter that is not merely a mask for menacing tears. You hastened to laugh lest you should be constrained to weep. I laugh that the world may not weep, but be merry and wise. Take, my dear FIGARO, what will tell you all about it, and make your New Year happy! Take, in short, my

## Ninety-Seventh Volume!







### OUR BILL FOR LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.

HAVE we not weather in London nearly equal to that in Paris? Haven't we nearly as many days of heat without rain during the Summer? We advisedly qualify our question with "nearly" because we are only about to suggest what could be done with "nearly" as many open-air refreshment-places.

1. Restaurants in the gardens on the Thames Embankment. Lower the iron railings, so as to give a good view of the Thames, and let there be central entrances, in addition to those now existing. These Restaurants to be open till 12:30. Virginia and other fast growing creepers to be trained over all the structures belonging to the District Railway.

2. The entire length of the Embankment to be lighted by electricity.

3. In future, wherever a new Restaurant is to be built in Regent Street, Oxford Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, and so forth, the frontage shall not abut the pavement, but be so far back as to leave plenty of space for taking refreshment out-of-doors.

4. That trees be at once planted all along Regent Street, Portland Place, and Oxford Street, and their number be increased in the new Avenues.

5. That there be a good Restaurant in Kensington Gardens, with abundance of small tables and chairs, and ample attendance. Private rooms for dinners, &c., and a terrace under cover for meals *à fresco*, at all times of the day. Open on Sundays. Band to play at certain hours.

6. Another Restaurant, on

a similar scale, to be in Hyde Park, in central situation. Both these to be lighted by the electric light.

And, having disposed of these dinner and luncheon provisions, we return once more to provisions for the comfort and safety of the neglected equestrian in London. And we would have it enacted,—

1. That Rotten Row, now the most monotonous ride in Europe, be extended into Kensington Gardens, with an entrance in Bayswater, and that a new ride be made from some starting point near the Powder Magazine right away to the Marble Arch.

2. That gravel be laid down thickly at least four times every day on the stones at the different Park Gates, which are now generally slippery and dangerous for equestrians.

3. That the Police guarding the Oxford Street thoroughfare by the Marble Arch, always more or less slippery, should have strict orders to be on the watch for equestrians entering or leaving the Park, and to at once stop all vehicles, especially carts, buses and careless hansoms, which cause great peril to the life and limb of horse and rider.

Will the First Commissioners of Works, GEORGE RANGER, and Mr. MUNRO see to this? Or will they wait until some fatal accident compels their attention? (Signed) **BUNCE**,

Guardian of the Public.



KENSINGTON GARDENS, AS THEY MIGHT AND OUGHT TO BE. MR. PUNCH TAKES OUT TOBY, M.P., TO ENJOY HIMSELF DURING THE GAY DOG DAYS.

"THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEMORY DEAR."—Last Friday in the Trocadero was held a *Congrès de Boulangerie*. It was not suppressed. The Government, however, is meditating taking some steps to cool the heat of the temperature, because, being "Baking hot," it is perpetually reminding the people of *Le Brav' Général*.

VALUABLE THEATRICAL WORK.—Ancient Testimony to the Antiquity of the Benefit System. Read one of the most recent additions to Bohn's Standard Library, a work translated by A. STEWART, M.A., entitled *Seneca on Benefits*.





A NASTY ONE! "—Ancient Hereditary Legislator (to Old Family Solicitor, his Second). "I GAVE HIM A GOOD KNOCK THAT TIME, DIDN'T I?"



## "A NASTY ONE!"

OR, "OH, WHAT A SURPRISE!"

*A Sensational Scene in the Modern Corinthian Ring.*

A CURIOUS incident occurred a few days ago, during an evening gathering of Corinthian patrons of the Fancy, at a celebrated and highly "select" Sporting Pub. in the neighbourhood of Westminster, kept at present, as those "in the know" are well aware, by that hospitable and high-bred host, BOB SALISBURY, better known in fistic circles as SWELL SOLLY.

For some time past SOLLY has taken huge interest in a very promising young Pug, in whose pretensions to first-class "form" mine host of the "St. Stephen's Arms" has unshaken belief. The youngster was "introduced" in the first place by old "HARDSHELL GIFFARD," commonly called "The Chancellor," but it was well known that young "BILL LAND" had the invaluable backing of that Modern MENDOZA, crossed with Gentleman JACKSON, favourably known to all prominent Sports of the period as "ould" BOB SALISBURY. BILL was, indeed, commonly spoken of as "SOLLY's Novice," and great things were expected of the pet *protégé* of so experienced a judge of fistic promise.

BILL had, indeed, at the St. Stephen's Meetings on two occasions, been "taken on" and put through his facings, in a quiet sort of way, with undoubted success, and great satisfaction to his chief backer. BILL seemed a well-set-up, young fellow, as capable of taking gruel as of administering it, and was thought to be highly popular all round in Corinthian circles.

As the Transatlantic lute-thrummer puts it, however, "things are not what they seem" always, and a secret simmering sort of hostility to SOLLY's Novice had unquestionably been observable (by the acute) among the sportive top-sawyers in the habit of assembling at the "St. Stephen's Arms." Young BILL, was thought by some of the tradition-tied old-stagers to be a bit bumpkins in his bearing, and disposed rather to ignore some of the ancient "rules of the ring," and go in for what they considered "flashy" innovations in fistic "style," which, though taking enough to the groundlings, did not meet with the approval of the elder Corinthians. BILL, they maintained, was hardly "respectful" enough to his elders and betters, was inclined to slight the claims of seniority and birth, and to go in for a "cheap" style of milling, which, in the eyes of these blueblooded oldsters, was also open to the suspicion of being "nasty."

When SOLLY and "The Chancellor" first became fly to this prejudice against the young pug they patronised, they were naturally equally surprised and disgusted. "The Chancellor" complained of "belated and unreasonable opposition" to the claims of their Novice, whilst SOLLY pointed out the "odium" which might be incurred in the lower fistic world against the Corinthians, if the expectations excited by published accounts of the Novice's promise were disappointed by the action of the said Corinthians in snubbing and metaphorically "knocking out" the lad who was by many looked upon as the coming Champion.

It was all in vain. The Corinthians had got their old backs up, and were by no means disposed to "back down," even in face of the plaintive appeals of "The Chancellor," or the proud expostulations of SOLLY himself.

Mine host of "St. Stephen's" thereupon got rather raspy, and standing forward, offered to back his Novice against the best man amongst those who thus unexpectedly and tardily denounced him. Young BILL LAND bore himself manfully, and assumed an attitude of proud but modest defiance. Murmurs of approval were heard even amongst those whom BOB SALISBURY could not generally reckon upon as his supporters: "The Chancellor" chuckled, and SOLLY smiled confidently, when suddenly—Oh! what a surprise! An aged Corinthian, who had, in his day, been a good 'un with the mawleys, but was now decidedly *passé*, and went commonly by the name of "The Dodderer," was suddenly seen to "put up his dukes" in a somewhat senile, but still decidedly energetic fashion, and lo! before SOLLY's Novice knew where he was, he received "one in the wind" from "The Dodderer's" shrivelled but knuckly "right," which fairly doubled him up, and sent him staggering to his second's knee.



## WHAT THE DANCING MAN HAS COME TO.

"NOT DANCING ANY MORE TO-NIGHT, FRED?"

"NO; AND WHAT'S MORE, I'LL NEVER PUT MY FOOT IN THIS HOUSE AGAIN! WHY, I'VE BEEN INTRODUCED THREE TIMES!"

Of course the fat was in the fire at once, and the shindy that ensued was startling. "Unfair!" "Foul blow!!" "Took him unawares!!!" shouted the friends of the Novice. "Go it, 'Dodderer'!" "Call him a Champion!!!" "Take him away!!!" counter-yelled the delighted Corinthians. A highly respectable old Family Solicitor who was present, so far lost his usual sense of deference due to "the quality," in the excitement and delight of the moment, as to smack the "Dodderer" soundly on the back, shrieking exultantly, "Go it, Old Strawberry! Double the young duffer up, dear boy!! We'll show 'em how to pooh, pooh seniority, and violate the good old Conservative Rules of the Corinthian Ring!!!"

And "The Dodderer," though somewhat staggered by the Solicitor's slap on the back, rubbed his ancient hands together triumphantly, and crowed out complacently:—"Ho! ho! ho! Ha! ha! ha! He! he! he! I gave him a good knock, didn't I, dear boys?"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Now that the country is luring people from Town, *Rural Rambles*, and *Our Lanes and Meadow-paths*, both by Mr. H. J. FOLEY, will have considerable attraction for that more civil than military personage, the General Reader. These little works are usefully embellished with Maps, showing the road to pastures new from Piccadilly. Should the Tourist require mental refreshment, he might take with him on his journey Mr. ARTHUR A'BECKETT's *Stone Broke*, his latest "story of startling interest." In *Stone Broke*, Captain Malwyn (who is supposed to write his own history) defers shooting himself through the head, in order to complete his shillingsworth of autobiography. As the narrative is full of sensational incidents, the abandonment of the contemplated suicide may not only be pardoned, but applauded. Nay, the reader will be quite sorry when Captain Malwyn dies, but will appreciate the absolute necessity for his death when he finds that Mr. A'BECKETT, in *Stone Broke*, has got to the last sentence of the final chapter. *A Babe in Bohemia*, by FRANK DANBY, must be reckoned among the books that had better have been left unwritten, or, if written, better left unread. It has no story to speak of, and so I won't speak of it.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



## PLAYFUL PROCEEDINGS.

**MACBETH**, late of the Lyceum, has gone away for rest and change of air, perhaps to the Moors, though this is unlikely, as the Moor has come up to the Lyceum. **Otello** is no **Macbeth**, and **Macbeth** is no Moor for the present. Mr. **IRVING** is preparing for *The Dead Heart*,—in this weather I had nearly written *The Dead Heat*, which promises to be a splendid revival. It will be, indeed, a triumph to revive a Dead Heart, and make it go again with all its former vigour. But **HENRY IRVING** has felt the pulse of the public, and knows what to prescribe.

Of course, our **ELLEN** will be very much in it,—a noble and pathetic part, if I remember it rightly. Then Mr. **BANCROFT** is also to be revived, not only to show us that he cannot say "My art is dead," but to re-start him; and if he is to be once more the "busy B. improving his shining hour," will it be too much to hope that we shall see the Queen B. at work again? The "Reminiscences" of the B.'s are all in favour of such a movement. "On and off the Stage." *Exeunt both; then re-enter.* "On" we goes again!"

**SARA B.**, whom I saw looking so well and handsome in a *fauteuil roulant* at the Exposition, having grown stouter, is now going to play *Lena*, alternating her performances with those of Professor **BLACKIE**, *dit* the Moor of Venice.

**CHARLES WYNDHAM** is going through his *répertoire* previous to his departure for America. He airs *David Garrick*; he produces a comedy by a young hand who shall be nameless, entitled, I believe, *The Headless Man*, and, on the last night of the season, the *pabulum* he will provide for the public will be *Wild Oats*,—sown long ago. When he goes to America it is to play in a theatre not yet built, under the management of Mr. **ABBAY**. This combination ought to delight "the Church and Stage Guild" (if it still exists), as how could the Theatrical-Ecclesiastical union be better typified than by a theatre under an ABBAY? Yours truly,  
PRIVATE BOX (1st Royal Suppers and Minors).

## REVERENDUS REDIVIVUS.

In the list of distinguished guests invited to attend the State Concert, stood out all alone in his glory the title of "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET." No other name: that was quite enough. Now, considering the Fleet has ceased to exist for many a year, in fact, since the last prisoners of distinction (Mr. *Pickwick* and Sam Weller) were confined within its walls, the office of the Chaplain of the Fleet must be literally a sinecure,—for he is a clergyman *sine cure*,—and therefore a fitting subject for certain Parliamentary inquirers. One thing is certain, that this announcement of the presence of so historic a personage at the State Concert will be regarded by Mr. **WALTER BESANT** and his publishers as a first-rate advertisement for his well-known novel.

How to MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF NOTHING.—This was done when they made a Sheriff of **KNILL**.

## "THE WOONG O'T!"

New and Royal Version. Dedicated respectfully to the Happy Pair.



DEE-SIDE DUFF came here to woo,  
Ha, ha, the woong o't!  
Our dear LOUISE (whom love calls Loo)  
Ha, ha, the woong o't!  
Princesses hold their heads fu' high,  
But aly McCupid, dancing by, *[try!]*  
Whispers to FIFE, "Take heart, and  
Ha, ha, the woong o't!  
DUFF declared, and DUFF so pray'd,  
Ha, ha, the woong o't!  
As quite to melt the Royal Maid,  
Ha, ha, the woong o't!

FIFE, gude faith, hath lands and "tin,"  
Yet was fortunate to win  
Fair LOUISE, of Royal kin.  
Ha, ha, the woong o't!  
May fair time and chance betide,  
Ha, ha, the woong o't!  
FIFE and his sweet Royal Bride.  
Ha, ha, the woong o't!  
See McCupid, fu' of glee,  
Pipes before them merrily. [times three!  
Punch drinks their health with three  
Ha, ha, the woong o't!

## MEMS. FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.

It is extremely kind that the English should honour me by conveying me from Gravesend to Westminster in a state vessel, called a "Pen Y. Steam-Boat."

H.R.H. the Prince of WALES too on board! How shall I show my gratitude for his courtesy? He has already received an assortment of Persian orders. Ah, a pleasant thought! I will present him with Sir **DRUMMOND WOLFF** as a slave for life!

Last time I was in England I was only curious, now I am solely anxious to improve my country, and develop its resources. To carry out this idea, I will order the Empire Theatre to be removed with its entire contents from Leicester Square to Teheran.

I see that the Rev. **HAWKIS**, says I am no longer a barbarian. This is kind of the Rev. **HAWKIS**. He must be a good, a compassionate man. I will appoint him appropriately my Chief Executioner with the usual remuneration—twenty bags of diamonds a-year and a residence in Persia.

I like Windsor. When I was there, there seemed to be a large number of bullocks. If I had not known that Her MAJESTY would have ordered every beast in the Royal Agricultural Show to be slaughtered, so that I might have the tenderest possible morsel, I should have asked for a beef-steak for luncheon.

The turtle at the Mansion House is excellent—so is the LORD MAYOR. I hear that Mr. **WHITEHEAD** ceases to be Lord Mayor of London in November. After that date I shall appoint him Lord Mayor of Teheran, with a residence in my capital, for life.

## WHISPERS FROM WINDSOR.

THERE was some complaint made about the catering at this Exhibition of British Agriculture. But why? The Royal Menu, which set the example, was thoroughly English:—"Tortue Claire," "Saumon à la Norvégienne," "Anguilles en aspic aux truffes," &c.; "Suprême de Volaille," "Pâté de foies gras," &c., &c.; "Pouding glacé à la Parisienne." Where was the *Rosbif de Vieille Angleterre*, and "Le Pouding d'Yorkshire," where the "Le Stout et Bitter," et "Le Plum-pouding," et "Le Fromage de Cheshire"? "Punch" was there with the "Tortue Claire"; and "Punch" was drunk. Of course this is not Mr. **Punch**, but the delicious beverage named in his honour. It was real good weather for anything iced. The little Eating Boys were on in this scene, having obtained leave of absence in the time of **WARRE**, in order to study the Arts of Peace.

Among the best bred exhibits at the Great Agricultural Show the Shool-bred Towel horses were remarkable for their light build and great strength.

Perhaps the best bred thing of all, was the Pommery '80, furnished for H.R.H.'s special refreshment at lunch ("which, well he deserves it") which was quite up to the excellent taste already displayed by decoration of the Royal Pavilion. On dit, that Mr. **WALTER SHOOLBRED** is to be made a Marquee.





A WARNING TO ENTHUSIASTS.

## "SUMMAT LIKE A SELL."

SUGGESTIONS for utilising the top of Snowdon, which, with the "hotel" and various appurtenances were last week put up to auction, and knocked down—fancy knocking the top of Snowdon down!—of course to the highest bidder.

1. (By a Philistine Correspondent.)—Build a really nice hotel there, something like the Rigi, Kulm, or Kaltbad, with mountain railway up from Llanberis. Then one would have a chance of seeing the view in something like comfort.

2. (By Another—only more so.)—Turn it into slate quarries. Hang the scenery!

3. (From a Patriotic Astronomer.)—Build an Observatory that will lick Lick!

4. (From our own Aesthete.)—Abolish the cairn, and all other disgusting traces of man's presence. Let any person leaving a ginger-beer bottle, or carving his initials anywhere about, be flung from the Menai Bridge. Begin Welsh Disestablishment by disestablishing the vendors of tea and Bass's ale in those elevated hovels. Let Nature reign supreme (she generally does rain on Snowdon)!

5. Erect an Eiffel Tower on the top. Let us try to give Ben Nevis a back seat.

6. Buy it up as a Public Park for the Nation.

7. Reserve it as the meeting-place of the Welsh Parliament—when Wales gets one. The event will probably take place when the (Druids') Circle is squared; or perhaps, by squaring the Druids themselves, they might consent to do without Home Rule.

A PAR ABOUT THE BAR.—Our Mr. BRIEFLESS JUNIOR writes to say, that a mistake was made in his description in our columns last week. In spite of the eminence he has attained at the Bar, he has not yet become a Q.C., and still is satisfied with chambers in Pump-handle Court. We can only account for his address being given in that eminently respectable and high-priced locality, "Grub Court," by the suggestion that it is common knowledge in the profession that he has frequently refused "silk" on account of his well-known preference for "stuff," and that an association of ideas would naturally connect "Grub" with food, and "stuff" with eating.

## "MODUS OPERANDI."

Covent Garden.—Nothing very startling this week. Friday.—Good old Trovatory Government night. Mlle. TONI-SCHLÄGER, with fine Toni'd organ, is, in every sense, a powerful *Leonora*. Signor LESTELLIER, half a head shorter than Mlle. TONI, is an undersized *Manrico*; but, like GARRICK, he is six feet high when he is in a passion. To-night he only gets up to five feet ten. Mr. CROTTY, as our dear old melodramatic *Il Conte di Luna*, looks the "two-pence coloured" part to the life; and, when he gets mixed up with the bed-curtained four-post-tented field, he stirs up many

SEASONABLE AND FASHIONABLE.



A (Covent) "Garden Party."

no true lover of art miss it. "Please remember the Crotty." Conductor RANDEGGER looks round amiably on the house, to see how it takes the announcement in the programme, that the management of the R.I.O. has broken off with MITCHELL of Bond Street. Up to now, "MITCHELL's" has been a powerful Operatic tradition. No MITCHELL, no Opera. But AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS COUNTESSILARIUS PROTECTOR LEGIS BRITANNICÆ is autocratic. On Friday and Saturday both parties were in Court before Mr. Justice STIRLING, —[*Happy Thought*.—A legal paradox,—the Judge always comes first into Court, and yet everyone comes before him!—]—and in reply to the attempt to get his head into Chancery, DRURIOLANUS, Defendant and Defiant, exclaimed, "Remember Mitchellstown!" The Judge observed that Mr. MITCHELL seemed to have benefited by his visit to HASTINGS (Q.C.), and that he would leave the matter pretty much where it was before there was any row at all.

*Her Majesty's Opposition*.—Mlle. GARGANO an effective *Lucia*. Pleasant voice, but forces upper notes. SINDONA EDGARDO and GALASSI ASHTON more emphatic than elegant, but can't have everything. "Minor parts"—which sounds sad as a universal expression in an Opera—satisfactorily filled. Acting might be better; stage-management a trifle antediluvian.

Tuesday.—First appearance in this country of Miss MINNIE EWAN. Quite a New 'un. Voice clear and melodious. Rather nervous at first. Very well received. Hot night. The Warmuth of the weather apparent on stage as *Il Duca*.

Covent Garden.—Ere this appears, the SHAH, in such a state as never was, will have visited the Opera, have heard the Melodious Medley, our National Anthem, and the Persian one as well. He's SHAH to be pleased.

## RIVAL STARS.



It S as soon as he arrives, or nearly, that the Shah is able to behold the whole Empire at one Private View.

Otello (at the Lyceum). Why doesn't he come to see Mm? Am I not a man and a brother?





### FELINE AMENITIES.

*Fair Hostess (who is proud of her popularity).* "YES; I FLATTER MYSELF THERE'S NOT A DOOR-BELL IN THE WHOLE STREET THAT'S SO OFTEN RUNG AS MINE!" *Fair Visitor.* "WELL, DEAR, I HAD TO RING IT FIVE TIMES!"

### AN AFFECTING MEETING.

NASR-ED-DIN *soliloquises* :—

AH! this is the land where men hustle and hurtle,  
And e'en at their feeds seem to race against Time;  
But 'tis also the place where the Love of the Turtle  
Makes crowding endurable, hurry sublime.  
I know the spot, I have tasted the wine.  
To see the Madeira once more richly shine  
In the slender-stemmed glasses, and sniff its perfume,  
More sweet than big gardens of Gül in full bloom,  
Is worth travelling far, though the Briton's a brute,  
And the voice of diplomacy never is mute;  
And the tints of the towns, and the hues of the sky,  
With mud-lakes and bitumen-filled valleys might vie.  
Still the virgins are fresh, and the dishes are fine,  
And as for their thick Turtle-soup, 'tis divine!  
'Tis the Land of the West, uncared by the Sun,  
But no doubt, as before, I shall have some good fun.  
Ah! 'tis sixteen long years since I bade it farewell,  
And strange tales to this day of my doings they tell.

Yes, once more I am here; so's that sly Western WOLFF!  
'Twixt the present and past there's a tidy wide gulf.  
If a Diary once more the SHAH deigns to pen,  
Some contrasts will show twixt the Now and the Then.  
Yet at bottom the whole situation's the same;  
There's small change in my fix, or the Giaour's sly game.  
A cordial reception? A warm welcome? Bah!  
Do they think they see green in the eyes of the SHAH!

At Gravesend—detestable name!—I was met  
By Princes and Dukes—the old mutton-faced set,  
Rather grizzled perhaps, some gone shiny-topped. Ah!  
Time will not even spare a sublime Shahinshah!  
But no matter! Whilst bowstrings and hair-dyes abound,  
I shall well hold my own—on my own Persian ground.

Here? Well, we shall see. WALES grows portly of port,  
But an affable Prince, and not half a bad sort;  
And were he rotund as a Royal rum-puncheon,  
At least he knows how to preside at a luncheon.  
Every step made me think of my previous stay;  
At Westminster Stairs I felt well on my way.  
For the old showy round, troops, feeds, female fal-lals, lace,  
Grand dames, guards of honour, and Buckingham Palace.  
Garden parties will follow, and races, and bores  
That the Giaours call Concerts; a Shahinshah snores  
Through those horrid inflictions the best way he can.  
Crystal Palace, of course; and I think they've a plan  
To take me to Hatfield; the prospect much irks;  
Then Birmingham shows and those big Forth Bridge works,  
Which the Infidels make such a brag of, no doubt,  
Will "astonish the SHAH"—or, at least, tire him out!

However, to-day to the City I turn;  
To the Mansion House Banquet my bosom *doth* yearn.  
The great Civic Turtle and I are old friends.  
Ah! "doth not a meeting like this make amends"  
For the infinite boredom and insolent fuss?  
Dear Turtle! I knew you would welcome me thus!  
What! affected to tears, Turtle? Come to my arms!  
My long long lost friend, how sublime are your charms!  
Come! keep up your pecker, and tip us your fin,  
For I love you, old boy—and I long to begin!

[Left embracing.]

MRS. R'S WORTHY SUCCESSOR.—A City Magnate, Mr. Deputy MUDDLEWICK (brother-in-law of our dear old Mrs. R.), in an after-dinner speech on the occasion of the opening of some large building, complimented the architect on "the zeal and acidity he had shown during the progress of the work." The Reporters present, however, generously translated it into "assiduity," which probably was what the Deputy meant. We shall keep our eye on Deputy MUDDLEWICK.





## AN AFFECTING MEETING.

THE SHAH. "WHAT! MISTER TURTLE!—MY DEAR OLD FRIEND OF SIXTEEN YEARS AGO! CHARMED TO RENEW THE ACQUAINTANCE!!"









## SCENE—ROTTEN ROW. TIME—3 P.M.

FOREIGNER OF DISTINCTION, ON HORSEBACK, COME TO VIEW OUR BEAUTY AND FASHION.

## AT THE ALBERT HALL.

"A means of putting the stall-holders and their associates and assistants *en évidence*, and gratifying the fashionable passion for notoriety."—*The World*.

"HERE we are all keeping shop;  
Come and spend the nimble shilling.  
You can lounge, and flirt, and stop,  
For, like *Barkis*, we are willing.  
If with wonderment you see  
Ladies in this strange position;  
Like the goods we're selling, we  
Are of course on exhibition.

"We stand here the livelong day,  
'ARRY comes with queer grimaces,  
And, in his familiar way,  
Critiques limbs and faces.  
Then the papers, too, report  
All the details of our dresses;  
Whether frocks were long or short,  
And the colour of our tresses.

"Standing here like dolls on view,  
We of course do hear the oddest  
Things, and, to be strictly true,  
Much that's neither nice nor modest.  
But, what matter? Let the prude  
Frown disdain upon our capers;  
Though the pushing crowd be rude,  
We've our names in all the papers."

Lo! the cads may gape and stare,  
Leering at you o'er the shoulder,  
Maids and Matrons, we declare  
That it sickens each beholder.  
Never, in the far-off days,  
Could we see this shameful minute;  
Notoriety's your craze,  
And these wanton antics win it.

## AN EGYPTIAN FIND.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I FEAR this is rather an ambiguous title, and might cast unjust reflections on the Egyptians. "Find" means a discovery—not that a son of KHEM has been amerced by the Magistrate. However, this is what I have discovered in a copper cylinder in a hidden chamber in a forgotten pyramid in a sanded-up desert. It is a fragment of a dialogue, and runs as follows:—

"Isis, Sir?"

"Yes; and Osiris, if you have any."

"Very sorry, Sir; Osiris is off."

"Waiter, a papyrus roll."

"Yes, Sir."

"And butter."

"D'rec'ly, Sir."

"And a Lybian dessert to follow."

Here, unfortunately, the fragment ends, though I can just decipher something which looks like *Cigarcoffagus*. The fragment is apparently from a familiar work, either of the great MUR-RÄ, or of the TA-BEL DOTAR-DUS, of the so-called Three-and-sixpenny Dynasty. I found it myself in the Kaf-feh Restaur-On Chamber of the Pyramid of Chops, near Cowey Steaks, on the Pelasgic branch of the Nile. It has given me six months' work, and the translation of it has nearly killed me; but it will, like Mr. RIDER HAGGARD'S *Cleopatra MS.*, drive every Egyptologist in Europe mad with envy.

Yours, severely,

The Ven. THOMAS, Q.T., I.O.U., &c.  
*Knippin Court, St. Neots.*

MISS-GUIDED FOLKS IN PARIS.—Evidently those who are personally conducted by "Lady Guides."

## TO A RISING STAR.

As you twinkle, SHAHINSHAH!  
And the mob asks who you are,  
Won't some keen folks wonder why  
We thus set you up on high,  
Bring you up the river way,  
Make a pageant of your stay?  
Won't they ask, when you appear,  
Why the crowd begins to cheer?  
Why the troops have lined the street?  
Why the guns your presence greet?  
Why the Prince sits by your side?  
Why you down to Windsor ride?  
Why fine people round you press  
"By request" in Courtier's dress?  
Why great nobles of the land  
Welcome you with outstretched hand?  
Why all this? What have you done?  
Is it, with a sense of fun,  
That e'en yet the story lingers  
Of your eating with your fingers?  
Throwing bones beneath the table?  
Making of your room a stable?  
Stopping your imperial train?  
By your coming, do we gain?  
Can you give a *quid pro quo*?  
Reason glibly answers "No."  
Then why all this flood of *fête*  
Garnished up with show and state?  
Is it, that we think O SHAH!  
You'll to Russia prove a bar,  
And that your barbaric *nous*,  
P'raps may serve the British House?  
Well! we only know you're here!  
But what makes us shout and cheer—  
That's a thing, without a doubt,  
That no fellow can make out!

LA TOUR EIFFEL (1st Landing).—"Encore un Bock." Scotch translation, "Beck agen!"



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 72.



HENLEY AQUATIC CARNIVAL.



## A FALSE NOTE FROM HENLEY.

*Regatta Week, 1889.*—It is satisfactory to be able to state that the arrangements of the Thames Conservancy this year are admirable; but it must be well understood that I make this statement on my own personal responsibility. I may add, that nothing could have been more delightful than the original idea of the Authorities, to ballot for stations on the river. If this had been carried out, no doubt many persons who let out house-boats would have reaped a golden harvest, to the anger of those old owners who year after year have taken an infinity of trouble to secure a "coin of vantage" beside the river's bank. Well, it would have been a fair exchange, hire for ire! However, the Conservators at the last moment reverted to the old custom of first come first served. And is everybody satisfied? Well, I will not go as far as that; but I can, at any rate, say that I am!

For Henley is certainly delightful. No trouble about the steam-launches, which, of course, are not allowed to come so near the "river residences" that illumination is an impossibility—oh, no, nothing of that sort allowed this year. And I make the satisfactory announcement on my own personal authority!

And are the people on the banks satisfied? Well, I say so. It is an open secret that the landowners are only too pleased to have as many house-boats as possible in front of their grounds. They revel in the view of awnings and kitchen funnels. Who says so? Why, I do.

And you may ask me for my signature. You may wish to learn who is so satisfied with Henley and its surroundings. You may like to find out the name of the enthusiast who considers the Thames Conservators the best possible Conservators, the owners of the Thames house-boats the best possible persons, the riparian landholders the most unselfish of proprietors? This curiosity is easily satisfied. So I append my signature. In guarantee of my satisfaction, content, and delight, I sign my name. Who then is satisfied with this year's arrangements at Henley? Why, NOBODY!

*The Sells, Long-bow Reach, near Henley.*

HENLEY REGATTA.—Here Rowing-men have a rowlocking time of it. And we hope that the weather will be what the French call "Boat temps."

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, June 24.*—Business still hopping along by leaps and bounds. Board of Agriculture Bill on for Committee as first Order for to-day. Paper bristling with Amendments. HENRAGE drawn up whole pages, chiefly designed to do away with proposed Board, leaving only the Minister.

"We hear," he said, "from time to time, a good deal about boarding-out principle in connection with pauper children. Let us apply it by putting this Board out."

OLD MORALITY, who has personal charge of Bill, came to front; carried everything before him with usual irresistible skill and force. Explained to HENRAGE that whilst Board must be retained, it should have no power or authority; practically no existence; sort of phantom appanage.

"Neither the Minister, nor the House, nor the country," he added, "will ever be bored by it. Nothing," he continued, in his winning manner, "would give me more sincere pleasure than to meet the views of my Right Hon. friend, whose acquaintance with all that relates to Agriculture is extensive and peculiar. But though we do not propose to invest the Board with any power, or, indeed, with any reality, we feel it necessary to ask the House to pass the Bill as it stands. What I would suggest to my Right Hon. friend is, that, having been at the trouble to draft these numerous, important, and singularly interesting Amendments, he should imagine the House has accepted them, and that they have been incorporated in the Bill. That done, we will pass the Bill as it stands, and ever one will be satisfied. I venture with some diffidence, though I may say with great confidence, to recommend this suggestion to my Right Hon. friend."

HENRAGE jumped at idea; imagined his Amend-



## "COUNSEL'S OPINION."

*Judge (testily, to persistent Junior).* "SIR IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO BEHAVE AS A GENTLEMAN IN COURT, I CAN'T TEACH YOU!"

*Junior (pointedly).* "QUITE SO, MY LUD, QUITE SO!"

[Proceeds.]

ments were accepted and incorporated in the Bill, and so it passed through Committee. All over in less than half an hour.

"That's what I call genius," said PULESTON, admiringly. "Talk about your PALMERSTONS, your DIZZIES, and your GLADSTONES leading the House of Commons; was ever anything done like this? By sheer urbanity, combined with perfect knowledge of human nature, OLD MORALITY gets through a critical stage of a Bill which certainly would, in other hands, have occupied the House through a long sitting."

Way thus marvellously cleared, BALFOUR got on early with Bann Drainage Bills. Position of Irish Members embarrassing. Bill and kindred measures proposed to endow Ireland with large sums of money at expense of British tax-payer. The money desirable; but absolutely necessary to oppose any measure brought in by BALFOUR. At same time, while opposing Bill, must be careful it was not lost. Accordingly, Irish Members refrained from moving hostile Amendment. STOREY obliged with one, and JOSEPH GILLIS stipulated that he should fight Bill tooth and nail.

"I'm only a little one," he pleaded, "and no harm will be done." As for the general view of Irish Members, it was eloquently expressed by The O'HANLON.

"We Irishmen," said he, scowling black brows on BALFOUR, who lay languorous on Treasury Bench, much enjoying comical situation, "will take all the money you offer us; but, Sir, we will take it under protest!"

*Business done.*—Board of Agriculture Bill through Committee.

*Tuesday.*—"I don't know which is the more grateful and comforting," said OLD MORALITY, reflectively, as he listened to Debate on Swiss Labour Conference. Was thinking about BAUMANN and DARLING (CHARLIE the particular Darling he had in mind, not MOIR TOP STOR-



Pleasant Puleston.



MOUTH, of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's University). These two eminent young men, whilst not moulting a feather of personal friendship, had differed in opinion as to conduct of MARKISS. MARKISS, replying to invitation to send Delegate to Berne Conference, had made certain stipulations limiting range of discussion. BAUMANN disapproved this course; regarded it with grave displeasure; even seconded hostile Amendment which CUNINGHAME-GRAHAM moved. DARLING (C. J., not yet L. C. J.), on contrary, was able to regard policy of MARKISS with almost unqualified approval. Not absolutely unqualified; that too much to expect; but enough to sustain MARKISS, and prevent complications certain to arise from resignation at present crisis.

BAUMANN declared for largest, fullest, illimitable range of discussion. "If," he said, fixing significant glance on COURTNEY, "there are any reasonable number of people in this country who doubt the rotundity of the earth, I will discuss the matter with them." Nothing could be handsomer. House felt this; uncompromising supporters of the Government, though outraged at this revolt in Peckham, murmured applause.

DARLING, on contrary, insisted that the worst the MARKISS had done, was to exclude from consideration two matters not mentioned in the programme. Perhaps if the MARKISS had consulted some of his supporters, the phrasing of his objection might have been happier. But that was nothing. DARLING (C. J.) stood by Her Majesty's Government, and OLD MORALITY heaved sigh of relief. "Wonderful young men!" he said. "Happy the Government that numbers in its ranks two such brilliant conuscatations—if I may say so—of humanity."

*Business done.*—Government saved from Vote of Censure.

*Wednesday.*—In Committee on Prevention of Cruelty to Children Bill. Tough fight over ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Amendment to omit from Bill words prohibiting employment of Children under ten in theatres. MUNDELLA, in charge of Bill, accepts Amendment. DICK TEMPLE, SAM SMITH, and other superlatively good people, object. Amendment defeated by 120 votes to 80.

"No Fairies for me," said TEMPLE—"I'll have none of 'em."

*Thursday.*—HOME SECRETARY sits on Treasury Bench pleased, watchful and alert. Ministerial life for him has been almost unbroken series of reproaches. When anything has gone wrong in London, the cry has always gone up, "*Cherchez le HOME SECRETARY!*" When found he has been made a note of in most disturbing style. Now STUART, with ill-advised enthusiasm, gives him opportunity to appear in the right at least for once. Seems that yesterday it occurred to directors of "Salvation Army" that it would be excellent advertisement to march with flags flying, drums beating and thousands shouting, along Strand to Exeter Hall. Announced intention to Commissioner of Police; Commissioner pointed out public inconvenience; politely suggested that "Army" should proceed along Embankment; "Army" declined, for very good reason. Never saw a stream of sandwich-board men parading

put *hors de combat*. STUART wants to know, how's this? CUNINGHAME-GRAHAM adds indignant inquiry; HOWELL and ROWLANDS, jealous for their own preserves, drop in a few words. Then

MATTHEWS rises to explain; ventures to hint that Strand not made exclusively for "Salvation Army;" that there are a few million people in London who have right to expect that public thoroughfares be kept open for them to go about their business. Added that every courtesy was shown to the directors of the *troupe*, and it was only when they insisted upon storming the Strand that the police closed up their ranks. HOME SECRETARY defending police on charge of interference with liberty of subject hailed with unwonted cheering from both sides.

*Business done.*—Scotch University Bill in Committee.

*Friday.*—Armenia in Lords; Scotch University in Commons; dulness everywhere. Met in corridor PEMBROKE, that Eiffel Tower of House of Lords. "Seen this controversy about who's 'W. H.?' " he said—"SHAKESPEARE'S Mr. W. H., 'the Onlie Begetter of these insuing Sonnets'?" Some people thought it was settled long ago; fixed on my forebear WILLIAM HERBERT, first Earl of Pembroke. Now OSCAR WILDE says it's Mr. WILLIAM HEWES. All nonsense, TOBY. You and I know better than that. SHAKESPEARE a man not for an age but for all time; saw everything and everybody centuries ahead. "Who's Mr. W. H.?" "Why it's SMITH!" And PEMBROKE lifted his tall head and laughed. *Business done.*—Very little.

## PLAY-TIME.

*At the Opéra Comique.*—"Place aux Dames!" Two new pieces by Lady-Dramatists. Better to be Lady-Authoress than an Alderwoman or Countess-Councillor. *To the Rescue*, by Mrs. GREET, was, as our friend WAGSTAFF observed, "warmly greeted." *Our Flat*, by Mrs. MUSGRAVE is a capital farcical comedy, excellently well played.

There is not a weak point in the entire bill. Miss FANNY BROUGH, as a young lady whose poverty with a bold front, and turns domestic distress into food for laughter, would have been the life and soul of the piece, were it not that her colleagues, Misses MAY WHITTY, ANNIE GOWARD, LAURA SEDGWICK, and END LESLIE, are lives and souls also.

Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN provokes tears of laughter at every turn. And as Miss BROUGH is supported by the ladies, so is Mr. EDOUIN by the gentlemen, for one and all give completeness to the *tout ensemble*. Mr. NAINBY is good, Mr. CHAS. S. FAWCETT is better, and Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD is best. The scene in which admirable substitutes for drawing-room furniture are found in tubs, barrels, and egg-boxes, covered with shawls, fairly brought down the house. Bravo, Mr. EDOUIN! You're sharp to produce *Our Flat*.

MUCH TO BE PITIED IN THIS WEATHER.—"The Standing Committees." Won't anybody provide them with seats? The name of Chairman is a misnomer if he has also to stand. If he is seated, he had better stand them chairs all round,—and cool drinks as well.



"No Fairies for me! I'll have none of 'em!"

than that. SHAKESPEARE a man not for an age but for all time; saw everything and everybody centuries ahead. "Who's Mr. W. H.?" "Why it's SMITH!" And PEMBROKE lifted his tall head and laughed. *Business done.*—Very little.



The Secretary, for Once at Home.

Embankment, Strand, Regent Street, and, above all, Bond Street, as being particularly inconvenient, owing to narrowness of thoroughfare, their happy hunting-grounds. So "Salvation Army" attempted to stream along Strand. Police resisted; scrimmage; flags torn; drums staved in; several "Captains" and "Colonels"



Sharp Practice in Our Flat. A fall in stage props.





"HAVE I SEEN THE SHAH! YES, I HAVE. DON'T I LOOK LIKE IT!"  
[He had been in the ugly rush just before the Shah's landing at Westminster, July 1.]

### COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

July 2, 1889.—Once more in the Guildhall ante-room, where our attention is distracted by the preparations for the reception of the SHAH that are going on hard by. Possibly "Mister" ROSEBERY is reminded by the hammerings and red-clothings that "His Imperial Majesty" (save the mark!) is a nuisance. But he puts it nicely. Says "Mister" ROSEBERY says he, "A great potentate came to this country, and he was welcomed in the City. A route was selected which was naturally the best for him to traverse, but the guardians of the route were not merely not consulted as to whether the route was convenient for them, but they had not a man, except the door-keepers in their office, whom they could appoint to protect their property."

It is fortunate that the attention of these rather venerable officials are engaged in telling members of the Press the way to the seats reserved for them, and keeping an eye upon the hats, coats, and umbrellas, while the Mister of ROSEBERY says this. I fancy that were the door-keepers to learn that there was a prospect of their being called upon to keep the ground for the SHAH, that resignation would be the order of the day. By the way that bright and intelligent Knight of the Italian Crown, HOWARD VINCENT, is strangely silent. Surely after his success at the Fire Brigade Parade he might have claimed as a right to look after the trees and the people at the head (more or less), of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers. If he is not to be trusted on an occasion such as this, what possible good can it be to him to be the author of so erudite a volume as *Elementary Military Geography*? By the way I have not read the deeply interesting work myself, but from what I know of the writer am convinced that the title he has given his book must be fully justified by the contents. No doubt the Knight of the Crown of Italy's military geography is very elementary.

But this is only preliminary to the real work of the meeting. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK brings up the report of the Standing Committee, recommending that Sir P. EDLIN, Q.C. (who, during the Jubilee Year, was Deputy and Treasurer to H.R.H. the Prince of WALES,

and in that capacity once returned thanks for his Illustrious Chief and the Rest of the Royal Family), shall only have £1500 for the present. Mr. DAVIES promptly, as an "amendment," moves that £1500 a year is ample. "Mister" ROSEBERY suggested that "the Pride of Mill Hill and Rickmansworth" (as I think we may fairly call Mr. DAVIES, as he was educated in those sparkling localities) has not moved an amendment, but only used an adjective. Then Mr. HORLEY, to set things right as a civil, a very civil, engineer, proposes that the salary of the *ci-devant* representative of the Prince of WALES and the Rest of the Royal Family shall have £2000 a-year.

Upon this we have a real treat. The Patriot BURNS—whose sweet, gentle voice, and nice ear for the use of the aspirate is a joy for ever—interposes in his customary winning manner. It is pleasant to see him as he stands addressing the Mister, with his bright aristocratic face, his commanding stature, his well-fitting clothes, and his spotless linen. Of course, he objects to Sir PETER receiving more than £1500 a-year, for the Patriot is an economist, and in his opinion, the learned gentleman indicated is already receiving a salary out of proportion with the services rendered. Moreover, the kindly BURNS mildly intimates that he considers that some of the sentences lately passed by Sir PETER are "simply disreputable." Called upon to withdraw the expression as inappropriate, the Patriot, with the fine feeling for which he is justly celebrated, substitutes "disgraceful" for "disreputable." Then the storm continues, until "Mister" ROSEBERY feels it incumbent to inform "the Pride of Mill Hill and Rickmansworth" that something or other he has said is immaterial, and to tell Mr. DAVIES that he cannot withdraw his Amendment without the consent of the Council. Then we have the Closure, and a Division of 73 votes to 7.

But our troubles are not yet finished. We are treated to a long wrangle over a report of the Corporate Property Committee, which keeps the Council hard at work until eight o'clock. When the Chairman at length vacates his seat, I cannot help thinking that he must regret his acceptance of office. For when all is said and done, the Earl of ROSEBERY is a gentleman and a scholar, and holds Cabinet rank as a Statesman. Surely someone else of less distinction would do equally well to preside over such worthies as the Patriot BURNS, "the Pride of Mill Hill," and the rest of them!

### BEDDED OUT.

(A future Possibility—we hope.)

DID you say that it was the County Council that has established all these delicious little ferny grottoes and pretty *cafés* the whole length of the Embankment?

Dear me! The Seven Dials seems to have disappeared, and in its place here is a public garden with a statue of Lord ROSEBERY, and a refreshing fountain in it!

Why, St. Martin's Lane is no longer a narrow and grimly depressing thoroughfare, now that the houses have been set back and trees planted at intervals down the street.

As for Trafalgar Square, the Democrat who would try to hold a public meeting there now, and thereby spoil the lovely turf and exquisite beds of flowers, would indeed be a hopeless Vandal.

Since prizes were given to any ratepayer who distinguished himself by the floral decoration of his windows and balconies, London has become a sort of Florist's Paradise and Horticultural Eden.

Now that flowers and trees are planted in every available corner and street and alley of the Metropolis, and the smoke demon has been finally put down, ailing country children are habitually sent up to Town to recover their health in its pure and invigorating atmosphere.

### HOPELESS.

HEART-sick at the shindy, absurd and horrid,

That's raised by our partisan gabies and babies,  
Punch longs for a PASTEUR who'd find a specific

To stamp out political rabies!

But in politics more than in science, 'tis sure,  
You would ne'er make the duffers believe in the cure.

### PLAY-TIME.

THERE are exceptions to every rule, and the *Matinée* on July 3, at the Strand Theatre, was one of these exceptions. Morning performances are usually the dulllest of functions, but the occasion referred to was absolutely pleasing. There were two new pieces, *Christopher's Honeymoon* and *Bravado*, both fairly amusing. In the first Mrs. T. E. SMALE (who, by the way, adapted the second very cleverly from the French) distinguished herself as a sprightly representative of the *genus* Laundress. Considering the large share this talented lady took both as authoress and actress in the afternoon programme, and the satisfactory time at which the performances were brought to a close, the *Matinée* might have been aptly described as "SMALE and Early."





MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR JUNE.



## NOT IN THE NEWSPAPERS;

Or, What our Illustrious Guest saw in Bacterial Billingsgate.

It was early—very early—on a fine July morning, when two striking, though evidently carefully disguised Personages might have been observed worming their wet and winding way with much difficulty amidst the chaos of vehicles of all sorts, from a railway van to a coster's barrow, which cumbered all the approaches to what Mr. J. LAURENCE HAMILTON, M.R.C.S., has not inappropriately termed Bacterial Billingsgate. Despite their elaborate *mufli*, consisting in each case of a waterproof, a sou'-wester, and wooden-soled shoes, the discriminating eye might have detected the Sage of Fleet Street and the Star of Ispahan.

The latter slipped up over a slimy and malodorous pool on the much-cracked pavement of the market, the jerk arresting an obvious yawn which had begun to distort the swarthy symmetry of the royal features.

"It is early," he muttered, apologetically.

"An Oriental Luminary should, like the sun, rise early," said his companion, sententiously.

"My gorge rises, anyhow, and readily enough," responded the Star, sniffing distastefully.

"Ah! Civic Banquets and florally decorated theatres are all very well in their way," remarked the Sage. "But this scene is more really characteristic of our sea-washed Isle, and one of its great staples."

"Is it?" snapped the Star. "Well, it looks very dirty, and it smells very nasty. *Bismillah!* What is that?"

"Only the tail of a half-frozen cod-fish. I hope it has not damaged the royal eye."

"But why," asked the Star, "do these dirtily-draped hordes of burden-bearers dart about in every direction in this distracting way? And why do those others, at intervals, howl so distressingly? And why do those vociferous vendors stand cramped up in nooks and corners, surrounded closely by a damp crowd of customers? And why are the floors like muddy pools, and the slabs like reeking gutters? And why is there so little suggestive of the sea and so much suggestive of a sewer? And why is it impossible to stand, or move, anywhere without getting wet-footed, and dust-besprinkled, and scale-covered, and permeated with the peculiar fetid odour which pervades the whole place?"

"These questions, and others which suggest themselves," replied the Sage, "can only be answered in one way. It is because this is Billingsgate—in other words the most inadequate and ill-arranged fish-market which ever disgraced a great—no, I beg pardon, a big city."

"Well, even with this waterproof on I am getting as damp as the fish, and as dirty as the ice in which it is packed. But it is wonderful how these hosts of rapidly moving, hard-working, but singularly hideous fish-porters contrive to dash about with their top-heavy burdens of boxes, bags, and barrels without colliding."

"It is a skill akin to legerdemain only to be acquired by practice in these narrow and crowded precincts," said the Sage.

"But why narrow, and crowded?"

"With a view apparently to the discomfort of both vendors and purchasers, and to the spoiling of the commodity they deal in," was the answer.

"But that—as your Euclid says,—is absurd? objected the Star.

"Quite so. Billingsgate is the *reductio ad absurdum* of a Metropolitan Fish Market. It has—as Mr. LAURENCE HAMILTON says, a Thames frontage of 160 feet instead of some 2000. Its land approaches are cramped and circuitous. To load, unload, store, preserve, sell, and distribute the fish are all equally difficult. Its internal construction is fortuitous and conducive to filthiness. Everything is as porous and spongy, in other words, as dirt-absorbing and disease-disseminating as possible. Everything, from a salmon-slab to a periwinkle sack, is carefully fitted to be the haunt of *bacteria*, 'the birth-place, home, and distributor of putrefactive fish-germs.'"

"Pah!" exclaimed His Majesty, with a shudder. "And is none to be bowstrung or bastinadoed for this?"

"Step aside, your Majesty, behind this pillar. Between the shouting salesmen and precipitate porters a spectator is sure to come to grief."

"But now I am standing in a pool, and inhaling putrefaction," objected the Star.



## A DILEMMA.

Nervous Gentleman (to two Sisters). "I'VE GOT TO TAKE ONE OF YOU IN TO DINNER. A—A—LET ME SEE—A—WHICH IS THE ELDER?"

"Then," said the Sage, "we had better go. These are the normal conditions of Bacterial Billingsgate, not to be escaped even by Us."

"Its floor," says the scientific critic before referred to, "is composed of a porous, soft stone, so worn and uneven, that its pavement is a network of filth-pools, super-saturated with germs, or *bacteria* or *microbes*, specially ripe, and ready to spoil any unspoilt dead fish which may be in the market."

"I know little about what you call *microbes* or *bacteria*," rejoined his Illustrious Companion; "but if they mean nastiness, it seems to me your scientific critic is not far out. We Persians are not supposed to be over-particular, but if I made a sketch of this place, and its pallid, slime-stained, blood-splashed porters, my subjects might mistake it for a shambles or a torture-room."

"Fish-salesmen," pursued the Sage, adroitly dodging a falling crate on one side, and a pad of mud-stained plaice on the other, "have, I am informed, 'to pay from sixpence to ninepence a-week for occupying each square foot of space hired in Bacterial-Billingsgate,' and I agree 'it is disgrace that, with such high rents and close competition, they are not provided with properly-constructed stalls in a properly-constructed market, with ample space and ample approaches by land and water.'"

"And why," asked the Star, preparing to dodge his way out of the dirty chaos—"why did you bring me to this dismal and disgraceful place?"

"In order," replied the Sage, "that your Majesty might be induced to describe it with pen, and perchance with pencil, and that, 'seeing itself as others see it,' Bacterial Billingsgate may be ashamed of itself, and reform."

"Humph!" said the Illustrious One, picking his way amongst the filthy pools with a perfumed handkerchief at his offended nose.

SUMMER LIGHTNING.—The Clergy have recently been attempting to clear the air with a little mild fulmination—a sort of "flash-in-the-Pan"—Anglican meeting—about the heinous sin of Gambling. Certainly, a well-intentioned effort. But do these Ecclesiastics forget that they owe their present existence to the fact of there once having been a very big Bet on the Throne.

OUR old friend, Mrs. R., remembers the SHAH being here sixteen years ago. She has a portrait of him which, she says, "I keep as a momentum of his visit."



## 'NIGHTS TWA WI' THE SHAH.'

(By Our Own Special Plenipotentiary.)

SIR,—How right you were to send for me on this occasion. So was AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS. No one knows better than yourself, Sir, and DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS, how valuable my services are on such occasions. For years a resident in Persia, speaking the language fluently, and writing it to perfection, up in all their customs and habits, the trusted friend and adviser of NASR-ED-DEEN,—"ED DEEN" is his ecclesiastical title,—Manager of the Imperial Fallalah (Sun Music Hall) in Teheran, and Director of Fallalahheen (singers),—who, I ask, could have been more fitted for the task than the humble individual who undertakes to write for you the Diary of DARIUS, and become, without fulsome flattery, his Mede of Praise. But to begin with Monday night.



On the Job.

Ah, Sir, the work of a Persian Special is a hard one! All night was I up with AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS teaching him how to receive the SHAH. Most difficult. DRURIOLANUS is a man who likes to advance with the times, and in this case he had to learn to walk backwards in a Court suit, and to avoid getting his sword between his legs while holding a couple of electric-lighted candelabra, the battery being concealed in the tail pockets and connected by wires threaded into the seams and passing down the sleeves into the ruffles. There were only three of us. Myself teaching as M.C., and the Private Sec. of DRURIOLANUS (famed as the Defender of the Faithless "ARRY B. PASHA"), who on this occasion took the part of SHAH, just as he had stood up for the aforesaid, "ARRY B." The Persian Court reception step is difficult to learn all at once; it consists of three paces back to the right, two to the left, hop, jump, turn over twice (this bothered DRURIOLANUS, and he wanted to substitute Little LAURI, but I wouldn't agree to it), and come down in the same place, or as near it as possible, and so on down the passage until the Imperial box is reached. To do this without dropping the candelabra requires more than a couple of hours practice, as I know to my cost. But before 4 A.M. DRURIOLANUS had mastered it completely.

"What a pity these are not the days of PERSIANI!" I exclaimed. "How appropriate it would have been!" Immediately afterwards I was sorry I had spoken, as the remark seemed to cast a gloom over DRURIOLANUS. "The programme can't be altered now," he sighed reflectively, "unless MELBA, or MARIE ROZE, would take the name of PERSIANI for this occasion only!"

The Shah's Visit.—You Sir, Mr. Punch, with your brilliant staff, and TOBY with a dog-rose in his button-hole, were of course the first to receive and welcome the Royal and Imperial party. DRURIOLANUS executed the reception step perfectly, only making one slight slip where some stupid idiot of a carpenter had omitted a nail in the stair-carpet. There's a stair-rod in pickle for him. However, it caused only a delay of a second, as with a marvellous effort of agility DRURIOLANUS caught himself tripping (for the first time in his life) and turned a summersault lightly and gracefully backwards (a development and an improvement, I am bound to admit, on what I had taught him) and alighted with a Persian bend, and the candelabra in his hands, on the first landing, which is in future to be called historically, "The Landing of the SHAH." After this all was easy.

The SHAH's little boy was there, and I presented him with a cake, and a box of sweetmeats, on which was inscribed an adaptation from HORACE; "*Persicos amo! Eat! Puer apparatus!*" which, as a neat bit of scholarship,—"*puer apparatus!*" being of course, applied to this little chap,—takes the cake, as he did, by the bye, and ate it too.

"A gorgeous spectacle, MASHAR," I observed to him. I have the privilege of addressing him familiarly as "MASHAR."

"Not so gorgeous," he replied, *sotto voce*, "As my spectacles," and, to emphasise the joke, he removed his gold-rimmed specs, and wiped them carefully. I thought he was going to present them to me as a *souvenir*, but he didn't. I didn't smile. In Persia, when a joke is made, you must keep your countenance, or lose your head.

Well, it was all a great success. On quitting the theatre the SHAH summoned TIN KHAN, the Treasurer, and presented *tip-poo-tip* (Persian for "gifts of money") to the attendants. I saw his Imperial Majesty home at a late hour to Buckingham Palace. He had lost his latch-key, and it's an awkward place to be locked out of, as there's no getting within three hundred yards of the front-door bell on account of the railings and the sentinels. But my experience came to MASHAR's aid, and going round in the direction of the stables—But I must not be indiscreet. I saw H.I.M. up-stairs, where, at the entrance of his dressing-room, he was received by OT VATAH KHAN and KHOUD VATAH KHAN, his chamberlains. After saying, cheerily, "*Bon soir, MASHAR!*" (he understands French), I left him to LULLAH BI BI BOO, whose office it is to sing the SHAH to sleep

every night. And as I went down the stairs this refrain reached me, arranged for two voices:—

"Have you seen the SHAH?  
Tra la la la la!"

If you've seen  
MASHAR-ED-DEEN,  
You have seen MASH-SHAH."

The *Daily Telegraph* Special said that the SHAH took a pencil from the Special Artist of the *Illustrated London News*, and drew that Artist's likeness. "Aha!" quoth DRURIOLANUS, looking at the magnificent and crowded house, "The SHAH can 'draw.'"

Thursday Night. At the *Empire*.—Splendid entertainment given by Sir ALBERT SASSOON to the SHAH, the Prince and Princess of WALES and such a marvellous assemblage of rank, fashion, wealth, and beauty as has never before been gathered together within the walls of a theatre at the invitation of a single private person. On this night the



Lullah Bi Bi Boo.  
"O Mon Shah Charmant!"

Empire was indeed a Theatre of Varieties. The Diamonds were dazzling! the flowers a beautiful sight, CYRIL FLOWER, M.P., included. I was there of course,—all there. "How are you?—all right?" says the SHAH to me. "Quite, thanks," I replied, with the respectful familiarity of an old friend. "You'll have a big night of it here, MASHAR." He chuckled, and wiped his glasses. Then upstairs he went. The SHAH was enchanted with those birds of the night, the Aero-bats, and positively smiled when *Cleopatra* came on in her ballet-galley. Poor little "*Apparatus Puer*" became so very sleepy that DHOST MANKHUM and LULLAH BI BI BOO had to take him back to Buckingham Palace. As we were allowed to circulate all over the house, when the heat became oppressive and our throats dry, I took my old friends NUBAR BHIR KHAN (the Persian Inspector of Imperial Pints), and GUZZLAR ALI KHAN to various buffets where we drank POMMERY's Sherbet *très sec* '80. This is sherbet I can confidently recommend to all good Mussulmen. At the generous and hospitable invitation of our liberal host, I was enabled to entertain a few foreign friends at a small table in the corner—and I did entertain them too, as we hadn't met for sixteen years, when most of my best-known stories which have since become "chessnuts" were new. But I've added to the stock, and they've forgotten the old ones. Among the honoured guests at my table were His Excellency AMIN AH MUKZIR (the Imperial Boot and Shoe Persia-Polish Inspector), LAHZEZAH MIRZA KHAN, who is always in a state of chronic astonishment; NODZA NZAM KHAN, still a gay dog with his "glasses round" on all the pretty women; MUDEAH ALI KHAN, Minister of Public Instruction; AHMAD KHAN, a very eccentric but privileged individual; HEZIN SULTAN, the only at all bad-mannered chap of the lot; and, indeed, if it hadn't been for the presence of ABUL CHOOKHAH OWTAH, Chief of the Persian Police, a man of fine physique, HEZIN SULTAN would have had a row with SEDIG-US-LENRIBZ, the Court Jester, who is no respecter of Persians.

Then there was TATAR KHAN, the Imperial Vegetarian; ADUL KHAN, good fellow, but never sees a joke, though he laughs occasionally; his half-brother, ADULLAH KHAN, who is still more obtuse, and never laughs at all, except by Imperial command, on such grand festivals as Horse-Collar days; and TWEZEZAH KHAN, the Chief Court Dentist, with his old favourite, BAK MOLAH AKAH KHAN, whom he always takes out on every possible occasion.

A merry night! "Ta Ta, mi bul-bul," said the SHAH, as we parted at Buckingham Palace gates, which to-night had been left open. "Ta Ta, MASHAR," I replied, in excellent Persian (pronounced as spelt), as I drove off. And so ended the second of the memorable "Nights wi' the SHAH."

THE (STAN) HOPE OF THE FAMILY.—One of the golden medals given to good artists by the Awarders in the Paris Exhibiton, fell to the lot of the youthful STANHOPE FORBES, who, it is now generally known is wedded to his Art, a relationship, not within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity. We drink to the happy pair. Stan' up FORBES, and respond for "the health of the bride."

TOUCHING CEREMONY.—The SHAH at Paddington. Most affecting to see the Great Eastern visiting the Great Western. Even Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, M.P., wept.



### "MODUS OPERANDI."

Covent Garden, Monday.—*Roméo et Juliette*. House crowded. Preparations commencing for SHAH's visit to-morrow. But we attend to Opera. Here is a tip gratis to DRURIOLANUS and the Organising Committee. Start earlier next year, and bring out *Roméo et Juliette* in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race week. Why do I suggest this? Why? because of *Roméo's* tights. *The right tights is dark blue, and the left light*. Now isn't DRURIOLANUS just the man to seize such a chance at the right (tight) moment? These



DUET—"C'est une alouette."

Hark! Juliet, hark! | This is indeed a lark!

parti-coloured tights would suit all parties. If the Opera were played every night during the week, the popular JEAN DE RESZKÉ might adopt such attitudes as would give special prominence to neither colour. But on the Saturday night, after the Boat-race, then he would put the best leg foremost, according to the winning colour. "It need hardly be said," remarked Lord CH-RI-S, "that no change affecting *Roméo* could be made without consulting our own MONTAGUE." How lovely is this Opera, words by Monsieur WILLIAMS DE VINE, music by M. GOUNOD. How unspeakably but singularly charming is this duet:—

Roméo.	Translation.	Juliette.	Translation.
O ma JULIETTE,	O my JULIET,	Non! pas d'alouettes,	No! no larks!
C'est une alouette,	This is a lark,	Dit votre JULIETTE.	Says your JULIET.
O ma très chère!	O my dearest!	Moi! je suis sévère!	I am strictly serious.

Mlle. MELBA charming, JEAN DE RESZKÉ at his best, EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ, the stout friar, first-rate, but with a very bad habit. *Father Laurence* was an exemplary monk, and he oughtn't to have a bad habit. Colour wrong, and, as to the cord round his waist, it is quite appropriate that an operatic monk should come on with a chord, but let it be the right one, the Franciscan cord, or chord of F. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS knows what the value of correct detail is in perfecting an ensemble.

*Otello*. Words by Signor SHAKSPEARIO, music by Signor VERDI. On Friday night it was evident, in more senses than one, that Signor TAMAGNO, Signor MAUREL, and the big orchestra under the conductorship of Signor FACCIO, required a far bigger house than the Lyceum, as Signor TAMAGNO's powerful voice would have filled one twice the size, and the orchestra was, in the opinion of those close to it, literally "stunning." *Otello* is the effect of VERDI conVerdid to Wagnerism. Those who expect "here a tune, and there a tune, and everywhere a tune," will be disappointed. Of masterly dramatic accompaniment there is enough and to spare, and M. MAUREL's acting generally excellent, though too much in it of the twopence-coloured melodramatic style. Still, when both artists become accustomed to the Lyceum stage, they will learn to economise their energies, and Signor FACCIO will restrain the exuberance of the cymbals, drum, and wind. "Less wind, and more air," was the murmur of the enervated, half-suffocated, but, up to the last, enthusiastic audience that assembled at the Lyceum to welcome M. MAYER's introduction of VERDI's Grand *Otello* to the British Public. Both Signors MAUREL and TAMAGNO were rapturously encoined in the declamatory dramatic pieces which do duty for songs. As to *Iago's* devilish kind of *Credo*, they would have had even this three times. Twice was more than enough for some of us natives, who could find no warrant for it in SHAKSPEARE. House-room being required, why not have taken it to help Her Majesty's Opposition, now shut up, which, even with the Grand *Otello*, would have all its work to do to get abreast of the Covent Garden Party, whose leader DRURIOLANUS, is able to do what I believe no Impresario has ever yet done, and that is, contend with General MITCHELL, of Bond Street, so, that the latter instead of, as heretofore, being appealed to by the Operatic Manager to assist the enterprise by taking stalls and boxes, has now to hale DRURIOLANUS before a Judge in order to insist on his ancient privileges being

conceded to him. "'Remember Mitchell's-tone' in former days," says DRURIOLANUS; but, in the interests of all parties, the public included, the matter will be amicably settled.

### WHAT IT HAS NEARLY COME TO!

*Interrogator*. I shall be obliged for the amounts of your butcher's, baker's, grocer's, and other tradesmen's books, during the past year.

*Ratepayer*. In compliance with the Circular already received, I produce them.

*I*. I thank you. Now, kindly tell me, can you afford a trip to the seaside?

*R*. Yes, a fortnight at Herne Bay in furnished apartments in a back street.

*I*. Be good enough to hand over the school-bills of your children.

*R*. Again, in compliance with your Circular, I produce them.

*I*. I am obliged to you. Now, kindly say does your mother-in-law ever pay you a visit?

*R*. Not when I can help it.

*I*. Pardon me, that is scarcely an answer to my question. May I take it that she stays with you on an average a third of the year?

*R*. I suppose you may.

*I*. I do not think she is a total abstainer?

*R*. No more do I.

*I*. I see. And now, will you give me the bills of your wife's personal expenditure?

*R*. I cannot just at present, as they have been lodged by my Solicitor in the Court of Bankruptcy.

*I*. When I next see you, kindly have them ready! And now tell me is the sum you have sent in the full amount of all your receipts?

*R*. I believe so.

*I*. That is scarcely enough. Have you received no gifts during the past twelvemonths?

*R*. On my wedding-day a distant relative sent me a fiver.

*I*. Dear me! That is a serious omission in your return! Pray have you had nothing else either in cash or kind?

*R*. My youngest son on my birthday sent me a picture-card.

*I*. Which, no doubt, was worth sixpence. You were very remiss in making no return of so important an amount! And now be good enough to say—do you take an egg with your tea?

*R*. What's that to you?

*I*. Pardon me, I come here to ask questions not to answer them—but if you are disinclined to give me a satisfactory response, no doubt I can get a reply from either your neighbour or your servants.

*R*. Come, this is too much of a good joke! What right have you to put such inquisitorial questions to me?

*I*. Every right; and we will continue the examination when I call again to-morrow.

*R*. But, good gracious, man! if I am to keep my temper, tell me at once who you are!

*I*. Certainly! I am an Assessor of Income-Tax. And now, adieu, or, rather, au revoir!

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Good number of *Fortnightly*, under the able guidance of the outspoken and uncommonly frank HARRIS. *How the Shah Travels* when he's at home is, of course, peculiarly appropriate; but in spite of Mr. BENT's contempt for the opinion of English journalists as to certain, or, as he thinks, uncertain facts about the SHAH, the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS ventures to think that the aforesaid journalists were correct here, and the writer of the article no doubt is most correct in Persia. But, of course, we mustn't expect any article signed "BENT" to be perfectly straight; there must be some bias in BENT. *The Ethics of Punishment* is a counterblast—or rather a blow straight from the shoulder, smashing the illogical rose-water sentimentalists, who, unable to bear punishment, will find it difficult to come up smiling after the "wunner" in the face. And from a LILLY, too! Oh, what a surprise!

We see by the *World* last week that "L. E." has withdrawn from the conduct of *Our Celebrities*. We shall miss the monographs—"so Engel-ish, you know"—which accompanied M. WALÉRY's admirable portraits, but trust that the interesting series of the Waléry-Gallery will not be discontinued.

Mr. FARJEON seems to have been very busy lately, as I have seen several books of his about, of which the titles are new to me. But I also have been uncommonly busy, and so haven't had time to peruse them. FARJEON at a distance, will please take notice.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

ASK THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.—As to Costume on the occasion of the SHAH's Visit to the Opera, the *Court Circular* said:—"The dress worn by the Household was full dress with trousers." With trousers! Then what is "Semi-state dress?" The Kilt?





## HAPPY THOUGHT.

*Nervous Rider. "LOOK HERE, POLICEMAN! I GIVE THIS HORSE IN CHARGE!"*

*(Puts rein in Policeman's hand, and bolts.)*

## CHEEK!

"Portugal may have more to gain by an arrangement than by a conflict."  
—*"Times"* on the Delagoa Bay Difficulty.

WHEN a naughty little boy, with intention to annoy,  
Puts a sleeper or a stone across the rail,  
He is mad if he means blocking, while, if more, 'tis simply shocking,  
And enough to make a Portugee  
Turn pale!

Well, out Delagoa way there's a boy inclined to play  
Such a sly, obstructive, homicidal trick,  
As portrayed in *Punch's* picture. Gentle diplomatic stricture  
Seems less applicable here than  
Summary Stick!

For this little Portugee, with an impish kind of glee  
That is horrible to see in a kid,  
Plans a trick which anyhow BULL's unable to allow,  
And there'd only be a row

If he did!

True, out in foreign parts parties practise "rummy starts,"  
And indulge in simian arts pretty much;  
But the monkeyishness exhibited this time must be prohibited,  
And downed upon and gibbeted

As such!

Eh? The little boy declares it's the silliest of scares  
To imagine he prepares for a smash?  
Well, my little Portugee, *Punch* is watching, and can see,  
And he thinks that simple plea

Will not wash.

Senhor BARROS GOMES, too, says (as he is bound to do)  
There's no cause for big boohoo or botheration;  
That the urchin's hands are clean, that he is not stirred by spleen;  
That that big stone does *not* mean  
Confiscation!

Well, that little Lisbon lad *may* not mean to play the cad,  
But the look of things is bad, GOMES mine!  
Still, to your attempts to clear that small boy from motives queer,  
*Punch* a most judicial ear

Will incline.

You, of course, would much regret such a thing as an upset  
Of a train in which our interests are united.  
If the boy (and the big Boer) monkey-mischief quite give o'er,  
*Punch* will then be—no one more—  
Much delighted.

But, upon the face of it, ere the urchin we acquit,  
We need just a little bit more clear light.  
There's the railway, there's the stone, there's the boy; till more is  
BULL stands fast, which, you will own, [known,  
Seems but right.

That little Portugee *has* shown cheek, as all agree,  
And though smallness, don't you see, is permitted  
Many privileges, still Lilliput rules not, nor will,  
Though endowed with simian skill,  
And sharp-witted.

"Don't hit me—arbitrate!" Well, young urchin, bless kind fate  
That JOHN BULL's no ogre, great at mere gobble.  
If he were, we'll say, a Bear, you'd have reason good for scare,  
And would soon be in a rare  
Hopeless hobble!

A HINT FOR THE REVIVAL OF AN ANCIENT OFFICE.—In the list (as given by *The Times*) of Aldermen present at Guildhall, on the occasion of the SHAH's visit, occurs the name of "WAGSTAFF." What's in a name? Much. Why here's an opportunity to revive the ancient office of "LORD MAYOR'S FOOL." WAGSTAFF is the very name for a jester. THACKERAY would have delighted in it.

PROJECTED ROYAL VISIT.—Preparations are now being made for the reception of the British Sovereign in Brazil.





CHEEK!

MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE PORTUGAL. "PLEASE, SIR, DON'T HIT ME,—LET'S *ARBITRATE!*"







## ROBERT AND THE SHAR.

WELL, I spose as, sum of these days, peepel will begin for to know the great himportance of the old Copperashun, and to wunder what on airth the Guvernement and the Country wood do without 'em, when they wants to make frends with a grand old Pottentate. Why I scarce xpects for to be bleived—xcept for the honnerabel caracter I have sustaned for these 20 years past—wen I says that I has it strait from one of the Royal Footmen, that wen our latest himportant Wisitor, the Shar of PERSHER, was arranging with a certain Royal Welsh Prince, who shall be nameless, as to what entertainments he was to be taken too, he aeshally said, thro' his hinterpreter, "Whatever helse you leaves hout, mind you don't leave hout the wisit to Gildhall, for I remembers well as they had the largest lot of red-coated officers there, the perfekest tuttle an grin fat, and the loveliest lot of bewtiful women, as ever I saw outside a Theater." And if that wasn't a complement, I shoold like for to kno what wood be. So on Wensday he came.

By the by, I'm werry much greeved to hear as that sum few of our unexperienced extra Waiters got theirselves into great disgrace by their unwaiter-like conduct. That they must have been born fools as well as mere Green Horns is proved by their showing their bad conduct before sum of the most principleest Litery Men of the day! Why, if they had behaved badly before a lot of Dooks and Wicounts it woodn't have been of half so much himportance, becoz they can't, by harf-a-dozen words of complaint in their reports, like the others can, get them dismissed from their nice cumferal places. The fact is, that sum of us about spiles the public as regards Waiters. Of course, when about a nundred Waiters is wanted for such a occashun as this, it wood be all serene and cumferal if they cood get about sixty ROBERTS and about forty BROWNS, but in course it can't be done, for the best of all reasons, and then these unfortnit ewents happens, and the angry Litery Gents of course abuses Waiters in general, as is only nateral, if not quite just.

One of the Royal Footmen, which he's a bit of a wag, said as he had bin told, as the SHAR woodn't take off his At, not ewen in the presence of the bewtiful Princess of WALES, coz he had had his hair cut jest afore he came, and the Pershan Barberosser, as they calls 'em, cut it too short, and it was the larst chance he ever had of making that mistake, poor Feller!

The SHAR didn't keep us waiting, but was punktual, as all reel gennilmen allers is. He lissened most respectful to the learned Ricorder, and seemed quite to understand his dillicate illusion to the Gold Carsket. But his speech in reply was suddenly the werry shortest as ever I herd delivered, and I was too fur off to hear a single word of it. I was glad to ketch the i of my distinguished imployer, Mr. Punch, a sittin' with TOBY, M.P., and Mr. CHARLES

content with the Halbion's Champagne, which didn't surprise me, as I have known it of old, speshally the werry old Perryhay Jeway, tho I've erd as Perinay Fiz was ordered for this okayashun. He aeshally stood up to return thanks for his elth! but then I sposes as it tisen't werry offen as he has to speak to a LORD MARE. But I trembel to think wot miter happn'd. While the SHAR stood up he changed his mind, and thort he'd sit down agen. He was about to do so, and got arf way, honly to find as sum ignorrent offishul had



ackshually taken away his chare! Plamp (or thin) he'd 'ave bin down on the flor but for Mister MORLY, the Tost Master, or sum wun ellus, who shued up the chare just in time to ketch the SHAR and save the Purshun Karpit and the Empier. And then the Scotch Pershun, MALKUM KAN spoke for him, an' aeshally proposed the werry identickle tost as wos set down for H.R.H. the Prince of WHALES. But the tack of the Prince and Mare put all parties konsernd at their hees, and so all went rite.

As for our own LORD MARE, it doesn't seem to matter to him weather it's a King, or a Prince, or a Most Honnerable Markis, or a real Shar, he's ekally at home with all of 'em. Why, his speech on proposing Lord SORLSBERRY's health amost made him blush, tho he is a Prime Minister, and what did Lord SORLSBERRY tell the lissening World? Why, that when the LORD MARE speaks, he not only speaks for the City of London, the first City of the hole World, but for the hole Country.

I was a good deal estonished at the hutter ignorance of sum peepel as pretends as they knos ewerythink about sillybrated peepel. Peepel did say as the SHAR wasn't a good Sailer, but much they knowed about it. Why, I had it on the werry hiest orthority, that is, from one of the Tems Conservatifs who went down on Monday to Gravesend to fetch him, that they showed him the road all the ways up to Westminster Peer, and he wasn't a bit sea sick not wunce.

Upon the hole I feels inclined to say, as Wensday's recepshun of the SHAR, what with the large number of the Royaltys, and the large number of what I shoold think must be the hansumest troops in the world, and the large number of the Corporation Leftenants, as isn't quite so hansum, but don't cost quite so much, and the large number of Royal Carriages and Royal Hosses, was about the most splendideest thing of the kind as the grand old Copperashun has had for many a long day. The only thing as I shoold ventur, werry umbly, to ask his Sharship, when next he cums—and cum I kno he will—is, to change his Nashunal Air for sumthink quite diffrent. We don't want too, so we might lend him "Rool, Britannier!" But really his present one is about the most uncumferallest as I ewer heard, and when played about ewery ten minutes for about two ours, it becomes quite a cawtion.

His Royal Madjesty behaved werry kindly to me on parting. For, not being able to see me for the werry great crowd as stood near his carriage, he stood up in it for two or three minits and looked all about him, till at last seeing what I supposes I may call my well-known features, he raised his hand to his At, an says he, "ROBERT, I'm a-go in to dine all alone at Buknam Pallis, you kum an wate." Which I did, an your artiss wos aloud to make a sketch, tho' my wife says it ain't a bit like me—not arf flatterin enuf. But wot's it matter, as long as the Public favrably rekinizes

ROBERT.



WINDUM, of the Kriteerium Theayter, on a sidebord, as merry as cold be. Suddenly they lookt as if they'd got all the freedom of the City.

Didn't the SHAR look jest jolly prowd when he was allowed to walk off with the hansum LADY MARESS. He ate a werry good lunch, and didn't ask for no Shiraz wine as we xpected he wood, tho of coarse it's only the Pershan name for Sherry, but was quite

OLD SAW RESET FOR THE TURF.—"Pull Devil, pull Jockey!"





THE SHAH'S IMPRESSIONS, DRAWN BY H.I.M. HIMSELF FOR MR. PUNCH, "THE LONDON SHAK-IVARI."





## BONCHIEINIE.

*Young Lady Tourist (caressing the Hotel Terrier, Bareglourie, N.B.).* "OH, BINKIE IS HIS NAME! HE SEEMS INCLINED TO BE QUITE FRIENDLY WITH ME." *Waiter.* "OO, AYE, MISS, HE'S NO VERA PARTREC'LAR WHA HE TAKS OOP WI!"

## ENGLISH—AS SHE MAY BE TALKED IN FRENCH.

*Being a few colloquial British phrases, rendered freely into their nearest Gallic equivalents by Our Own Special Translator for the use of the intending Visitor to Paris.*

## IN SOCIETY.

Elle était certainement une fille foudroyante. She certainly was a stunning girl.  
Elle et moi, ne savez-vous pas, nous sommes des grandes cuillères. She and I, dontcher know, are great spoons.  
Mais elle n'est pas une pièce sur la Duchesse. But she is not a patch upon the Duchess.  
O! Mais je suis affreusement purée sur la Duchesse. Oh! but I'm awfully mashed on the Duchess.

## TRAVELLING.

Comment trouvez-vous le train aux trèfles? How do you like the Club train?  
O! c'est parfaitement de première côtelette. Oh! it is quite first chop.  
C'est de véritable confiture. It is real jam.

## SPORT AND PLAY.

D'aller aux courses c'est un morceau d'une alouette. To go to the races is a bit of a lark.  
Oui. Voulez-vous descendre dans un quatre en main? Yes. Will you go down in a four-in-hand?  
Certainement, si je puis m'assurer de la siège de portemanteau. Certainly, if I can make sure of getting the box-seat.  
Sans doute c'est préférable à la planche de couteaux de l'omnibus. It is undeniably to be preferred to the knifeboard of an omnibus.  
Parler d'un omnibus, ça me rend encore chez-moi comme clignement. To talk of an omnibus takes me home again like winking.  
Eh bien, gardez ouvert votre oeil de temps et dites moi vos petis jeux comme un Johnnie excellent. Very well, keep your weather eye open, and tell me your little games like a good Johnnie.  
Voulez-vous essayer un jeu de sommeil léger? Will you try a game at Nap?

Avez-vous assez du pied de cheval avec vous? Have you enough 'oof with you?  
Les biftecks, sont-ils d'une mauvaise odeur? Are the stakes high?  
Vous n'avez pas d'objection à un singe? You don't mind a monkey?  
Merci, mais je voudrais mieux prendre une main à tisonnier. Thank you, but I would rather take a hand at poker.  
Ah! vous avez l'intention de prendre le gâteau. Ah! you mean to take the cake.  
Eh bien, je suis un peu noisettes sur ça. Well, I am rather nuts on it.

## VALE, WIMBLEDON!

H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE having kindly consented to allow the National Rifle Association to hold their annual meeting for the last time at Wimbledon, it is earnestly requested that the following regulations may be observed, so that the property of the Illustrious Personage may be injured as little as possible:—

1. Volunteers are warned to keep to the gravel-paths, and not to walk on the grass.
2. Persons desiring to live under canvas must use no pegs in erecting their tents, so that the turf may suffer as little injury as practicable.
3. Smoking cannot be allowed within six miles of Coombe House, as the effluvia of tobacco might be considered offensive by the inhabitants of that desirable family residence. (For cards to view, please apply, &c., &c.)
4. So that persons visiting the Duke's property may not be annoyed by noise, no Band will be permitted to play in the Camp during the fortnight.
5. Should it be considered advisable to present a testimonial to the Illustrious Personage, as a small acknowledgment of the invariable kindness he has shown to the Volunteers, the contribution will be limited to the sum of ten guineas and upwards.
- 6, and lastly. No person, on any consideration whatever, will be allowed to open a soda-water bottle that has its neck pointing towards His Royal Highness's property, for fear of accidents.



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, July 1.*—House of Lords quite crowded. Question is, is JOHN FRANCIS ERSKINE GOODEVE-ERSKINE, Earl of Mar and Kellie, or, does the ancient title belong to WALTER HENRY ERSKINE? House of Lords does not hear of case for first time; discussed it long ago; decided in favour of WALTER HENRY. JOHN FRANCIS naturally objects. ALLAN PLANTAGENET STEWART, tenth Earl of Galloway, brother-in-law of the MARKISS, stands by him. Swears on the Garlies claymore that he will see right done. Retires to study on one of the earliest days of young and unsuspecting year. Picks up sheaves of manuscript; goes into the matter thoroughly; spares no incident; burkes no date; shows to his own satisfaction and that of JOHN FRANCIS ERSKINE GOODEVE-ERSKINE, that WALTER HENRY ERSKINE is only Earl of Kellie, and has no right to title of Mar.

This all very well for JOHN FRANCIS and ALLAN PLANTAGENET; but after half an hour with the manuscript House of Lords revolts. GRANVILLE gentlest of men, most courteous of controversialists, calls attention to fact that instead of delivering speech, GALLOWAY is reading essay. GALLOWAY inarticulately waves off Noble Lord; plunges once more into manuscript. GRANVILLE up again, a little more imperative in manner. GALLOWAY waves him off with roods of manuscript. A third time, with increasing asperity, GRANVILLE comes to charge; says it's breach of order for Member to read his speech. Then ROSEBERRY takes up protest; threatens to move that speech of Noble Lord be taken as read. GALLOWAY, with tears in eyes, protests that never was Noble Lord so ruthlessly interrupted; violently waves manuscript over his head, as if it were flag of Scotland; cheered on by Earl of MAR, proceeds. More murmurs; things growing desperate.

"Well, I'll skip a page," says GALLOWAY, soothingly.

Does so; no appreciable influence on sequence of argument. Presently more murmurs.

"Then I won't say all I was going to say," GALLOWAY breathlessly promises, always waving his right arm in rotary fashion, as if he were winding himself up.

"Bless me!" said Lord BANGOR, who had been following discourse in increasingly desperate effort to understand its purport, "this is terrible; another good page gone! Reminds me of the story of What's-her-name, mother of a large family, who, pursued by wolves, threw an occasional child to them, and so safely pursued her journey."

GALLOWAY went on through quarter of hour after quarter of hour. Once discovered going back to read page which he said he'd given up. Howl of indignation from outraged House.

"Well, I won't read *that*," said GALLOWAY, nodding his head soothingly towards malcontents. But they must really listen to peroration. Couldn't at first find peroration; got mixed up with exordium, with the Firstly and the Fourthly. But at last here it was, and GALLOWAY's right arm going round and round, more than ever like an exasperated windmill, he declaimed sonorous sentence about Law and Order, Justice and Mercy, MAR and KELLIE.

*Business done.*—In Commons, Committee on Scotch University Bill.

*Thursday.*—Rather smart Debate on proposal to appoint Select Committee to inquire into question of Parliamentary Grants to Royal Family. OLD MORALITY moved Resolution in touching speech. At one moment not a dry eye in House, unless it was the SAGE's. This happened when OLD MORALITY, drawn aside by mention of the word "family," dropped into a little disquisition on touching theme.

"The idea of family in this country is predominant among all who have the honour to be subjects of the QUEEN. Now, what is a family?" he continued, gazing benignantly on faces clustered round him. "A family is a congeries of human beings drawn together, often accidentally, by ties of blood, and generally, I may say invariably, at the outset dwelling together under a single roof—or shall we say roof-tree? A family may be large or small, but usually its commencement is infinitesimal. Beginning with one (and that undersized), it grows on—accumulates, as it were—sometimes reaching a considerable number, all animated by a sense of duty to their QUEEN and their country. Around the sentiment of family is clustered all that is good and pure in the Constitution of this country. We therefore take pride in the fact that our Royal Family, which stands at the head of the State, comes to us occasionally—nay, I will say not infrequently—for Votes of the kind alluded to in the Most Gracious Message from the Throne."

"My idea of a family," growled SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate, a little later, vainly trying to imitate this lofty eloquence, "is, that you keep your own children." House too completely under sway of OLD MORALITY's eloquence to listen to heresy of this kind; so voted Committee by 313 against 125.

*Friday.*—PEMBROKE at me again about the "Mr. W. H." business.

"I know the Sonnets off by heart, dear TOBY," he said, obligingly sitting down, so that conversation should partake something less of the character on my part of halloaing to the Monument; "and the more I think of it, the more certain I am that it was not my ancestor, WILLIAM HERBERT, that SHAKESPEARE addressed, much less the WILLIAM HEWS of OSCAR WILDE's mad fancy. The fact is, as I mentioned the other day, SHAKESPEARE's prophetic soul beheld the realisation in these later days of W. H. SMITH. I don't care to press the point too much, but in my own mind I'm convinced that in the 65th Sonnet you find a distinct reference to our esteemed friend, either undesignedly marred by an error of transcription, or designedly blurred by SHAKESPEARE's art. It is now printed

'What Sad Mortality o'eraways their power.'

Here, if we take away the superfluous 't,' we have a vivid picture of OLD MORALITY, unwilling, regretful, but still moved by sense of duty to the QUEEN and the country, beating down obstruction in the House of Commons. There is another passage in 12th Sonnet, where we have suggested with vivid touch our own 'Mr. W. H.' in his familiar attitude, sitting on edge of Treasury Bench, with his eye on the clock, waiting for opportunity to pounce:—

'When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
And see the brave day sink in hideous night.'

As to the trifling with letters, leaving out one or adding a supererogatory consonant, we have another striking example in the 16th Sonnet. Here

there is a clear reference to OLD MORALITY's embarrassment in connection with a certain great organ of the Press:—

'But wherefore do not you, a mightier way,  
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?'

In this very Sonnet, a little lower down, we find the final 's,' added, and the *Times* fully disclosed even to the dullest vision. The tendency sometimes shown in certain newspapers to summarise OLD MORALITY's observations is hinted at in the 38th Sonnet:—

'Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
For every vulgar paper to rehearse.'

In the 135th Sonnet we have, in SHAKESPEARE's most nervous language, a picture of OLD MORALITY's troubles in the House with a too exuberant Leader of the Opposition:—

'Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy WILL,  
And WILL to boot, and WILL in overplus.'

Is it possible to conceive a happier allusion to GLADSTONE's restless way when in Opposition? I could quote scores of other lines which have scarcely veiled references to OLD MORALITY; but one more will suffice. It is to be found in the 45th Sonnet, and runs thus:—

'My life, being made of Four, with Two alone  
Sinks down to death oppressed with melancholy.'

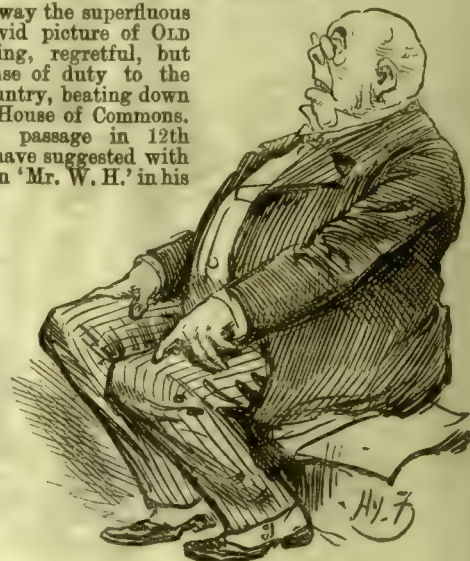
Now, here is OLD MORALITY's political history in a couplet. The Fourth Party, turning upon poor STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and rending him, created a vacancy in the leadership of the House of Commons. HICKS-BEACH being put up couldn't stand the racket. Then came GRANDOLPH, and so way was made for the fulfilment of the poet's prophecy. The 'Two alone' remaining of the Four who made his official position are, of course, ARTHUR BALFOUR and GORST, though why SHAKESPEARE should have described them as oppressing 'Mr. W. H.' with melancholy, is a secret that lies buried at Stratford-on-Avon. But don't you see something else in this couplet? Take the last line and I will mark certain letters in italics:—

'Sinks down to death oppressed with melancholy.'

Do you see? SHAKESPEARE with cunning art transposes the ordered form of spelling; but re-adjust it, and you have S-M-I-T-H, staring you in the face.

Upon my honour I think there is something in what PEMBROKE says. That last cryptogram a crusher.

*Business done.*—MARKISS defeated in Lords.



"Mr. W. H."

"The Onlie Begetter of these insuing Sonnets."  
*Shakespeare.*



## VOCES POPULI.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN HYDE PARK.

**SCENE.**—The Open Space between the Serpentine and Marble Arch. Demonstration in progress calling upon the Government to resign instantly. Intense heat; hot, hoarse men are to be observed gesticulating frantically from breaks; all the indignation and enthusiasm proceed from that portion of the Crowd nearest the vehicles—those at a distance are either apathetic or languidly amused. In the breaks, perspiring persons of both sexes sit, beaming warm approval of the speeches. Seedy men hold up huge banners with the perfunctory air of stage supers. Bandmen sprawl on the turf, as far away from the oratory as practicable, smoking clay pipes. At no great distance from the Demonstration an Elderly Faddist is expounding a new philosophy which is to regenerate Society, to a few irreverent boys and an unconvinced mongrel. Close by, a Socialist is haranguing on a stool, and a Field Preacher is delivering an extempore address, while an open-air Reciter endeavours in vain to retain an audience, which has somehow formed an impression that he is advocating the Eight Hours Labour Bill. All these various deliverances are audible at the same time, and much to the effect indicated below.

Orator in First Break (educated voice; carefully attired in white hat and waistcoat, frock-coat, button-hole, &c., addressing crowd of well-fed and comfortably clad citizens).

Well, Gentlemen, there's one Court these precious aristocrats have all to themselves—and I wish them joy of it! (Pauses for oratorical effect.) I refer, Gentlemen, to the Divorce Court. (Roars of virtuously derisive laughter.) Far be it from me to contest their right to such a monopoly. We will leave them that. (Scornful groans.) But, I ask you—(he drops all playfulness and becomes sinister) if we—the down-trodden slaves of the aristocracy—were to go to them,—as they roll round this Park, revelling—(scathingly) ay, revelling Gentlemen! (Savage yells as the accuracy of this picture of high-life is recognised)—if we were to go to them, in our destitution (pulls out a silk handkerchief) in our squalor (arranges button-hole) our poverty—our rags (buttons coat)—how would they receive us? Would they take us to their bosoms?

Crowd (with conviction.) Not they! The Orator (fiercely.) Not they, indeed! Why, Gentlemen, they would

laugh—yes, laugh, laugh in our desperate faces! But let them take heed to themselves! (And so forth.)

Another Orator. Those among you who have access to Blue Books—(Howls from his auditors, who imagine that this particular form of light literature is being held up for execration.)

Third Orator (an Irishman). And I'd just like to ask ye now, as liberty-loving Englishmen, how would ye feel—hwtat would ye think—hwtat would ye do—if here, in this great Metropolis, ye saw a man barbarously turned out of house and home, for no other reason in the world, Gentlemen, for no other reason on this earth—than being unable or unwilling to pay his rent? Would ye call that Civilisation?

Crowd (unanimously.) No!

The Elderly Faddist. The force that governs this world, my friends, is one which, for want of a more appropriate term, I shall venture, with your permission, to call "Detriment." (The Mongrel has had enough of it, and strolls off to listen to the Preacher.) Detriment. Two dots make a line—(argumentatively)—Do they not? With the second dot we know the direction, but not the value. With the third dot—

First Rude Boy. Ga-arn—yer dotty yerself!

The E. F. And so with everything. All the words in our language are founded upon one or other of the primary colours. We study Nature—and what do we find? This great elementary Law; the Rule of Five, supplemented, I ought to say, by the no less elementary Rule of Two. Thus, the human trunk with the four limbs make five—there are five senses, five holes in the head—

Second R. B. There's a crack in yourn, anyway!

The E. T. (ignoring this personality.) Five petals in most flowers, five points to a starfish, the average number of peas in a pod—five.

First R. B. 'Ow many bloo beans mike five, eh, Mister?

[E. F. gives it up in despair.]

Fourth Orator. Depend upon it, my friends, when that iniquitous law was passed, Mr. BALFOUR's couch was visited by a nightly

spectre—the phantom—(lowers his voice impressively)—the ghost, my friends,—the ghost—

The Reciter (who is well on in "Fallen by the Way"). "The ghost had a clean white surplice as a clergyman might ha' wore!"

[Fourth O. finds his climax spoilt.]

Irish Patriot. There's nothing at ahl dishonourable in being in prison, Gentlemen. Some of the best and greatest men that ever lived have been in prison—

An Auditor (who seems to have reasons of his own for finding this argument particularly soothing). 'Ear, 'ear!

The I. P. Look at GAMBETTA!

A Dull Man (to Neighbour). Wol's he a-tellin' of us to look at?

His Neighbour. GAMBETTER.

The D. M. GAM—'oo?

Neighbour (curtly). Better.

The D. M. Better nor wot?

Neighbour (losing patience). Oh, I dunno—arsk 'im!

The Preacher (concluding an anecdote with the voice of a bull). But that little bo-hoy was not afride, dear friends. No-oh! That little bo-hoy was not afride. And why was that little bo-hoy not afride, dear friends? Shall I tell yer? Becos 'is father 'ad 'old of 'is 'A-and! Har-yes! (&c., &c.)

The Socialist. Don't you be led away by no words. We shall never get our rights without we shake the fist o' fizzical force in the faces of our capitalist foes!

Puny Shopboy (much impressed). Ah, yer right there, and no mistike about it!

The S. We're the honly class wuth bein' considered, feller-citizens! It's *us* that reppresents the hintelleck, the henergy, the ability, the morality of the nation. (General chorus of "Ear, 'ear!") The Haristoracy and the Middle Classes—well, they've got jest enough er cunningness (I won't call it hability), er cunningness, for to cheat us out er wot's ours! D'yer spose as hany o' these 'ere Parliment blokes go into politics for the good o' hothers?

An Individual (who clearly retains no illusions). Ketch them a-doin' of it!

The S. (triumphantly). Hexactly—and that's jest wot yer won't do. Depend on it, whether they call themselves Radicals, or Liberals, or Tories—I draw no distinctions, they're hall as bad as one another—they go into politics fur wot they kin git hout of it. (Crowd murmur detestation of such sordid selfishness.) Well, wot you've got ter do is—horginise, and when you har horginised, you'll 'ave all the power, and then—then, fellow citizens and workers, then yer kin vote all the Supplies yerselves, and vote them among yerselves!

[Enthusiastic applause at this lofty ideal.]

Another Orator (perorating from waggon). I'm speakin' now with all 'istry vivid to my reckerlection, and I've no 'esitation whatever in asserting fearlessly, and without fear o' contradiction, that, of hall the abominable tyrants that hever perlooted this earth, the present Government (sustained groans)—the present Government. Har. The most Abandoned! (He screws each epithet out of himself with a tremendous contortion.) The most Degraded! The most Cowardly! The most Debased! The most Ber-lud-thirsty! Set of Sneakin' Ruffians. That hever disgraced the Title. Of so-called Yumanity!

Admiring but Familiar Friend. Brayvo! That's the way to 'it 'em. Good ole HATKINS!

[Bugle sounds; Resolution put from platforms. Processions march off with bands and flying colours, well pleased with the manner in which they have spent a most enjoyable afternoon. Redistribution of Property practised in sundry directions as Scene closes in.]

## THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

"AGE cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety?" Time, the laggard,

For many centuries in that task might fail,

But now succeeds—with aid from RIDER HAGGARD.

For Cleopatra, proof 'gainst use and age,

Is dull as Fulvia's self in HAGGARD's page.

His "Royal Egypt" SHAKESPEARE's thralls had best shun;

She's stale, almost, as—the Egyptian Question!

SUB PUNCH-AND-JUDICE.—We must be careful how we comment on the Commission, but the mention of a Witness's opinion of *Iago* given last Thursday should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Witness couldn't trust *Iago*, and no one could. Now, why didn't Sir JAMES HANNEN the Impartial at once send round to the Lyceum Theatre and order Mr. MAUREL to come forward, and, if he couldn't speak up for *Iago*, at least sing for him? "Ah!" as Mr. Justice A. L. SMITH observed with a sigh to Mr. Justice DAX, behind the President's back, "*Iago*'s always been mixed up with a very black business. Of course," explained A. L. to his learned Brother, "I mean the plot of *Othello*." "No Moor!" murmured Sir JOHN (KNIGHT and DAY.) "Lunch!" said the President.



## DISINTERESTED COUNSEL.



*Poodle (pulling Lion's tail).* "COME AWAY! THERE'S NOTHING MORE FOR YOU TO DO!"

Oh, come along do! Why on earth should you linger?

You are such a selfish and stolid old brute.

In everyone's pie you'd be popping a finger,

You want to play umpire in every dispute.

Fresh pretexts you find for prolonging your stay,

Where nobody wants you at all. Come away!

You'd stay in the land of the Copt—if I'd let you—

As long as the Pyramids. I know your style.

It would get along better without you, I bet you

My bottommost dollar. Go back to your Isle,

You big, bushy-headed old buffer, go back!

There will never be peace on the Nile till you pack.

The Pyramids? Why, they are French, there's no doubt of it.

Centuries forty still sit there and wait

For the advent of France the Deliverer! Come out of it!

Leave the poor Fellahs to merciful fate

And the generous Frank! Swish your tail, yes, and roar!

But I shall not let go, you intrusive old bore!

The Bondholders' bliss and the Fellaheen's freedom

Will both be secured, if you leave it to me.

Your services? Bah! They don't value or need 'em;

It's all British bunkum, pure fiddle-de-dee.

Take the tip of the Rads and their own Grand Old Man,—

Bid a long last farewell to the dismal Soudan.



You've botched and you've bungled, you've  
 pottered and paltered,  
 And stuck to no one line—except to stay on.  
 Every plan of to-day has to-morrow been  
 altered;  
 You've done everything—except just get  
 you gone. *[that:]*  
 Do, do, you dear long-tailed old duffer, try  
 If the world don't rejoice, I will just eat my hat!  
 Eh? What? Those dashed Dervishes giving  
 fresh trouble?  
 Well, well, they can't do so if once you  
 clear out.  
 Your duty? A phantom! Your honour?  
 A bubble!  
 Turn tail, that's your tip! Ah! what are  
 you about?  
 Don't roar and lash out with your tail. LEO, so,  
 Or you'll make me feel bad, and I'll have to  
 leave go! *[Left hanging on.]*

### THE POST ON TOAST.

*General Pillar-to-Post-Office, July, 1889.*

It having come to the knowledge of the General Commanding at the Pillar-to-Post-Office, that the Public are under the false impression that the Department is intended for the convenience of Her Majesty's subjects, the following regulations are now issued for their better information:—

1. When a telegram is superscribed in such a manner that the receiver can only be ascertained by a momentary reference to the *Post-Office Directory*, the despatch will not be delivered, as the Department does not undertake to consult Directories for the purpose of amplifying addresses which the senders have curtailed apparently to reduce the charge. It must be understood that the object of the Department is to cause the Public as much expense as possible, and to disturb the leisure the female officers have for chatting with one another and engaging in flirtation with suitable persons on the other side of the counter, as little as practicable.

2. When a member of the Public over forty, if a male, and of any age, if a female, asks for stamps it must be clearly understood that the supplying of the same is merely a concession, and that the officers of the Department are not required to be either prompt or courteous.

3. As it is not obligatory upon the officers of the Department to supply change, any officer can refuse to give stamps and silver in lieu of a half-sovereign. It will not be accepted as a reason that this convenience should be afforded that the letter intended for dispatch is of great importance, as the Public must learn that their interests are entirely subservient to the caprice of the young women who are paid by the State to supply postage-stamps on application.

4. It is entirely contrary to the regulations that a postman who has just emptied a pillar-box of its contents, shall allow one of the Public a minute late to drop a letter into his bag, as this course would be calculated to foster the impression, that the Department were willing to suit the convenience of those who use the post as a means of intercommunication.

5. Should a member of the Public have cause of complaint, he may address a letter to the Department, which letter will be duly acknowledged. After a suitable delay, a further communication will be made to the writer informing him that the matter has been inquired into, and that nothing further is to be done, as the Department is entirely right and the member of the Public entirely wrong.

6. Should by any carelessness on the part of the Department a member of the Public



### ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.

"OH, JOSEPH! TEDDY'S JUST BEEN BITTEN BY A STRANGE DOG! DOCTOR SAYS WE'D BETTER TAKE HIM OVER TO PASTEUR AT ONCE!"

"BUT, MY LOVE, I'VE JUST WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED A VIOLENT ATTACK UPON M. PASTEUR, ON THE SCORE OF HIS CRUELTY TO RABBITS! AND AT YOUR INSTIGATION, TOO!"

"OH, HEAVENS! NEVER MIND THE RABBITS NOW! WHAT ARE ALL THE RABBITS IN THE WORLD COMPARED TO OUR ONLY CHILD!"

be called upon to pay a less sum than the Department considers properly chargeable, the member of the Public shall be treated to a series of letters and interviews, the cost of which shall be sometimes twenty or forty times in excess of the sum in dispute. By this means the Public will be taught that expense is no object when a member of its body has to be harassed and snubbed.

7. And lastly. It must be clearly understood by the Public for the future, that the golden rule of the Pillar-to-Post-Office is, "When in doubt stand to your guns and be disobliging and cheeky," and that to this regulation there can and will be no possible exception.

### READY! AY, READY! NAVAL INTELLIGENCE À LA MODE.

It is reported that H.M.S. *Blunderer*, though she will not receive her entire armament as promised, will be equipped with at least one of her new guns, which, together with two old muzzle-loaders, and several others of an extinct and condemned pattern, it is calculated will enable her, if she does not join in the firing, to take part in the forthcoming manoeuvres in the Solent, and the Authorities are said to be highly gratified at this result. It transpires, however, that there has been found great difficulty in manning many of the vessels of the First Reserve; but the Port Admirals and the Intelligence Department, who are responsible in the matter, are said to have made every effort to cope with the emergency, they having fallen back on the supply afforded by the dregs of the local population, and thereby secured a good muster of harbour-loafers, discharged coal-heavers, and unemployed bathing-machine men, from which to make up the temporary deficiency. Due to the carrying out of the above measures, Her Majesty's gunboats, *Jackass*, *Bluebottle*, and *Clothes-basket*, have all respectively received a mixed crew of sweeps and costermongers, and will put to sea as soon as they are able under the peculiar circumstances. It is said that every vessel of the Torpedo Fleet will be entrusted to the charge of a couple of octogenarian veterans from Greenwich, but as it is expected that their age and infirmity, no less than the novelty of the work, will somewhat hamper them in the management of their respective craft, it has been decided that they shall each take on board with them an experienced bargee, under whose orders they will act.



## THE END OF AN ACT.

(A Fragment from a Story of a Bill of the Play.)

THE Bright Little Girl was ushered into the presence of the three greatest English Actresses of modern days. The first of these three was golden-haired and blue-eyed—the only exponent of *Portia* and inimitable as *Lady Macbeth*. The second, who had retired for a while (on a fortune), was admittedly the Queen of Laughter—the best *ingénue*, the cleverest *Nan* that had ever lived. The third in

## OUR THEATRICAL CHILDREN.

(According to recent Grandmotherly Legislation. Dedicated to the (Sir R.) Temple of the Drama.)

"I am afraid you never can," observed Domestic Comedy, sadly. "The Cruelty to Children (Prevention) Bill has put a stop to that." "Oh, don't say that!" cried the infant. "I feel I can play so well. Even now I believe I could make a good understudy for the *Real Little Lord Fauntleroy*. And I am only just eight years old." "And therefore," added Domestic Comedy, "by the new statute two years too young to appear upon any stage." "What! may I not appear until I am ten years old?" exclaimed the child, in astonishment. "Why, what a shame! But, dear Ladies, when were you allowed to act at a theatre?"



Rolla and the Child (legal infant, over ten) crossing the Bridge.

Rolla. "Awfully heavy child."

Norma's Children according to the New Act. Over Ten, but wonderfully small for their age. Odd! But there always is a supply to meet a demand.

Macbeth.

"What is this, That wears upon his baby brow—" Child (interrupting him). "No babe, But over ten years old. Ha! Sold again!"

A MERRY CHRISTMAS PROSPECT!

"Oh, Mother dear! No Pantomime! No money! No Christmas dinner!"

her presence conjured up recollections of romantic drama and that kind of comedy which has "domestic" annexed to its name. Need it be said that they were all delighted to see the Bright Little Girl.

"What do you want?" asked *Portia-plus-Lady Macbeth*, smiling. "Can we help you?"

"If we can, we will do so willingly," said the good-for-everything *Nan*.

"Oh yes," cried Domestic Comedy, clasping the tiny mite in her arms. "If you please, I want to be an Actress," returned the Bright Little Girl. The three goddesses shook their heads.

"Long before I was ten," said *Portia-plus-Lady Macbeth*.

"I too,—long before I was ten," put in the half-retiring *Nan*.

"And I—I fancy—but I am not good at dates, and can't be certain—long, I think, before I was ten," put in Domestic Comedy.

"And did playing before you were ten hurt you very, very much, Ladies?" asked the Bright Little Girl.

"You must judge for yourself, my dear," returned the three celebrated Actresses, smilingly; and with this useful reminder to those who are prepared to oppose the Measure in the House of Lords, the interview terminated.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Last Coup*. On hearing of this book for the first time, one would naturally imagine that *The Last Coup* was a tale of agricultural distress in Lancashire. It is, however, nothing of the kind, but an excellent story in one volume by HAWLEY SMART, full of interest from start to finish. By the way, BARRAUD'S *Men and Women of the Day* contains an admirable portrait of this popular novelist, accompanied by an interesting biographical notice. The other two celebrities included in this number are General BOULANGER and Miss M. V. WHITE. This publication, which has now reached its eighteenth number, shows no falling off in the excellence of its pictures. A capital half-a-crown's-worth, for two-and-six.—*A Strange Enchantment* is a very original story, well-planned and thoroughly carried out by B. L. FARJEON. It is, indeed, one of the most farjeonate of this clever writer's one-volume novels. We shall probably be not very far wrong when we assert that the reading public will find *A Strange Enchantment* strangely enchanting.—*Walks in Holland* is not a juvenile volume treating of perambulations in pinafores, but a thoroughly practical guide to the country of the Dutch. If you wish to ascertain for yourself that the Dutch have taken Holland, you cannot do better than take Mr. PERCY LINDLEY for your guide, and he will tell you all about everything in the fewest words and the clearest manner possible.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

## OUR EXCHANGE AND MART.

**RARE ENTOMOLOGICAL CHANCE.**—An Aged Gentleman of scientific pursuits, who has devoted much of his life-time to the Training and Development of the Intellectual Instincts of Insects, is anxious to part with a couple of hives of highly educated Bees to some Enthusiast who would be willing to continue the course of instruction with them that he has so successfully commenced, but which, owing to a slight accident, he has been unwillingly compelled to make up his mind to abandon. Having accustomed them to assemble in his Dining-room at meals to the sound of a foghorn, and seek their hive again—a box of peculiar and ingenious construction—at the beating of a frying-pan and kitchen poker, he had almost succeeded in getting the little creatures to know him, when, on his eightieth birthday, he had the misfortune to fall down-stairs with the whole apparatus, and, thereby startling and exciting the Bees, was so severely stung by them in their momentary panic, that he has determined, in consequence, on relinquishing henceforth their further care. As a wire-net helmet, neck-defender, and pair of protecting-gloves are included in the purchase, an Entomologist gifted with a tolerably thick skin, and of an adventurous disposition, might safely communicate with a view to negotiation in the matter. A second-hand fire-escape, dozen of cranberry jam, or a few guinea-pigs, would be taken in exchange by the Advertiser, who will be glad to receive as early an application as possible on the subject.



## THE LAST CHAT AT WIMBLEDON.

*Mr. Punch.* If you are not busy, I should like a few words with you.

*Old Established Habitue.* Busy! Why we are never busy here! Most delighted to see you. Have some claret cup—or strawberries and iced cream?—You will find both on that sideboard.

*Mr. P.* You seem to be pretty comfortable.

*O. E. H.* Well, yes, we get on fairly well. Planked floor, carpet, easy chairs, mirrors and Japanese fans. Yes, not bad. And you see, I have some nice plants in the mould outside my tent. The place looks very well when it is lighted up with paper lanterns at night.

*Mr. P.* You know the Camp well?

*O. E. H.* Been here for the last twenty years. Wouldn't miss the fortnight for the world. The only fault of Wimbledon is that it's rather noisy—at least near the ranges.

*Mr. P.* And what sort of time have you had of it this season?

*O. E. H.* Oh, very fair. Rain now and then, but this place is water-tight, and of course, if the weather becomes impossible, one can always run up to Town. But, take it all in all, we have seen a lot of the sun, and had plenty of Lady-visitors.

*Mr. P.* Don't you find them rather in the way?

*O. E. H.* Good gracious, no! Why should we? It makes the place look lively to see a number of pretty girls, in pretty dresses, resting in garden-chairs. Why Wimbledon would be as dull as ditch-water without the fair sex!

*Mr. P.* And have the gatherings at the Cottage been successful?

*O. E. H.* Certainly. Lady WANTAGE is always a delightful hostess. I must say it is a great shame to break the whole thing up, and send everybody to Bisley. Not that I shall go. It will be too far away for me and most of us. Besides it won't be the same thing!

*Mr. P.* Why not?

*O. E. H.* Why not! Why, how on earth can you get people to come all that way for afternoon tea? Why, you might just as well send out invitations for a garden-party at Aldershot! Oh, I consider it simply suicidal. It will smash up the N. R. A.

*Mr. P.* The N. R. A.! Why, what mysterious body do those letters represent?

*O. E. H.* Not know what the N. R. A. means! Well, you are behind the times! Why, the National Rifle Association, to be sure!

*Mr. P.* The National Rifle Association! That reminds me. You have said nothing about the shooting. Tell me all about the shooting!

*O. E. H.* The shooting, my dear fellow! Why, none of us go near the shooting. In fact Wimbledon would be twice as jolly without it.

*Mr. P.* But it is on account of the shooting that you are told to move on, isn't it?

*O. E. H.* Yes; and there's where the bosh comes in. Surely the Council might have arranged to stay on, by cutting the shooting out of the fortnight's doings.

*Mr. P.* And you don't think that would have robbed the meeting of one of its important features?

*O. E. H.* Not a bit; on the contrary, improved the programme. The ranges might have been utilised for croquet and lawn-tennis. But now, my dear fellow, I am afraid I must turn you out, as I have to dress for mess. Pray forgive me; but, you see, as a soldier, I am a slave to duty.

*Mr. P.* "As a soldier"—h'm—quite so!

[Exit.]

## ONE WORD MORE.

WELL-INTENTIONED persons do a heap of mischief, and talk and write a lot of nonsense about what they don't understand. There are dangers to morality ("who deniges of it?") in the Theatrical Profession, as in every other profession; but these affect the amateur, and those who go on the stage late in life, not those who are to the manor born. The lives of poor, honest, hard-working theatrical families, where the sons and daughters obtain theatrical employment at an early age, are thoroughly respectable. Their stage-work is not only compatible with their receiving a sound education, but is a complement of it. Habits of strict discipline, cleanliness, and domestic thrift are inculcated; the little children, from the biggest down to "the Widow's Mites" engaged in a Pantomime, are seldom sick, and never sorry, but do their work with pleasure, and would probably be willing to undertake even "more study," rather than be deprived of their theatrical employment which brings in the money, pays the school, and helps to keep a happy family together under one roof, which "be it never so 'umble," is styled by that dear old English word "home,"—and there is no place like it. The efforts of those who would exclude children under ten from theatrical work, may cause great misery and break up many such happy homes. We say this in serious earnest, and, from practical experience, we do know what we are talking about.

PUNCH.

## MODUS OPERANDI."

*Thursday.*—With much pleasure to hear *La Sonnambula*. Scenes of my childhood, once more I behold ye! Again in the merry Swiss Village, "all among the barley"—I should say the *ballet*—and



The Count Out; or, Arrival of a Giant at a Merry Swiss Village.

greatly refreshed by the sight of so many Swiss boys and girls of all sizes and all ages. The air of the *La Sonnambula* country evidently agrees with them. Mlle. MARIE VAN ZANDT, a very characteristic *Amina*, with just the peasant walk and awkward elbow action when she wishes to express emotion, reminding me of the vigorous flapping of half-fledged chickling's wing. Had the old song, "Would I were a Bird," been in this Opera, how mightily appropriate it would

have been for our good little peasant girl, VAN ZANDT. Then, she's so affectionate to her kind old mother, *Teresa Gummigio* (touchingly played by Madame LABLACHE), who is so "lone and lorn," and apparently like "the old mawther" in *David Copperfield*, frequently "thinking of the old 'un,"—the old 'un being, of course, the late lamented *Gummigio*. MARIE VAN ZANDT brings out strongly the contrast between *Amina*, so amenable to good influences, so easily led away by her mother, and our *Lisa*, the flirty and flighty, so easily led away by anybody in the shape of a man. Our *Lisa* capably played by Mlle. BAUERMEISTER. Is there any part of any age, country, musical, mountain or kitchen range, that this universal genius couldn't play to the great contentment of even the most critical audience? Is there a better *Marta* in *Faust*? A better *Inez* in *Trovatore*? A better *Giovanna* in *Rigoletto*? A better—I forget her name—in the *Barbiere*? and a better anybody in any other opera you like to mention? She is the *Bauermeistersinger*. VAN ZANDT immensely applauded, specially in high notes, which went far up above EDOUARD DE RESZKE's head, and that's saying or singing a good deal, as when he once appears on the stage as *Count Rudolfo*—a misnomer, as he is *Count Polite-olfo*, with charming manners—all the others are mere pigmies; and, as for *Elcino*, the typical Swiss peasant lover, had it come to a big row (and there was a little one occasionally), *Count Edouard* would just have taken him up—perhaps he might have liked being taken up by a nobleman—and pitched him over his shoulder into the next Canton, or farther,—into Pekin. Delightfully pretty Opera, so simple, tuneful, and dramatic.

*Saturday.*—*Die Meistersinger*. Musically, histrionically, and spectacularly, a magnificent performance. Opera full of melody and genuine humour. All of the Wag in WAGNER is in *Die Meistersinger*. Slices should be taken out of First and Second Acts. *Eva* is about the poorest part Madame ALBANI has *Eva* undertaken; *Hans Sachs* a grand one for M. LASSALLE, and *Walther* equally fine for M. JEAN DE RESZKE; honours easy—*Sachs* of one, and half-a-dozen of the other. Signor ISKARDON shows himself a genuine Comedian as *Sizus Beckmesser*; and M. MONTARIOL a most conscientious artist, inasmuch as he has shaved off his capillary attractions in order to play the gay young *David*. MANGINELLI conducted admirably, and MAGGIE MCINTYRE beamed on everybody from a private box. *Mise-en-scène* most effective. Memorable triumph. Go and see it.

## PENSÉES POUR PLUNKET.

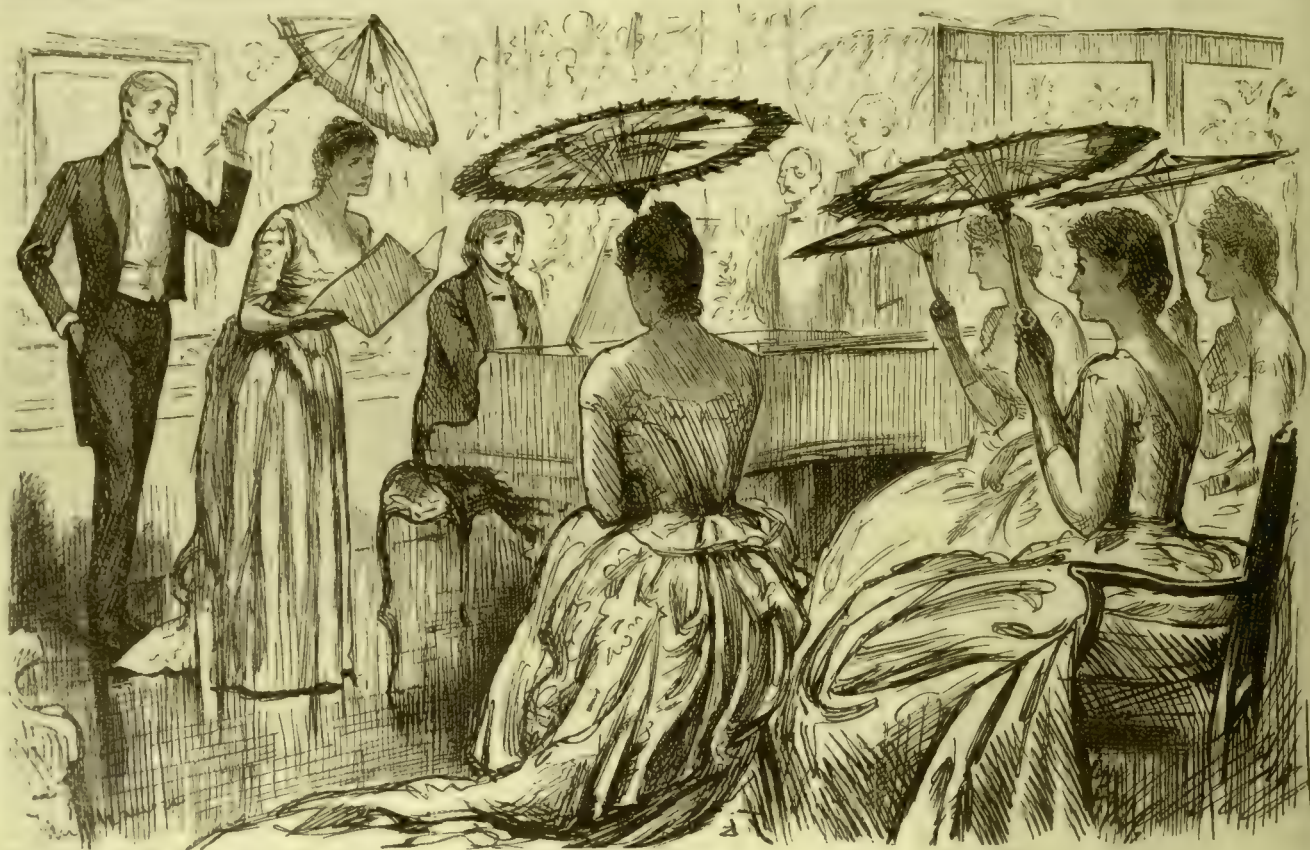
How lovely is the Embankment from Westminster to Blackfriars! Where are the *al fresco* Restaurants?

How nice trees would look in Regent Street, Pall Mall, and Piccadilly, as far as South Kensington Museum, where the Boulevard begins?

If it can be done in Shaftesbury Avenue, why not everywhere else?

How greatly the Parks and Kensington Gardens might be improved if I could induce the other fellows to adopt Mr. Punch's suggestions.





## HAPPY THOUGHT.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, SO FAVOURABLE TO FURNITURE, WALL PAPERS, PICTURES, SCREENS, &C., IS NOT ALWAYS BECOMING TO THE FEMALE COMPLEXION. LIGHT JAPANESE SUNSHADES WILL BE FOUND INVALUABLE.

## "WHEN YOU COME TO THINK OF IT."

LATEST VERSION.

*Sung, à propos of the Commission on Royal Grants, by a Working-Man*

I'm a 'orny-'anded Son of Toil—leastways, so say the patterers,  
When I come to think of it!  
And all my 'appiness in life comes from—well, not the chatterers,  
When I come to think of it!  
They cackle of Democracy—I don't think arf a dump of it,  
That is, the sort they recommend, and I 'ave 'ad a lump of it.  
Both sides 'ave tried it on me now—and now I've got the hump of it—  
When I come to think of it!

It seems to me the upper classes always get the best of it,  
When I come to think of it!  
They've got their palaces, good pay, big pensions, and the rest of it,  
When I come to think of it! [spout of it,  
If a Workin'-Man thinks somethink's wrong, and wants to go and  
He'll find a lot of M.P. pals to back him, there's no doubt of it;  
But when he's listened to their chat—he don't get nothink out of it;  
When you come to think of it!

Take this here Royal Grants affair—it's stiffish, I'll allow of it,  
When you come to think of it!  
But reason ought to settle it, no good to make a row of it,  
When you come to think of it!  
LABBY and STOREY argufy, and want to make a fight of it;  
But will they save a copper when they're in the very height of it?  
Fancy there ain't much option, and SMITH feels he's in the right of it,  
When he comes to think of it!

The "Workman's Friends" put up their backs whenever there's a  
chance of it, When you come to think of it!  
They patters on, in Parlyment, and makes a pretty dance of it.  
When you come to think of it!  
They're "brothers, pledged to Labour's Cause,"—they *do* spout,  
you'll admit of it.

They swore to free Old England from class rule; we'd soon bequit of it;  
I arst you—have they done it? will they do it? Not a bit of it!  
When you come to think of it!

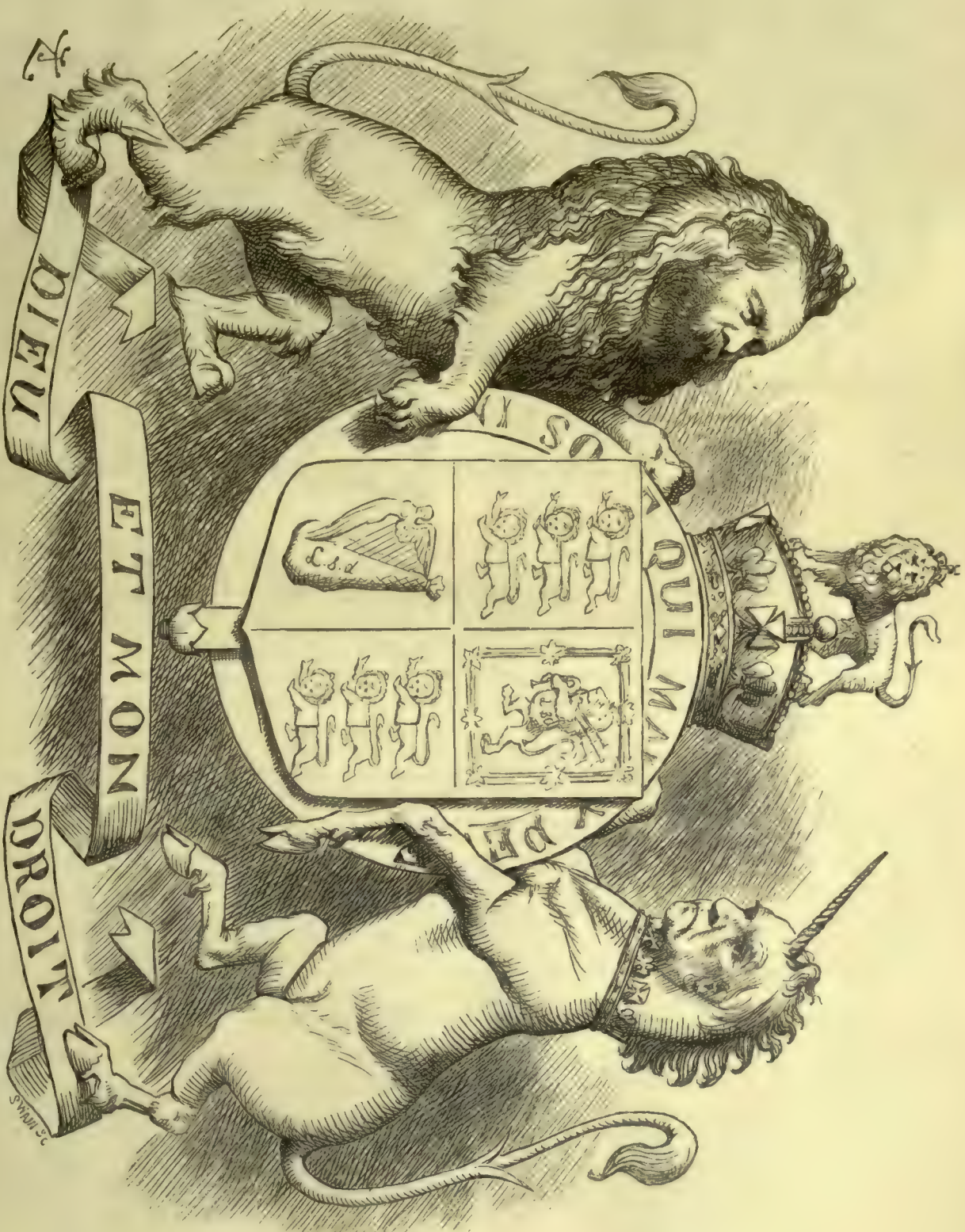
A Royal Wedding causes joy to every one who hears of it,  
When they come to think of it!  
I fancy I can see the show, and hear the 'arty cheers of it,  
When I come to think of it!  
I likes to hear of wedded bliss; our Royal Lot thinks well of it; [it;  
I've watched—and paid—for forty year, and that's a goodish spell of  
And now I sometimes wonder who the sum and end can tell of it,  
When I come to think of it!

We're told the Prince of WALES works 'ard—it's quite true every  
word of it, When you come to think of it!  
I think he earns *his* screw, at least, from what I've seen and heard  
of it, When I come to think of it!  
Stinginess ain't a Briton's game; for Me, I will have none of it;  
Still, one *would* like to know *how* fur we'll go afore we've done of it.  
If 'tis "till further horders," well, I don't quite see the fun of it,  
When I come to think of it!

Fair's fair, and whilst we 'ave a Throne we're bound to up and pay  
When you come to think of it! [for it,  
But when I arks "How much?" I wants a arnser. I will stay for it—  
When I come to think of it!  
But they mustn't snub me as a snob because I dare to speak of it.  
Some say it ain't my business, boys,—I like the blooming cheek of it.  
I 'ave to stump up from *my* screw—there's thirty bob a week of it!  
When I come to think of it!

I think there ought to be *some* rule, and that we ought to know of it;  
When I come to think of it!  
This here Committee may do good if they can make some show of it,  
When they come to think of it!  
But as to lots o' this loose talk—I'm not a blessed babby, boys,  
I wants to do the thing that's fair, not swindled, nor yet shabby, boys,  
And that they'll find is the straight tip, STOREY, BRADLAUGH and  
LABBY, boys! When they come to think of it!





SUPPORTERS OF THE CROWN.

(On the Question of "Royal Grants.")









## A CERTAIN PREVENTIVE.

Bishop (who has been assisting at a recent Lambeth Conference). "I AM OPPOSED TO SPORT BECAUSE I THINK IT LEADS TO RACING AND GAMBLING. BY THE WAY, COULD YOU SUGGEST ANYTHING THAT WOULD BE LIKELY TO STOP THE CLERGY IN YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD HUNTING TO SUCH EXCESS?" Hunting Man. "YES, MY LORD! GOOD HARD FROST!!"

## PASTORS ON CASTORS.

(What we may expect, if other Prelates follow the example of Bishop Jayne, and take their exercise on a Tricycle.)

DID you say that the "Racing CANTUAR," or the "Episcopal Ball-bearer," is now the favourite sort of cycle among connoisseurs?

Dear me! At first sight it seems quite odd for a Bishop to arrive at a country Ordination with his gaiters coated with mud, and his hat hopelessly caved in as the result of a nasty spill into a ditch!

It is said, that the number of Dissenters in the Diocese has much increased since the Bishop was seen coming down-hill at thirty miles an hour, with his legs over the handle of his machine.

In the last private exhibition of Episcopal "trick riding," which took place in the grounds of the Palace, an athletic Suffragan easily carried off the first prize, by being able to write a page of a sermon, repeat the Thirty-nine Articles backwards, and stand on his head on the saddle, while propelling his bicycle at an average rate of speed along a cinder-path.

The Archbishop would look better on a cycle if he did not happen to be such a very Broad Churchman. The expression "His Grace" seems inappropriate.

Yes, that man careering along that road at a breakneck pace, with his coat-tails flying over his head, and hollering to the little boy to get out of his way, is the newly elected occupant of the See of ARCYLE and the (machine) ILES.

His language to the youth who has thrown his cap into the spokes seems, at this distance, to be hardly episcopal.

Now that the Bishop has taken to riding a "Racing Facile," the Dean and senior resident Canon have introduced a "tandem" into the cloisters, and career wildly round and round, while most of the Cathedral Staff practise on "Sociables" in the Crypt. The Chapter has been quite a Chapter of accidents!

## "All Uncharitableness."

SATAN and his sly imps work mischief still;  
But at destroying mutual good-will  
Amidst all classes in our speech-plagued nation,  
The worst of Satan's imps is imp-utation!

## LONDON COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

Tuesday, July 9.—Really one begins to regret the good old days of "the Vestries," as certainly the proceedings in those now obsolete bodies were and are quite as respectable (if not more so) than our own. By "our own" of course I refer to the doings of the extraordinary body I see gathered round "Mister" ROSEBERRY this sultry afternoon. The Members present are the usual *habitués*—patriots, friends of the working-classes, fire-and-fury philanthropists, and the rest of them. The hero of the sitting is Mr. THOMAS GEORGE FAUDELL, who, so to speak, in lieu of turning up his nose at the Equator, performs the same awe-inspiring operation in connection with the Chairman's chair. "Mister" ROSEBERRY almost loses his temper, and regards the fractious FAUDELL with an *et tu Brute* sort of glance. By the way it may be as well to explain to Lady Members of the Council (and perhaps some of the less educated of the patriots) that *et tu Brute*, strange to say, does not mean, "And you, you brute!"

The conflict is a regrettable incident. THOMAS GEORGE is an Eton and Christchurch man, and, moreover, is a Member of the Bar. "Mister" ROSEBERRY was also at Eton and Christchurch, so that the Chairman and the Independent (perhaps too independent) Member were schoolboys, if not quite together, at any rate only with a short pause between them. Scene follows scene, and the Gentlemen of the Press get weary of reporting the same old story of bickering. As for myself, I bring my notes this week to a close with the reflection that did I extend them further, it might make the other Vestries—I beg pardon, Municipal bodies—justly jealous. I frankly confess that, were I asked, "Why, in describing parochial proceedings, I recognise the County Council and ignore the Vestry?" I should find the conundrum a very difficult one indeed to solve!

## From Drogheda.

Cox and GILL  
Had managed ill,  
And got into hot water.

But for the Crown  
The case broke down,  
And triumph followed after!

HARROWING MEM.—July 15. Lords. Harrow A 1. Eton B-Eton.



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 73.



A NOTE OF THE OPERA. BY MR. PUNCH'S ELECTRIC LIGHTNING ARTIST.



## THE POLL OF HIS HEART!

NEW VERSION.

AIR—"His Heart was True to Poll."

"I must go to sea,"

Said CHARLEY B.

As he sang the good old song;

"When a tar wants to fight,

He doesn't do right

To stay ashore too long.

For there are such rum 'uns

In the House of Commons,

Red tape-ist old pig-tails, droll!

They won't mind my defection,

And I shan't seek re-election.

That's not my sort of 'Poll.'

But—

To POLL my heart is true,

'POLL' means the Jacket Blue,—

It's no matter what I be,

On the turf or an M.P.

To POLL my heart is true!"

Chorus.

His heart is true to POLL!

His heart is true to POLL!

No matter what he be,

On the Turf or an M.P.,

His heart is true to POLL!

So he spoke out his mind;

And immediately resigned

His Parliamentary seat;

For says he, "Belay, I shall

Come back an Admiral

When once I've joined the Fleet.

Just give me a command,

No more I'll stop on land

To be a figure-head or wooden doll,

For wherever I may wander,

I'm a thinkin' of the Condor,

For my heart is true to POLL!

Refrain (with resignation).

No 'poll,' but true to POLL!

No 'poll,' but true to POLL!

Wherever I may be,

On the Turf, or an M.P.,

My heart is true to POLL!"

Chorus (all).—His heart is true to POLL, &amp;c.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INFANTS' DISORDERS.—No, we cannot say for certain that the convulsions from which your child has suffered—we are glad to hear that he has quite recovered from the attack to which you refer, were caused by over-feeding him on "Pilkington's Infantile Brain and Nerve Vegetable Food." It is much more likely that they were occasioned by that hearty meal of japanned lobster you mention, or more possibly still by his eating the tops of those patent Norwegian matches, to a box of which you unfortunately seem to have let him had access. We cannot say whether holding him up by the legs and giving a tumbler of hot gin-and-water every ten minutes would prove an efficacious remedy. It sounds as if there were something in it. Next time you notice any symptoms of the fit coming on you might certainly try it.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE VERSION.

HOPE springs eternal in the female breast:  
Woman ne'er is, but always to be—dressed!

A NEW MUZZUL'UM ORDER—not given by the SHAH, but by the Police. Dogs to be muzzled from 31st inst. till December. But why defer it till the end of the month? The dog that knows the value of his day will make the most of the remainder of July.



## A GRIEVANCE.

(THE STOCK INEXHAUSTIBLE)

Landlord. "WELL, STUBBLES, AT ANY RATE YOU'VE GOT A MAGNIFICENT CROP OF HAY THIS—"

Portly Tenant Farmer (reluctantly). "YE-ES; BUT YOU SEE, MY LORD, THERE'S SUCH A PRECIOUS LOT OF IT! LOOK WHAT IT'LL COST ME FOR LABOUR TO GET IT IN!"

## "LENA" AT THE LYCEUM.

OF all the actresses so fair,  
How very few like SALLY!  
Such tones, such charm, such auburn hair!  
Of which she knows the vally.  
And when she'll act,  
We cry—'tis fact—  
"Some inspiration's ta'en her!"  
But when she won't,  
Why, then—she don't,  
And she does both as Lena.

## MOST ANNOYING.

Frivolous Person (who has been brought by Serious Friend to see an Ecclesiastical function, catches sight of Foreign Prelate). Is that the Archbishop of Cyprus?

Serious Friend (anxious to impart useful information). Yes, that is "his Beatitude."

F. P. (seeing an opportunity). Fine up-standing chap. (Suddenly.) Hope he's a good sailor.

S. F. (falling into trap). Why?  
F. P. (delighted). Because if this is his Be-atitude, I should like to know what is his Sea-attitude.

[Serious Friend wishes he hadn't induced him to come.

## A NURSERY FORECAST.

SING a song of Royal Grants,  
LABBY full of glee;  
Twenty-one Commissioners  
Rather up a tree!  
Yet, when the case was opened  
It pretty soon was seen  
They had resolved a dainty sum  
To set before the QUEEN.  
Though she, some malcontents averred,  
Had hoarded heaps of money,—  
But what she could have done with them  
They frankly owned was funny.  
But JOHN BULL, to such cavillings  
Being not at all disposed,  
For five good figures drew his cheque,  
And thus the matter closed.

"N.B."—After the ceremony, at which the SHAH, it is thought, will be present (wedding-present, of course), the Earl of FIFE and his Royal Wife ("dropping into poetry") will go to the Thane's home in Scotland. This is Deesided.

NO SEPARATIST! BUT GRAND OLD UNION-IST!!—MR. GLADSTONE on his Golden Wedding Day!



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, July 8.*—Government beaten in Lords last week; ran narrow risk of defeat in Commons to-night; all owing to the MARKISS. Like HANS BREITMANN, the MARKISS "had a Barty." About Four o'Clock, OLD MORALITY, looking round over deserted benches on Ministerial side, hoarsely whispered, "Vere is dat Barty now?"

"At Hatfield," said AKERS-DOUGLAS, a little tartly. Like the rest, AKERS been invited to meet the SHAH, but kept in town by sitting of House.

"Then telegraph for them to come back," said OLD MORALITY. Situation certainly critical. WILLIAM O'BRIEN moving Adjournment, and discussing row at Cork, where PETER O'BRIEN, M.P. (always being mistaken for somebody else), got his head broken. Irish Members all in attendance; Opposition Benches full; thirteen men, all told, comprised full strength on Ministerial side. If Irish Members were to lead SEXTON away, close up debate, and take early Division, Government helpless. If SEXTON could be drawn out, good for an hour's speech, and Ministry would be saved. Telegram would have reached Hatfield; special train on the rails; every moment bringing it nearer. OLD MORALITY fidgeted on seat all through Question Time. When questions over, O'BRIEN rose to move Adjournment amid storms of cheers from Irish Members, spoiling for the fight. OLD MORALITY anxiously scanned benches, discovered SEXTON there.

"All not lost yet," he murmured, under his breath.

Help came from unexpected quarter. SPEAKER ruled O'BRIEN's Motion out of order; Ministers breathed again; House got into Committee on Scotch Local Government Bill; BUCHANAN moved Amendment raising whole question of rights of way. LORD-ADVOCATE opposed; Scotch Members saw their opportunity; shut off debate; shouted for Division.

"ASHMEAD," said OLD MORALITY, turning to Civil Lord, "this suspense is terrible. Heard of your agility at Paris, your mounting Eiffel Tower four steps at a time; run up Clock Tower now; see if you can catch sight of our men coming."

ASHMEAD off like a young fawn. RITCHIE and ARTHUR BALFOUR put up to keep things going. JACOBY moving restlessly about, holding waverers with his glittering eye. Time of triumph near at hand. AKERS-DOUGLAS's misfortune is JACOBY's opportunity. Hatless and almost inarticulate he prevailed the Lobby, bringing men from distant holes and corners. ARTHUR BALFOUR nearly finished his speech; nothing more could be done; Division must follow; defeat inevitable. OLD MORALITY's eyes fixed with strained glance on door through which ASHMEAD BARTLETT had vanished on way to Clock Tower. Will he never come back? Yes; rapid steps are heard; a flushed face flashes through House; and Civil Lord drops breathless on Treasury Bench.

"Brother ASHMEAD," said OLD MORALITY, "did you see anybody coming?"

"Train arrived; men coming in hansoms, four-wheelers, busses, wheel-barrows, anything!"

ARTHUR BALFOUR down; bell clanging through House; and, just in time, the party from Hatfield headed by ADDISON, Q.C., in white waistcoat and new necktie, streamed in; saved the Government and strangled the rights of way in Scotland.

"Very interesting," said OLD MORALITY, mopping his damp forehead; "very interesting indeed, but a few more quarters of an hour like this would lead to vacancy in the leadership of the House of Commons."

*Business done.*—Committee on Scotch Local Government Bill.

*Tuesday Night.*—A bustling night in Commons. Sitting chiefly spent in Division Lobby. OLD MORALITY nominated Committee on Royal Grants. Gentlemen below Gangway protested. Threatened to take Division on every name; actually took six. Four hundred gentlemen, of various ages from twenty-two to eighty, racing round lobbies hour after hour. Grand Old Man kept well in the front. "Must take a certain amount of exercise every day," he said when I remonstrated with him on imperilling his valuable life. "Generally walk home after dinner; this evening get my walking done before."

Off again on sixth lap without turning a hair—almost, indeed, without having any to turn. STOREY, always long drawn out (six feet in his stockings, I should say), to-night longer than ever. Unfolded Chapter after Chapter; most exciting, Chapter III., headed "CHAMBERLAIN." OLD MORALITY moved CHAMBERLAIN on Committee; STOREY, amid strenuous shouts of delight from Radicals, moved him off. Drew interesting sketch of CHAMBERLAIN as SAMSON, with JESSE COLLINGS as DELILAH shearing his locks preparatory to

delivering him over to Philistines. (First Philistine represented by OLD MORALITY.) Ninety-five Radicals voted to bury SAMSON under ruins of proposed Committee. Philistines rallied round him; beat off assailants with overwhelming force of three to one.

GEORGE CAMPBELL, who usually votes with minority, went astray in one division. Voted with the Government for retention on Committee of ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

"Couldn't help it, you know," he said, apologetically. "Blood is thicker than water. Clansmen must stand by each other. The CAMPBELLS always hang together."

"Serve 'em right!" growled SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate. *Business done.*—Committee on Royal Grants appointed.

*Thursday.*—Atmosphere of Committee on Scotch Local Government Bill ruffled by little breeze. HOWORTH has discovered in Bill principle of Free Education; raises cry of alarm; talks about surrender of the Government; revolution ahead. RICHARD TEMPLE comes to the front.

"Imust," he said, glancing askance at MUNDELLA, "ask those around me to aid in stemming the rising flood."

Opposition broke into ribald laughter. MUNDELLA pats Government on back; declares proposal in the Bill assailed by HOWORTH to be best thing they ever did. ARTHUR BALFOUR writhes under this patronage; almost impelled to join hands with TEMPLE and undertake the stemming operation for which general invitation had been issued. TREVELYAN jeers and flouts across table. What fierce delight it would be to marshal the Ministerial host, march them off into Lobby with HOWORTH and TEMPLE, and snatch this toothsome bone from the Radical dogs who were so noisily mouthing it! A moment of mad delight; but it would not do. So ARTHUR made a clever speech, in which he showed that whilst the Bill admitted principle of Free Education, it was only its little way. Really did not mean anything. Must stand by the Bill. Tories and Radicals went into one Lobby, 245 against Amendment, only 52, with RICHARD TEMPLE at their head, gallantly but vainly endeavouring to stem the Rising Flood.

*Friday.*—Came suddenly upon PHILIP STANHOPE sitting all by himself under Gallery. Had a peculiarly woe-begone expression unfamiliar on his cheerful countenance. Looked as if he thought he was in church.

"What's the matter?" I asked, in my cheery way. "Been a row in the family? Has your noble brother said he can't stand any more of your Radical goings on? or is it remorse at the anguish caused by your other brother on Treasury Bench, when you come up to table to 'tell' the rag-tag-and-bob-tail in its efforts to defeat the best possible Government?"

"No," said STANHOPE, clasping his hands over his knees, "it's none of those things. I'm thinking of JACOBY. All through the Session we have 'told' and toiled together, and now he's chucked the whole thing up. Says he won't play."

"Never mind," I said, "you'll get somebody else, though probably no one so much to the manner born. I suppose, now he's ceased to be Whip, JACOBY will wear his hat again in the Lobby? He won't like that. What makes him so pleased to dispense with his hat?"

"Don't know," said STANHOPE, wearily, "unless in other times he may have acquired a distaste for the article through having gone about his business wearing three at a time."

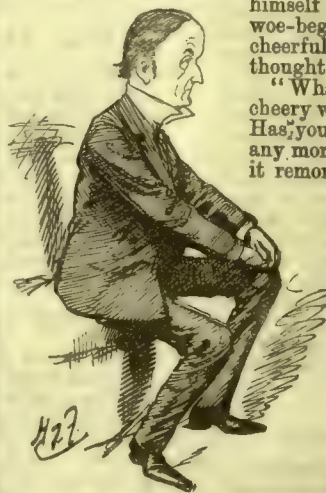
*Business done.*—Scotch Local Government Bill again in Committee.



Mover of Amendment.



John Anthony.



Thinking of Jacoby.



## WIMBLEDON WHIMS.



"Elevation wrong!" ...  
"He obtained a high magpie!"

"He made several  
bull's-eyes."

"Exciting!! A tie!! at  
the last moment!!"

## IRREPRESSIBLE! OR, THE CRIMINAL UNCAUGHT GUIDE.

*Little Criminal Tragic Comedy, in Two Acts, now in daily rehearsal.*

## ACT I.

*The Scene represents a back alley in a low East End slum, in which an atrocious murder has just been committed, forming in its turn the eighteenth of a series of similar outrages, the peculiar feature of which has been the screwing off of the victim's head by the perpetrator. The extra vigilance of the Police has for some time past apparently acted as a check upon the murderer, but this having been for no very definite reason just relaxed, he has quickly responded to it by the commission of a fresh crime. This has somewhat reasonably agitated the dwellers in the immediate neighbourhood, and they, together with the Medical Men, Coroner, Jurymen, Police Authorities, Local Loafers, Night Lodging-house Keepers, Witnesses, and General Outsiders, are all assembled at the scene of the recent ghastly occurrence. A Rabid Interviewer, representing the "Irrepressible Press" Note-book in hand, forces his way authoritatively through the crowd, and pushes himself to the front.*

*Rabid Interviewer (going up to Witness and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder). Ha! You're the man I want to get at. Witness (resentfully). Come, now, what are you up to? You are making some mistake!*

*Rabid Interviewer. Not a bit. You're one of the Witnesses, aren't you? (Witness nods assent.) Well, then, you're the fellow to post me up in what I want to know. Perhaps you don't know who I am. I'm the "Press." I'm here for the Irrepressible. Now do you understand?*

*Witness (with effusion). Perfectly: and in that case I'm sure any information I can give you I shall be only too happy to supply.*

*Rabid Interviewer. So do, and fire away. (He does, and furnishes his interlocutor with copious details of the recent evidence coupled with local gossip and much other interesting material for "copy.") Thanks! And now (turning to Police Official) perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what moves you are making in the game. You're on his track? eh?*

*Police Official (doggedly). I ain't at liberty to say what we is on and what we ain't. Besides, how do I know who you are who is asking questions of me. (With apologetic caution.) We must be on the look out, you know.*

*Rabid Interviewer (with much bonhomie). Quite right. Of course you must. But it's all right with me, you know. I'm the "Press": here for the Irrepressible.*

*Police Official (instantly convinced). Oh! then in that case, of course, I don't mind telling you that—*

*[Furnishes him with a complete account of all the measures about to be taken by the Authorities at Scotland Yard with a view to the capture of the "Wanted" Murderer, and puts him in full possession of all the secrets of the official programme.*

*Rabid Interviewer (taking it all down in his "Notes"). Thank you, that'll do capitally. Ha! and now, let's see. Perhaps you can tell me something. (Suddenly buttonholes a Head of a Department, who has driven over in a cab from the West End to personally inspect the locality, and effectually pumps him, finishing his interview.) Thanks, that will be very useful.*

*Head of Department (with much urbanity). Delighted, I'm sure. Don't mention it. One cannot give the Press too much information on these matters.*

*Rabid Interviewer. Quite so. (Forces himself among a crowd of Unsympathetic Loafers who are vaguely discussing the recent atrocity). Well, my good people, and have you any news to give me?*

*First Unsympathetic Loafer. Give you any news? What for? Who are you, I should like to know?*

*Second Unsympathetic Loafer. Yes, and what are you a poking your blooming nose in here for?*

*Third Unsympathetic Loafer. I'll tell you who he is. He's a "JIM the Choker," or next door to him. 'Ere let's run him in.*

*Several Unsympathetic Loafers. Run him in. String him up! Lynch him!*

*[They hustle him.*

*Rabid Interviewer (protesting with a good-humoured smile). No, no, my good people—you don't understand. I'm not "JIM the Choker," I'm the "Press." I'm getting up facts about the murder for the Irrepressible, and if you'll turn in here and have a drink, you perhaps might be able to supply me with some particulars.*

*(Mob of Loafers instantly relent, and turn in for a drink accordingly, furnishing the Rabid Interviewer with odds and ends of local information, with which he judiciously spices his five-column article for the "Irrepressible.") Surveying with much satisfaction his work, which is an elaborate and exhaustive account of the whole affair, pandering to a morbid public craving, but furnishing the "Wanted"*

*One, if he chance to see it, with a full and detailed account of all the measures taken by the Police to prevent his escape, and giving him exactly the requisite information he stands in need of to enable him to baffle Justice and elude the reach of the arm of the Law.) Well, come, I think that ought to satisfy 'em; I've left nothing out. (Admiringly). By Jove! if "JIM the Choker" were to see it, it would be quite a little handbook for him!*

*ACT II.—A hidden Retreat beyond the ken of the Authorities. The "Wanted" One discovered deeply engaged perusing a recent number of the "Irrepressible."*

*The "Wanted" One (rising with satisfaction). So, that's their game is it? Well, it's all set out here, chapter and verse, plain enough, and no mistake! Goodness knows what I should do, if it wasn't for these here blessed papers. Howsomever, thanks to them, I can pretty well see my next move. So here goes to make it.*

*[Makes it, and is consequently continuing to escape detection, as Curtain descends.*

## PLAY-TIME.

*At the Court.—Mrs. JOHN WOOD is a public benefactress. London is getting dreadfully dull. The season is going out like an expiring set-piece of fireworks. St. Swithin has got hold of the weather.*

*But at the Court Theatre you may enjoy two hours of the heartiest laughter. Aunt Jack is excellent fooling from beginning to end: full of quips and jokes, full of stirring incident, full of the most delightfully puzzling complications. I am not going to take the bloom off the flower by revealing the plot. I will content myself with congratulating everybody, all round, who interprets*



GR

She Wood, and he Wouldn't.

*Mr. RALPH LUMLEY's merry inspirations. Mrs. JOHN WOOD, most funny throughout, is quite inimitable in the last Scene, where she appears in the witness-box. It is hard to say if Mr. ARTHUR CECIL is at his best, making love in the First Act, or opening and tasting a bottle of very cheap champagne in the Second, or defending a Breach of Promise Case against his own fiancée in the Third. Mr. F. CAPE is quite a model Judge, and his dictum, "People should not go to law, unless they can keep their temper," should find place in the next edition of Broom's Legal Maxims. He would be quite a new Broom, and might make a clean sweep, which is a very different matter from making a sweep clean. But—passons! Miss ROSINA FILLIPI, as the dashing young widow of Mr. Ephraim B. Vanstreek of Chicago—"Pork was his vocation, he lived and died in it"—gives a piquant dash of Yankee flavour to the entertainment. Mr. ERIC LEWIS, impersonates excellently Aunt Jack's nephew, Mr. Caleb Cornish, and Miss FLORENCE WOOD is bright and intelligent as Mrs. Caleb. A success, says*

THE CRITIC OFF THE HEARTH.

*LATEST BULLETIN.—Poet BROWNING much better, in consequence of ALBIS WRIGHT's judicious treatment, but still suffering from FITZ.*



## "DARBY AND JOAN."



*Mr. Punch (to the ex-Premier and his wife on the happy occasion of their Golden Wedding):—*

DARBY and JOAN! My dear WILLIAM, I'm certain  
You'll pardon the phrase; 'tis familiar, but kind.  
To draw for the mob domesticity's curtain,

Which ought to be sacred, is scarce to my mind.  
But when such great actors as you tread our stages,  
There's little life lends that is solely their own.  
In how many rôles have you posed in my pages?

Well, now you turn up, WILL, as DARBY—with JOAN!

You know the old ballad? Of course—you know all things,

From HOMER to WOODFALL, in verse or in prose;  
For yours is a mind which, on big things and small things,

Can, like the great pachyderm's trunk, deftly close.

That DARBY might well be serenely reflective,

And you, my dear WILL, on this notable day,  
Must surely incline to the mood retrospective.

A mingling of pensive, proud, grateful, and gay.





### "AMUSEMENTS."

*Tennis Player (from London).* "DON'T SEE THE FUN O' THIS GAME—KNOCKIN' A BALL INTO A BUSH, AND THEN 'UNTIN' ABOUT FOR IT!"

'Tis fifty years since, in then little known Hawarden,  
Its church, which so often has echoed your voice,  
With laurels and flower-garlands glowed like a garden,  
Whilst GLADSTONE was wed to the girl of his choice.  
"Young GLADSTONE," the Church and State champion, Tory,  
Disciple of PEEL and MACAULAY's grave foe.  
Since then what a long, strange, illustrious story  
Of rise vastly rapid and change far from slow!

July Thirty-Nine found you Benedick youthful,  
July Eighty-Nine finds you—well, "Grand Old Man."  
As your worshippers say; and no doubt they are truthful,  
Though stale adulation is not *Punch's* plan.  
And GLYNNE's graceful daughter has shared it and crowned it,  
That strenuous life and that splendid career;  
Much harder great "DARBY" would doubtless have found it  
Without gentle "JOAN" to console and to cheer.

Did "DARBY" now sing, it were scarce "*Camptown Races*,"  
But rather that musical song by MOLLOY,  
Which ANTOINETTE STERLING invests with such graces,  
And *Punch* is most happy to hear and enjoy.  
And "JOAN" would join in with a refrain quite ready,  
For whatever change come in fortune or fame,  
JOAN's faith in her DARBY is constant and steady,  
And DARBY to JOAN will be "always the same."

And *Punch* on this bright Golden Wedding rejoices  
To wish the great couple a future all gold;  
And herein is sure he interprets and voices  
The wish of all parties, of young and of old.  
Here's WILLIAM and CATHERINE's health in a brimmer!  
We'll trust the good pair who together have grown,  
With hearts nothing colder and eyes nothing dimmer,  
May live many years to play "DARBY and JOAN."

CONUNDRUM FOR NEXT BANK HOLIDAY.

Q. When is a City Clerk like an ill-treated Russian Serf?  
A. When he gets an outing. [*Italics used to assist the earnest Student.*]

### A PILL FOR "THE PILLARS."

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

In the years of long ago, when the "Vic" was indeed "the Vic" (and had not become a sort of frisky Coffee Palace), I remember seeing plays in which many a wealthy Merchant posed as a saint when he was the veriest sinner. I fancy that I have seen a wealthy Merchant (who must have been a wicked Baronet, as no one at the Vic Unregenerate could be *quite* bad unless able to add "Bart." to his name) sending coffin-ships to sea to get rid of inconvenient witnesses to his crimes, and I imagine that I have noticed this wealthy Merchant learning in Act the last, that his only son was on board the vessel he had doomed to a watery grave. I have an idea, too, that the wealthy Merchant was not particular about the sex of those he ruined, and generally died by his own hand. And I remember that a play like this used to make me laugh.

Well, the other day (or rather afternoon) I went to the Opéra Comique Theatre, to assist at the benefit of that clever little actress, Miss VERA BERINGER, when I saw a piece called *The Pillars of Society*, of very much the same character as that I faintly recollect at the Unregenerate Vic. There was a wealthy Merchant (not a "Bart." because he was a Norwegian), who posed as a saint when he was the veriest sinner, who sent coffin-ships to sea, and who found that in one of the doomed vessels was his own son. The wealthy Merchant of the Middlesex site, however, unlike the opulent "Bart." of the Surrey side, did not die, but repented, after a long and seemingly unappreciated confession. On the other hand, the wealthy Merchant, like his Vic-ious prototype, was not at all particular about the sex of those he ruined. But there was one distinct difference between the version of the North and the version of the South. At the theatre south of the Thames I remember the dialogue was crisp and to the point. We had plenty of action, and, so to speak, soon "came to the 'osses." North of the Thames the dialogue was hopelessly dull; so I did not feel inclined to laugh at the Opéra Comique Theatre—I only wanted to sleep!

Yours faithfully,  
ONE WHO HAS HAD ENOUGH OF ISEN.

P.S.—Let me add that the translation by Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER seemed to be excellent. But what a pity it is he ever learned Norwegian!



## JUNKETING.

*Decision—Leaf from Cookery-Book—Rapid Run—Arrival—Peculiar People.*

"I've heard that Ilfracombe's a beautiful place," I observe to my friend, COPLEY MARKHAM, taking care to emphasise "heard." This



Plain Cook's Tourists.

in reply to a desire just expressed by COPLEY to go out of town, and choose a house in some distant spot. Both of us are ready and willing for a junket. Junket is peculiarly Devonian. Therefore, merry House-hunters are we, and "a junketing we will go, my boys, a junketing we will go!"

"To Cook's office for tickets," says COPLEY, knowingly, "because," he continues, as if giving the solution of a riddle, "Because Cook's office is just handy,—we are at Ludgate Circus, and when you arrive at the station provided with

"Cook's," you haven't got to wait your turn at the booking-office, but can nip into your carriage and secure the best places. See?" I do see. Our tickets are Cook'd, and we are ready to enjoy all the fun of the Fare. So COPLEY and I part, till to-morrow.

"If COPLEY is your travelling companion," says JIM O'DWYER, at the Club, to me, "mind you, my boy, you'll have to sweeten him, or he'll be nasty." This is a pleasant prospect.

*Next Morning.*—COPLEY seems to have met various persons who have set him against Ilfracombe. He has turned "nasty," as O'DWYER said he would, and he is perpetually regretting not having started for Switzerland, Scotland, Jersey—anywhere, in fact, except where we are bound for. I remark that I believe Ilfracombe is rather bracing.

"There you're wrong," he says, almost savagely, "it's relaxing." I feel I must try the "sweetening" process, so I smile, blandly. It doesn't sweeten him; it irritates him. "It is relaxing," he repeats, warmly. "You'll see. Old Thingumy told me so, and he ought to know, as he lived there for six years, and nearly died there."

We travel by the Great Western express, 9.20, direct. Flying by the stations, COPLEY is annoyed at being unable to discover their names.

"I'd stop all big advertisements at railway stations," he growls; "how on earth could a foreigner make out where he was? Why, he'd think that every station was called 'Cocoatins' or 'Maple & Co.;" for upon my word those are the only two names I can catch as we go along."

Ilfracombe, 4.20.—"Disappointing," grumbles COPLEY, as we drive from the terminus. "I thought it was all beautiful boulders, and rocks, and wild scenery. Why, it's like the new Finchley Road, that's all. Wish I'd gone to Switzerland." I begin to wish so too. He's growing "nastier" every minute. By what process can he be "sweetened"?

*Rule for Travelling invariable.*—Always ask for the Station-master wherever you are, and make his acquaintance. It doesn't matter whether you've anything to say to him or not. You may have, later on, and then to be on speaking terms will be useful. Abroad, always take off your hat to him, and offer a cigar. You never lose by politeness,—except, in this case, or out of this case, a cigar.

The Station-superintendent is most courteous and anxious to afford us all useful information. Noticing this politeness, COPLEY MARKHAM says, sneeringly, "Oh, they've mistaken you for somebody else. Perhaps they think you're the Duke of CAMBRIDGE *incog.* You're not unlike him."

But as I subsequently encounter this same courtesy everywhere about this very civilised district, I conclude that the North Devonian motto must be the motto of "Civility without servility."

"Nothing striking in the way of scenery," says COPLEY, as we drive along in the 'bus to the hotel. "And I didn't expect the fares would be a shilling each," he adds, as we descend. "Why, you can go from Brompton to Islington for threepence, and here we've scarcely been driven a mile!"

Lovely situation this of the Ilfracombe Hotel. Climate of South Devonshire at back, and the refreshing Atlantic in front. For the first time COPLEY is unexpectedly "sweetened" by the manner of the Conductor, who receives the money as if he were grieved at having to take so large a sum for so short a journey.

Nobody knows who we are, and they do not mistake me for

H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, but everybody delighted to see us all the same. Old gentleman on the doorstep with bald head and without a hat (must be Proprietor, or Manager, as no one stands on the doorstep of a hotel without a hat unless he is a Manager or a Proprietor,—why should he?) smiles, bows, and makes some pleasant remark about weather and journey. I think he waves us toward the bar, where young ladies, buxom and businesslike, are preparing to take down our names in a register, as if we'd come to be married. Tall, delicate-looking Head Waiter—not unlike Mr. PARNELL, only darker, and with a higher colour—appears from coffee-room, and is followed by a short Waiter, just to show us that they've got 'em of all sorts and sizes; a Chambermaid is on the staircase expecting us, Boots and Porter in the hall,—all waiting breathlessly for our answer to somebody's momentous question as to what time we would dine, put by, I think, but am not sure, the bald-headed Proprietor or Manager.

COPLEY says, turning to me, "Seven-thirty, eh?" His time is mine; by all means, 7.30. This "sweetens" him again, and he's in a better humour. With a sigh of relief, the *tableau* breaks up; the coloured likeness of PARNELL retires, the short Waiter follows him, both smiling, as much as to say, "Au revoir—at 7.30 sharp;" the Boots disappears with our bags, the Hall-porter goes on an errand for the Proprietor, the young ladies return to their tea and ledgers and the trim Chambermaid beckons us to follow her to our rooms.

"Sweetening" process taking effect on COPLEY. He actually commends the place so far as "pretty." But "not bracing," he says; "I don't think it's bracing. Though," he adds, meditatively, "the air seems to be giving me an uncommonly strong appetite." Then he suggests that, "as we have come to look for houses, we may as well call on the house-agent." I agree. We hire a fly.

Flyman most civil. "House-agent? Certainly, Sir." Mr. BILLAM is the man. Will drive us there in no time. On our road, Flyman pulls up sharply. Mr. BILLAM is just coming downhill as we are going up, having finished his work and closed his office for the day. "But that doesn't matter," says Mr. BILLAM, cheerfully, "I'll see to it at once, if you'll allow me to ride up." He jumps in—a sharp business-like man with a pleasant manner—and in a few minutes we are at his office, which he re-opens, and all his books as well, as if he were beginning the day again. Then he insists on going House Hunting with us. He is the huntsman, and shows us capital sport, but "we do not catch that house, brave boys." At last COPLEY, urged by consuming appetite, proposes to finish the chase, and begs to be allowed to go to dinner. Then, promising to put us on the right scent to-morrow right away as far as Lynton, the undefeated Mr. BILLAM leaves us much impressed by another specimen of Devonian politeness.

"Devon is celebrated for its butter," says COPLEY, giving an indication by this intended sarcasm that he is turning nasty again. But fortunately the dinner, being an excellent one, sweetens him, and restores his good temper. Only one thing goes wrong. I order a light claret. It is not a success. "I told you it wouldn't be," growls COPLEY, showing signs of turning nasty again. It is a ticklish moment. We try another, which is better, but COPLEY regrets not having insisted on champagne. "Poor stuff!" he says, reading the wine-list with the eye of a connoisseur. "Where's your Pommery '80, or a blend of '80 and '81?" The coloured portrait of PARNELL is deeply sympathetic, and sincerely grieves that we are not pleased. Then in a confidential whisper to COPLEY—not to me—he whispers that in the cellar there is a small quantity of wonderful champagne which could be specially brought out for COPLEY. This flatters him as a connoisseur of wine. He is sweetened. Up to this moment he has been "extra sec," now he is sweetened; and he says, with a knowing smile and smacking his lips, "We'll keep that for to-morrow night." The Head Waiter recovers from his temporary depression, smiles again, and, as it were, bids us hope. We have a delightful evening, with coffee and cigars, out on the terrace, with the *poluphloisboiving thalasses* just below us. COPLEY still sweetened, and says, "Well, I'm glad I came." So to bed.

*Next Morning.*—Starting in trap. A most pleasant lady, a perfect stranger—very perfect—as we are waiting for Mr. BILLAM, steps up, and hopes we'll excuse her for mentioning it, but there's something wrong with the near-side horse's blinker which may occasion trouble if not attended to now. Coachman thanks her, we thank her, she thanks us for thanking her. Never met such polite people. Mr. BILLAM comes up, brisk and smiling, with fresh list of places to inspect. He bows to perfect stranger lady, she to him, we to them, all bowing, and stranger lady leaves us. Does Mr. BILLAM know her? No; by sight only.

This politeness is the same everywhere. *En route* rural policemen in various villages offer to act as house-agents, and at Lynton the Fairy landlady of the *Valley of Rocks* waves her wand and something or other, perhaps a pot of Devonshire Cream, turns into a trap, provided for us to drive about to wherever we like to go free, gratis, and no questions asked. Polite people profess themselves ready to turn out of their houses and homes rather than we should return without having taken some place or other. COPLEY is puzzled.



Their politeness is gratuitous and "sweetens" him. Everybody is interested in us. "Will it be so if we once settle?" asks COPLEY, "Are we the two swallows who do not make a summer, though all the natives sincerely hope they will do so?"

Dinner with the wonderful wine. More and more politeness. Manager comes to see us, hopes we're "doing" well. We are. "So's he," says COPLEY, who is as sweet as molasses under the influence of this wonderful champagne. The Manager is a young man, therefore the elderly bald-headed person whom I hear giving orders to waiters, barmaids, and boots, and addressing the visitors, is evidently the Proprietor.

*Second and Last Morning.*—Nothing relaxing in this air. Fresh as larks, both of us. Even this capital hotel is not altogether perfect, and I have some complaints to make of small matters. Still, they must be made. And naturally to proprietor. Go to the fountain-head at once. The fountain-head is, I presume, the bald elderly man on the doorstep. Here he is at the door, as usual. I go up to him with the determined air of a man who will accept no stupid excuses. I commence my list of grievances, at once, being pressed for time. Our boots have not been properly attended to, we were not called at the right time, our clothes were not ready,—but above all, and here COPLEY backs me up strongly,—though directly I become dissatisfied, he at once finds excuses for the offenders in a thorough spirit of contradiction,—“The carriage wasn't ordered in time yesterday, and no one was sent for it when I complained, and really,” I say to the bald-headed man, who appears to be utterly dumfounded, “it is too bad, in a first-class hotel like this, that we should be put to such inconvenience. You might, at least, have sent down a servant,” I tell him, becoming really angry, and turning as “nasty” as COPLEY himself in his worst mood, for the bald-headed proprietor doesn't offer a single word by way of excuse or explanation, and his conduct is totally contrary to everything we have hitherto experienced; “you might have sent a servant down,” I continue, forcibly, “to inquire as to whether our carriage was ordered or not. You were in the hall when we ordered it.” As I have almost arrived at shaking my fist at him, the bald-headed man protests feebly, muttering something which I don't catch, and I continue, severely:—“And knowing that it was late, why didn't you have the trap brought up here, instead of wasting our time and spoiling our whole day?” At this juncture COPLEY comes up, and plucks me by the sleeve. “What is it?” I ask, annoyed at his interference. He wants to speak to me, apart. “Well,” I say, hotly, “I suppose you'll take that old idiot's part. He hasn't a word to say for himself, and considering he's the proprietor—”

“No,” interrupts COPLEY, “there you're wrong—he's not.”

“What!” I exclaim, utterly taken aback, “not the proprietor?”

“No,” replies COPLEY, chuckling, “The old chap's only a quiet visitor who's been here a fortnight, and likes it very much. I've just been told so by the Head Waiter who was afraid to interfere.” I turn to apologise, but the bald-headed man has gone, and as we drive off immediately in the 'bus I see the elderly bald-headed gentleman, evidently furious at the indignity put upon him, gesticulating to the Manager, and vowing he'll leave the establishment at once. I hope he won't, as he seems to have made himself quite at home, and hence my mistake. We return to town, delighted with the *crème de la crème* of Devonshire politeness.

**A SIGNAL TO STOP!**—A paragraphist in last Saturday's “London Day by Day”—which forms two of the best and most ornamental columns that help to support the colossal fabric of the *Daily Telegraph*—informs us that “Sabbatarianism is once more up in arms,” and that at the next half-yearly meeting of the Directors of the Brighton Line, there is to be a strong protest raised against facilities for Sunday travelling. Sabbatarianism again “in arms,” indeed! Very much so; in its second childhood. But we hope that, though Sabbatarianism may be in arms, this, which is one of its pet toys, may not be carried, but go the way of so many other good “resolutions” that form the concrete foundation of a place which to ears polite may be described as “the Terminus of the Down Line.”

THE HIGH-METALLED RACER.—A Locomotive Engine.

## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

EIGHTEENTH EVENING.

“You English are great lovers of Music,” said the Moon. “I saw that very clearly only a few evenings ago. It was in a side-street opening out of one of your great London thoroughfares, and a large crowd was collected on both pavements, gazing and listening with the most respectful attention to a tune which was being played on a piano-organ. The piano was one of the ordinary instruments, and the air—though the woman who turned the handle wore kid gloves—was quite a simple one. Still the crowd was perfectly entranced and regarded the very organ with reverence. There was a placard in front of it, which I could read distinctly by my own rays, for that is one of the advantages of being a Moon—you are so independent. In spite of their attention, the bystanders seemed waiting for someone to appear, and from time to time, some of them would peep through the swing-doors of a public-house close by, as if the person they expected were inside. Evidently the woman in the kid gloves was not the principal performer, who must have been a person with a peculiar gift for extracting melody from a piano-organ, or they would scarcely have waited so patiently for his reappearance. And indeed,” concluded the Moon, “this was actually the case, for I remember now that the placard on the piano stated that he was a Viscount.”



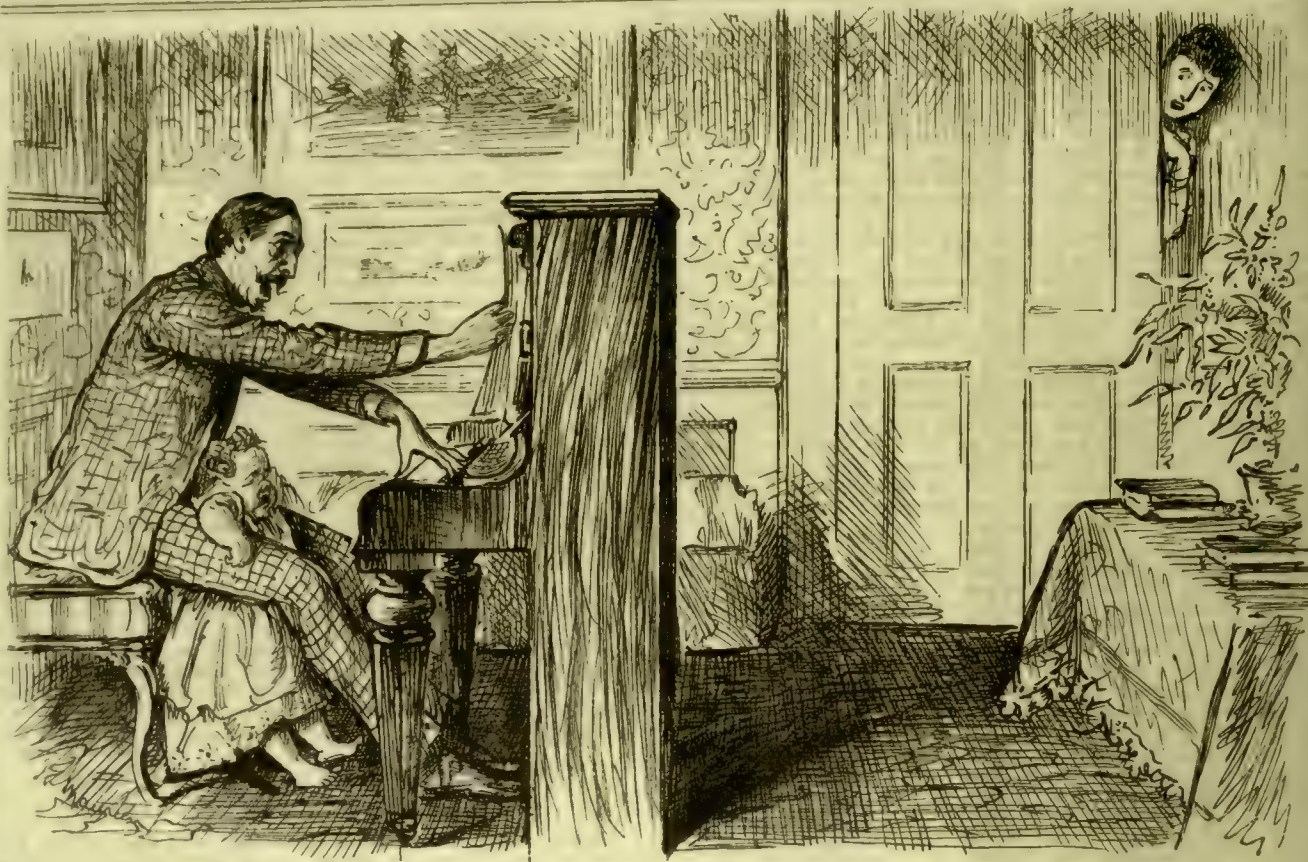
## LONDON COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

*Tuesday, July, 16.*—Rather a sad sitting, as I look in vain for that silvery-voiced, humble-minded, to-aristocrats-personally-affable representative of what, perhaps, I may be permitted to call (to distinguish them from labourers in other walks of life) the “working (on beer) classes,” the Patriot BURNS. However, to some extent we have compensation in the presence of that amusing rattle Mr. CHARLES HALLYBURTON CAMPBELL. When this Gentleman rises to address us, the silence is so deep, that were we to listen intently no doubt we should hear a pin drop—supposing always of course, that the pin weighed half-a-ton and fell through the skylight, from an altitude equal let us say, to the summit of the Tour Eiffel. This afternoon he is particularly amusing. He is a Magistrate, and has discovered, that he has the power, by some Act or other, in that august character to examine a candidate for compensation. The candidate for compensation is then trotted in. He is placed at the Bar of the Chamber, in imitation (save the mark!) of the Bar of the House, and is greeted with roars of laughter. The candidate for compensation looks frightened, but on finding, so to speak, that the “Court is with him,” answers the amusing rattle (when that dignified person rises to shouts of “Now, CAMPBELL!”) in more senses than one. On the whole, the amusing rattle gets rather the worst of it, partly on account of the interference of the ever-welcome ELLIOTT, whose knowledge of things in general (acquired no doubt as a Member of the Asylum Board and as a contractor for refreshments at the Law Courts) seems to be extensive. Ultimately the candidate for compensation is allowed to retire, and the matter is “referred back,” with an instruction to the Committee receiving the reference that they shall be guided by “Counsel's advice.”

Then Mr. WILLIAM SAUNDERS, of Market Lavington (which is not to be confused with the Bishop's or Western Division of that ilk, the cradle of a very ancient race), Wilts, rises, and most properly protests against the reduction of the salaries of the fourth grade clerks from £80 to £70 a year; and thus proves himself (in spite of sitting next a Tory, who, according to his name, is more than half a Tory) a true Liberal. He is supported by a gallant Colonel, whose eloquence is (I know not why) frequently described as “Rorror.” Then we discuss examination-papers, and the proceedings become hopelessly dull. I must confess that, in spite of an occasional exhilarating explanation from Mr. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH (whose every word seems to be regarded as golden now that he receives a salary of £2000 per annum), the debate is decidedly monotonous. This being so, I, not altogether reluctantly, close my note-book and take my departure, leaving my noble friend, “Mister” ROSEBERRY, still in the chair, and no doubt ready (as he ever is) to enjoy a thoroughly pleasant, particularly congenial, and entirely profitable afternoon, in the midst of his County Council associates!





## TRIO—FOR BARITONE, SOPRANO, AND CONTRALTO.

SIGNOR TOMKINSONIO HAS BEEN LEFT FOR A FEW MINUTES IN CHARGE OF HIS BABY, WHILE HIS WIFE IS HAVING AN INTERVIEW WITH THE DRESSMAKER.

## "ARGUMENTUM AD POCKETUM."

*Policeman X, Junior, loquitur:—*

Orr, yes, I *ham* Policeman X, but as, dear readers, you'll divine, All in this present blessed year of grace called eighteen-eighty-nine, I *ham* not him whose words and deeds good "Mister TITMARSH" did set down [the town.] Long since, when that there Pallis Court was the great scandal of

I *ham* a young P.C., I *ham*; where'er my beat, I'm hailed as well met;

I do not wear a sort of shiny stove-pipe hat, but a smart helmet. I've had Board-Schooling in my time, although my parents was not rich, "vich."

And, though my spellin' may be weak, I do not stoop to "vos" and

Ah! things is different all round since Mister MICHAEL ANGELO Described my predecessor's ways, before the period of MONRO, Our First Commissioner of Police, which I've been reading his Concerning the Metropolis, as I maintains all folks did ort. [Report

The papers slate hus pretty free; praps reading this Report will check it.

It isn't now as in the days of that good genial Beak, A BECKETT, Within whose Court old Policeman X would find materials for his pen. From hinformation I've received, things was took pretty easy then.

The Metropolitan Police has other duties, ah! a many, Than them there early Peelers had, and, if we costs a pretty penny, In times like these so given to crimes, so Socialistic and Home-Rulish,

A policy that's penny-wise must be perticklerly pound-foolish.

Crime's on the hincrase, MONRO says; a nice look-out, upon my word.

Some parties says it's all *our* fault, hus Bobbies, which is most Ignorant critics, when there's any public stir, pens lots of stuff of us, But Mister MONRO 'its the mark: we're good, but there are not enough of us.

Just fancy what we have to do, the tasks with which we're forced to grapple, From shindies in Trafalgar Square to 'orrid murders in Whitechapel, Semaphore duties at street-crossings, where we stands, not quite "in clover," [run over.]

To keep the traffic from sheer block, and folks on 'foot from bein'

Salvation Armies want to tramp through crowded thoroughfares permiskus; [whiak us;

Likewise, when Shahs and other Swells are on parade, away they And then they wonder at the luck of burglars, roughs, and suchlike beauties, [reglar duties.]

When we're thus forced, through hextry jobs, to slacken hoff our

If folks *will* have religious rows, perlickle shindies, and such matters, All over the confounded shop; if every fool a drum that batters, Or waves a flag, or howls a song, has leave to go where he darn pleases, JOHN BULL must just put up with crime—or give his purse some extry squeezes.

Fancy dear old Policemen X's face, the 'orror and surprise of it, At Hallelujahs in the Strand! We're overworked, that's just the size of it.

If you *will* keep our numbers down, although the population's double, Take Mister MONRO's tip—and mine, such skinflint ways will lead to trouble.

"Crime can't be coped with,"—MONRO says,—not in a manner satisfactory, [refractory,

If we're took up with shouting Rads and with Salvationists With railway stations, semaphores, and Shahs, an cetrer. There's your problem! double 'em.

If double duties tax the Force, their numbers, too, you'll have to

In fact, with old Policeman X, I say, "Move hon!" It is our maxim. JOHN BULL can have what Force he likes, if with the cost he's game to tax 'im. [docket 'em,

Reports like MONRO's should be read, and *thought on*,—do not merely But study out their argyments—perticklerly the one *ad pocketum*!





## “ARGUMENTUM AD POCKETUM.”

MR. BULL (*reads Yearly Police Report*). “WHAT’S THIS! INCREASE OF CRIME—NOT ENOUGH POLICE FOR THE PROTECTION OF LIFE AND PROPERTY! THEN, WHY ON EARTH—”

CHIEF COMMISSIONER. “YOU CAN HAVE ANY NUMBER OF POLICE, MR. BULL—IF YOU LIKE TO PAY FOR THEM!”









MR. CHAMBERLAIN PROPOSES TO ABOLISH A NUMBER OF ORNAMENTAL ROYAL OFFICES, SUCH AS THE MASTER OF THE BUCKHOUNDS, AND THE HEREDITARY GRAND FALCONER. A GREAT CHANCE FOR MADAME TUSSAUD. THESE FIGURES WILL SOON BE ADDED TO THE COLLECTION.

## TURNED TO ACCOUNT!

(A Fragment from the History of the next Invasion.)

LONDON was in danger; nay, more, London was in the hands of the enemy. The Chinese Barbarians had, without difficulty, destroyed the British Fleet, and made their way up the Thames! They had landed at Westminster, and were now marching on Charing Cross. They had met Englishmen on their own ground, with their own weapons, discarding their terror-inspiring shields for magazine rifles of the most modern fashion. The Commandant of the Guards sadly awaited the advance in the yard of St. George's Barracks.

"We are lost," he murmured; "oh, why was not the warning of Sir HARRY VERNY respected? Why was the National Portrait Gallery built here! We are deprived of space, and all for the sake of some pictures that no one cares to see!"

"We are no match for them Chinese, my Lord," replied the old Regimental Sergeant-Major; "they outnumber us by thirty to one. I will be sworn, our field state is no more than three hundred, all told! Bless me, my Lord! I do believe there are more portraits in the Gallery yonder than men in the Barracks over there!"

"Eureka!" shouted the Commandant, excitedly. "Sergeant-Major you have given me an idea! We may yet save London! Fall in the men and—" he whispered the rest.

The Chinese troops came on and on. They seized Parliament Street and Whitehall! They slaughtered the cows in St. James's Park! Oh, it was a dreadful moment for Londoners!

At length the invaders were opposite the National Gallery, outside which the Guards were now drawn up. The remainder of the British Army were standing at ease, with what seemed to be posters pendant before them after the fashion of perambulating sandwich-men. Their backs were turned to the enemy! The Chinese commenced to charge! "Right about turn!" shouted the British Commander.

The Guards faced about, displaying the canvasses, which served as breastplates. The Chinese wavered. Then, with an unearthly yell, the Asiatics fell upon their knees and surrendered!

"I thought they would be frightened out of their wits by those

wretched daubs!" muttered the British Commander, as he took the entire Chinese Army prisoners.

Yes, London was saved, and by the contents of the National Portrait Gallery!

## A NOTE FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

HAVING been asked by numerous Correspondents "why I did not proffer my own services to the accused before the Special Commission after they had lost the aid of their originally-selected advocates?" May I be permitted to answer, that I *did* on the impulse of the moment feel inclined to come to their succour, but after a second's reflection, decided that it would be far better to wait until my services had been formally requested. That Mr. PARNELL has dispensed with the assistance of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Mr. ASQUITH, is really no proof that the Member for Cork City is in any way dissatisfied with the conduct of the Counsel who thus far have represented him. I should be very sorry indeed, and very little indeed, to suppose that the Hon. Gentleman, by severing his connection with my learned friends, wishes to suggest, that he would be happier if I appeared in their place. Nay, I will go further and declare, that I believe such an idea absolutely preposterous, because, really and truly, both Sir CHARLES and Mr. ASQUITH have done their work in a manner that has met with my entire approbation. So, I would urge upon Mr. PARNELL and the other interested parties in the suit, not to place me in a position of very great embarrassment. I can assure them that there is little left to do. After the excellent address of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, a second speech on the same subject from me might, perhaps, have the effect of an anticlimax. True it is that, recognising as I do the duty I owe to my fellow-man, I am always reluctant to decline a brief, and, yet I must deprecate a situation in which I find interests of a conflicting character, tearing, as it were, my robes and wig asunder. Of course, my Clerk attends to everything of a professional character for me, but I shall most deeply regret if that Clerk hands to me a retainer in any way calculated to wound the feelings of gentlemen for whose ability I have the profoundest respect.

Pump-handle Court.

(Signed)

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

## MAMMON'S MARTYR.

I FEEL, it's natural, of course,  
What Doctors call my "vital force"  
Is all expended;  
I've headaches sometimes rather bad,  
And, on the whole, I'm very glad  
The Season's ended.

At garden parties oft one gains,  
On damp lawns, queer rheumatic pains;  
And talks idyllic  
Beneath wet trees whence falls a spray,  
Lead to the acid, doctors say,  
Is salicylic.

From a hot concert-room or ball,  
Neuralgic pains will oft befall  
A hapless maiden;  
While over-ventilated rooms  
Are like so many living tombs,  
With phthisis laden.

And whether one is host or guest,  
The wily plumber does his best,  
Methinks, to kill us;  
Within his untrapped drains there lurks  
What no one all his lifetime shirks,  
The gay bacillus.

I'm tired of pleasure's endless round;  
My voice has quite a feeble sound;  
I've every reason,  
To think I need some stringing up,  
So JENNER's hand shall brim the cup,  
To end the Season.

## General and Particular.

*Inquirer.* Is General BOULANGER good-looking?

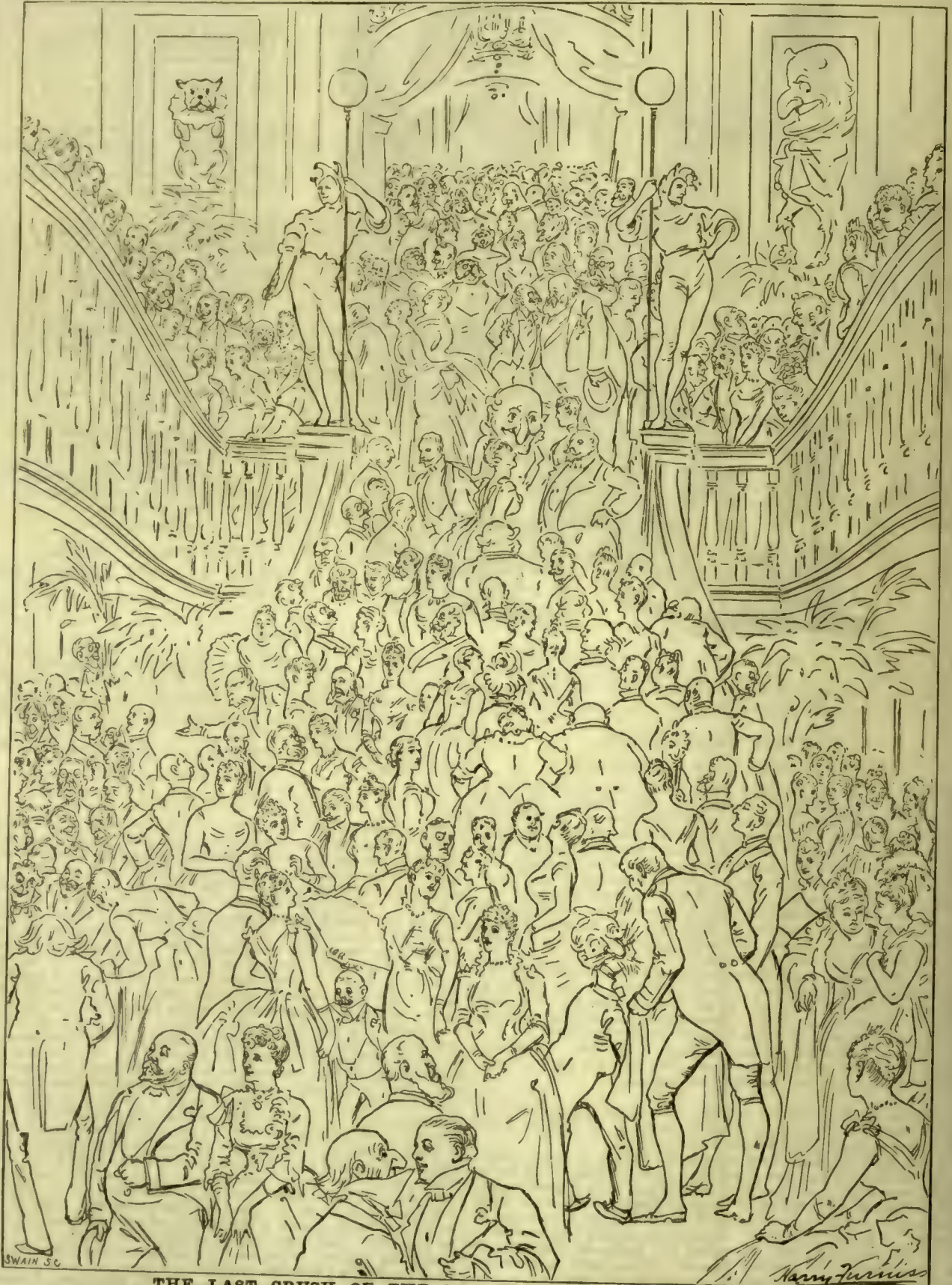
*Informant.* Not bad. But, as representing another General, he may be styled a "pretty fellow."

*Inquirer (interested).* Another General! What other General does he represent?

*Informant.* "Pretty General Discontent."



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 74.



THE LAST CRUSH OF THE SEASON.—MR. PUNCH AT HOME.



## EVELYN'S HOPE.

THE hideous bustle at last is dead.

Come and talk of the beast a minute!

Never again will it flourish, it's said;

What on earth we women saw in it,

Or why we liked it, is hard to discover;

Only the world is a nicer place,

Now that the pest called a "dress-improver"

Is improved, by Fashion, right off its face.

There's the tall hat, too, which they say is doomed,

One rather liked it, or viewed it with awe,

Till one sat in a theatre, and far away loomed

A rampart of feathers, frilling, and straw,

Hiding the stage, the footlights, and all,

Save perhaps the top of a paste-board tree;

Oh, then one's fingers did certainly crawl

To fling a book at the filigree!

But, some day, in Fashion's whirligig,

The monstrous bustle, the Eiffel hat,

May arise once more, even twice as big,

For our great-grandchildren to wonder at.

Well, that's Posterity's matter, not mine.

The one thing now is to put up a hymn

Of praise, and of hope that, when new suns shine,

Good taste may flourish instead of whim!

QUESTION!—If the result of Mrs. FAWCETT's mistaken energy should be the transformation of this Theatrical Children's Bill into a rash Act, then the consequences will be to many hard-working persons the deprivation of a considerable portion of their daily bread, and the creation of a number of "idle hands," for whom, as Dr. WATTS, of respected memory, says, "Satan finds mischief still to do." Before it is too late, Mr. Punch would ask the lady this question—

Fawcett—an hæc olim meminisse juvabit?

And if Echo answers "a bit," she will be as mistaken as Mrs. FAWCETT herself in this matter.

"MUZZLE THE CATS!"—Ask the SHAH. He'll approve, as he is a thoroughgoing Muzzlem.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 15.—JOSEPH GILLIS turned up to-night unexpectedly, but with striking effect. For a long time this great statesman has, like GRANDOLPH, retired from the Parliamentary conflict. Time been occupied elsewhere. Has had to keep Judges in order on Parnell Commission. On Town Holdings Committee has found it necessary to be in his place to curb impetuosity of Radicals like HARRY LAWSON, who want to enfranchise leaseholds and make other assaults on property. JOEY B. has had his wild days; has heard the chimes at midnight, and even after; but that was long ago. Members have come in who know not the JOSEPH of the Parliament of 1874, or of 1880. JOEY B. sly, devilish sly; moves with times. Never been the same man since he became possessor of that Castle. When he surveys himself in glass arrayed in black broadcloth, with gold chain swung across portly presence, and gold-rimmed eye-glasses, which, mounted on his nose, add air of placid benevolence to his visage, does he ever, I wonder, think of the days when he wore the imitation seal-skin waistcoat, thrust his thumbs in the arm-hole thereof, and called GLADSTONE "a vain old gentleman?" These are the days that are no more. JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR, Esq., M.P., of Clifton Park Avenue, Belfast, and Blatherabbey Castle, County Cavan, is a very different man from the terrible free lance of fourteen years ago, who



"Would suit me, I think."



## "THE EARLSWOOD TOTTER."

OUR MASHERS ARE STILL IMPROVING. THEY NO LONGER ENTER THE BALLROOM WITH THEIR HANDS IN THEIR POCKETS. THEY HAVE ADOPTED A MODE OF PROGRESSION MORE IN HARMONY WITH THEIR MENTAL STRUCTURE.

used to look in on the wearied House after an All-night Sitting, and after passing night on two chairs in Library, announce in shrill tones that he had "come back like a giant refreshed."

To-night JOSEPH, putting on his gold spectacles and casting a scornful glance over the Bann Drainage Bill, opposed Motion made by ARTHUR BALFOUR that a money grant on account of the works should be agreed to.

"I 'ject to this Bill on several grounds, Mr. SPEAKER," said JOSEPH, with his loftiest judicial mien. "I specially 'ject to it on the ground that, if passed into law, it would be inoperative. Her Majesty's Government will, I think, act discreetly if they withdraw the Bill now, and introduce a more carefully prepared scheme early next Session."

It was beautiful! A sight to see, a voice to hear. An Alderman, or even an Arch-deacon, could not have put it better. Other Irish Members in a dilemma; could not support Government, and yet dare not oppose Bill that promised to convey a million and a half sterling of the British taxpayers' money for the endowment of an Irish district. Accordingly, they left the House without voting; but JOEY B., inflexible, incorruptible, sea-green, would hold no parley with Government, even for such a bribe. Insisted on dividing House, and presently led into Division Lobby GLADSTONE, JOHN MORLEY, HARCOURT, and the flower of the Liberal Party.

Business done.—JOSEPH GILLIS does battle with the Government on the Bann Drainage Bill.

Tuesday.—Ignorant or designing per-



sons spreading report, that JACOBY has retired from direction of the New Party. Has not been telling in divisions of late, and people, finding necessity of explaining absence, invented this story. Not a word of truth in it.

"I'm not the man to desert a friend," JACOBY said, putting me

Then, average policeman with ordinary training scarcely qualified to catch unmuzzled cat. To make the Force effective in this direction would require weeks, perhaps months, of special drill. On the whole, HOME SECRETARY rather discountenanced new departure; and the cat and dog business having been gravely disposed of, the High



The Peris (under ten) in the House of Peers, personally conducted by Lord Dunraven.

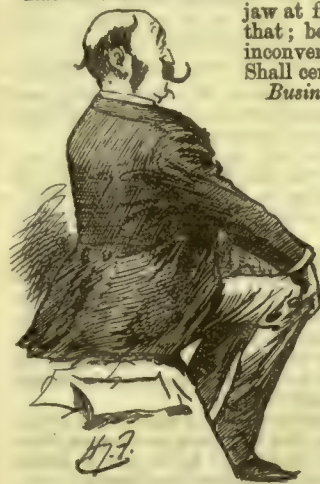
down for a dinner-pair. "I was present at the birth of this Party, and it may depend upon me being in at its death."

So far from resigning position as Whip, JACOBY is laying in new stores. Has noticed with secret admiration the height of BOBBY's collars; watched them with wistful eye flickering about the corridors and shining in recesses of Division Lobby. Why should BOBBY have monopoly of this distinction?

"Would suit me, I think," JACOBY said, wriggling his neck about. "Rather cut out for that sort of thing. A little sharp under the jaw at first, I fancy, but soon get used to that; besides, don't mind a little personal inconvenience to do credit to Our Party. Shall certainly order a couple of dozen."

*Business done.*—Scotch Local Government Bills through Committee.

*Thursday.*—HOME SECRETARY led quite a cat and dog life. HENRY BRUCE first let slip the dogs of war. Wanted to know how about the German wire-muzzle used for dogs, and whether MATTHEWS would appoint Committee of Sportsmen to investigate matter? HOME SECRETARY doubted whether Government would not be travelling beyond its province in appointing such a Committee. Every man, he said, whether a sportsman or not, had the right, under Privy Council Order, to select form of muzzle which might best suit his dog. That was the inalienable right of the British citizen, and he shrank



"Sat and mewed."

from interference. Then H. FARQUHARSON came along with the cats. Did the HOME SECRETARY know that there were usually in London a large number of homeless cats? Would he see that cats were muzzled and the police instructed to seize and, if necessary, destroy all unmuzzled cats?

SEALE-HAYNE sat and mewed whilst question propounded. In his mind's eye he saw HOME SECRETARY pacing the West End squares with basket of catsmeat on arm, succouring the homeless, feeding the abandoned. In the distance he beheld the stalwart policeman lurking at corner in wait for the unmuzzled cat, or hunting it over dizzy housetops; a pleasing alluring picture, but not without difficulties, which the HOME SECRETARY had solemnly set forth in writing and now read to House. Existence of large number of homeless cats frankly admitted; desirability of muzzling them not denied; but how to do it? Hydrophobia may be conveyed by scratch of cat. Supposing it muzzled, its claws still at liberty.

Court of Parliament turned its attention to other matters. *Business done.*—Tithe Bill read a Second Time.

*Friday.*—Fighting in East Marylebone to-day for seat vacated by CHARLIE BERESFORD. Don't know yet who's won; but whoever it be, will have hard work to fill CHARLIE's place. CHARLIE, when he spoke, always seemed to bring a whiff of the salt sea breeze into jaded atmosphere of House. A model of the British Tar, with advantages of birth and education. Knew by intuition a marlinspike from a mizzen-mast. A little inconvenient for Admiralty to have this too candid friend always on the lee bow. Knew more about sea-going affairs even than ASHMEAD-BARTLETT; GEORGIE HAMILTON a mere landman compared with him. Now he's turned his back on us, sheered off, gone for a long cruise.

"But I'm coming back again, TOBY, old man," he said, wringing my paw with affectionate but embarrassing heartiness. "Keep a look-out three years hence, and you'll see me beating up the offing. In the meantime, I don't forget you. Although my body may, in rough weather, be under hatches, my soul will hover about the SPEAKER'S Chair."

*Business done.*—Miscellaneous.



Sheering Off.

### The Shah, N.B.

THE SHAH sank exhausted on a sofa after his third lesson in dancing the Highland fling, and MALCOLM KHAN threw down the bag-pipes on which he is a proficient, though considerably out of practice.

"It is time for your Majesty to start for your visit to the Scotch Moors," said SOAPBAR KHAN, the Under-Chamberlain-in-Waiting.

"The Scotch Moors!" exclaimed the SHAH, "are they naturalised subjects of QUEEN VICTORIA? Why should I visit them? Let them be brought to me."

So LIKE HIM.—In the *Universal Review*, TOBY, M.P., has written an excellent article on Claret. We should have expected him to know more about Beaune. But whether it's Champagne or Claret, or argument *ad Hoc*, isn't such a dog the very person of all others to be a good judge of Whines?



## MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. VII.—THE FRANKLY CANAILLE.

ANY ditty which accurately reflects the habits and amusements of the people is a valuable human document—a fact that probably accounts for the welcome which songs in the following style invariably receive from Music-hall audiences generally. If—Mr. Punch presumes—they conceived such pictures of their manner of spending a holiday to be unjustly or incorrectly drawn in any way, they would protest strongly against being so grossly misrepresented. As they do nothing of the sort, no apology can be needed for the following effusion, which several ladies now adorning the Music-hall stage could be trusted to render with immense effect. The Singer should be young and charming, and attired as simply as possible. Simplicity of attire imparts additional piquancy to the words:—



We 'ad a little outing larst Sunday  
afternoon;  
And sech a jolly lark it was, I shan't  
forget it soon!

We borrowed an excursion van to  
take us down to Kew,  
And—oh, we did enjoy ourselves! I  
don't mind telling you.

[This to the Chef d'Orchestre, who  
will assume a polite interest.

[Here a little spoken interlude is customary. Mr. P. does not venture to do more than indicate this by a synopsis, the details can be filled in according to the taste and fancy of the fair artists:—  
"Yes, we did 'ave a time, I can assure yer." The party: "Me and JIMMY 'OPKINS;" old "Pa PLAPPER." Asked because he lent the van. The meanness of his subsequent conduct. "Aunt SNAPPER;" her imposing appearance in her "cawfy-coloured front." BILL BLAZER; his "girl," and his accordion. Mrs. ADDICK (of the fried-fish emporium round the corner); her gentility—"Never seen out of her mittens, and always the lady, no matter how much she may have taken." From this work round by an easy transition to—

The Chorus—For we 'ad to stop o' course,  
Jest to bait the bloomin' 'orse,  
So we 'd pots of ale and porter  
(Or a drop o' something shorter),  
While he drunk his pail o' water,  
He was sech a whale on water!  
Was the poor old 'orse!

## Second Stanza.

That 'orse he was a rum 'un—a queer old quadru-pèd,  
At every public-'ouse he passed he 'd cock his artful 'ed!  
Sez I: "If he goes on like this, we shan't see Kew to-night!  
JIM 'OPKINS winks his eye, and sez—"We'll git along all right!"

Chorus—Though we 'ave to stop of course,—&c., &c.  
[With slight textual modifications.

## Third Stanza.

At Kinsington we 'alted, 'Ammersmith, and Turnham Green,  
The 'orse 'ad sech a thust on him, its like was never seen!  
With every 'arf a mile or so, that animal got blown:  
And we was far too well brought-up to let 'im drink alone!

Chorus—As we 'ad to stop, o' course, &c.

## Fourth Stanza.

We stopped again at Chiswick, till at last we got to Kew,  
But when we reached the Gardings—well, there was a fine to-do!  
The Keeper, in his gold-laced tile, was shutting-to the gate,  
Sez he: "There's no admittance now—you're just arrived too late!"

[Synopsis of spoken Interlude:—Spirited passage-at-arms between Mr. WM. BLAZER and the Keeper; singular action of Pa PLAPPER; "I want to see yer Pagoder—bring out yer old Pagoder as you're so proud on!" Mrs. ADDICK's disappointment at not being able to see the "Intemperate Plants," and the "Pitcher Shrub," once more. Her subsidence in tears, on the floor of the van. Keeper concludes the dialogue by inquiring why the party did not arrive sooner. An' we sez, "Well, it was like this, ole cock robin—d'yer see?"

Chorus—We 've 'ad to stop, o' course, &c.

## Fifth Stanza.

"Don't fret," I sez, "about it, for they ain't got much to see  
Inside their precious Gardings—let's go and 'ave some tea!  
A cup I seem to fancy now—I feel that faint and limp—  
With a slice of bread-and-butter, and some creases, and a s'rimp!"

[Description of the tea:—"And the s'rims—well, I don't want to say anything against the s'rims—but it did strike me they were feelin' the 'eat a little—s'rims will do this, you can't prevent 'em." After tea. The only tune Mr. BLAZER could play on his accordion. Tragic end of that instrument. How the party had a "little more lush." Scandalous behaviour of "BILL BLAZER's girl." The company consumes what will be elegantly referred to as "a bit o' booze." Aunt SNAPPER "gets the 'ump." The outrage to her front. The proposal to start—whereupon, "Mrs. ADDICK, who was a'-settin' on the geraniums in the winder, smilin' at her boots, which she'd just took off because she said they stopped her from breathing," protested that there was no hurry, considering that—

Chorus, as before—We've got to stop, o' course, &c.

## Sixth Stanza.

But when the van was ordered, we found—what do yer think?

[To the Chef d'Orchestre, who will affect complete ignorance. That miserable 'orse 'ad been an' took too much to drink! He kep' a reeling round us, like a circus worked by steam, And, 'stead o' keeping singular, he'd turned into a team!

[Disgust of the party: Pa PLAPPER proposes to go back to the inn for more refreshment, urging—

Chorus—We must wait awhile o' course,  
Till they've sobered down the 'orse,  
Let our good landlady's daughter  
Take him out some soda-water.  
For he's 'ad more than he oughter,  
'As the poor old 'orse!

## Seventh Stanza.

So, when they brought the 'orse round, we started on our way:

'Twas 'orful 'ow the animal from side to side would sway!  
Young 'OPKINS took the reins, but soon in slumber he was sunk—  
(Indignantly) When a interfering Copper ran us in for being drunk!

[Attitude of various members of the party. Unwarrantable proceeding on the part of the Constable. Remonstrance by Pa PLAPPER and the company generally in

Chorus—Why, can't yer see? o' coursh  
Tishn't us—it ish the 'orsh!  
You le'mme go, you shnorter!  
Don' you tush me till you oughter,  
Jus' look 'ere—to cut it shorter—  
Take the poor old 'orsh!

[General adjournment to the Police-station. Interview with the Magistrate on the following morning. Mr. HOPKINS, called upon to state his defence, replies in—

Chorus—Why, your wushup sees, o' course,  
It was all the bloomin' 'orse!  
He would 'ave a pail o' water  
Every 'arf a mile (or quarter),  
Which is what he didn't oughter!  
I'm my family's supporter—  
Fine the poor old 'orse!

[The Magistrate's view of the case. Concluding remark that, notwithstanding the success of the excursion, as a whole—it will be some time before the singer consents to go upon any excursion with a horse of such bibulous tendencies as those of the quadruped they drove to Kew.

## HEARD IN THE CROWD, JULY 27, 1889.

"STAND back—you'll all see if you stand back!" "Oh, ain't it a pity they didn't 'ave the soldiers instead of the purleeces! The soldiers are a deal more showy, and much more purlite!" "Will you take off your hat, Sir?" "Yes, Mar'm, when you takes off your'n!" "Oh, dear me, what will the Germans do, the h'Earl of FIFE has got a wife, 'es a married the Princess Loo!!!" "Ah, there she is! She do look lovely!" "No, that's the Princess of WHALES." "Well, they all look so young, that I never know which is which in the photographs." "Ah, there she is, and ain't the Prince looking pleased?" "Bless her pretty face, I am glad it cleared up as she started for the church!" "Ere you are, the intire Royal Family, with the h'Earl o' FIFE thrown in, for a penny!" "Hooray! Hooray!" "Lor, it is a fine coach! I s'pose it was lent by the Lord MAYOR!" "Not it—ow would 'e do without it?" "Hooray! Hooray!" "Well, what I says is, bless 'em both!" [And so says Mr. Punch, and "so say all of us."



## THE JESTER'S JOUST; OR, SCATTERING A PARTY.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Briton Rivière.)



THE Jester rode, the Jester sang,  
Chanticleer-voiced, with cynic glee;  
His ass's hoof-falls smartly rang,  
His cockscorn wagged joyously.  
The bauble in his dexter fist  
Was furnished forth with bladders twain.  
How the peas rattled! List, oh list!  
The Mob is prompt in Motley's train.  
Sweet on its ears attentive swells  
The music of the Cap-and-bells!

The Jester sang, the Jester rode,  
And flicked the ass's lengthy ears.  
The patient creature he bestrode  
With voice as loud as chanticleer's,

But less articulate, brayed out  
A strident music on the air.  
The pea-filled bladders played about,  
When lo! the clarion's martial blare  
Countered across the forest dells  
The music of the Cap-and-bells.

There came a clump of steel-clad knights  
Along the high-road's sandy way.  
Their lances gleamed like wandering lights,  
Their leader he was old and grey,  
But martial still, and still erect;  
Their steeds came pacing, pacing slow,  
With cautious hoof and circumspect,  
Following the bugle's brazen blow;

Better, they deemed, than mobdom's yells,  
Or music of the Cap-and-bells.

The Jester rode, the Jester's glance  
Fell mockingly on knightly mail,  
And pennon proud, and lifted lance,  
And ordered chargers head to tail;  
Fell on the grey but gallant chief  
Who led the careful cavalcade.  
He laughed, "By Momus, I believe  
This serried band in steel arrayed,  
Will scatter wide by downs and dells  
At music from the Cap-and-bells."  
He tugged his rein, and lightly rode  
Full front athwart the sandy way,



The docile creature he bestrode  
Blared forth a prompt portentous bray.  
He raised the rattling bladders high,  
And wildly waved them to and fro,  
"A Jester's Joust," he said, "I'll try,  
For I am curious to know  
How they will front, those steel-clad swells,  
The music of the Cap-and-bells."

Oh, there was clattering of mail,  
Jingling of stirrups and of swords;  
Lifting of heels, turnings of tail,  
And mutterings low of naughty words.  
The grey Knight frowned and faced the  
"moke," [prance.  
The fat Knight's steed did plunge and  
The Jester cried, "Oh, rare, sweet joke!  
I'm leading them—a pretty dance.  
How haughty chiefs shake in their selles  
At music of the Cap-and-bells!"

### THE MAGIC OF MUSIC.

(A Fragment from the next History of Persia.)

TEHERAN was in mourning. The inhabitants went about their avocations silently and gloomily. There had not been a public execution for nearly a fortnight, and thus it seemed that the business of the State had come to a standstill. The cause of this unusual depression and stagnation was to be found in the Palace.

Alas! the SHAH was very ill. Since his return from Europe he had seemed to lose all interest in life. He sat all day long on a pile of cushions lost in a brown study. Nothing would rouse him. The Prime Minister was ever on the alert to discover some distraction that might please his Imperial master. Now it was a practical joke by which a retainer lost all his teeth, now a torch-light serenade by the entire army—but nothing pleased the Lord of the Lion and the Sun.

"Sire," said the Prime Minister, striking the earth sixteen times with his forehead, after the fashion of the East, "your slave is anxious to know if your Majesty liked last night's fireworks. The portrait of your Majesty in different coloured fires—"

"Was not a bit like me," said the SHAH, gloomily. Then, after a pause, he added, "Behead BROCK!"

The Prime Minister again struck the earth sixteen times with his forehead, and replied, "Nothing would give your slave greater pleasure, your Majesty, than to behead BROCK, were it not likely to cause war with England."

"And why not a war with England?" shouted the SHAH. Then in his turn he added, "Were we invaded, I might hear it—might dance it! But worry me no further with affairs of State. I would be alone."

"Your pardon, Sire, but before I go let me give you a catalogue of my latest importation from Europe. By the ship even now in sight I have a ballet with music, scenery, and full company from the 'Empire.'"

"Tush!" impatiently observed the SHAH, "I am tired of ballets."

"Then," continued the Prime Minister, rather crestfallen, "I have a lady who can whistle *Lohengrin*, and give an imitation of a locomotive-engine entering a station, shutting off steam, and rattling through a tunnel; further, some Baldwin white mice that descend in a small parachute from a fire-balloon; and, lastly, a recent decision of Mr. Justice NORTH, translated into Persian. Surely, one of these should amuse you."

"Pooh! pooh!" again exclaimed the SHAH, "I am sick of them all. Look to your head, Sirrah—if I am not roused speedily, it will go badly with you!"

The day wore on, and the Lord of the Lion and the Sun became gloomier and gloomier.



### "MARRY COME UP!"

SCENE—Botanical Gardens. DRAMATIS PERSONE—Brownscrobe, A.R.A. (who was Painting there), and Gardener (who took care of his Easel, &c.). TIME—Saturday, Noon.

Gardener. "I SUPPOSE YOU WON'T DO ANY MORE WORK TO-DAY, SIR?" ("No," B. "thought not.") "No, SIR,"—(beamingly)—"MOST TRADESPEOPLE LIKES TO ENJY THEIR 'ALF 'OLIDAY ON SATURDAY!"

Suddenly His Majesty pricked up his ears, and began to listen. He became more and more attentive, and his excitement grew in proportion. The cause was not far to seek. The sound of barbaric music was growing louder.

"Dinna ken it?" he cried, using a few words of Scotch, he had picked up in the Highlands. "It is the sologan of the MAC-GREGGERS, the grandest of them a'!"

The music grew louder and louder, and at length a bagpiper appeared playing his interesting instrument with marvellous skill and energy with one hand, while with the other he asked for *largesse*. The sologan, when the

instrumentalist had received a bonnet-full of diamonds, turned into a measure of a more lively character. With a cry of joy the SHAH jumped up from his cushions, and began dancing and shouting. This did he for ten minutes. Then, with his cheeks tinged with returning health, he sank back exhausted.

"It is all right," he exclaimed, when he had regained sufficient breath to articulate. I knew it would be all right if I could only remember the tune of the Highland Fling."

And jumping up again to the inspiring music of the bagpipes, he continued his life-restoring dancing! Persia was saved!



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, July 22.*—Scotch Local Government Bill turned up under fresh aspect. Spent days and nights with it in Committee; various Amendments introduced; now House goes over these Amendments again with as successful appearance of interest



Lady Parker; or, The Fair Maid of Perth.

as if it heard of them only for the first time. Debate brought out C. S. PARKER, of Perth; known to the profane as Lady PARKER. His soft low voice—an excellent thing in woman—not been heard in House for whole sessions; his gyrations, his wriggling, his curtsying to the SPEAKER, and his vain attempts to do what JOHN BRIGHT said he never could do—turn his back on himself—with us once again. Dances round an Amendment, pirouettes round a proposition as if they were male partners at the county ball. "The Fair Maid of Perth" WALLACE calls the stalwart Member.

OLD MORALITY brought up the Report of Select Committee on Royal Grants. House received document in respectful silence. GLADSTONE presently interposing in support of OLD MORALITY's Motion to take Report into consideration on Wednesday a strange thing happened. Of late enthusiasm on Liberal Benches bubbles forth at every movement of Grand Old Man. Cheer him when he comes in; cheer him when he goes out; shout with applause when he appears at table, if only to ask OLD MORALITY the time of day. To-night no welcoming cheer, no spontaneous bending forward of the crowded Benches to greet him. Ministerialists gratefully cheered when

he puts in a word for OLD MORALITY; but he sits down amid unbroken silence on his own side, whence a rattling cheer goes up as SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate rises and bashful, blushing, catches SPEAKER's eye and sounds first note of battle.

Met H.R.H. to-night just home from Waddesden, where he has been spending a day in the country with Baron FERRY. Told him about this little scene in House. "Curious," he said, "and significant. Yet I'm not at all surprised. Always from first looked to GLADSTONE as our best friend on Committee. You and I, dear TOBY, will live to see the day when the G. O. M. will be altered to G. O. C.—the Grand Old Conservative."

*Business done.*—Report on Royal Grants brought in.

*Tuesday.*—Very interesting debate in Lords to-night. It appears that the world knows nothing of its most eloquent Peers. Chamber in which they meet a nice place to look at, but bad to hear in. GRANVILLE bore testimony how, being frequently reported, he was often made unintelligible. ARGYLL said that was all nonsense. No difficulty in making himself heard.

"No," said GRANVILLE, softly, "difficulty is to get people to listen to you or read you."

The MARKISS put saddle on right horse. Not the fault of Reporters if reports were somewhat inadequate or incomplete. The fault, he says, is with those who have placed those gentlemen where they cannot hear.

"A very good thing, too," said BRABOURNE, pointing a moral. "They never report me, so it does not matter where they sit or stand. Here is a man written some of the most charming fairy stories of the day; a great Statesman and a Railway Director; been on each side of politics, according as things are going; and, when he gets up in Chamber which he adorns, papers dismiss him with a few lines, with the insulting formula, 'After a few words

from Lord BRABOURNE, Lord SALISBURY said,' or 'Earl GRANVILLE said,' and then we come upon a column of—

I don't say it offensively, small talk untouched by fancy, unadorned by poetry. I venture to say that the best place for the Reporters is over there," and Noble Lord pointed to outer Lobby.

BEAUCHAMP wouldn't go as far as Outer Lobby, but proposed to put the Reporters in the ventilating chamber.

"Ah!" said ROSEBERRY, "now we're beginning to ventilate the subject."

TRURO, inspired by BEAUCHAMP's happy thought, had a happier one.

"Cut the Clerks' Table in the middle," said he. "Have a trap-door by which

Reporter could ascend, take his seat at the table, and there you are. Needn't be here always. When he's wanted, LORD CHANCELLOR presses spring, you hear a click, up jumps Reporter, and pegs away."

"Why go to expense of cutting up the table?" asked KIMBERLEY. "Have your trap-door back of Wool-sack; touch a spring; Reporter bounds in over LORD CHANCELLOR's head; alights on chair at foot of table facing your Lordships' House."

LORD CHANCELLOR understood to dissent from proposition. All very well, after a little practice, and machinery got to work with precision. But how about the rehearsals? And supposing the Reporter, in his passage towards the table, were to catch his foot in luxurious folds of LORD CHANCELLOR's wig and carry it off. "Where would you be then?" said LORD CHANCELLOR, glancing triumphantly round crowded House.

"Better go back to my suggestion," said TRURO, "trap-door under table. Not original idea; don't mind saying I saw it at Lyceum; *Bunquo's Ghost*, donchaknow?"

MARKISS put his foot down, and after heated discussion CADOGAN's Motion carried, providing seat on floor of House for Reporter accessible without interposition of trap-door. A sporting proposal by DUNRAVEN, that Reporter should arrive on scene by use of *trapeze*, scouted, and House adjourned.

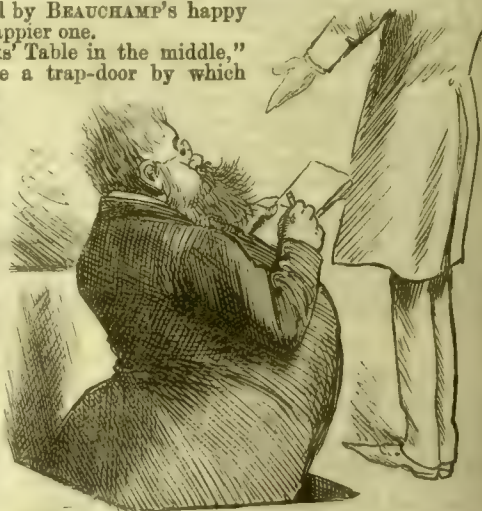
*Business done.*—Commons still harping on Scotch Local Government Bill.

*Thursday.*—Thought this evening of what H.R.H. said to me on Monday. Grand Old Man comes out in full bloom as Grand Old Conservative.

House, crowded from floor to topmost range of gallery, waits on his utterances. The proposed vote for Royal Family has been attacked on his own side. Throws himself into breach. The Conservatives stand aside whilst he does battle for them. OLD MORALITY has moved the formal Resolution, which opens the campaign; a solemn sermon, with its text, its firstly, and its fourthly in due order. Then the SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate appears on the scene; drags across stage dummy figures of "greedy noblemen" who figure about the Court; eight Grooms-in-Waiting, four Equerries, a pack of hounds running after a tame stag, and a nobleman (price £1700 per annum) as Master of the Dogs. The SAGE undertakes to run the whole job for ever so much less. Scores of patriotic noblemen who, earnest for welfare of their country, would undertake to do the work for nothing. If not, let the State fall back on the untitled gentlemen of England.

"Take, for example, the Right Hon. Gentleman the Member for West Birmingham," said the SAGE, blandly, with his head on one side, and, with pretty here's-the-next-article air, his hand stretched out to indicate CHAMBERLAIN.

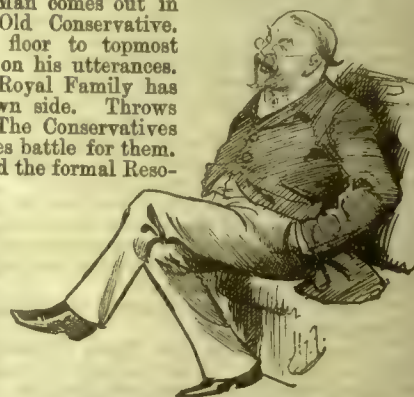
A sudden, swift, unexpected, palpable hit, at which much delighted House roared with laughter. Next, STOREY, hitting out right and



A "Happier Thought."



Points a Moral and adorns a (Fairy) Tale.



The Sage of Queen Anne's Gate.



left, with a pretty contempt for princes, an uncompromising conviction that a man's a man for a' that.

I hear A. GATHORNE-HARDY humming:—

"The Member for Sunderland grumbles, they say,  
At the Closure; but writers report,  
That Monarchs of old had a different way  
Of cutting a long STOREY short."

Then the G. O. C. takes the floor, in fine voice, with commanding presence. In a difficult position, but master of it. Till he heard him speak OLD MORALITY had no idea Government had such a good case. Difficult to exceed the dignified simplicity of the final sentence with all it means to those remembering the history of the past fifty years. "I am not ashamed to say that in my old age I rejoice in any opportunity which enables me to testify that, whatever may be thought of my opinions or proposals in general politics, I do not forget the services I have borne for so many years to the illustrious Representative of the British Monarchy."

Seemed for a moment as if Conservative Party would rise to their feet, rush across the floor, and lift shoulder high this stout Pillar of the State. Cheer after cheer burst forth; and so the Golden Wedding Day was crowned by the rare acclaim of ancient enemies.

*Business done.*—Debate on Royal Annuities.

*Friday.*—GLADSTONE yesterday, RANDOLPH to-night. No point of comparison between two speeches, except their common excellence. GLADSTONE at his loftiest; GRANDOLPH at his best—a sparkling pointed harangue, in which he pricked pretension and jocosely twitted pharisaic patriotism to ecstasitic delight of crowded Houses.

*Business done.*—House resolves, by 398 votes against 116, to go in Committee on Royal Grants.

## HEADS AND TAILS.

THE uncertainty manifested by the Heads of Departments as to the execution of the order enjoining the muzzling of all the dogs in the Metropolis on the 31st inst., has naturally excited a great deal of

commotion in canine circles, and a representative meeting was accordingly held yesterday afternoon in a field adjoining the Dog's Home, at Battersea, to deal with the subject.

A St.-Bernard, who took a first prize at the last Dog Show, having been unanimously voted to the Chair, and greeted with a prolonged wagging of tails, said:—He felt he need hardly enter upon the circumstances which had occasioned the present meeting. There had been a good deal of talk, one way and the other, about their species of late, and probably owing to the Mansion House move in favour of the Pasteur System, and an isolated case or two of Hydrophobia—(growls)—the usual scare had got up, and as a consequence, the Authorities had decreed that they were all to be muzzled for six months. Personally, he was indifferent to the matter, and if his owners chose to strap up his face in a leathern or wire cage whenever he took his quiet and sober walks abroad, he could only suppose that in subjecting him to the humiliation, they could not help themselves. Still, though sedate himself, he could well enter into the feelings of his more frisky and lively brethren who felt the restraint keenly, and he thought, as there seemed to be no one capable of putting the order in force, that an opportunity was certainly presented of asking the HOME SECRETARY whether, under the circumstances, it wouldn't be wiser, to reconsider the matter altogether, and revoke the order, while there was yet time to do it.

[*Barks of approval, and prolonged wagging of tails.*]  
A Drawing-room Pug, who spoke with some difficulty, owing to chronic indigestion, said, that of course if the order were in force it couldn't possibly apply to him, as he took his only exercise in a carriage round the Park, perched up on a feather cushion, with a piece of blue ribbon round his neck. As to the common class of dogs who went about on foot, he really didn't see why they should object to being muzzled. The order didn't touch him, and he didn't care.

A Bloodhound said, that to hear a mere show dog, who was out of it himself, express his opinion in that cool fashion, made his blood boil. The very thought of a muzzle almost sent him off his head. How could he, he should like to know, follow up a trail and catch a murderer by the throat, if he couldn't use his teeth? (*Barks of approval.*) All he could say was, that whether the order was passed or not, he wouldn't advise any policeman who valued his calves to come meddling with him.

[*Much wagging of tails.*]  
A Punch and Judy Dog, who was warmly greeted, said he should like to know whether the Authorities meant to clap a muzzle on him, and expected him to go through his performance (part of which, as they probably knew, consisted in catching hold of Punch's nose) under impossible conditions? If so, it would be nothing more or

less than putting a complete gag on him, and he might as well retire from the business altogether. He felt strongly on the subject, for he spoke not only for himself, but on behalf of his artistic friends who performed at Music Halls and elsewhere, and who certainly could not be expected to climb up chairs, wear cocked hats, and jump through paper moons with their heads bandaged up in wire or leather in accordance with a degrading police regulation. (*Growls.*) All he could say was, that if Mr. MATTHEWS ignored their petition, he might as well consign them to the Lethal Chamber at once. But he trusted matters would not come to such a pass as that.

[*Loud barks of approval.*]

A Blind Man's Dog wanted to know how he was to get through his business, and be expected to collect pence holding a tin-pot in his mouth, if he had a muzzle on? The thing was preposterous.

A Scotch Terrier wished to ask the Chairman if it was true that a Member of Parliament had absolutely proposed the muzzling of cats.

[*Wagging of tails indicative of much merriment.*]

A Dachshund replied that he was glad to say it was. He said he was "glad to say" it was, because such a proposition amounted to a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole question. If these manifestly inferior domestic animals were to come in for the muzzle, they would be wanting to apply it next to the rats and mice. This made thoughtful people, who see they don't know where to stop its use, naturally ask what made them begin it. For his own part he had never come across anybody who had been bitten by a dog.

A Westmoreland Collie owned that, when he first came up to London he certainly did catch hold of a postman or two by the leg, but he added it was done out of pure fun, and that he hadn't a touch of rabies about him. He would propose that a deputation be appointed by the Meeting to wait on the HOME SECRETARY, and ask him, seeing that a hitch has occurred in carrying it into execution, to reconsider his order.

[*Barks of approval.*]

The Chairman then put the Motion to the Meeting, and it was carried unanimously, upon which, amidst a prolonged wagging of tails in manifestation of satisfaction, and general chorus of barking in approval, the proceedings came to an end.

## PROTHALAMIUM.

Come, fragrant dawn and tender,

For the birds twitter low;

A wakening sunbeam send her,  
Who forth in bridal splendour  
At the high noon shall go.

The day-rim riseth slow,  
The day when she shall render  
Her life for weal and woe

Unto her lover's keeping;  
Ah, dreamlessly she's sleeping,  
While the birds twitter low.

The light comes stealing shyly  
Through the dim house of rest;

An infant sunbeam slyly  
Creeps smiling to her breast,  
But, being blest too highly,  
Dies in that dainty nest;

For mists with vapour pearly  
Blindfold the prying throng,  
And quell the joyous hurly  
Of the birds' matin song,  
Because the light is early  
And the day is long.

Now shines the votive treasure  
With silver-gleam and gold,

Whereby relations measure  
The sympathetic pleasure  
With which the friends behold

The hymeneal function,  
From the lush jewel's unction  
To the prim toast-rack cold—  
The modest pepper-castor,  
Or work of Modern Master  
Unsought-for and unsold,

The statuette in plaster,  
And album manifold.

Come, for the hour approaches,  
And all await the bride.

Leaving their splendid coaches,  
In silvery sheen, like roaches,  
The bridesmaids, side by side,

Pace up the chancel wide,  
Wearing their wedding brooches  
Of pearls and rubins pied.

Like sunlight driving shadows  
Along the April meadows,  
Before them goes the bride.

Now clearly quire, ye singers,  
A holy wedding psalm;

Grasp bell-ropes, lusty ringers,  
Tight in the timely palm;  
Far let the music-singers

Float on a sea of balm.  
And, while they rook the steeples,  
Crowds of the smartest people  
Flock to the bridal bower,  
Where wedding-cake and ices,  
And presents, and their prices,  
Speed the conducive hour,  
Till valedictory rice  
Upon Love's pilgrims shower.

Good luck betide bridegroom and  
bride

This rice and satin shoes' day;  
Let them alone, they'll be "At  
Home  
On every second Tuesday."

"NOTHING IN IT."—When Lord RANDOLPH, in his capital speech last Friday, dramatically produced his purse, and told Mr. STOREY that he might as well say that that purse was his,—which would have been a "horrid wicked Storey,"—as claim the QUEEN's private property for the people, his Lordship was very careful to avoid any mention of the money in it. The pantomimic action was excellent, but, after all, was the argument an empty one?

COMPREHENSIVE.—"Church and State" in one person—"BISHOP KING."





### SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN, IF POSSIBLE.

*Digby.* "I HAD HOPED FOR THE PLEASURE OF TAKING YOU DOWN TO SUPPER, MRS. MASHAM!"  
*Rigby.* "TOO LATE, MY DEAR FELLOW! IT'S THE EARLY BIRD THAT CATCHES THE WORM!"

### FROM ST. PANCRAS TO PORTSMOUTH.

SCENE—*Spithead, August, 1889.*

*Interlocutors*—Mr. PUNCH and the Shade of CHARLES DIBDIN.

*Mr. Punch.* Well, Mr. DIBDIN, and what do you think of yonder display?

*Dibdin.* *Mr. Punch*, I fancy I could sing it better than I can say it.

*Mr. Punch.* Doubtless; the Ocean Bard (as they called you) "who appreciated Melody as the soul of Music," would be more at home with song than with special reporting. But it is an impressive spectacle. And do you really think you could sing of our Iron Walls with as much gusto as you did of our Wooden ones?

*Dibdin.* Perhaps not.

Sweet is the ship that, under sail,  
 Spreads her white bosom to the gale.

But there is little that is "sweet" about yon Titanic Tea-kettles. However, the underlying spirit is the thing, *Mr. Punch*, and if your Tars are still "hearts of oak," it little matters that your ships are no longer so.

*Mr. Punch.* Mr. DIBDIN, you had considerable share in shaping the character and traditions of the British Tar, and I fancy your influence still survives even in these days of turrets and torpedoes. Your "metrical attempts to portray the rough-hewn natural characters and stimulate the gallant exertions of a class to whom their country is so infinitely indebted"—

*Dibdin.* Ah, there is the touch of son THOMAS.

*Mr. Punch.* True. Those attempts were crowned with astonishing success. "Your songs were so many irresistible appeals to the heart—inspiring the most illiterate with brave and generous sentiments, and exciting to acts of loyalty, bravery, and patriotism, which (in the most arduous of her struggles) assisted to maintain the honour and glory of the British Empire." It is therefore, my CHARLES, that Lord ROSEBURY and Mr. SIMS REEVES in 1889, are in accord with the Duke of CLARENCE and JOHN PARRY in 1829, in glorifying him whose Scandinavian Memorial Cross now stands upon

his restored tomb in what was once "the burial-ground of St. James's, Camden Town," but is now a "new public recreation ground."

*Dibdin.* Well, it will please me better to be surrounded in my resting-place in St. Pancras by the joyous chatter of sporting youth than by the sombre silence of the graveyard.

*Mr. Punch.* Spoken like your hearty self, CHARLES! The restoration, if long-delayed, is not ill-timed. His Imperial Majesty of GERMANY, who has come over to see our Modern fleet might do worse than extend his visit to the Memorial of the most admirable singer of our ancient one.

*Dibdin.* Sir, your approval makes me proud, and the grateful recollection of my countrymen gladdens my heart.

*Mr. Punch.* We want your spirit back again to inspire genuine Sea-songs for the new generation of Jack Rattlins and Ben Back-stays, whose business it is to steer by machinery and shoot by science.

*Dibdin.* But whose business it will be to fight—with arms and hearts in the old fashion, if ever it comes to the pinch. You can't mechanise manhood, *Mr. Punch*.

*Mr. Punch.* True, CHARLES,—though, by Neptune, our neo-scientists seem to be having a hard try at it. But our neo-Nautical Songsters haven't the hang of it, as you and your sons had. They are too drawing-roomy, my DIBDIN. Their motto seems to be:—

You cannot go wrong  
 In a nautical song  
 If you sing yeo-ho, yeo-ho!

But their "Yeo-hos!" smack, not of the sea, but of Penny Readings and Twopenny "Royalties," of professional greed and of amateur concert. The best of the batch is not a patch upon "Poor Jack." Even our Nautical Dramas are no longer soundly heroic, but smugly cynical. "Society" naturally relishes the smart satire of *H. M. S. Pinafore*, but there isn't much inspiration for seamen in *Ralph Rackstraw's* sardonic song, or *Sir Joseph Porter's* sub-acid patter. Compare—

"D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch  
 All as one as a piece of his ship,  
 And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,  
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip,"





## VISITING GRANDMAMMA.

GRANDMA' VICTORIA. "NOW, WILLIE DEAR, YOU'VE PLENTY OF *SOLDIERS* AT HOME; LOOK AT THESE PRETTY *SHIPS*,—I'M SURE YOU'LL BE PLEASED WITH *THEM*!"







with—

"His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,  
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl;  
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,  
And this should be his customary attitude!"

Most excellent fooling, to be sure, but—well, they say CERVANTES laughed Spain's chivalry away, and smart Society mockery may prove too clever by half if it help to de-Dibdinise—pardon the coinage!—the British Tar.

*Dibdin.* Does the British Tar read—or sing—it?

*Mr. Punch.* Well, no. I fancy he still pins his faith to "Tom Bowling" and "Lovely Polly." But he says, with your Brother Tom:—

"The evening watch, the sounding lead,  
Will sadly miss old CHARLEY'S line.  
'Saturday Night' may go to bed,  
His sun is set no more to shine.  
'Sweethearts and Wives' though we may sing,  
And toast at sea the girls on shore;  
Yet now 'tis quite another thing,  
Since CHARLEY spins the yarn no more."

*Dibdin.* Ah! Brother Tom was partial. But I should like well enough to try my hand at hymning the Iron-clad and toasting the Modern Tar. The *Anson*, the *Collingwood*, the *Camperdown*, the *Rodney*,—there they be, familiar names, and suggestive of song, for all their stark and steely aspect. And I see you have an *Arethusa*, too, and a formidable-looking "cruiser" she looks, though perhaps hardly as "saucy" as "the frigate tight and brave" that SHIELD sang of. I wonder what Emperor WILLIAM, who has come to "visit Grandmamma," thinks of Grandmamma's squadrons? Well, anyhow, it is a Big Show, and well worth seeing, even if one has to flit from St. Pancras to Portsmouth for the purpose. Here's a health to Admirals BAIRD, TRON, and TRACEY, and success to their Autumn Manœuvres! Here's luck, too, to your steel-clad squadrons, and the Tars who tend them; may they find spirit and skill to face whatever foe, and a worthy Ocean Bard to hymn their valour and their victories!

*Mr. Punch.* Hear! hear! And don't be doubtful, my dear DIBDIN. If nobody else should turn up worthy of wearing your mantle, why, I'll don it myself!!!

## "TWO PENCE COLOURED!"



"HA! HA! ONCE MORE THE RANGER IS FREE!"

[The Judges dismissed Mr. Simms' appeal for a *mandamus* to compel the Magistrate to issue a summons against H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.]

## "MODUS OPERANDI."

THE last night of the Operatic Season. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS TRIUMPHANS is to be congratulated. A big success throughout, including the visit in State of the SHAH and their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES. Memorable and brilliant evening.

The biggest successes have been *Roméo et Juliette* and *Die Meistersinger*, the latter having been better done here, so even the



End of Season. Triumphal March.

Wagnerites admit, than at Bayreuth. *Mefistofele* was grand, and the *ensemble* of sweet singers could not have been easily surpassed. It is difficult to beat (who would be so cruel?) ALBANI, ELLA RUSSELL, MAGGIE MACINTYRE, MELBA & Co., not forgetting the ever-as-useful-as-ornamental FRAU BAUERMEISTERSINGER?

And on the "spear side" who could be better than the two DE RESZKÉS, JEAN and EDOUARD? Band and conductors likewise excellent, and if the HALL, of Covent Garden, with a Gardenia Gladstonia in his button-hole, had only once the pleasure of welcoming the G. O. M. and offering him a cup of tea during an *entr'acte*, it is no fault of anyone's, but only the misfortune of the Great Golden

Weddingist, who could find but one opera-tune-ity of visiting the Opera House. But at all events he heard *Roméo et Juliette*, which was a rich and rare treat for anyone. We drink to our next merry May meeting! *Salve, Imperator Operaticus!*

## THE ONLY ONE!

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following from the advertisements in *The Christian World*:—

CULTURED, earnest, godly Young Man desires a PASTORATE. Vivid preacher, musical voice, brilliant organiser. Tall, and of good appearance. Blameless life. Very highest references. Beloved by all. Salary £120.

Fancy! this prize to be obtained for only £120! and the sum is his own valuation of himself! So that Modesty is to be added to his merits, which, of course, would be taken for granted by any one reading the above advertisement.

## A SHOCKING BAD HAND.

*Scribe (to Professor).* Do you mean to say that you can infer a man's character from his handwriting? Well, then, what do you think of this? (*Hands him a specimen.*)

*Professor.* The writer is a man of some ability, but altogether destitute of moral sense. If not a downright villain, he must be a very unscrupulous fellow, and not to be trusted on any account whatever. I can read his character at a glance, though not his characters. *Scribe.* How so?

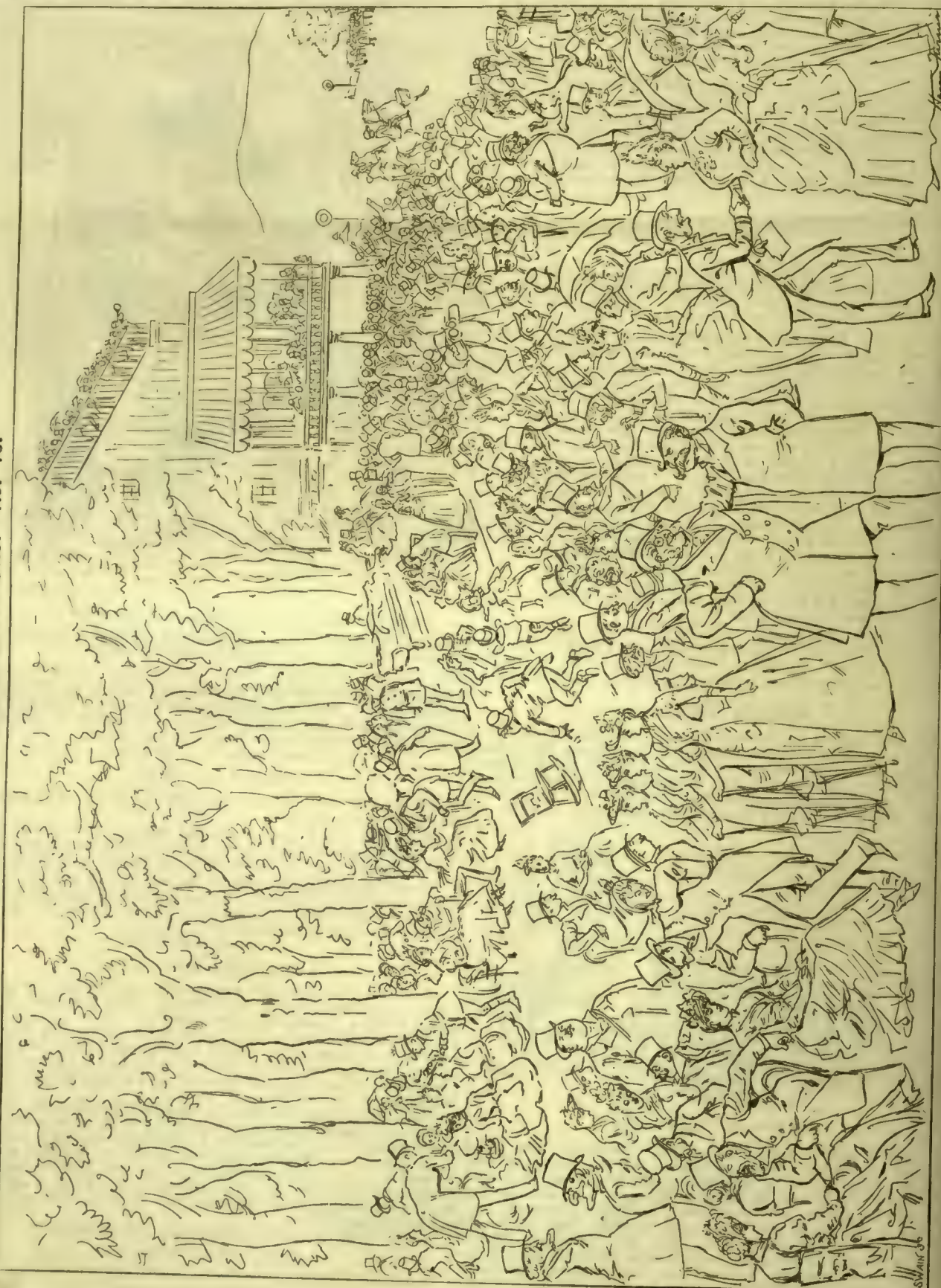
*Prof.* His writing is so illegible that I can't decipher it. A man who won't take the pains to write a legible hand must be so utterly regardless of the trouble he gives to everybody who has to make his scrawl out, is so viciously inconsiderate, that he wouldn't stick at committing any atrocity which it would cost him the slightest exertion to refrain from. I judge him to be a rogue, a swindler, and a thief—capable of anything but forgery. Whose is this disgraceful scribble?

*Scribe.* Well—a—to tell you the truth, in fact, it's mine!

LATEST BETTING ON THE ROYAL DOUBLE EVENT.—"What's the odds so long as they're happy?" FIVE to ONE.



INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 75.



THE LAWN AT GOODWOOD.



## RIME ET RAISIN.

RESPECTED SIR,

"E. Y.," in last week's *World* republishes some verses, twenty years old,—fine Laureate vintage,—in which occurs a good rhyme to Pommery, that is if "flummery" be passable. "Flummery" rhymes to "Mummery"—the Mummeries might be the name of the vineyards of JULES MUMM—but does it to Pommery? As a composite rhyme I remember this couplet,—

If you wish to make little Tom merry,  
Give him a genuine bottle of Pommery.

And the ugly English pronunciation of Latin being taken for granted, the motto for a moderate champagne-drinker might be—

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*"  
Is the result of Pommery Gréno.

But there's no difficulty in Gréno, only—

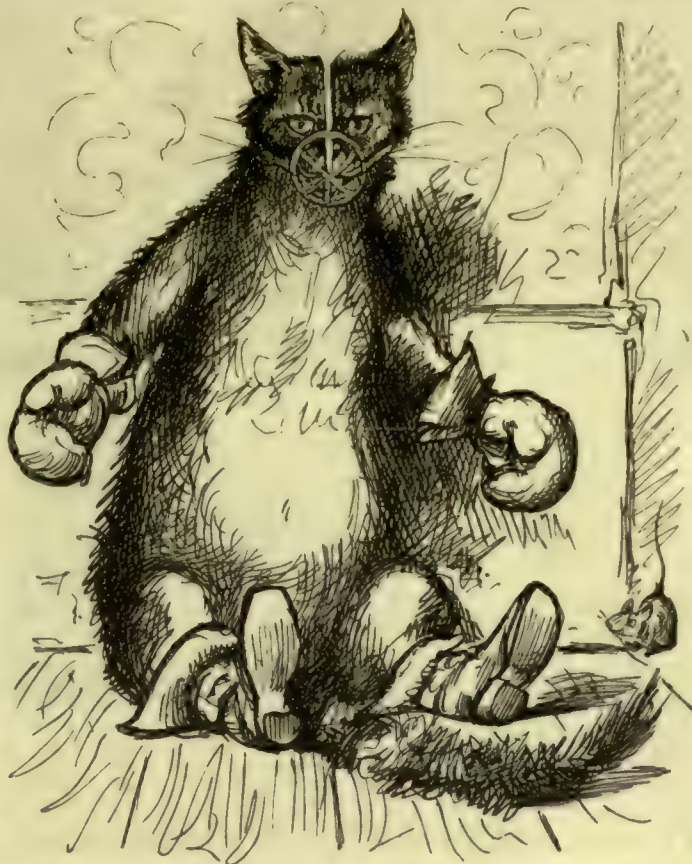
Of your drink if baulked,  
You may well complain O!  
Pommery, if corked,  
Goes against the Grain O!

No more at present. As *Hamlet* says, "The rest is silence," i.e., Mumm's the word.

Yours, PHIZZYOLOGIST.

## OUR EXCHANGE AND MART.

**SCIENTIFIC OPPORTUNITY.**—A distinguished Cambridge Mathematician, who has been devoting the last fifteen years of his life to the construction of an ingenious calculating machine, and has had the misfortune to let it drop into his cistern with the result that it will no longer act properly, but only changes its numbers capriciously and at random when smartly kicked, will be glad to dispose of it forthwith, in exchange for a Japanese dressing-gown, set of custard glasses, cab horse, highly trained hyæna or second-hand telescope. Might with a little ingenuity be utilised as a garden roller, or serve as a target to be shot at for nuts at a fair. Filled with dynamite it would make a fairly effective infernal machine, and advanced politicians of South American Republics might communicate.



"PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE."

(Poor Pussy's Scratch is as bad as her Bite.)

## THE RADICAL'S LAMENT.

(After, apologetically, Mrs. Barrett Browning.)

I.

WHAT is he doing, the Grand Old Man,  
Down in the House by the River?  
Leaving to LABBY to fight in the van;  
Selling and snubbing his followers true,  
And breaking the hearts of our Radical crew,  
That votes with him by the River.

II.

He went and spoke, did the Grand Old Man,  
Not in the House by the River;  
Yet though his periods limpidly ran,  
The Church in Wales he declined to slate;  
An omission that loads with terrible weight  
Our souls as we sit by the River.

III.

Then once again spoke the Grand Old Man,  
This time from his place by the River;  
And smote us all, as an orator can;  
With hard bleak fact he exposed our fads;  
There was hardly a kick left in some of us  
Rads,  
Though we tried to kick, by the River!

IV.

He cut him short, did the Grand Old Man,  
Cut LABBY short by the River!  
Sat on the pleas of that excellent man!  
Stuck up gamely for Royal Grants! ("can'ta")  
And swept our plausible "won'ts" and  
Right into the slime of the River!

V.

"This is the way," laughed the Grand Old  
Laughed as he rose by the River, [Man,

"The only way, since Rads began,  
To show how naughty it is to rebel."  
Then, in trumpet tones that the House knows  
He spoke in power by the River. [well,

VI.

Bitter-sweet, O Grand Old Man,  
Came those words by the River!  
Blinding-sweet (for speak you can!)  
The Rads on your left forgot to groan;  
And the Tories revived, and we all must own  
This "Grant" has you as its giver.

VII.

Yet half a Whig is the Grand Old Man,  
To laugh as he sits by the River,  
Placing Progress under a ban!  
We desire to ask—though it gives us pain—  
If our Leader never will vote again  
As a Rad, with the Rads, by the River?

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*Trollope's Dilemma*, the latest of Mr. ARROWSMITH'S Bristol Library Series, is anything rather than a shilling "shocker." The author, who describes himself as "*St. Aubyn*," seems to be a sentimental and gushing reproduction of *Verdant Green*. The "*Varsity*" (a name dear to "Squills") of Cambridge is sketched with a pen that smacks of Durham and St. Bees. The heroine of the story (a hysterical young person, who seems to set collegiate laws at defiance), after passing for her husband's sister until his death, ultimately marries a senior tutor. Altogether *Trollope's Dilemma* is not nearly so interesting as *Called Back*.

My faithful "Co." writes:—"I have read *That Other Woman*, by ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. PENDER CUDLIP), and am conscious of having absorbed a story in which there is either a husband too few, or a wife too many. How it comes about, I cannot quite explain; but all ends happily, and the twice-married husband is forgiven, both by his first wife and 'that other woman,' when he has got himself conveniently burnt to death in the last chapter. On the whole, although not exempt from some rather glaring improbabilities, *That Other Woman* is well worth reading."

W. S. LILLY is not to be reckoned among the non-working lilies, for he is always toiling in the field of literature. His latest book, *A Century of Revolution*, published by CHAPMAN AND HALL, is a thoroughly excellent piece of work, scholarly, philosophical, and unsparringly logical, while throughout there runs a vein of fine satire which renders its perusal easy and enjoyable to almost every class of reader. Only in one instance I beg to differ from the learned author, and that is in his wholesale denunciation of vivisection, though with his reprobation of M. PAUL BERT who seems to have been actuated by the evil spirit that inspired *Macbeth* to be "bloody-minded, bold, and resolute," most humane persons, be their nationality or creed what it may, will be inclined to agree. Just at this time, when France is celebrating the centenary of its Great Revolution,—for whose atrocities and of whose principles Mr. JOHN MORLEY is the English apologist and apostle,—Mr. LILLY'S book appears most appropriately, and I wish it a wide circulation.

THE ERUDITE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.





A CAUTION TO SPORTINGLY-INCLINED PEOPLE WHO JUMP  
FURZE-BUSHES ON COMMONS.

### THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(Before MR. COMMISSIONER PUNCH.)

*An Illustrious Personage is introduced.*

*The Commissioner.* Pleased to do anything I can for your Royal Highness, unless it refers to an appeal—that matter you must carry to the House of Lords before you come to me.

*Illustrious Personage.* Oh no, Sir! I am here purely as a Representative, and not in my personal capacity.

*The C.* Very well, I shall be glad to hear what you have to bring before me. What or whom do you represent?

*I. P.* I represent, Sir, the Royal United Service Institution.

*The C.* And, no doubt, you represent it very well. I have often heard Your Royal Highness called "The Soldier's Friend"—hem!—out of Wimbledon!

*I. P.* You are most kind. Well, Sir, the excellent association whose claims upon public attention I advocate was founded in 1831, under the name of "The Naval and Military Library and Museum."

*The C.* And subsequently has pursued a career of the greatest possible usefulness. Since 1860 (when the Institution was incorporated by Royal Charter, and assumed its present title), the application of science to the methods and appliances of warfare has resulted in changes so momentous and extensive that a mere enumeration of them would extend almost to the dimensions of an encyclopædia, and the very nature of these changes is such as to enforce the absolute necessity of studying warlike methods on a rational and scientific basis. To the encouragement of this process of study the Royal United Service Institution has contributed in no ordinary degree by its Library and by its Museum.

*I. P.* And, allow me—by the prizes it annually offers for essays on Naval and Military subjects.

*The C.* And, you would add, above all, by its invaluable lectures and discussions, full reports of which are published in its journal. Quite so. I see that Your Royal Highness and I have both read the excellent article in the *Times* newspaper, which appeared about a week ago. Well, Sir,—what next?

*I. P.* Well, Sir, I feel that that admirable article may be forgotten in the turmoil of politics—

*The C.* The "turmoil of politics" is good—distinctly good.

*I. P.* I thank you, Sir. In the turmoil of politics—unless the matter is brought prominently before the Public with your valuable assistance. You are aware I signed a memorial to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER on behalf of the Council and Members of the Institution?

*The C.* I am; and, although I have not seen the document, can readily believe that it is written in language of extreme moderation.

*I. P.* You are right. You, no doubt, are aware that I have the greatest possible objection to expressions that might be considered by a Curate (much less by an Archbishop) of a too forcible character.

*The C.* Indeed I am, and it has ever been a marvel to me how your Royal Highness, on noticing a battalion "clubbed," or some other military mistake of equal gravity, could refrain from exclaiming, "Dear me!" or words to the same effect.

*I. P.* It is not my custom, Sir, to say all I think, when my thoughts are of a painful character! But let that pass. You are aware that the Royal United Service Institution enjoys an annual subvention of £600 from the War Office and Admiralty, and pays a ground-rent to the Government in respect of its present premises of £205 a year?

*The C.* I quite understand the stress you lay upon the word "present."

*I. P.* Yes, Sir, we have notice to quit, and this notice has been hanging over our heads for nearly twenty years. In 1872 Mr. Lowe stated that he would recommend the Government to grant assistance in placing the establishment on a permanent footing. In 1876 Mr. W. H. SMITH, then Financial Secretary to the Treasury, declared "that the Government fully recognised the value of the Institution, and that, when the proper time arrived, its claims should be duly considered." In 1881 and 1884 the Institute received assurances from the Treasury that those claims should not be lost sight of.

*The C.* And nothing since has been done?

*I. P.* Nothing—save the Government have intimated their willingness to pay the ground-rent of any site (less £205) that may be selected, on condition that the Institute finds its own building. This would entail a cost of £30,000, an expense that our scanty funds would not allow us to incur.

*The C.* Well, your Royal Highness, what is the alternative proposal embodied (as I understand) in your memorial?

*I. P.* That, following the precedent established in the cases of the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the Royal Academy, and many other bodies of a learned character, the Government should provide free accommodation for the Royal United Service Institution.

*The C.* Certainly, your Royal Highness, your proposal seems entirely reasonable, and it shall be no fault of mine if it is not accepted. Have you anything more to say, Sir?

*I. P.* Nothing—save to thank you on behalf of myself and the Empire for the great kindness and courtesy I have experienced at your hands during this most interesting interview.

[*The Illustrious Personage (having found his umbrella) then withdrew.*]

### WONDERS OF THE CHAIR.

(Picked up in the L.C.C.)

WONDER if I shall get through this sitting without having my teeth set on edge by some Hon. Councillor's vulgarity?

Wonder whether the Battersea Patriot will be genial to me if I ask his advice upon a point of procedure?

Wonder if I disarmed discourtesy by dropping my title?

Wonder whether I shall have to sit still in silence while some of my colleagues make themselves and myself supremely ridiculous?

Wonder whether I shall get through the Agenda Paper without leaving an opening for the adverse criticism of the Press?

Wonder whether my English will be improved by listening to bad grammar and habituating my ear to the forced omission of the aspirate?

Wonder whether anyone will challenge my authority and laugh at the proceedings?

Wonder whether the Council will break off in time to allow me to dress for dinner?

Wonder, after all,—in spite of being called "Mister," and having extorted the respect of my colleagues,—whether the game is quite worth the candle?

"Two Sides to Every Question: or, Things ain't quite what they Simms."—New pamphlet, by H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.





DELIGHT OF PRIVATE INDIVIDUAL WHO HAS BEEN ASSURED THAT HIS RESEMBLANCE TO THE G. O. M. WAS SOMETHING REMARKABLE.



HE WAS NOT QUITE SO MUCH PLEASED HOWEVER WHEN HE ACCIDENTALLY FOUND HIMSELF IN A CONSERVATIVE DISTRICT.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**AGRICULTURAL DISAPPOINTMENT.**—The description you furnish of your newly-invented machine for "chaff-cutting, riddling, sifting, and bagging fresh straw," is very interesting, and if it had not unfortunately got out of order, owing to the accident to which you refer, and so prevented you from offering it in competition, you, no doubt, would, as you contemplated, have taken a prize with it at the Great Windsor Show. The arrangement of the knives seems very ingenious; but it is a pity that they sliced off the fingers of one of the scientific experts you got to examine the machine; while, of course, it was more to be deplored that, when set in motion to show its action, it should, by some mischance, have caught up and riddled, sifted, and bagged the other. It is satisfactory, though, to hear that he is progressing favourably in the local hospital; but we can quite understand how the presence of such a foreign body must have damaged the mechanism of your carefully constructed machine, and can heartily sympathise with you in your consequent disappointment at its temporary derangement.

**NEW AND OLD RIVER.**—A whole share of the New River Company, put up to auction has been knocked down at £122,800. An investment in a Pactolus.

## ROBERT IN THE PARK.

THERE'S one werry great advantage as I most suddenly gits from spending some of my perfectshun evenings at the West End ocashunally.



I has to wait on quite a different set to wot I'm accustomed to in the grand old City. When at the Grand Otel, for instance—and well it deserves its name,—or at the Metropoll—which it most likely deserves it too, but I don't quite know what it means—I must confess as I has to listen to a werry different kind of conversashun to wot I does elsewhere, for ewen Common Counsellmen, I wont go no hier, is ocashunally jest a leetle tiresome when allers a arping on the same string. Ony the other week for hinstance, in a most distangy company at the Grand, I herd a gent say as he was so werry fond of travelling, that he mite say as he had gone over amost the hole world!

Of coarse, I don't spose for a moment as he reelly ment it, coz I shoold werry much like to see the man who has gone over all England, much less Ireland, or ewen all London, and not a werry great number ewen seems to care werry much about wising my own Queer Street. But there's no dowt that he must have seen a lot, and this is wot made me respeek him to a xtent as I never thort I cood have respected a mere Forrener, which he was an Amerrycane. He said, that for a display of amost unboundless welth, and luxery, and refinement, he had seen nothink in the whole world, and he didn't beleive as noboddy else ever had, equal to Hide Park on such summers evenins as we've been a having this month. I was that pleased with the great Traweller that I gave him another cupple of Pluvers Eggs, for which he mildly thank me with a decided wink, and I pade him ewery possibel attenshun during the rest of a rayther longish Bankwet. He said, he had seen Long Sham at Parris and the Shams Elizzy, but they wasn't to be compared to Hide Park, no, not for a singel moment. By the by they seems rayther fond of Shams at Paris, but there suttlenly seems one xcepshun, and that is the big Xebishun with the great big Rifle Tower, that the great Traweller told us is as igh as our own bewtiful Moniment wood be if so be as it was howdaciously stuck on the werry top of our own splendacious Sant Paul's, and then Nelson's Moniment at Trefalger Square stuck bang on the werry top of that, and then Temple Bar and the sillybrated Griffin on the top of all! But of coarse one must make all customary allowances for Trawellers' Tails. For instance now, seeing how cumferally they all took in his wundrus tail of the Rifle Tower, he aeshally had the owdacity to tell them that one day when he was up at the werry top of it, a desprate storm of litening and thunder bust out, and he cood see them all flashing away hundreds of feet below him! I do at wunce confess as I had as much as ever I cood do to look suffishent serous not to atract attenshun.

Well, the werry fust vacant day as I had arter this most emusing evening, I spent a nour or two in the Park, and I must confess as I quite agreed with the great Traweller, though I had never seen the two great Paris Shams. Here was Royal Princesses, and Dooks, and Erls, and Barren Lords, and Fare Ladys, by the hundred, if not thousand, and all with their werry best close on, a driving up and down before me in their werry best carriages; and them as cooldn't afford Carriages, a riding on their hansum horses, Ladys as well as Gents, and not one of 'em a falling off, and all to oblige me, and such as me! Ah, they is a kind lot, they is, and quite deserves their jolly good luck. And what did it all cost me, includin a most cumferal chair? Why, just Tuppence! I callis it the werry cheapest Show in London, as well as the werry bewtifullest.

To make the place ewen more inchanting, if possibel, I'm told as H.R.H. the Princess of WALES, as ewery body respecks, and wood suttlenly love, in a respecfool way, if so be as Her Royal Usband wood allow it, has orderd quantities of the most lovely flowers to be sown there. So, what with the bewtiful Ladys, and the bewtiful horses, and the bewtiful carriages, and the bewtiful flowers, I shoold natrally call it "Bewty Row." But now cums one of them reel staggerers, as we finds so plentyfool in our good old Country. I soorce xpects to be beleaved when I says that its reel name is Rotten Row! of all names in the world, when I declares to goodness as I didn't see not one rotten flower among 'em all, no, not ewen among the lovely Rododderendrons.

There isn't quite so much good natur and kindness among the bewtiful Ladies of the werry hiest classes as I shoold have xpected. There was many and many on 'em a riding in most splendid carriages, all alone, and drawn by two horses; and though there was duzens of hansum yung swells, so tired, pore fellers, that they was obligated to lean against the railings to rest themselves, and so hungry that they kept on a trying to bite off the tops of their canes, I didn't see not one of 'em offered a seat. I dessay it wood ha bin werry different in one case, as I knowd cum from the civil City, but, unfornitly, they had four hinsides, and ony one orse.

But, after all, I'm not so werry sure as there isn't sumboddy as enjoys the drives in the bewtiful Park ewen more than the Masters and Missesses of the horses and carriages, and that's lordly CHARLES the Footman! I loves to watch him as he dashes by me, a setting on the box seat by the side of the carefull Coachman. I can see how quietly he's a making his sarkastick remarks. What does he know or care about Rates and Taxes, and other botherashuns. He doesn't pay for hansum close, he ony wears 'em; he doesn't pay for his wittles and drink, he ony consumes 'em; and he knows full well that there will be jest a nice littel bit of sumthink, that Cook knows his parsheality for, a waiting for him on his reachin home, for which his arternoon drive will have given him quite a little appytite. Ah, lucky CHARLES! Why was I not a lordly Footman, rather than hard-working

ROBERT.

THE EMPEROR'S FAREWELL TO THE BRITISH FLEET.—"Tar tar!"







## STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM.

*Summer Idyl of a Summer Idler.*

SUMMER'S with us. Hot! What does it matter?

Sweet to sit in flannels and to dream  
Under green leaves; piled in bowl and platter,  
Strawberries and Cream!

Let the July sunshine flame and scorch hard,  
These console us for Sol's torrid beam,  
Fruit of Devon dairy, Kentish orchard,  
Strawberries and Cream!

Oh, the luscious blend of buff and crimson!  
Coolly as the lapping of the stream  
Gratefully it rolls the red lips' rims on,—  
Strawberries and Cream!

Sugar? Nature's saccharine makes it need-  
less.

Politics, Art, Sport we tasteless deem,  
Here discussing, of polemics heedless,  
Strawberries and Cream!

That, AMANDA, is a natty bodice!—

At St. Stephen's Party optics gleam,  
Rad v. Tory; they should try, poor noddies!—  
Strawberries and Cream!

What a British Queen! And men are  
wrangling

Yonder over Royal Grants "like steam."  
This, my dear, is better than their jangling—  
Strawberries and Cream!

Is there any Pommery in that bottle?

Darling, you are an Arcadian dream,  
Slowly tipping down that dainty throttle  
Strawberries and Cream!

What a polygon of splendid scarlet!

What a luscious wedge of wondrous  
gleam!—

Give me, idle, loose-girt, happy varlet,  
Strawberries and Cream!

Eh? My poem? I have not begun it.

Won't be tied e'en in Apollo's team!  
Hang the Muse—and bring another "punnet"—  
Strawberries and Cream!

## OPEN HOUSE.

*(To be Dated after the next Invention.)*

How remarkable! Thanks to the "Far-sight Machine," I can, although I am in London, distinctly see Mr. GLADSTONE standing on a platform in Devonshire, with a white umbrella over his head.

Just fetch me my Phonograph, and at the same time put me in communication with Plymouth by telephone. Thanks! Now I can not only see Mr. GLADSTONE, but also hear every word that he utters, and be able, in addition, to reproduce the speech whenever I want to.

My (outside) stock-broker appears, at the distance of two hundred miles, to be wearing rather a gloomy expression of countenance as he reads the last "tape" about the Nicaragua Fifteen Per Cents, and he told me that a rise was certain. I shall wire to sell out at once.

Those BROWNS have just received my letter, accepting their invitation to dinner on Thursday week, and their faces denote disappointment and dismay. The hypocrites!

How well IRVING is performing in that Third Act of "Coriolanus!" I've been sitting in my study watching him for the last half-hour.

My doctor seems to have got one of the machines. He has just telephoned to me to "put out my tongue." It seems strange



## HER FATHER!

*Stern Voice (from first-floor landing, temp. 12.10 P.M.). "ALICE!"*

*Alice (softly). "Yes, 'PA!"*

*Voice (with a threatening ring in it). "DOES THAT YOUNG MAN IN THE FRONT PARLOUR TAKE TEA OR COFFEE FOR HIS BREAKFAST—!"*

*["Door"—and he was gone!]*

and even rude, to put it out in an empty room. Still, must obey medical orders. Here goes! Result: doctor telephones to say, "tongue very bad—must not go out to-day," and orders me to send away my horse which he sees waiting for me at my front door! Isn't this despotism? Hang EDISON'S machine! Spoilt a jolly ride for me.

Turn machine on to TOMMY'S room at Eton. In his last letter, TOMMY said, he was "working like mad for his remove at the end of term." Satisfactory. Ha! What do I see? TOMMY engaged in secret perusal of a yellow-backed novel, and smoking a cigar up the chimney! Shall tell his master to whip him. After all, EDISON'S invention is of some use when properly applied.

FAIR AND FREE.—SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, at the annual meeting of the Cobden Club, condemned the Sugar Bounties Convention, of course, as being opposite to Free Trade. Quite right, Free Trade ought to be synonymous with Fair Play or Play-fair.



## WHIP BEHIND!

*A Tale of Two Clever Boys.*

"I think we have a right to expect that the Liberal Unionists shall define the platform on which they mean to appeal to the country more decisively and distinctly than they have done at present; otherwise they cannot expect Tories to vote for principles and policies which, in other circumstances, Tories would strongly and even desperately oppose, and which under present circumstances, Tories cannot be expected patiently to support."—Lord R. Churchill at Birmingham.

YOUNG RANDOM and young JOEY

Were two ambitious boys,  
Extremely smart and "goey,"  
And their respective joys  
Were alating the outsiders,  
And cheyving the swells;  
Of discipline deriders,  
They raised yahoos and yells,  
And muddled up the traffic,  
And scared the jog-trot nags.  
Joe, with a smile seraphic,  
Would stand upon the flags,  
And wave his arms all wildly  
Defiant of the whip.  
RANDOM—to put it mildly—  
Would make creation skip  
To gratify his mischief,  
And aggravate the Boss;  
Whilst JOE would hamper his  
Chief  
And make him jolly cross.  
They were a pair of pickles,  
But Nemesis, they say,  
Such monkey mischief tickles  
In its peculiar way.  
First place that rascal RANDOM  
Determined was to find;  
Whilst JOE, when running tan-  
Disliked to go behind. [dem,  
It was young RANDOM's glory—  
His one peculiar aim—  
To drive the coach "True Tory;"  
Whilst JOSEPH's little game,

Of GLADDY's old four-wheeler,  
Was to be owned as Whip;  
But RANDOM missed his "feeler,"  
And JOEY made a slip;  
And, how it chanced precisely,  
Is not precisely known,  
RANDOM, when seated nicely,  
Descended, or was thrown;  
Whilst JOEY, snubbed by GLADDY,  
Or tempted by the toffs,  
From being a Rad caddy,  
All sneers, and snaps, and  
scoffs,  
At SOLLY's old "True Tory,"  
Came, funnily, to find  
It was his special glory  
To—well, hang on behind!  
This riled young RANDOM greatly,  
And RANDOM muttered, "Come!  
I have been diddled lately  
By this conceited Brum.  
He's got his place behind there,  
And I've lost mine in front.  
I fancy he will find there,  
I'll make him do a shunt.  
If he will floor and spike me,  
And on my place encroach,  
I wonder how he'll like me  
To boss the rival coach?  
I won't be foiled and flouted,  
As JOEY soon shall find."  
Meanwhile he stood and shouted,  
"Yah! Put the whip behind!"

## A PLEASANT DUTY.

A CRITICISM ON *The Headless Man* by another hand will be found elsewhere in this Number. When the present writer saw the piece on its third representation,—and by the time these lines appear it will have been taken out of the bill, and packed up along with Mr. WYNDHAM's other stock-in-trade for the American theatrical market,—he felt how keenly the masterly impersonation of the hero by CHARLES WYNDHAM, and the excellence of Messrs. GIDDENS and BLAKELEY in their respective rôles, would have been relished by his old friend the late GEORGE ROSE, better known to the public as "ARTHUR SKETCHLEY," the biographer of "Mrs. Brown," who had collaborated in the original piece, intended for SOTHERN and the Haymarket Company fourteen years ago, of which this play recently produced at the Criterion is the "revised version."

The character of *Hedley* was first drawn by the present writer in *Mr. Punch's* pages in a series entitled *Odd Men Out*, and but for the *charpente* of a plot provided by ARTHUR SKETCHLEY, in which, subsequently, essential structural alterations had to be made, it is probable that *Mr. Hedley* would never have seen the footlights and reached the Criterion stage of his theatrical existence.

Had the piece proved a failure, the surviving representative of this literary partnership, who is solely responsible for its production, would have kept his own counsel as far as possible; but as it is a success, he takes this opportunity of recording these facts, reviving a pleasant reminiscence, and paying a just tribute to the memory of his friend and collaborator.

*Mr. Punch's* rule for his literary Staff being anonymity, this shall be signed by MYSELF.

## Fiat Justitia!

TANNER's Contempt of Court? E'en friends admit

The Doctor's glaring faults of mind and manner,  
But what enrages them above a bit

Is just the Court's contempt of Dr. TANNER.

For faction's groundlings TANNER makes some sport,

But decent England here is—with the Court;

Yet, e'en to silence a crass ass's jaw,

She would not cast contempt—by straining—on the Law.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, July 29.*—"Well," said LOUIS JENNINGS, looking at the Front Opposition Bench to-night, "that's what I call a Happy Family! Have known something of Parties in



Chamberlain's opportunity.

my time; come in contact with them in two hemispheres; as ROBSON ROOSE occasionally remarks, I was instrumental in breaking one up in New York; but I never saw anything like this. Hardly a man amongst them who doesn't feel as if he'd like to scratch his brother's eyes." Truly a motley gathering; fragments of old friendships strewn up and down Bench. Only thoroughly happy man seems to be CHAMBERLAIN. A great occasion for him. Got JOHN MORLEY on the hip, and hugs him shrewdly. HONEST JOHN was, in times gone by, his own familiar friend. When the break-up came, hoped to carry him with him; but HONEST JOHN stood firm by the GRAND OLD MAN, and has remained with him ever since; an unforgivable crime, and CHAMBERLAIN not man either to forget or forgive. Hitherto HONEST JOHN been strenuously backed up by Gentlemen below the Gangway; now the Radicals affronted with JOHN, who, balancing his own convictions on Royal Grants question against his loyalty to GLADSTONE, has hit upon a medium course that pleases nobody. This CHAMBERLAIN's opportunity, and he uses it with a swiftness, a neatness, and a smiling ferocity, which is an intellectual treat.

The ball thus set rolling, the game played all night. CHAMBERLAIN attacks JOHN MORLEY; the SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate girds at CHAMBERLAIN, and, in passing, gives HONEST JOHN a sly dig in the ribs; HENRY JAMES joins in the attack on HONEST JOHN; HARCOURT bangs CHAMBERLAIN about the head; and TREVELYAN thanks Heaven he didn't have a chance of immediately following CHAMBERLAIN, otherwise he would have had to say some very nasty things. Through it all the GRAND OLD MAN sits immovable as the Sphinx; listens to CHAMBERLAIN extolling him; hears unmoved the angry shouts with which Radicals resent the patronage; hears HARCOURT repudiating



The Two Lions.

CHAMBERLAIN's compliments. A meek, mild, benevolent Old Gentleman, utterly incapable of saying an ill-word about anyone, marveling that controversy should beat about his name in this vehement manner. Haven't seen anything more genuinely affecting for years. Finally, when division-bell rang, all his friends and companions dear deserted him,—he going into one lobby with the Government, they going into the other with bulk of Liberal Party. Only one faithful among the faithless found. LYON PLAYFAIR voted with him. When the Old Man came back from Division Lobby he took his seat by the Lyon of Scotland, and held sweet converse with him, whilst the rest of the Happy Family clustered together at the other end of the Bench.

*Business done.*—JOHN MORLEY's Amendment to Royal Grants negatived by 355 votes against 134.

*Tuesday.*—Business beginning to move a little. OLD MORALITY, amid rapturous cheers from ROBERT FOWLER, brought in Royal Annuity Bill. Innocent Stranger in Gallery, who has heard about debate on motion to go into Committee on affair, has read of debate and exciting division in Committee, thinks the business now over; nothing to be done but to pay up the money. Fact is, only just



beginning work. Thursday and Friday in last week, and yesterday's long night, only preliminaries. Bill now brought in must be read Second Time, taken through Committee, Report Stage, and Third Reading, just as if nothing had happened before. The SAGE and STOREY can, if they like, make all their speeches over again; can certainly move amendments and take divisions. We're not in a hurry at Westminster.

■ Annuity Bill temporarily out of way, knock off few other measures, and presently lapse into Scotch University Bill. Deep calm falls on House, broken only by the burr of Northern speech. As BRADLAUGH says (quoting from WILLIAM III. c. 10), "The 'orn of the 'UNTER is 'eard on the 'ill." HUNTER delivers, for tenth time, speech about theological tests. House divides on question, as it has divided on same point half a dozen earlier times. Only a score Members present to hear HUNTER's argument. Bell rings; Members troop in from terrace, smoke-room, lobbies, and dining-room; stand in crowd at Bar whilst SPEAKER puts question. This full of what STEPHEN WILLIAMSON calls "luminosity."

"Question is, that Clause 18 stand part of the Bill."

"What Bill is it?" Members at Bar whisper.

"Don't know; fancy it's Light Railways, Ireland."

"No; that's been referred to Grand Committee; must be Lunacy Acts Amendments."

"Fancy it's something Scotch," said Colonel MANTALINI MORGAN, giving his moustache a final convincing twirl. "See all the Scotch fellows about? There's LYON PLAYFAIR on the Front Bench, looking wiser than ever, demmit. Always reminds me of what SYDNEY SMITH said about another famous Scotchman. 'Look at my little friend JEFFREY; he hasn't body enough to cover his mind decently with. His intellect is indecently exposed.' Yes, I fancy it's a Scotch Bill; must see which way our fellows are going."

Mantolini Morgan.

So the crowd pass into the Division Lobby, and Clause 18 is saved from destruction.

*Business done.*—A good deal, considering.

*Friday.*—On Board R.M.S. *Teutonic*, Spithead. (Wind S.W. by N., light, changeable, thunder locally, perhaps no rain). House adjourned for Naval Review. GEORGE HAMILTON curiously annoyed if you call it a review; why nobody not even FORWOOD knows: says it's an inspection; so we've come down to inspect. A splendid view—I mean a fine 'spection. Men-of-war, fishing-boats, forts, torpedoes and smacks everywhere, the sea covered with them. They abound.

"A most exhilarating sight," I say to RITCHIE, who has come aboard in a blue serge suit, a tarpaulin hat a size too small, and walks about with a telescope under his arm as he has seen the coast-guardsmen do at Ryde. "It makes the pulses beat."

"Didn't they do that before?" he asks, pretending he can see through the telescope a felucca lying four points off on our starboard bow. RITCHIE has no soul. The red tape of the Local Government Board has bound his imagination as with ligaments of steel. A pity, for otherwise he is a very decent fellow.

JACKSON here too, also in serge, but without the telescope. In high spirits, in view of the very business he's been reeling off in the House this week. Know he's in high spirits because he looks graver than usual, and talks more sentimentally.

"JACKSON ought to have gone to the Bar and risen to the Bench," says CHARLIE BERSFORD, the only passenger from London who doesn't wear a serge suit, abandon braces, and walk about the deck with a slight lurch. "It would be an unspeakable comfort to be sentenced to death by him in that tone of voice and with that manner in which he answers a question as to when he thinks the Second Reading of the Fortingras Oil and Water Bill will be taken, or whether the Tramway (Extension) Bill will come on after twelve o'clock."

Fleet beginning to manoeuvre; expect by-and-by to see one of our ironclads run into another. DUNRAVEN who owns and sails a yacht, says it's very encouraging the way in which your true British ship will go through a colleague if it finds it in the way.

"No nonsense about them, you know. Rip them up, and down they go."

This seems very satisfactory. Don't mind other people paying taxes if we only get our money's worth.

We, I mean our ship, the *Teutonic*—is an armed cruiser. There are two guns of immense calibre on our main quarter-deck, by the mizzen hatchway as you go upstairs. When the Emperor heaves in sight, we think of firing them off.

"Better not," HICKS-BEACH says; "they may burst."

"Tut, tut!" says Admiral ISMAX, Sirdar of the *White Star* Fleet, "that doesn't matter. This ship is built in water-tight compartments." What a pleasure it is to have on board a man who knows every inch of the ship, from beam-end to lee-scouper! We all jeer at HICKS-BEACH, who pretends he was only in fun. But it was a sorry jest.

There go eleven bells. My watch below.

*Business done.*—Weighed the anchor; found it has lost two stuns in the night. This must be seen to, and at once.

## "PULEX IRRITANS."

THAT Man is born to trouble as the sparks do upward fly,  
Is a truth which few, if any, would venture to deny;  
For misery's indigenous, whichever way one looks,  
'Tis reported in the papers, we read of it in books;  
But of all the many troubles that, by right of birth, are Man's,  
Not one can hold a candle to the *Pulex irritans*.



"What cheer, Skipper!"

Above all else to spend each night at least twelve hours in sleep;  
But all these nice arrangements were completely changed and transmogrified, relentlessly, by the *Pulex irritans*.

The first night that I came here I retired to bed at nine,  
But sought in vain to find that rest which never can be mine.  
I tossed and twirled and twisted round, a most unhappy wight,  
And then I lay upon my back, then turned from left to right;  
I flung the sheets and blankets off, upsetting jugs and cans,  
But failed to wreak my vengeance on the *Pulex irritans*.

Upon the beach next morn I sat, a limp and listless wreck,  
With bloodshot eyes and pimply nose, sore hands and swollen neck;  
An outcast from society, with none my fate to cheer,  
Just like a bloated profligate, half dazed by drinking beer;  
And the girls together whispered, and grinned behind their fans,  
"That man's been irritated by the *Pulex irritans*."

Three nights in vain I've sought that sleep I came away to get,  
Three nights I've spent in agonies I never can forget,  
Three days I've lived in solitude my dismal fate to view,  
Eschewed by everyone as though I were the Wandering Jew;  
The very bootblack boycotts me as, horrified, he scans  
My face excoriated by the *Pulex irritans*.

I cannot stand it any more, I will no longer stay,  
But pack my carpet-bag at once and fly without delay.  
I hate to hear the ribald jokes of little vulgar boys,  
To be the butt of every dunce my troubled soul annoys;  
But worst of all I dread to hear the girls, behind their fans,  
Refer with meaning glances to the *Pulex irritans*.

On second thoughts I will not stop to take away my things,  
As every moment of delay fresh insult to me brings,  
But hurry to the railway and take an early train,  
And never, if I know it, shall you catch me back again;  
My baggage shall be forwarded, packed up in luggage vans,  
While I flee away to London from the *Pulex irritans*.

We may be stung by  
hornets or tormented  
by a gnat,  
Be bitten by a rabid  
dog, be scratched by  
savage cat;  
The blur-eyed bull  
may toss us high,  
bold robbers may  
garrote,  
We may be drawn and  
quartered, hanged,  
guillotined, or shot;  
But these are trifles  
merely, such as  
scarcely change our  
plans,  
And can't compare in  
horror with the  
*Pulex irritans*.

I came down to the  
sea-side for the rest  
I sorely need,  
To loll upon the sandy  
shore or wander  
through the mead,  
To idly throw such  
pebbles, as are light,  
into the deep,





## DOMESTIC TRAGEDIES.

IS IT TOTAL RUIN, IS IT A SUDDEN AND TERRIBLE BEREAVEMENT, THAT HAS PLUNGED THE BROWNS INTO THIS STATE OF DESPAIR? NO; BUT THE TIME HAS COME TO CHOOSE A SEA-SIDE RESORT FOR THE AUTUMN, AND EACH MEMBER OF THE FAMILY PREFERS—A DIFFERENT PLACE!

## THE LION AND HIS FRIENDS (!)

A MODERN VARIANT OF AN ANCIENT APOLOGUE.

*Mr. Punch loquitur:—*

No, *Æsopus*, old boy, this is not *exactly* an illustration of your own world-renowned Fable. *PUNCHIUS*, the Wise Man of London (where are the other Six?) who loves you, has here taken a slight liberty with your ancient apologue to adapt it to modern circumstances. The bearings of it lie in the application.

The Old Lion? Yes! But this is the Grand Old Lion, by no means "worn out with years," and as to lying "stretched upon the ground utterly helpless," well, does he look like it? Standing there, at the entrance to his well-loved cave, with lifted head, flashing eyes, and bristling mane, *Leo* hardly seems a creature to be trifled with. Not rampant exactly. Only asses ramp nowadays, save in heraldry. But decidedly *regardant*.

Quite a quiet old Lion they thought him, a King of Beasts; yes, but of the modern constitutional sort, unknown when *CÆSUS* was autocrat of *Lydia*, and *AMASIS* Coptic cock o' the walk, and *PEISISTRATUS* tyrant at *Athens*. A leader,—yes, as a blind man's dog is his leader, tightly tethered and well within range of the stick.

But, as you say, my *Æsor*, even Lions grow old, and kingships become vacant, and possible reversions of crowns and revenues, of place and power and pomp, haunt the imaginations of aspirants in the year of grace 1889, as they did five hundred years or so B.C.

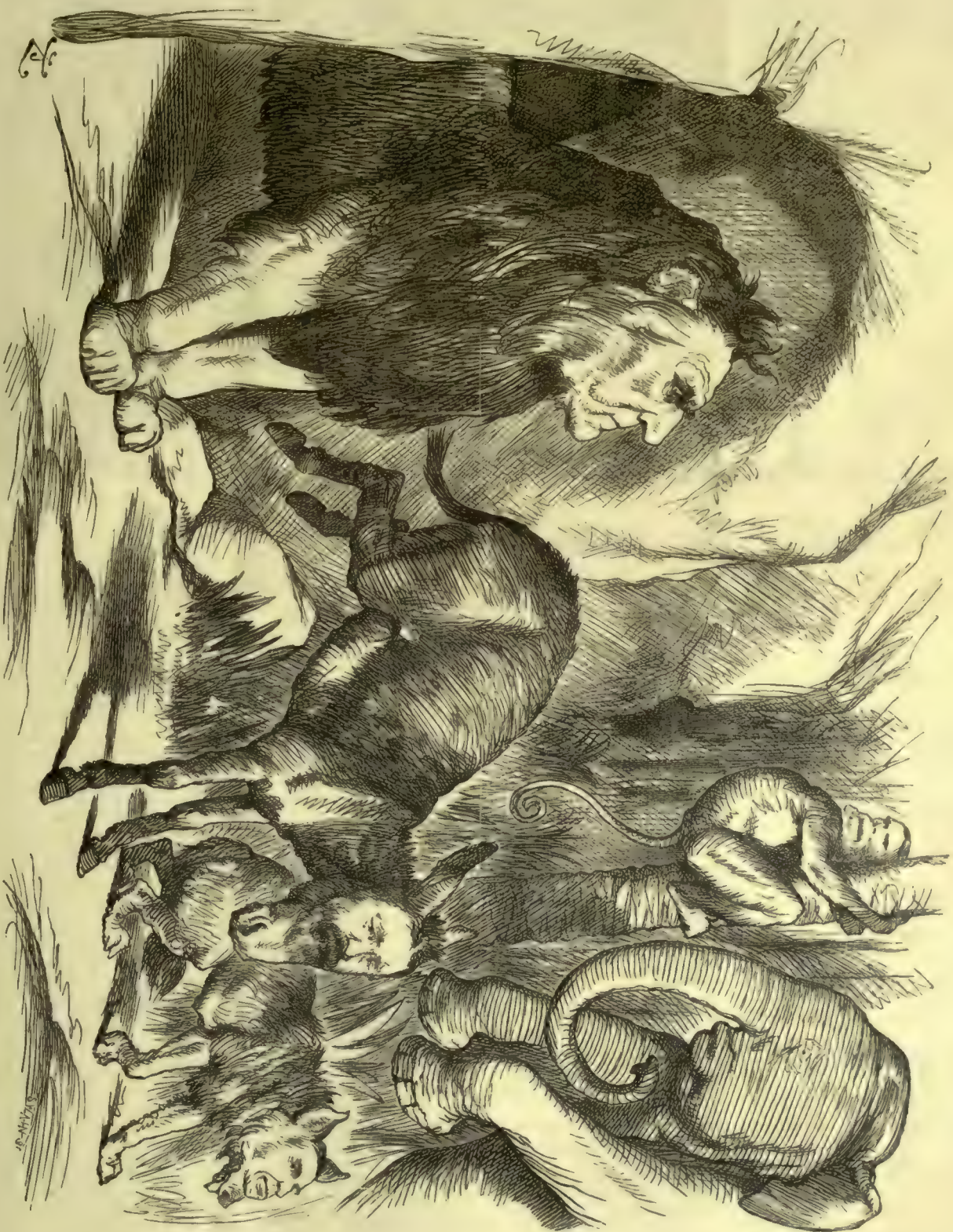
What more natural then than that the other animals, the pick of them at least, should have their eyes upon Grand Old *Leo*? Kingship, such as it is, nowadays is not of necessity restricted to the line of Lions, or even to asses in lions' skins. Other animals may perchance have what is termed "a look in"—if they look out. And *don't* they?

The Elephant, for instance! A ponderous brute, doubtless, as little leonine as may be, but with a keen eye, a flexible trunk, tremendous tusks, and a power of trumpeting perhaps unparalleled. In default of a successor in the true line—Lions are getting scarce—who would look better at the head of the animal host than he?

Who? The reply of the Wolf would be cautious, but unmistakable. *Lupus* flatters himself that *Leo* loves—and trusts—him decidedly more than he does that ponderous pachyderm. "Jumbo," courtier-like and laudatory as he has seemed of late, has been known in by-gone days to turn upon the Grand Old Lion—a little prematurely, as it happened, but with unmistakable vigour and viciousness. Whereas *Lupus*'s loyalty to *Leo* has, up to now, been unquestionable, whilst if *Leo* has not taken a tip or two from *Lupus* in matters of policy, *Lupus* has been much maligned. True, *Lupus* is suspected of being a trifle more predatory in his tendencies than the heavy, but affable and strictly graminivorous *Elephas*. His "sombre" acquiescence in the more sanguinary excesses of carnivora on the war-path has a little perturbed the milder brutes. So much so, that even the once ruthlessly ravaging *Leopard*—(who, however, is suspected of a desire to "change his spots," and lo! among the lilies, who toil not nor spin)—even the once rampant, ransom-demanding *Leopard* has rounded on him as a naughty omnivorous Nihilist. But then the jealousy between the Wolf and the *Leopard* is of long standing. The *Leopard*, as a genuine, if small-sized feline, once looked upon the reversion of *Leo*'s kingdom as unquestionably his own. But *Leo*, so it is reported, rather snubbed the *Leopard*, and made a confidant and court-favourite of *Lupus*. So the *Leopard* revolted, some little time since, and what his particular little game now is, save to make things particularly unpleasant for *Leo* and his followers all round, is not too apparent. But *Lupus*, if a sombre, is a very superior creature, and many have highly fancied his chances—himself probably amongst them.

But *Asinus*? Ha! ha! A little time ago how all the more "serious" brutes would have laughed at the idea of *his* aspirations to leadership! Like the American 'Coon, he has always been "an amoooin' Cuss," with any quantity of cynical "cussedness," too. Unlike the misguided "Moke" in your other fable of "The Ass and the Lap-dog," my *Æsopus*, this particular and unusually gifted "Jerusalem" has succeeded in "sporting and gambolling about, caressing and fawning upon his master in a thousand amusing ways," without incurring ridicule or the stick, though *not* without smashing a little crockery now and again.





THE LION AND HIS FRIENDS (!)









## A BANK HOLIDAY STUDY.

"NOW, GOVERNOR, SING OUT 'TALLYO!' AND 'E'LL THINK IT'S THE 'OUNDS."

But an Ass—even an Apuleian Golden Ass—Leader in succession to so authentic a Leo? Absurd! And yet behold him! Your Fox "beginning to think himself as good a beast as the Lion his master, begged to be allowed to hunt the game instead of finding it." He came to grief. Will Asinus? Neddy has notions of his own. One seems to be that Leo is a little out of it lately, and may be, let us say, calcitrated—cautiously—with no great danger. So he lifts up his voice—and his heels. Elephas is agitated, Lupus looks in a dilemma. It won't do to follow this audacious Asinus too far. But neither will it quite do to lag behind and allow him the credit of a possible success. "Hehaw!" A strident, unmusical voice, but he lifts it; an ungainly prance, but he makes it. Little taste, perchance, but some appearance of pluck. This particular Ass is obviously no "donkey." Altogether, it is exceedingly awkward—for Elephas and Lupus in particular. As for Leopard, "he larfs, he du," which makes it worse. But Leo looks up. His glance is a little alarming, and—by Jove! yes, that is the old resonant roar that so often has shaken the forest and made his foes shiver. The sound makes Elephas "sit up." It even spoils the confident kick of Asinus, converts it into a sort of spasmodic jerk. As for "Jacko," he runs up a tree.

An amusing tableau as it stands! And the issue? Well, my Esop, we all know what became of those who went out to divide the Lion's skin before the demise of the Lion!

## WHO CARES?

(New Version of Dibdin's old ditty, improvised at Spithead, Saturday, August 3, 1889.)

If old-fashioned croakers, to common sense strangers

Curse Britain's unfortunate stars,  
Why, it isn't like that with old Ocean's free rangers

Old England's invincible tars.  
What odds an oak hull or a huge iron "whacker."

Or whether we're bound here or there?  
Give him sea-room, good fellowship, grog and tobacco

And, hang it, if JACK much cares *where*!

Your stupid old Quidnuncs, to hear them all clatter,

On JACK's ears extremely doth jar.  
They, who don't know torpedoes from marling-spikes, chatter

About and concerning of War. [bing,  
In an iron-clad boxed or in timber hulk tub—  
With duty JACK's proud to comply;  
So he gives but the foes of Old England a drubbing.

Why, hang it, if JACK will care *why*!

Just look at that five miles of spankers, all lying

Along near the thronged Portsmouth shore,  
With guns all a banging, and bunting all flying,

And Princes and ladies galore!

'Tain't quite as was pictured in DIBDIN's effusions;

But couldn't they *fight*? Just a few!  
And whether 'tis Frenchies, or Rooshians, or Prooshians,

Why, dash it, if JACK will care *who*!

There's Emperor WILLIAM our battle-lines twiggling.

There's steel, Sir, in kelson and rib,  
In hulls, and in turrets, in guns, decks, and  
How like you the cut of our jib? [rigging.  
There's the "tight little island;" *these* are  
to defend her,

Should anyone into her pitch;  
Or call on her what our sires won to surrender;  
And, hang it, if JACK bothers *which*!

Take a squint down the lines. Don't this show BULL's still living?

Our Fleet, boys,—I fancy 'twill serve,  
And a rare good account of itself 'twill be giving.

As JACK runs his eye round the curve  
Of the huge iron squadrons all lying together,  
A-taunto from stern-post to bow;  
He thinks "These will face any foe and all weather!"

And, dash it, if JACK troubles *how*!

Don't patter of England decaying or dying,—  
Raven-croakers such racket *will* keep.  
What argues funk whilst our flag is still flying,

And all those big hulls throng the deep?  
Of one thing I'm certain, when England's found calling

At need on her Fleet—and her Men,  
They will not take long, lads, the foe overhauling;

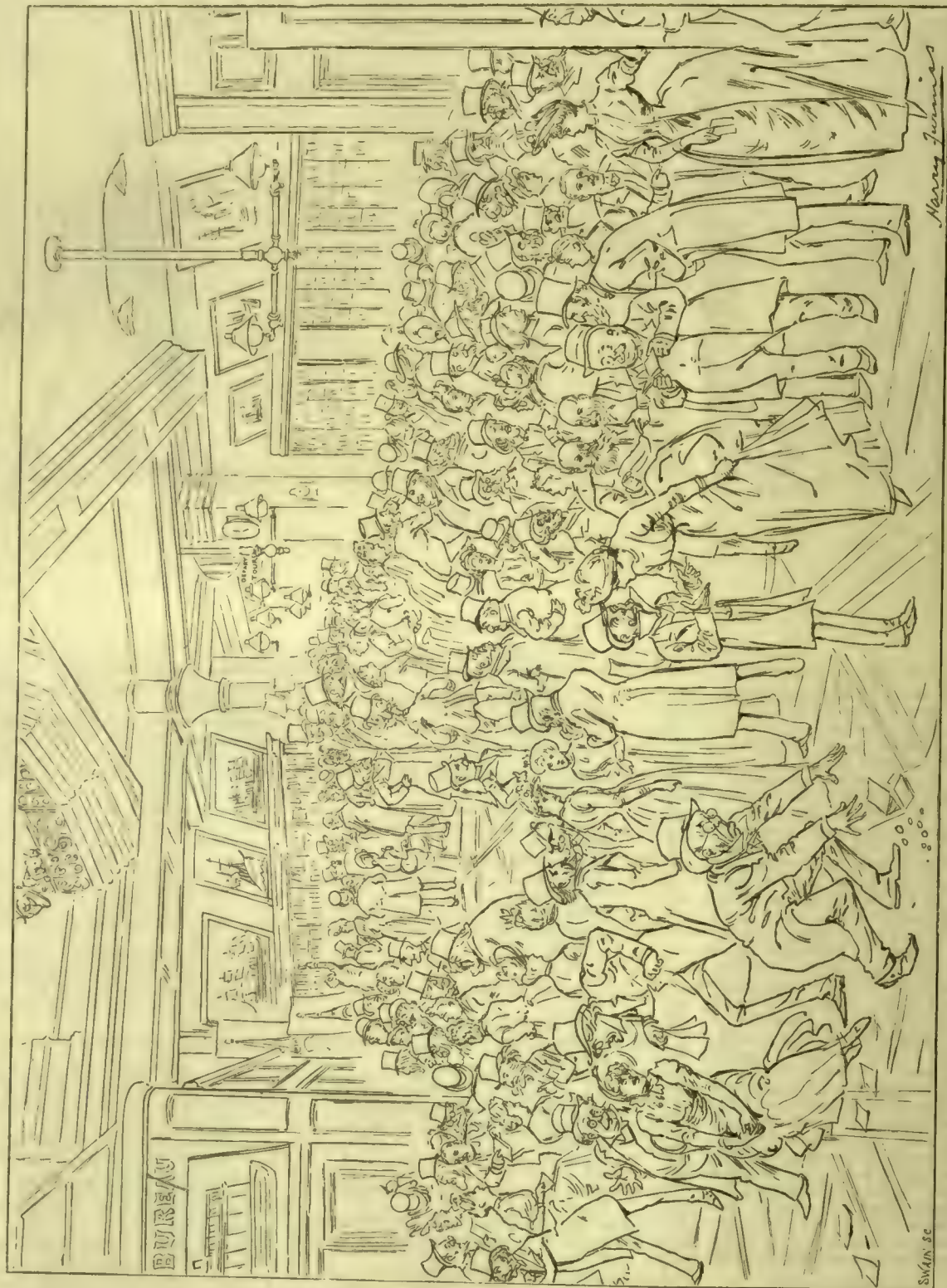
And, cuss it, if JACK much cares *when*!

LATEST FROM THE "LIVERY" STABLE.—It is said that the Hon. Artillery Company is to supply the mounted guard to the German Emperor at Aldershot. Surely, with all our splendid Cavalry, we might have given his Majesty something better than an escort of H.A.C.'s!

THOROUGHLY IN THEIR ELEMENT.—It was a happy thought of the Admiralty to "place" Lord Mayor Torpedo and his following at the Naval Review. The City of London is accustomed to being "quite at sea."



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 76.



COOK'S TOURIST OFFICE.

*"Drawn Out" by Our Special Artist.*



## VOCES POPULI.

## FREE SPEECH.

**SCENE**—An Open Space. Rain falling in torrents. An Indignation Meeting is being held to protest against the Royal Grants. The Chairman presides at a small portable reading-desk, generally alluded to as "The Nostrum;" a ring of more or less Earnest Radicals, under umbrellas, surround him. Speakers address the Meeting in rapid succession; a Man with a red flag gives it a sinister wave at any particularly vigorous expression. Her Gracious Majesty the Queen is repeatedly described as "this mis-rubble ole bein'," an Archbishop is invariably mentioned as an "Arch-rogue," while the orators and the audience appear from their remarks to be the only persons capable of worthily guiding this unhappy Country's destinies. Policemen in couples look on from a distance and smile indulgently.

An Orator (bitterly). The weather is against us, Feller Republikins, there's no denyin' that. As we were tramping along 'ere, through the mud and in the rain, wet to the skin, I couldn't 'elp remarking to a friend o' mine, that if it had been a pidging-shootin' match at Urlingham, or a Race-meeting at Haseot, things 'ud ha' been diff'rent! Ther'd ha' bin blue sky and sunshine enough then. Well, I 'spose hany weather's considered good enough for the likes of hus! Hany weather 'll do for pore downtrodden slaves to assert their man'ood and their hindependence in! (Cries of "Shame!") Never you mind—hour turn 'll come some day! We shan't halways be 'eld down, and muzzled, and silenced, and prevented uttering the hindignation we've a right to feel! (Bellowing.) We shall make our voices 'eard one day! But I'm reminded by my friend as I've got to keep to the pint. Well (he composes his features into a sneer) I'm told as 'ow 'Er Most Gracious Madjesty—"Booing" from Earnest Radicals—"Er Most Gracious Madjesty—as she calls 'erself—as put by a little matter of a millun an' a 'arf—since she came to the Throne. Now, Feller Republikins, that millun an' a 'arf 'as come out of your pockets!

Several Persons (who do not look as if they paid a heavy Income-tax). 'Ear 'ear!

Orator. Yes, it belongs to the People—ah! and you've a legal right to demand it back—a legal right! And I ask you—if that millun and a 'arf of money was to be divided among the Toilers of London ter-morrow—ow many Hunemployed should we see? (Crowd deeply impressed by this forcible argument.) Yet we're arst to put our 'ands in our pockits to support the Queen's children!

A Gentleman with very short hair. Shame—never! [Puts his hand in somebody else's pocket by way of emphasising his declaration.]

Orator. Feller Republikins, if a Queen don't do the work as she's paid for doin' of, what ought to be done with 'er? I put it to you!

A Very Earnest Radical. The Scaffold!

[Looks round nervously to see if a Policeman is within hearing.]

A Fat Lady (who has been ejaculating, "Oh, it is a shame, it is!" at every fresh instance of Royal expenditure). Well, I must say that's rather strong language!

Another Orator. Gentlemen, I regret to say that, on this monstrous fraud and attempted imposition known as "The Royal Grants Bill," Mr. GLADSTONE voted with the Government. [Frantic applause.]

Orator (puzzled). Yes, Gentlemen, I am here to state facts, and I am ashamed to say, that on this single occasion Mr. GLADSTONE—went wrong.

[Shouts of "No! No!"

A Fervid Gladstonian (waving his umbrella). Three cheers for Mr. GLADSTONE, what-ever he does!

[The Crowd join in heartily: Orator decides to drop the point, particularly as it does not seem to affect the Meeting's condemnation of the principle of the Bill.]

An Irish Patriot. I've often hard tell, Gentlemen, of a certain strange animal they call a "Conservative Warkin-Man" (Roars of laughter.) A Warkin-Man a Conservative! Why, bliss me sowl, the thing's absurd! There niver was such a purren in this World. A Conservative Warkin-Man! why—(takes refuge in profanity.) If there was, why don't we iver hear 'um in an asssembly of this sort? Why hasn't he the common manly courage to come forward and defend his opinions? We'd hear 'um, Gentlemen. It's the proud boast of Radicals and Republikins that they'd give free speech and a fair hearin' to ivery man, no matter whwat his opinions are, but ye 'll niver see 'um step forward at ahl—and hwhy?

A Decent Mechanic. Well look 'ere, mate, I'm a Conservative Working-Man, if ye'd like to know, and I ain't afraid to defend my opinions. Come now!

The Chairman (somewhat taken aback). Well, Friends, while I conduct this chair, I can promise this man a puffickly fair 'earin', and I'm sure you will listen to him patiently, whatever you may think of his arguments. (Cries of 'Ear—'ear! "Fair play hall the world hocer!") "We'll listen to him quiet enough!" First of all, I must be satisfied that our Friend is what he professes to be. We want no Sham Workin'-men 'ere. [Brandishes a foot-rule in evidence of the genuineness of his own claims.]



## A MODERN WAIST.

Jones (to himself, as he offers Miss Vane a cup of tea and some strawberries). "BY JOVE! SHE TAKES 'EM—SHE'S GOING TO SWALLOW 'EM! BUT WHERE SHE 'LL PUT 'EM—GOODNESS KNOWS!"

The D. M. Am I a Workin'-Man? Well, I've made ladies' boots at sixpence a hour for three years—d'ye call that bein' a Workin'-Man? I've soled and 'ealed while you wait in a stall near Southwark Bridge seven year an' a 'arf! Praps you'll call that a Workin'-Man? (Cries of "Keep to the Point!") Oh, I'll keep to the point right enough. There's this Irishman here been a tellin' of you 'ow wrong it is to turn his countrymen out of their 'ouses when they don't pay their rent. Ain't we turned out of our 'ouses, if we don't pay ourn? 'Oo snivels over hus?

The I. P. No personalities now! It's my belief ye're a Landlord yerself! [Uproar.]

The D. M. I told yer ye wouldn't 'ear me now!

A Socialist (in a stentorian voice). Feller Demmerocrats, as an ex-Fenian and an ex-Convict, I implore you—give this man a hearin'!

The D. M. Then about this Royal Grant. (Cries of "Shut up!" "Go 'ome!" "Don't tork nonsense!") If you're going to 'ave a King and Queen at all—(Cries of "We ain't! Down with 'em!") Ah, then I 'spose you're going to put up fellers like 'im (pointing to the Socialist), and 'im (pointing to Chairman), and 'im! [Uproar.]

The Socialist. Fellow-Citizens, I appeal to you, give this man rope—he's doing our work splendidly!

The D. M. Well, all I've got to say is— (Shouts of "Get down!" Yells and booing.) Oh, you won't tire me out that way. All I can say is, I'd a precious sight rather—

The Chairman (excitedly). Fellow citizens, we've listened to this man long enough—these sentiments are an insult to the meeting!

[Yells as before.]

The Socialist (extending a billycock hat with a passionate gesture). Feller Demmerocrats, if you are earnest, if you are sincere in the indignation, the just hindignation, this man provokes—show it now, by putting money in this 'at for the Plan o' Campaign!

[The storm lulls.]

The D. M. (resuming) I ask every honest man here whether— Chairman (interposing). I think, as our friend here don't seem able to stick to his point, we won't call upon him for any further remarks. [The D. M. is hustled down, amidst derisive cheers and groans; the Socialist ascends the Platform.]



*The Socialist.* I don't mind tellin' yer, friends and feller citizens, that in the late election in Heast Marylebone, I used all my influence—(cheers)—all my influence to deter men from voting for your Radical candidate. (Sensation, and a cry of "More shame for yer!") Ah, I did, though, and I'd do it agin, and I'll tell yer for why. I ate yer Tories, but if I'm to be it a blow in the face, I don't like it done behind my back. (Cheers.) And your precious Liberals and Radicals, they're worse nor hany Tories, and for this reason—(with a penetrating glance)—they're more hinvicious! Ah, that's it, they're more hinvicious! Traitors, hevery man jack of 'em! [And so on, concluding with denunciations of all "sending round the at," and appeals for contributions to the Plan of Campaign. Meeting dissolves with three cheers for the coming Republic from the victims of a Tyrannous System of Repression of Opinion.]

### "A PUFF OF WYND-HAM."

DURING the past week the "many-headed" have crowded the Criterion, and have thus kept up the average in

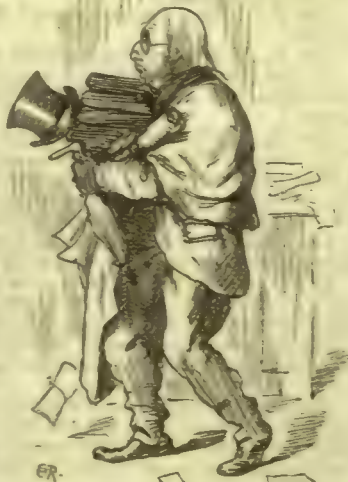


The Headless Man.

capotes lessened by the appearance of Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM as the Headless Man. Certainly the popularity of the Manager of the subterranean theatre has not suffered by his change of line. Excellent as he may be, and undoubtedly is, as *David Garrick* and *John Milford*, no one can touch him as *Sam Hedley*. There has been nothing to approach it since *SOTHERN* was at his best in *Lord Dundreary*. It is a great pity, therefore, that

Mr. WYNDHAM is bound for America, and consequently that Londoners will have to wait until his Transatlantic trip is over before they can go in their hundreds and thousands to see one of the most amusing pieces of modern times.

But, perhaps, after all, the *relâche* may have its compensating advantages, as possibly when he does return ("he will return, we know him well"), he may be able to show us the play with an improved cast. At the Criterion last week it was not altogether satisfactory. Mr. GEO. GIDDENS was decidedly good, and Mr. W. BLAKELEY was—well, Mr. BLAKELEY, — and Miss F. PAGER was the pick of the ladies. But the rest! No doubt, Mr. STANDING, as standing counsel for the firm (pun purely accidental—shall not occur again), was "conscientious," and did what he could with the part, which, however, did not seem to be much. But then Mr. STANDING is not a LEIGH MURRAY. Again, Mr. J. ANDERSON in the rôle of *Reginald Harcourt* (a dashing young officer ready to elope at a moment's notice and set the LORD CHANCELLOR himself at defiance) was more suggestive (from a military point of view) of a Quartermaster of East-End Volunteers than a Captain of Royal Dragoons. The ladies, too, were not particularly good—in fact, they might have been better—if they had been, in fact, other ladies! Not that they were to be called sticks, although unquestionably numbering in their list a Forrest! But, after all, the piece rested upon the



Giddens the Fearless claims a Peerage.

shoulders of Mr. WYNDHAM, who carried it through with the greatest possible go and animation. However, when Mr. WYNDHAM reappears, it is to be hoped that the cast will be a little more satisfactory. In the meanwhile, the *Headless Man* has everybody's good wishes for his success in America.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Bring me my Books!" said the Baron.—(*Ingoldsby slightly altered.*)

"One cannot sit content with the belief that the manhood of the whole world has been conquered by a habit invented and propagated by the Red Indian of the American forests!" So protests Mr. WILLIAM SPENCER PERCIVAL, of H.B.M.'s Civil Service, China, in his very readable book poetically called *The Land of the Dragon*. (The reader will find no dragon on him, in perusing that "Record of Boating and Shooting Excursions to the Gorges of the Upper Yangtze.") Mr. PERCIVAL "cannot away with" the idea that the Pipe originated in the West. He opines that "the lotus of Greek and Egyptian lore was, doubtless, the poppy, and the juice was not eaten, but delicately inhaled." "CLEOPATRA, the beauteous Serpent of Old Nile, touched with her lips the diamond-gemmed opium-pipe, as she alternately flouted and lured MARK ANTONY." Perhaps. At any rate, it is a pity Mr. RIDER HAGGARD didn't take that view of it. If his sombre and sanguinary "Royal Egypt," had puffed even a cigarette of lotus-seeds, it might have brightened, or at least soothed her, and made her less disposed to "stick daggers and carving-knives into the gizzards" of all and sundry her slaves and temporary lovers.

Mr. WALTER HAMILTON takes another and easier view of it. In his *Lyttel Parcell of Poems and Parodies in Prayse of Tobacco* (a quaint little volume which all worshippers of the weed should possess) he says, without doubt or demur, "It is almost universally admitted that the primeval smokers of the world were the natives (so-called Indians) of North America, who had been smokers for ages before the discovery of their country by the Spaniards, and who looked upon Tobacco with superstitious awe as a special gift sent by the Great Spirit for their delectation." And then he proceeds to make a very interesting collection of *Poems in Prayse of Tobacco* from many sources, not omitting the repertory of Mr. Punch. By the way, in some lines, quoted from *Punch* of April, 1882 on a collection of "Pipes of all Peoples," made by "one BRAGGE," the bard sings:—

"Here are queer pipes from Burmah and from Java,  
From Turkey, Russia, and from far Japan;  
Some made of wood, of ivory, of lava;  
Some that belonged to pre-historic Man.  
From Mexico come pipes of terra-cotta,  
That hapless MAXIMILIAN kept awhile,  
And, 'mid the whole collection, there is not a  
Pipe that's more strange than this from near the Nile."

Can the latter perchance have come from the collection of CLEOPATRA herself? At any rate, its existence seems rather to favour the theory, or dream, of Mr. PERCIVAL. The BARON's faithful Co., improvising for the occasion, says:—

"It may be, as PERCIVAL fancies, that Lotus  
Was puffed from the lips of the great Coptic Queen;  
Or that we of the West were the first to devote us  
To Manitu's merciful gift, Nicotine.  
But whether 'twas born in 'the Land of the Dragon,'  
Or nursed by the Nile till our season was ripe,  
As accompaniment to rest, talk, or a flagon,  
There's nothing in Nature so good as—a Pipe."

There! Let Messrs. PERCIVAL and HAMILTON put that in their respective pipes and smoke it.

It is, as Sir WALTER SCOTT and CHARLES DICKENS discovered, a more difficult thing to write up to children than down to men and women. Miss MULHOLLAND has discovered the secret in her narrative of *The Strange Adventures of Little Snowdrop*. (R. WASHBOURNE.) It is a tale about children for children, and *Little Snowdrop* and her companions really talk as children do; which is not only greatly to their credit, but to that of Miss MULHOLLAND. A nice, wholesome, pretty, graphic story.

Our Celebrities this month in the Waléry-Gallery are appropriately the SHAH, an excellent likeness, in company with the Comte de PARIS and the Duke of FIFE, whose appearance is exactly the same as when his Lordship was Earl of that ilk.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

CHORUS OF THE ANTI-FRANCHISE-TO-WOMEN LADIES.

WE don't want to vote, but by Jingo when we do,  
We send the men, we have the tongues, and use the money too!

NOTICE.—Household Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.







## THE UNITED SERVICES; OR L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

"Germany has an army equal to her wants, and if the British nation has a fleet equal to its requirements, it will be regarded by Europe generally as a most important factor for the maintenance of peace."—*The Emperor of Germany at Cowes.*



SCENE—Cowes, after the Royal Yacht Squadron Dinner. Enter jovially Our latest Admiral and a Royal Colonel.

Our Latest Admiral (sings):—

"How blest are we seamen! how jovial and gay!  
Together we fight, or together we play.  
Our hearts are true sterling,—their worth shall be seen  
We'll fight for our Country, and die for our QUEEN!"

Give me a light, Prince!

Royal Colonel. Certainly. (Does so.) But—puff! puff!—how patly you've got our nautical patter. Shouldn't wonder if you could pipe us "Poor Jack" or "The Sailor's Journal."

Our Latest Admiral. An Admiral of the QUEEN'S Navee who didn't know his DIBDIN would be a duffer.

Royal Colonel. Well, anyhow, you look "Every Inch a Sailor."

Our Latest Admiral. Quite so.

"A sailor's life is the life for me,  
(Especially at Royal Yacht Club dinners, d'ye see.)  
On the books of the Squadron I've inscribed my name,  
And Prince HENRY, my 'illustrious brother's done the same.  
And you toasted me, and I toasted you,  
And as messmates now we'll rollick—well, 'till all is blue.'"

Royal Colonel. Blue should certainly be your colour, Admiral;



and, as to the uniform, it suits you "down to the ground," as our philologists say.

*Our Latest Admiral.* Well, you don't look bad in yours, my Colonel. Aha! (*Sings*)—

"Now, Emperors all, whoever you may be,  
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,  
If your souls are not fettered to a landman's toga,  
If you'd like to haul your slacks, have a taste for  
girls and grogs;

Stick close to BRITANNIA and to Grandmamma V.  
And she'll make you an Admiral of the Queen's  
Navce!"

*Royal Colonel.* What, GILBERT, too! You must have been reading up for your new part. Well, with a knowledge of "*Poor Jack*," and "*H. M. S. Pinafore*," you'll pass muster anywhere. Very touching little reminiscence, that of yours, Nephew, about your youthful yearnings for Membership of the R. Y. S., realised to-day so happily. Quite like young DICKENS and Gadshill, you know.

*Our Latest Admiral.* Yes, or WILSON BARRITT and Hamlet, eh, Uncle?

*Royal Colonel.* Another light, Emperor-Admiral?

*Our Latest Admiral.* Thanks, Prince-Commodore-Colonel!

*Royal Colonel.* Ah, yes. I'm a Commodore, too—if it comes to that. (*Sings*)—

"This is no time for a seaman to skulk  
Under gingerbread hatches ashore!  
In a dandy yacht, or a huge war-hulk,  
At need I could figure once more.  
Press-puppies as they pass  
May cock a squinting-glass,  
And run down the Young Commodore:—  
He's a staunch Young Commodore,  
A tough Young Commodore,  
A fighting Young Commodore, he!  
And he hasn't any doubt,  
If they called the Navy out,  
They would always find him trim and fit for sea."

You see our National Nautical Muse is no stranger to me, either,—though she's more in ALFRED's line, perhaps. As to Prince HENRY, with his "*Jack forward as well as aft*," and "*We all love Jack*," why, he made all the Jacks love him at once.

*Our Latest Admiral.* Well, yes. I think HENRY, "took the cake,"—as your philologists put it. I hope we shall enjoy ourselves as much at Aldershot as we have at Portsmouth and Cowes.

*Royal Colonel.* Humph! "Our poor little Army," as the Poet Laureate once called it, is perhaps—

*Our Latest Admiral.* Like our poor little Navy, excellent—as far as it goes, eh, *mon Prince*? Well, well, your Fleet is, as I said, post-prandially perhaps, but sincerely, "the finest in the world," whilst our Army is "equal to our wants"—for the present anyhow. Hope OTTO won't object to that remark as too panglossian. You in German military uniform, and I as a British Admiral, ought to be "a most important factor for the maintenance of peace," eh, Uncle?

*Royal Colonel.* As I said. "I trust the great German Army and the Fleet we reviewed yesterday will tend to preserve the peace of the world." In fact, if armies and navies could preserve it, Peace ought to be as safe as—as—an Admiral's sea-legs, let us say.

"If you love me as I love you,  
What change can come betwixt us two?"  
as the old rustic posy-rings put it.

*Our Latest Admiral.* And very prettily, too, Prince. I'll tell BISMARCK and MOLTKE. Sure they'll rejoice in the *entente cordiale* neatly summarised in that couplet. Don't know that they care much for poetry, but they both like pith. Now I must be getting back to the *Hohenzollern*. But if, in our respective uniforms, we do not, in an extended sense, symbolise "The United Services," I'm a—Frenchman! *Au revoir!* [*Exeunt severally.*]



PORTRAIT

OF THE FAIR MRS. B. AS SHE SITS DREAMILY WAITING HER HUSBAND'S RETURN HOME.  
[N.B.—The Slippers belong to Mister B., who is a Gentleman of magnificent Proportions.]

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**ELEPHANT RAISING.**—It was certainly a happy thought of yours to bring the elephant, presented to you, as a parting *souvenir*, by the Rajah of Gobo, and with which you wished to surprise your Uncle on his birthday, down to his place by the excursion train you mention, especially as the Company seem to have been satisfied with your explanation that he was your "luggage," and charged the creature only at the rate of a single fare in consequence. Still your anxiety to "produce an effect" with him on his entrance having resulted in his going through the dining-room floor, carrying your Uncle and the five guests whom he was entertaining all together along with him into the wine-cellar, where he now appears to be imbedded,—you must not be surprised that your Uncle's temper was somewhat ruffled at the incident. In getting the Vicar and the fifty villagers to which you allude to endeavour to haul the creature out with ropes, you are no doubt on the right tack, but as they appear to have been endeavouring to move him from one o'clock in the morning to three the next afternoon, without, however, any result, it will perhaps be simpler to pull down the front of the house as you suggest, and make a passage for his exit by blowing up the adjacent lawn with gunpowder. A little lighted under the elephant himself might assist him by giving him an impetus. Have you tried this? Yes, if your Uncle turns "nasty," as you fear he may, not seeing the thing from your point of view, certainly put the whole matter into the hands of a Solicitor and there leave it.

**FALCONRY FOR BEGINNERS.**—Having purchased your hawks, as you say, "young and wild," you had better quickly procure some shilling Hand-book, and set about training them. We do not know much about it, but believe you have to strap their legs, and attach a dinner-bell to them, attracting the birds to their feeding-place by a steam-whistle or fog-horn. Your notion of "accustoming them to try their wings" in the Reading-Room of the British Museum, if practicable, is quite admirable. The apartment is sufficiently large to enable you to test them thoroughly, and if the *habitués* are disturbed, it will only show that their work cannot be of sufficient importance to monopolise their attention. If the birds attack the officials in the centre desk, the incident should cause almost endless amusement. Your idea of practising them on the fowls in your next-door neighbour's poultry-yard is also excellent. You appear to have got "fresh" birds, of the right sort, from the fact you mention of one of them swooping down on the local milkman as he was coming on his rounds; still, it is awkward that the creature should have pecked a piece out of his ear; and we should really not be surprised if you were to hear more of the matter. We think the birds should be fed on tinned lobster; but ask any pork-butcher.



## RATHER TOO HOT FOR HIM!

(A London Resident's View of Paris.)



*Le Brav' Général (loquatur).* "WELL, ALL THINGS TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION, PERHAPS I AM BETTER OFF WHERE I AM!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, August 5.*—Fancy very few people have heard of DUNRAVEN's little achievement. Beats the record in the yachting world. Yesterday afternoon I saw him at Spithead, skimming over sapphire sea in the *Valkyrie*. This afternoon, at five o'clock, he was at Westminster moving his amendment to Cruelty to Children Bill. It was after four o'clock when he put up the helm at Spithead, and bore away East-by-North-half-East; passed Beachy Head running free; fluttered by Dungeness; rounded South Foreland; ditto the North Foreland; sighted the mouth of the Thames at half-past two this afternoon; ran up with bellied sail and jumped ashore on the steps at Westminster just as Lords were going into Committee on Bill! This is brief outline of log of *Valkyrie* on wonderful voyage. Hope it will be published in full. Nothing more interesting or more thrilling in yachting records.

A full House; Archbishop of Canterbury, in nice white surplice, read long sermon directed against employment of children on the stage. Something like tremor passed along Episcopal Bench when Primate disclosed alarming familiarity with stage affairs; talked quite trippingly about KATTI LANNER, rehearsal, performance, wings, and flies. Archbishop subsequently privately explained that in performance of his duties had been absolutely necessary to make himself acquainted with these things. Growing coolness thus checked and harmony again prevailed. The Judicious HERSHELL arranged compromise whereby opposition to DUNRAVEN's proposal so far modified that on a Division it was carried by 31 Votes to 24. GALLOWAY rose to explain that he had voted in the wrong Lobby.

"Don't mention it, my dear Lord," said GRANVILLE, with his sweetest smile. "It's not of the slightest consequence."

In the Commons, SWIFT MACNEILL bubbling with excitement, and struggling with larger and hotter potato than usual in his mouth, wanted to know in what vote in Estimates they would find charge for bathing-ram? Not a difficult question. Had notice been given, and question put in ordinary form, might have been answered right off. But this sudden incursion of spluttering gentleman upset

self-possession of Treasury Bench. First of all wanted to ask CHIEF SECRETARY; CHIEF SECRETARY absent. Then SOLICITOR-GENERAL for IRELAND; SOLICITOR-GENERAL knew nothing about it. Then the SECRETARY to the TREASURY; but MACNEILL, blustering around JACKSON, was something like angry sea beating about Beachy Head. Unmoved, imperturbable, with unhas-tened speech, JACKSON said he didn't know.

MACNEILL, the potato getting hotter than ever, turned next upon the SPEAKER. SPEAKER blandly pointed out that it was not for him to answer the question. Then MACNEILL flung himself, potato and all, upon broad bosom of OLD MORALITY, "fountain of all knowledge," as he called him.

"The bathing-ram, what of the bathing-ram?" he hoarsely whispered.

"If," said OLD MORALITY, backing out of the warm embrace, "the Hon. Member will give notice of the question, I will endeavour to answer it."

*Business done.*—Education Votes in supply.

*Tuesday.*—Whirroo! Erin go bragh!

Ireland once more. BALFOUR moves Constabulary Vote in Committee; Irish ranks close up; the British disappear. GEORGE WINDHAM and HAYES FISHER, BALFOUR's private secretaries, quietly take up their seats on Bench behind him, with daggers in their boots, resolved to sell his life dearly. For the rest, blank spaces on all the Government Benches. Front Opposition Bench deserted save for HENRY FOWLER, who makes incisive and damaging speech on cost of Irish Constabulary, and SHAW-LEFEVRE, who furnishes BALFOUR with opportunity for one of his stinging remarks,—a passing arrow shot with charming grace and going home with cruel effect. Been loud complaints of employment of Irish Constabulary to dog the footsteps of Members of Parliament visiting Ireland for philanthropic purposes.

"It's an indignity," SHAW-LEFEVRE protested; "an altogether unconstitutional course."

"I am very sorry," said ARTHUR, "that any Member of this

House should be subjected to inconvenience on his visits to Ireland, and if the police knew the Right Hon. Gentleman, the Member for Bradford, as well as I do, they would not have taken the trouble to shadow him. But it must be recollected that everybody is not as innocuous as the Right Hon. Gentleman."

Few Ministerialists present shouted with delight. Irish Members groaned in disgust. "Well, they are hard to please, any way," said SIR JAMES CORRY. "If BALFOUR had said that SHAW-LEFEVRE was noxious, there would have been fearful row. He says he's innocuous, and they are equally angry."

Later, row broke out in fresh place. SWIFT MACNEILL, having exhausted his ammunition, gone out to kitchen to get fresh hot potato. T. W. RUSSELL took opportunity in his absence to accuse



Corry-O'lanus.

him of having applied for Government appointments. MACNEILL, apprised of incident, returned in state of tremendous excitement. Could almost see the steam curling about his lips as he challenged RUSSELL for proof. RUSSELL rose to reply, but somehow or other, REDMOND glided into altercation with Chairman. When this finished, HARRINGTON, in equally mysterious manner, had come in contact with the Chair. Members popping up from all sides. ARTHUR BALFOUR, determined not to be out of it, was on his feet at same moment as six other Members.

"Order! Order!" roared COURTNEY. But uproar continued; firing right and left; three-cornered duel in *Midshipman Easy* a perfectly straightforward proceeding compared with this. Lasted several minutes, till, breath being exhausted, uproar subsided; Debate proceeded from point at which incursion of MACNEILL and the hot potato had diverted it.

*Business done.*—Irish Votes in Supply.



The Valkyrie.



*Thursday.*—For one mad moment thought these anguished eyes, would look upon the Passing of ARTHUR. Turned away shuddering, fearing that when I looked back again I should behold ARTHUR torn to fragments, and OLD MORALITY, sitting beside him on Treasury Bench, dappled with his Gore. All came out of debate on Irish Constabulary Vote. Committee meandered through the night, Members talking against time. So little interest that at one time attempt made to Count Out House.



"Old Pease."

ARTHUR BALFOUR rose shortly after eleven. PEASE, Member for York ("Green PEASE" as WILFRID LAWSON calls him, to distinguish him from his respected father, Member for Durham) had complained, amongst many other things, that two Resident Magistrates, CECIL ROCHE and Colonel TURNER, had refused to subscribe towards the Kerry Races.

"What wonder," retorted ARTHUR, blandly, "when on Racing Committee is Mr. HARRINGTON, who, is in the habit in his newspaper of describing Resident Magistrates and Police as cowards, liars and uniformed bloodhounds."

HARRINGTON jumped up, and demanded authority for this statement.

"I have it on best authority," BALFOUR answered.

"What authority?" roared HARRINGTON, still on his feet,

whilst twenty Irish Members surged around him in uncontrollable excitement.

ARTHUR, momentarily losing his temper, impatiently waved his hand towards scene of uproar. HARRINGTON, maddened beyond control, pressed forward till he reached Gangway, striding onward towards the flushed CHIEF SECRETARY. Regardless of expense, he flung his own hat on floor; seemed as if he was about to take off his coat, cross floor, seize CHIEF SECRETARY by the throat; Members seated near clung to his coat-tails; and thus obtaining interval for reflection, he decided to return to his place. Uproar subsided as swiftly as it had commenced, and ARTHUR continued his remarks just as if his life had not been threatened.

*Business done.*—Irish Constabulary Vote.

*Saturday Morning.*—The worm will turn at last. OLD MORALITY, sitting all night listening with dulled senses to Irish Members abusing Government, roused just after midnight by hearing HARRY LAWSON complaining of "the underhand and treacherous manner" in which the Machiavellian MEPHISTOPHELES, JACKSON, had dealt with the London County Council, Money (No. 2.) Bill. OLD MORALITY protested. SPEAKER submitted that "underhand" is hardly parliamentary; HARRY LAWSON withdrew; Bill read Second Time, and so home to bed.

*Business done.*—Irish Constabulary Vote again.

### THE FOIL.

*The Song of an Old-fashioned Female-worshipper.*

[It is said that Fencing is the coming fashion for Ladies.]

AIR—"You'll Remember Me."

WHEN ladies' lips and ladies' hearts Shall harden into steel; When maidens playing manly parts For duelling shall "peel"; When pretty girls shall wear a mask Their loveliness to spoil, In such a moment I would ask, Won't you denounce the Foil?	When beauty and fair arms shall fight For some pot-boiling prize, Ah! won't it be a dainty sight To gladden manly eyes? Then in that strange unlovely scene Of fierce unfeminine toil, You'll think of days that once have been, And objugate the Foil!
--	--

NOT AT HOME.—Now that the Parliamentary vacation is nigh at hand, Hon. Members on all sides rejoice in the anticipation of enjoying the Summer holidays. It may or may not be that the great Liberal Party is dividing and disappearing, but all Parties unquestionably look forward with the greatest pleasure to breaking up and going away. As for the Members personally, although lost in a fog of talk, they won't be missed!

### WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

NINETEENTH EVENING.

"YESTERDAY," began the Moon, "I saw a man exhibit his skill with the rifle. It was on the stage of one of your places of entertainment. The performance was certainly very wonderful; the shooter pierced cards through the middle, put out candles, and shattered glass balls with hardly a single failure. He would not have missed at all, if the hammer had not fallen too soon now and then, before he could take proper aim. Presently I heard loud joyous barks behind the scenes, and then a great dog, with a magnificent coat of hair and a waving bushy tail, came bounding on to the platform. He was so amiable and friendly that I saw

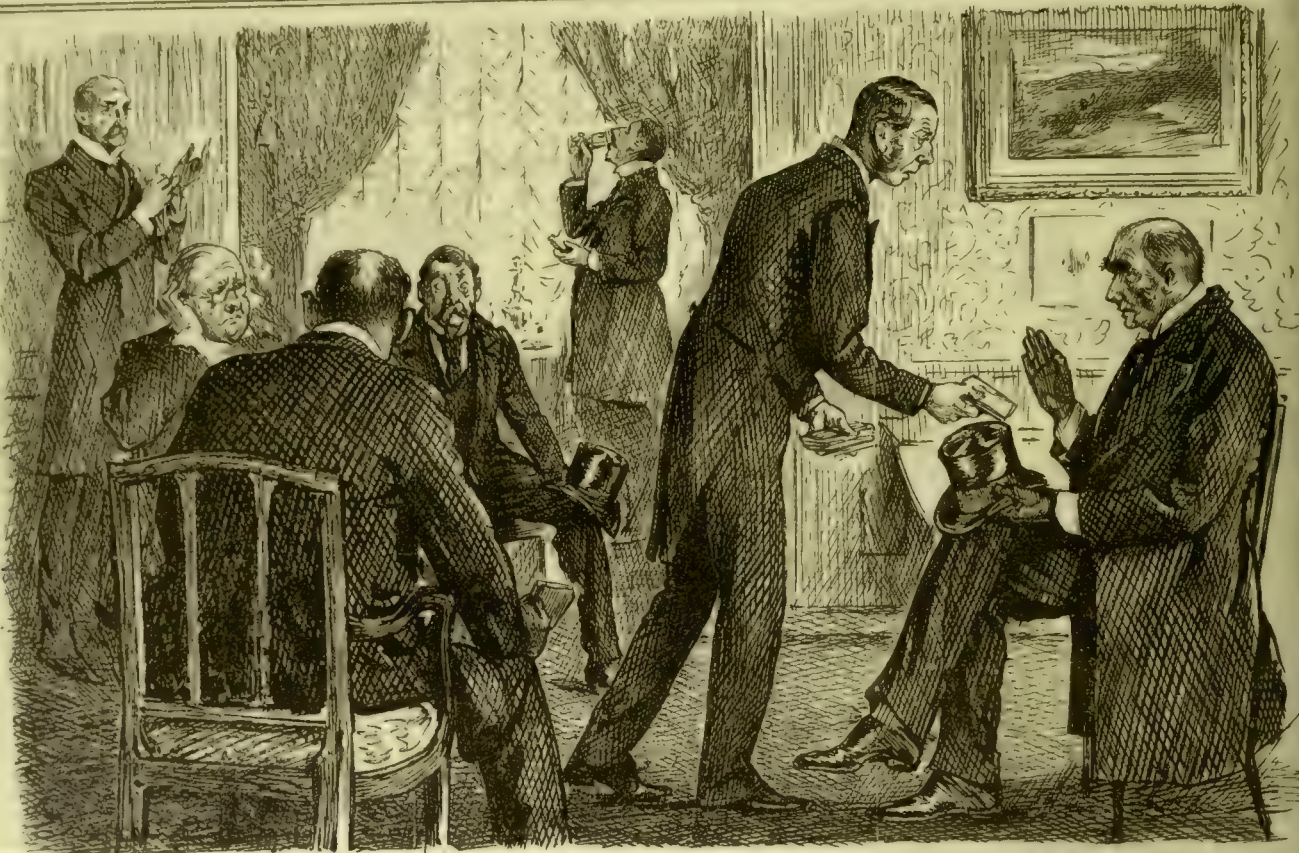


him, of his own accord, run to the edge of the stage and kiss the leader of the orchestra across the footlights. The leader wiped his mouth afterwards, but I think he was flattered nevertheless. Then they brought a chair, and the Performer ordered the dog to jump upon it, which he did. Then the dog had a band tied over his head with a small cup or socket on it, and in this socket, was placed a glass ball. I saw that the poor animal knew what was coming and secretly dreaded it, though he tried to wag his tail and appear cheerful and indifferent. The Marksman took his aim: Bang!—the dog winced,—for in his heart he was mortally afraid of firearms, but the ball was smashed, and he leaped off the chair barking with relief. However, it was not over yet, though he seemed to imagine so; his master had not done nearly enough to prove how accurate a marksman he was. Again and again, the obedient good-tempered creature mounted the chair, and various articles were put upon his head and shot in pieces with the greatest success, amidst much applause from the audience. For the last feat of all, a candle was to be extinguished. The dog did not like the lighted candle and shook his head impatiently. Ping! That shot was not quite so successful, for, though the candle flickered, it went on burning still. The dog, thinking it was all over, tried to get down, but a sharp order from his master obliged him to put his forepaws on the back of the chair again, and stand there to be shot at once more. Again the Marksman took a careful aim. I don't mind confessing that, hardened old Moon as I am, I would have given anything for a cloud just then—but I had to look on... Ping! went the bullet for the last time... Well, you needn't interrupt—there's no occasion to excite yourself," said the Moon, "he extinguished the candle... Oh, the dog? No, the dog was all right. I don't suppose there was any real danger, or the performance would never have been allowed. Only—I daresay, I'm a dull old luminary and don't understand these affairs—but it *did* seem to me that if the only object was to show off the cleverness of the shooting, a stuffed dog would answer the purpose quite as well as a live one—perhaps even better. At all events," added the Moon, "it would be fairer if the dog could be trained to take a shot or two at his master's head. But possibly the creature would never consent to endanger the man's life, for he seemed an affectionate animal."

SOMETHING TOO LITTLE.—The innumerable readers of *Punch* at least, that is to say the Public at large, will agree with the *Times* in thinking that among the pensions to larger or smaller amount awarded to meritorious persons or their representatives on the Civil List, there are "some names with which the only fault to be found is, that they are too small. Of this class are the three Misses LEECH, the sisters of JOHN LEECH, who together receive only £180 a year. These sums may be unquestionably set down as pensions of the smaller amount, if not of the smallest, and certainly none too large for three ladies past work, and in very slender circumstances, to subsist upon with any degree of comfort. For that purpose the private and voluntary subscriptions of the deceased Artist's contemporaries could hardly have been expected to be nearly up to the mark. Would Mr. JOHN BULL consider himself in any measurable distance of being ruined if those very poor pittances could be raised to an amount which would suffice their recipients to bless themselves with a little more than the barest necessities of life?

THE PLACE FOR A "ROUND" OF CHEERS.—The "Oval." Especially when Surrey beats Notts.





## THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

(ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.)

Deceased's Butler. "COPY OF BURIAL SERVICE, SIR?"

Local Doctor. "THANKS, NO. I KNOW IT BY HEART!"

## "OUT IN THE COLD!"

*A Song of the Civil List.* AIR—"Whar the Corn-Juice flows."*Paterfamilias sings:—*

My Son, before you settle down in life, and make a start,  
And fix your choice on Literature, on Science, or on Art,  
I have a word to say to you, it will be wise to hear:  
For an unlucky genius the prospect's mighty queer.  
You'll own that this conviction one's unable to resist;  
If you will do as I have done, read down the Civil List.  
Some things are illustrated there you really ought to know;  
So take stock of the quarters

Whence

The Pensions

Flow.

Civil List Pensions were, at first, intended to lend aid  
To—well, *not* to the Peerage, or the Services, or Trade.  
*They* have their little pickings in a very many ways,  
And get their share of pudding, as a rule, as well as praise;  
But writers who have missed their tip, or painters who have failed,  
And *savants* upon whom the gifts of life have hardly hailed,  
Were thought to have a special claim—but, ah! 'twas long ago!—  
Upon official quarters

Whence

The Pensions

Flow.

And verily, my hopeful son, the Sciences and Arts  
Afford precarious footholds to poor human brains and hearts;  
And you to protoplasm or Pelasgic lore may yield  
Your life, and find those regions far from a Tom Tiddler's field.  
You may paint Ideal Pictures to a very great extent,  
And find you'll have to die before they'll yield their cent. per cent.,  
Like MILLER's canvas marvels; life is short, and fame comes slow,  
And *that's* why the fund they started

Whence

The Pensions

Flow.

That's why—at least they said so. "The endowment of research,  
The providing of old Genius, when down, a modest perch  
Above the slime of Poverty for its declining days,  
Is a thing for which humanity has little else but praise.  
But then that's only theory, and theory, you see,  
Is grey, as your great GOETHE says, unlike Life's verdant tree.  
If you *will* try Fame's steep ascent, all right! but ere you go  
Take stock of that queer region

Whence

The Pensions

Flow.

It is very curious reading, as the *Times* remarks, this List,  
And some singular conclusions one's unable to resist.  
Twenty-five thousand annually is not a vast amount  
To supply for luckless Genius a charitable fount.  
It might keep a Lord-in-Waiting, and a Silver Stick or two,  
But the Muses' luckless votaries must be fortunately few  
If the valid claims of such of them as fortune has brought low,  
Do not absorb the fountain

Whence

The Pensions

Flow.

If you chanced to be descendant of a great Ambassador,  
Or of Somebody distinguished in Diplomacy or War,  
Or a high Police official, you would doubtless get a dip;  
Or if your great grandfather was commander of a ship,  
Or was murdered in Kamtschatka, or indeed if you should be  
An expatriated princeling, who pursued philology,  
Then the high Official Wisdom would not probably, say No!  
If you tried to tap the cistern

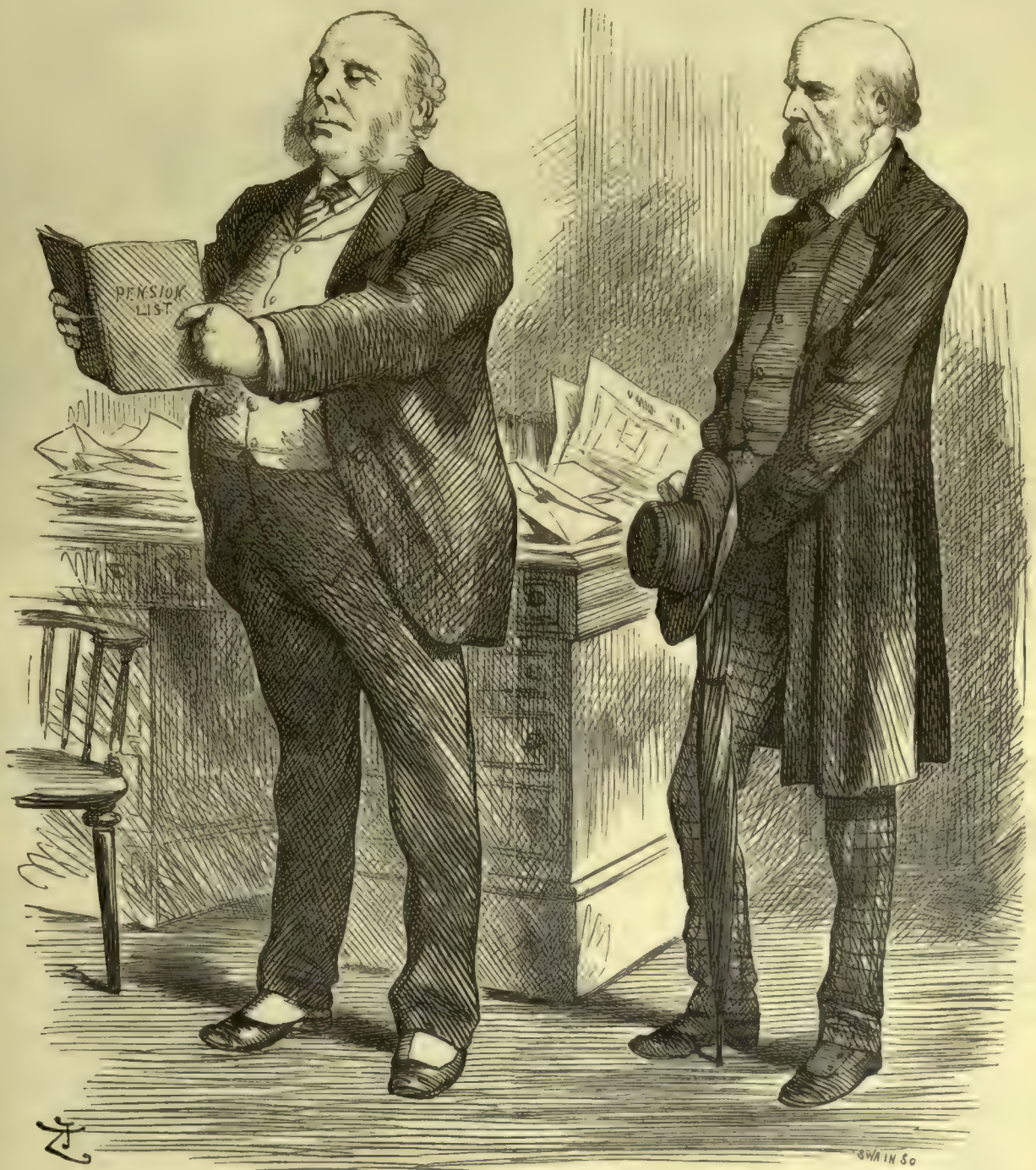
Whence

The Pensions

Flow.

But if you happened only to be—say a gentle Bard,  
Or retiring Scientist, with whom the ways of life went hard,  
Or a subtly gifted Artist whom the coteries had ignored,  
Or any genius on whom Pactolus had not poured,





## “OUT IN THE COLD!”

FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY (*to Unfortunate Genius*). “LET ME SEE; CIVIL LIST—LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART! H'M! I'M AFRAID, MY POOR FRIEND, YOU'RE HARDLY ELIGIBLE. YOU'RE NOT A FOREIGN PRINCE, NOR A TITLED POET, NOR THE RELATIVE OF AN AMBASSADOR, OR POLICEMAN—”









## A DILEMMA.

"IT'S ALL VERY WELL, MARIA, TO SAY 'HIT HIM;' BUT IF I DO, HE'S PRETTY CERTAIN TO COMMENCE KICKING!"

Then it seems extremely likely that ambassadors and peers,  
Or descendants of celebrities who have been dead for years,  
Would crowd you out of any chance of having a fair go  
At that carefully fenced-in fountain

Whence  
The Pensions Flow.

And so, my Son, I fancy you had better just reflect  
On the sort of thing that genius, fate-stricken, may expect.  
If you've only modest merit, and no "private influence,"  
You cannot look for pickings, boy, it stands to common sense.  
Of merit in "the Services," there do not lack requiters,  
But this same Fund established for "poor artists and poor writers,"  
Do you think it is confined to Art and Letters?  
Bless you, No!  
Wealth, not worth, commands all fountains

Whence  
The Pensions Flow.

CUI BONO?—What did the French Government expect to get by appointing a High Court to try General BOULANGER? They might have known that the *Brav' Général*, on trial in his absence, would be tried and—found wanting!

NUTS FOR THE QUEEN.—When Her MAJESTY was declared to be a Colonel!

## LORD TENNYSON'S DRAWINGS.

From the Return of Civil List Pensions moved for by Mr. BAYCE, it appears that the venerable Poet Laureate has been for these last forty years drawing £200 annually from the Civil List. This discovery has given an economical though not ungrudging contemporary "a slight shock of surprise." But what wonder? Many a less accomplished Artist than Lord TENNYSON would, if he could get it, be capable of drawing even more than that.

Certainly it would have been generous of the Noble Bard if, having made a sufficient fortune by the sale of his works, he had volunteered to draw no longer. But then the money would not have gone into the empty purse of a poorer poet, but (as the *Saturday Review* suggests) "would have lapsed into the broad bosom of the Exchequer." Besides, an ex-Lord Chancellor draws his thousands—some hundreds, exceeding two. Should he come into large property, would he be expected to resign his retiring pension? He might then set the Lord Poet Laureate an example of magnanimity. Is it probable that he would? Very likely.

## Impromptu.

On the occasion of the Dinner given to Dr. W. G. Grace, the Champion Cricketer, during the Canterbury Week, August, 1889.

RIDE by S. E.  
To Can-ter-bu-ree,  
To give a great dinner to W. G.  
He flogs the fasts,  
And he leathers the slows,  
And piles a big innings wherever he goes!

## VENUS POPULARIA.

[One of the Sights of the Paris Exhibition is a statue of Venus in Chocolate.]

Goddess who rose from forth the Sea,  
And didst not love the domesticities,  
To think of thee with toast and tea  
Scarce ranks 'midst fancy's fine felicity.  
The art of Advertising Trade [cities].  
Has done a deal our souls to shock o' late.  
But Aphrodite unarrayed

Can scarcely come out well in chocolate.  
African Venus—one has heard [proper].  
That phrase, which sounds a bit im-  
Yet in the flesh, 'tis scarce absurd  
Although that flesh be hued like copper.  
But Chocolate, that mawkish "stodge,"  
Which clogs the school-girls' sharp incisors,

And whose great name we cannot dodge,  
Thanks to our mural advertisers!  
Chocolate which in *bon-bon* form  
Is now indeed the choice of Paris!  
Nay, goddess, dainty-hued as warm,  
Flushed by the Loves and toned by Charis  
In such a shape, so apt to cloy,  
The Paphian Queen, the Acidalian,  
Would never fire the Phrygian boy,  
Or stir the pulses of Pygmalion.  
Alas, great goddess, once of Love!  
No more she melts to amorous metre,  
Her sweetness now mankind will move  
Not to adore her, but to—eat her!

UNMERITED ASPERSION.—Lord RANDOLPH has been described as "a ship without ballast." Yet his Lordship (the only "ship" in question with relation to the Turf) must be at least allowed all due credit for stable equilibrium.







## PUNCH TO THE POET LAUREATE

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

POET of passion pure and tempered strength,  
 Our England's pride in these hysteric days  
 Of fevered fancyings, and of fretful lays;  
 We bless kind fate that gave thee golden length  
 Of life and singing-season. Still sing on!  
 Thy manly music ill our hearts can spare,  
 Fresh as the balmy breath of English air  
 Rolling o'er gardens e'er the rose is gone,  
 And mellow as the flutings loud or low  
 That haunt the laurels round an English lawn.  
 May rosy radiance as of Summer dawn  
 Lighten the lingering eve whose footing slow  
 Softly approaches such a son of song,  
 So loyal, and so reverent, so unstained,  
 As since Spring first on English meadows rained  
 Largess of blossoms, scarce hath joined our throng  
 Of native minstrels. Live! Our restless day  
 Beholds no brow so worthy of the bay!

## AT BOILING POINT.

*A Possible Fragment of Coming History.*

"BUT, so far as can be seen, a busy time awaits the steam department on the return of the ships from the Manœuvres, for there is no blinding the fact that no dependence can be placed upon the staying powers of the ships which have been recently added to the Navy. Not only are the *Sharpshooter* and the cruisers of the M Class in a condition of suspended animation, but the *Camperdown*, the *Australia*, and the whole group of ships fitted with double-ended boilers and steel tubes and tube plates, are in a similar state of untrustworthiness. Any of them may be expected to break down when called upon to exert their maximum capacity."—*Naval Intelligence.*

THE Vice-Admiral was pacing nervously up and down his cabin. His costume was peculiar. He wore flannel trousers, and a pale blue dressing-gown, but round his waist was buckled his sword-belt, and his head was covered by the official cooked-hat, indicative of his position in the Service. Those, however, who had served under him now for seventeen days on board Her Majesty's fifth-rate cruiser, *Leg of Mutton*, were well acquainted with the cause of the somewhat curious eccentricity of his dress; for had they not since the outbreak of the war seen him daily drenched at the head of his crew, in his efforts to stop the unceasing leakage of the hot-water pipes? And did they not know that at that very moment his three Admirals' suits were for the tenth time fluttering in the Channel breeze, hung out for the purpose of getting a drying on the yard-arm? Presently he paused, and, with a hopeless look of scared bewilderment stamped upon his anxious features, gazed in a half-fearful, half-defiant manner, from the cabin port-hole.

"This was all very well," he muttered between his teeth, "when we were playing the fool at the Manœuvres. But, by Jove, it's a different thing to be boxed up in a rascally craft like this, surrounded by the ships of the enemy in real war. I can't stand it. I feel I'm going off my head! Yeo! Ho yeo! for the life of poor JACK!" Then, with a loud yell, he dashed off his cooked-hat, and, tearing his hair out in handfuls, and kicking everything out of his path, commenced rolling all over the cabin floor.

The First Lieutenant just opened the door and put his head in. "Dear me, at it again, is he? And this is the thirteenth time I've seen him like this in the last five days. Hi! Surgeon, you're wanted!" The Doctor was passing at the moment and answered the summons. The two men got him into a chair, and after the Surgeon had made him swallow a tumblerful of brandy, a quiet smile suffused the Vice-Admiral's features.

"Thanks," he said, "I'm better now. I don't know how it was, but I've been like that, lately. Anxiety, I suppose?"

"That's about it, Mr. Vice-Admiral," responded the Surgeon, cheerfully. "The suspense has got on your nerves." At this moment a shout was heard from the deck above. The three speakers looked at each other, then rose to their feet. They had not long to wait for an explanation. In another instant the look-out man, his hair standing on end and great beads of perspiration rolling down his forehead, burst into their midst, and apparently unable to find words from sheer terror, stared at them with a blanched face.



## THE LABOUR QUESTION.

*Mechanic.* "HULLO, JEM! NOT AT WORK! WHAT'S UP?"

*Collier.* "OH, WE'RE OUT ON STRIKE." *Mechanic.* "WHAT FOR, THEN?"

*Collier.* "AW DIVEN' KNAW, BUT WE'LL NOT GIVE IN TILL WE GET IT!"

"Well, my man?" asked the Vice-Admiral, encouragingly, "I presume you have sighted the Enemy?"

"Ay! Ay! your honour!" rejoined the look-out man.

"In force?" inquired the Vice-Admiral, with an adroitly assumed calmness.

"Twenty-three line of battle-ships, as I'm alive to see 'em! And here are we three fifth-rate, bursting cruisers to meet 'em. That ain't no odds. We must bolt for it!" was the reply.

"Right you are!" responded the Vice-Admiral. "Send me the Chief Steam Engineer at once." In another minute the required official staggered into the cabin. He had a very limp and crest-fallen appearance, and looked as if he had recently been severely scalded.

"Ha! Mr. Engineer, you're the man I want," commenced the Vice-Admiral, glibly. "The fact is I wish to inform you that, for the purpose of escaping capture by the Enemy, it will be necessary to put on all steam; and I must, therefore, look to you to see that the engines exert their maximum capacity."

"You know what that means, I suppose?" was the melancholy rejoinder. "It won't mean more leakage. That's only a symptom. Maximum capacity means 'boiling point,' and that means a blow-up."

"Come, come, no croaking, Mr. Engineer," responded the Vice-Admiral, decisively, "for 'maximum capacity' it will have to be."

"Well, with double-ended boilers and steel tubes and tube-plates, I know what will come of it: so don't say I didn't warn you," was the parting remark of the First Engineer, as he tottered up the cabin-stairs to obey his instructions.

Within ten minutes the Vice-Admiral had signalled to the *Blue Bottle* and the *Teapot*, "Put on steam to maximum capacity and follow me."

The Enemy, in pursuit, to their intense surprise, suddenly saw the three British vessels, one after the other, disappear with a loud explosion in a cloud of steam.

The First Engineer had been right. Double-ended Boilers and Steel Tubes had done their work, and, when relied upon for their maximum capacity, had answered by promptly and immediately blowing up!

MEDICINE AND MUSIC.—On the authority of a Chemist in the neighbourhood of the Stock Exchange, the *Pall-Mall Gazette* enumerates among the tonics generally given to City men as pick-me-ups, sal volatile, chloric ether, essence of ginger, quinine, and nux vomica; none of which, taken in moderation, are very injurious. But undoubtedly, of all tonics, the most wholesome is the Tonic Sol-fa.



## MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

## No. VIII.—THE DRAMATIC SCENA.

THIS is always a popular form of entertainment, demanding, as it does, even more dramatic than vocal ability on the part of the Artist. A song of this kind is nothing if not severely moral, and frequently depicts the downward career of an incipient drunkard with all the lurid logic of a Temperance Tract. Mr. Punch, however, is inclined to think that the lesson would be even more appreciated and taken to heart by the audience, if a slightly different line were adopted such as he has endeavoured to indicate in the following example:—

*The Singer should have a great command of facial expression, which he will find greatly facilitated by employing (as indeed is the usual custom) coloured limelight at the wings.*

## First Verse (to be sung under pure White light.)



He (these awful examples are usually, and quite properly, anonymous) was once as nice a fellow as you could desire to meet, Partial to a pint of porter, always took his spirits neat; Long ago a careful mother's cautions trained her son to shrink From the meretricious sparkle of an aerated drink.

*Refrain (showing the Virtuous Youth resisting Temptation. N.B.—The refrain is intended to be spoken through music. NOT sung.)*

Here's a pub that's handy. Liquor up with you? Thimbleful of brandy? Don't mind if I do. Soda-water? No, Sir! Never touch the stuff.

Promised Mother so, Sir. (With an upward glance.) 'Tisn't good enough!

## Second Verse. (Primrose light for this.)

Ah, how little we suspected, as we saw him in his bloom, What a demon dogged his footsteps, luring to an awful doom! Vain his Mother's fond monitions; soon a friend, with fiendish laugh, Tempts him to a quiet tea-garden, plies him there with shandy-gaff!

*Refrain (illustrating the first false step.)*

Why, it's just the mixture I so long have sought! Here I'll be a fixture Till I've drunk the quart! Just the stuff to suit yer. Waiter, do you hear? Make it, for the future, Three parts Ginger-beer!

## Third Verse (requiring Violet-tinted slide.)

By-and-by, the Ale discarding, Ginger-beer he craves alone. Undiluted he procures it, buys it bottled up in stone. (The earthenware bottles are said by connoisseurs to contain liquor of superior strength and quality.)

From his lips the foam he brushes—crimson overspreads his brow, To his brain the Ginger's mounting! Could his Mother see him now!

*Refrain (depicting the horrors of a solitary debauch poisoned by remorse.)*

Shall I have another? Only Ginger-pop! (Wildly.) Ah! I promised Mother Not to touch a drop! Far too much I'm tempted. (Recklessly.) Let me drink my fill! That's the fifth I've emptied— Oh, I feel so ill!

[Here the Singer will stagger about the boards.]

## Fourth Verse. (Turn on lurid Crimson ray for this.)

Next with drinks they style "Teetotal" he his manhood must degrade; Swilling effervescent syrups—"Ice-cream-soda," "Raspberry-ade." Koumiss tempts his jaded palate—payment he's obliged to bilk— Then, reduced to destitution, finds forgetfulness in—Milk!

*Refrain (indicating rapid moral deterioration.)*

What's that on the railings?

[Point dramatically at imaginary area.]

Milk—and in a can!

Though I have my failings,

I'm an honest man.

[Spark of expiring rectitude here.]

I can not resist it.

[Pantomime of opening can.]

That celestial blue!

Has the milkman missed it? [Melodramatically.]

I'll be missing too!

*Fifth Verse (in Pale Blue light.)*

Milk begets a taste for water, so comparatively cheap, Every casual pump supplies him, gratis, with potatoes deep; He at every drinking-fountain pounces on the pewter cup, Conscious of becoming bloated, powerless to give it up!

*Refrain (illustrative of utter loss of self-respect.)*

"Find one straight before me?"

Bobby, you're a trump!

Faintness stealing o'er me—

Ha—at last—a Pump!

If that little maid'll

Just make room for one,

I could grab the ladle

After she has done!

*The Last Verse is the culminating point of this moral drama:—The miserable wretch has reached the last stage. He shuts himself up in his cheerless abode, and there, in shameful secrecy, consumes the element for which he is powerless to pay—the inevitable Nemesis following.*

*Sixth Verse. (All lights down in front. Ghastly Green light at wings.)*

Up his sordid stairs in secret to the cistern now he steals, Where, amidst organic matter, gambol microscopic eels; Tremblingly he turns the tap on—not a trickle greets the trough! For the marble-hearted Turncock's gone and cut his water off!

*Refrain (in which the Profligate is supposed to demand an explanation from the Turncock, with a terrible dénouement.)*

"Rate a quarter owing, Comp'ny stopped supply."

"Set the stream a-flowing,

Demon—or you die!"

"Mercy!—ah! you've choked me!"

[In hoarse, strangled voice, as the Turncock.]

"Will you turn the plug?" [Savagely, as the hero.]

"No!" [Faintly, as Turncock.]

[Business of flinging a corpse on stage, and regarding it terror-stricken. A long pause; then, in a whisper,—

"The fool provoked me!

(With a maniac laugh.) Horror! I'm a THUG!

[Here the artist will die, mad, in frightful agony, and rise to bow his acknowledgments.]

## HOW TO COMBINE LUXURY WITH ECONOMY.

(Of course a purely imaginary Sketch.)

SCENE—Portsmouth Harbour Station at the close of a day devoted to a great Government Function. Enter Cool Tourist, who proceeds to occupy a large Saloon Carriage marked "reserved."

Cool Tourist. Here! I say! Is this right for London?

Official (politely). Yes, Sir. London only this train!

[Saunters down platform.]

C. T. Well, this is lucky! Saloon carriage for twenty people all to myself! Special express to town!

Voices on the platform (heard without). Here's an empty carriage!

[Rush of many Passengers to the door of Saloon.]

C. T. (kindly but firmly). This carriage is reserved.

Guard (with much suavity, introducing deputation of belated passengers). The train is very full, Sir, would you be so kind as to allow a few passengers to travel in your carriage?

C. T. (with haughty condescension). Well, ye-es, provided they do not object to smoking.

Guard (touching his cap). Very good, Sir. (Briskly, to deputation.) Now then, room here for a few smokers!

[Carriage rapidly fills. Passengers regard C. T., with reverential awe. Train moves on, and ultimately arrives at Vauxhall. Ticket Inspector gets in and demands tickets.]

Ticket Inspector (to Cool Tourist). Hallo! what's this! First-class saloon—third-class ticket? You must pay the difference!

C. T. (rising politely). Oh no, thank you, I can easily rectify your mistake by travelling the remainder of the journey in the right carriage! I am going to Waterloo!

(Curtain.)



## SUR LA PLAGE.

*SUR la Plage!* and here are dresses, shining eyes, and golden tresses,  
Which the cynic sometimes guesses are not quite devoid of art;



An Old-fashioned Watering-place.

There's much polyglottic chatter  
'mid the folks that group and scatter,  
And men fancy that to flatter is to  
win a maiden's heart.

'Tis a sea-side place that's Breton,  
with the rocks the children get on,  
And the ceaseless surges fret on all  
the silver-shining sand;  
Wave and sky could scarce be bluer,  
and the wily Art-reviewer  
Would declare the tone was truer  
than a sea-scape from BRETT's hand.

And disporting in the waters are the  
fairest of EVE's daughters,  
Each aquatic gambol slaughters  
the impulsive sons of France,  
While they gaze with admiration at  
the Mermaids' emulation,  
And the high feats of natation at  
fair Dinard on the Rance.

There are gay Casino dances, where, with Atalanta glances  
That ensnare a young man's fancies, come the ladies one by one;  
Every look is doubly thrilling in the mazes of quadrilling,  
And, like *Barkis*, we are willing, ere the magic waltz is done.

And at night throng Fashion's forces where the merry little horses  
Run their aggravating courses throughout all the Season's height;  
Is the sea a play-provoker?—for the bard is not a joker  
When he vows the game of poker goeth on from morn till night.

There St. Malo walls are frowning,—'twas immortalised by BROWNING,  
When he wrote the ballad crowning with the laurel HERVÉ RIEL;  
With ozone each nerve that braces, pleasant strolls, and pretty faces,  
Sure, of all fair sea-side places, Breton Dinard bears the bell!

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**DISPOSING OF A PUBLIC STATUE.**—Your enthusiastic friends in the North, who have testified their admiration of your public career by presenting you with a colossal effigy of yourself in bronze, fifteen feet high, for which, owing to local jealousy, you can find no site in your native town, appear to have occasioned you considerable inconvenience by their injudicious gift. It is very troublesome that you should have had to bring it up to London, but we are not surprised that the Dean refuses to admit it into the Abbey, although you have coupled your offer with an undertaking to make a reputation in some measure worthy of it before you die. Yes, certainly, try the people at South Kensington. Call at about three o'clock at the Museum, and leave the statue, as "a loan" with your card. Even if they can find a place for it only among the "Flesh-Producing Foods," it will at least have solved your difficulty for a time. Should this fail, why not attempt to place it somewhere on the Thames Embankment? There are several spots secluded by the local shrubbery where a monument of the kind could be set up almost unnoticed. Drive it down quietly on a brewer's dray in the twilight and see if you cannot manage this. But, perhaps, on the whole you would do better to leave it, in its present quarters, in the front area of your friend's house in the Cromwell Road, and let it embellish the neighbourhood, at least for as long a period as he is willing to let it stay there. The area-railings, apparently, only come up to the waist, and the head reaches the top of the dining-room window. Remember the extreme difficulty of finding a site for the statue of an unknown man. We should advise you to make the best of this. Sound your friend as to a permanency. Think it over.

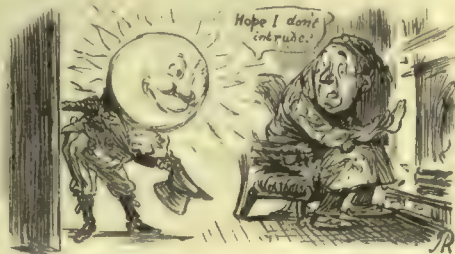
**A NEW ENTERTAINMENT.**—Your idea of copying Buffalo BILL's "Wild West" show, and giving an entertainment to be called the "Savage South," appears to promise excellently, and you are most fortunate in already having succeeded in securing from Central Africa two bisons, a male hippopotamus, five boa constrictors, and twelve genuine cannibals of the Mblowawampwa tribe, though we can understand that the sudden arrival of these at your semi-detached villa residence at Battersea must, as you state, have, for the moment, seriously hampered your domestic arrangements. It is to be deplored, of course, that the five boa constrictors immediately got loose, and that the hippopotamus managed to escape, and after upsetting two tramway cars and a butcher's cart, was only run to

earth, after, alarming the whole neighbourhood, in the back parlour of a local china shop. Awkward, again, is it for you having to appear at the Police Court in answer to the summons served on you in consequence of the conduct of the cannibal tribe; for it seems a pity that you could not, even in dumb show, have explained to them that you are not at war with your next-door neighbour, and that even if you were, it would not justify you in making a raid on their premises and eating, uncooked, seven-and-thirty fowls, a couple of mastiffs, a cage of canaries, a grey parrot, and three cats. Fortunately you appear to have secured the two bisons safely in the bath-room. On the whole, though you appear to have made rather a bad beginning, you must bear in mind that things might have been considerably worse, and you must not suffer yourself to be disheartened. With regard to organising your Show, certainly communicate, as you suggest, with the authorities at "Olympia" without delay. Meantime you might try some sort of preliminary opening at a Third-class East-end Music-hall. If you could get your twelve Cannibals to go through a short war-dance with carving-knives, and eat a sheep alive in three minutes, in the presence of the audience, as you propose, you could, no doubt, make favourable terms, and tide over the interval before the arrival of your next consignment, consisting of the fifty monkeys, nine hyenas, and three full-grown lions you mention, together with the other one hundred and sixteen members of the Mblowawampwa tribe, who are under agreement to join you at Battersea next month, and whose arrival will enable you to set about your programme in real earnest. We shall watch the progress of your enterprise with much interest.

## I'M A BORE!

(A Song of Self-Consciousness. By Tereido.)

I'm a Bore, I'm a Bore; very sorry to be,  
Treating others the same as I'd have them treat me.  
My intentions are good, very likely, but then  
I give grievous offence to a great many men,  
And offend every woman almost even more.  
Can't help that—wish I could; I'm a Bore, I'm a Bore!



Not to weary companions, who don't want to hear  
My discourse, I am dumb; of the many keep clear.  
As they please, they may mark, or not mind, what I say.  
If they won't, well, I simply get out of their way.  
Then they think I neglect them, whereat they feel sore,  
Though I spare them; yet still I'm a Bore, I'm a Bore!

Are my sympathies narrow? That can't be denied;  
Never mind; I've antipathies equally wide.  
They that style me unsocial may say what they please,  
I get on with associates who set me at ease;  
Not like those every word I can say that ignore  
When I open my mouth. I'm a Bore! I'm a Bore!

Let them snub me who list; I had rather they'd not.  
As for that, one can only be snubbed on the spot.  
They can snub no acquaintance behind the man's back,  
Where of harmless derision resentment I lack.  
Like the Stoic, the Sage, and the Sophist of yore,  
Solon, too, might have sung, I'm a Bore! I'm a Bore!

**NOT SO MAD AS WE SEEM.**—One of the cleverest men and greatest philanthropists of the day, Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, in his Address to the British Medical Association, has declared that novel-reading, so far from being pernicious to the health, is perfectly wholesome. After this, it may be safely said that a "Shilling Shocker" cannot be accurately described as "shocking." The eccentricity of genius, Sir JAMES further pointed out, is very different from the stupidity of the insane. This will be a satisfactory reflection to the majority who live outside the houses reserved for a specially select (and selected) minority!



## THE NEW CHAMPION OF CERES.

(A Present-day Pastoral.)



"It is understood that Mr. CHAPLIN has been offered, and has accepted office as President of the new Board of Agriculture."—*Daily News*.

Ceres . . . British Agriculture.

Menalcas . . Mr. CH-PL-N.

Ceres. "Your merit and your years command the choice,"

As VIRGIL puts it.

Menalcas. CERES, I rejoice  
In opportunity too long deferred.

"Protection's" period I had much preferred  
For my sublime appearance on the course,  
But that no longer is a winning horse.

Whate'er our swiftness, weight, dear CERES,  
stops us.

But I will do my best for you—ask MORSUS.

Ceres. "How is my soul with such  
promise raised!"

Menalcas. Thanks, CERES! I'm accus-  
tomed to be praised,

And when I write MY *Georgics*—as I will—  
VIRGIL himself shall own my greater skill.  
That pastoral poet, in his petty age,  
Knew nought of phosphates, or of ensilage.





## UNANSWERABLE QUESTIONS.

Laura (who wishes to thoroughly master the mysteries of Cricket). "BUT THEN, EMILY, WHAT HAPPENS IF THE BOWLER GETS OUT BEFORE THE BATTER?"

[Emily gives it up!]

It would have opened his calm eyes, you know,  
Could he have seen our recent Windsor Show,  
"Quorum pars magna fui."

["Swells visibly."  
Ah! no doubt

Ceres. You're the one man they cannot do without, My modern votaries. And indeed, indeed, I want a potent friend—great is my need. Look at me. Do I seem the sort of thing I did to shepherds in the classic Spring, When thousands knelt at my uplifted shrine, With offerings of honey, milk, and wine?

Menalcas. Humph! Hardly, if I rightly recollect.

But after CORDEN what could you expect?

Ceres. Behold my rain-drenched robes, my scanty sheaves!

The little chance the yawping Yankee leaves The grasping landlord mars. A pretty go! Stranded betwixt high rents and prices low.

Menalcas (melted). Poor Lady! Ah! Great Goddess of the Sickle,

Our New Democracy is blind and fickle. Even we Tories,—well, you scarce can trust us.

I only wish we had a new AUGUSTUS, Whom, as "Propitious CÆSAR!" I might hail.

But SALISBURY, though his tongue is like a flail,

Is not much of a husbandman. He's poor, Whose only skill is in the threshing-floor.

I don't want to create a Party Schism, But on Protection and Bi-Metallism—

Ceres (curiously). What's that?

Menalcas (dubiously). Well,—never mind. Goddess or human,

I must confess I never knew a woman Who understood the Currency. However, That's not the question now.

Ceres (admiringly). You are so clever, And so commanding in your general bearing, That I presume you're not "out for an airing,"

But "on the job" this time on my behalf.

Menalcas. Quite so! (Aside.) I hope she don't mean this as chaff!

I hate a chaffing woman.

Ceres. Trade, the Vulture, Gnaws at the vitals of poor Agriculture.

What aid, my Titan, will your hands afford?

Menalcas. Well, don't you see, there's something in a Board!

Ceres (innocently). Is there? I hope 'twill be a Board of—works!

Menalcas. No—don't say that; it smacks of jobs and "perks."

Ceres. I mean, not one of words alone.

Menalcas. Ah, yes!

No doubt, affairs have got into a mess With you, my CERES. But pray be content,

And keep your eyes upon your—President, And he will pull you through!

Ceres. How nice that sounds!

Menalcas. Be hopeful, within reasonable bounds,

I'll do my best.

Ceres. "Nor Ceres from on high Regard your labours with a grudging eye."

So VIRGIL said about the labouring peasant.

May your toil be as hopeful, and more pleasant!

SOME OF BRITANNIA'S HARDSHIPS.—Her Ironclads.

## GOVERNMENT BY PLÉBISCITE.

IN morals, politics, theology, and even science, the *plébiscite* is getting recognised as the only sure and certain method of arriving at the truth. Take a show of hands on any issue—and there you have it. Who shall decide between Protection and Free Trade, Bi-metallism and Mono-metallism? Of course the People, in *plébiscite* appealed to.

What is the real value of M. PASTEUR's system of inoculation against hydrophobia? Put it to the vote. Is Darwinism a mere speculation, or are development, evolution, natural selection, and the survival of the fittest, the outcome of sound induction, and eternal verities? Take a *plébiscite* upon it. Is the world not yet six thousand years old, or has it existed for innumerable ages? Wait and see what the *plébiscite* will say. Shall the moderate use of generous liquors be permitted to those who like them, or everybody be compelled to abstain from them by Local Option, or by the total suppression of the liquor traffic? Inquire of the *plébiscite*. Is it right and fit to investigate physiology by vivisection, or is it cruel and inhuman, and have any discoveries of any consequence been made by experiments on living animals—yes or no? What is the function of the spleen? How much truth, if any, is there in Phrenology, or is it all humbug? Are Mesmerism and Hypnotism realities or bosh? Whether or not are certain contagious, infectious, and zymotic diseases produced by microbes, micrococci, and bacteria? The *plébiscite* will tell you—the effectual, infallible, expeditious, and irresistible *plébiscite*!



## AN INTERIM REPORT FROM THE MANŒUVRES.



"WE ARE UNANIMOUSLY OF OPINION THAT THE BRITISH FLEET SHOULD BE PUT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE ON A FIRMER AND MORE STABLE BASIS!!!"

## EXAMINATION PAPER FOR THE DULL SEASON.

1. HAVE you ever heard of the People's Palace? If you have, give your reasons for supposing that you might do worse than spend half an hour in it, now that the Royal Academy is closed, and all your clubs are in the hands of the renovators.
2. Give a short account of the efforts recently made to establish Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, paying special attention to the reasons given for the occasionally abrupt and seemingly erratic alteration in the programme. Do you think that music will have a better chance in this house now that the columns of the exterior have been painted chocolate and gold, and the auditorium has been converted into a sort of theatrical edition of "Ye Olde Englishe Countrie Fayre," with gauze blinds in the shape of windows to the private boxes?
3. What do you know of the Victoria Steamboat Association? Give either (a) some account of the band on board the *Cardinal Wolsey* during a voyage from Pimlico Pier to Hampton Court on a wet Bank Holiday, or (b) a short essay upon the resources of the refreshment department of that excellent vessel *Citizen A*.
4. Give your reasons for supposing that most of the evening papers commence daily with a "second edition" because there can be found no one in town to read the first.
5. Who is Colonel NORTH, and why is he Vice-President of the Spanish Exhibition? Describe as fully as you can the various importations from the Peninsula to be seen at West Kensington.
6. Give shortly the derivation of the following phrases, with examples taken from the amusements of the period to illustrate their meaning:—"Dull as ditch-water," "A ghastly entertainment," "Quite too awful," and "A first-class A 1 send-you-off-to-Hanwell-raving-mad staggerer."
7. How many excuses are there for getting away from London? Select one, and trace it to its natural termination.

"AFTER THE OPERA IS OVER."—The Director of Her Majesty's Opera House has done well in associating with the production of the Grand Pantomime (due at Christmas) the name of Mr. E. SOLOMON, the Composer of the music to *Pickwick*, and *Taming a Tiger*. This Solo in the orchestra (or rather SOLOMON) is certain to be a popular feature in the face of the difficulties of the situation. It will be no easy matter to successfully rival the long-established glories of the National Theatre, Drury Lane, and the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

A WELSH ASSERTION.—Great indignation has been expressed at the line taken with regard to the QUEEN's visit to Wales by Mr. GEE. As a costermonger is wont to say to members of apparently the same family, "Gee, wo!"

A GOOD RESOLUTION.—In the House of Commons, that the Muzzling Order shall be the Order of the Day.

## "THERE'S MANY A SLIP!"—

(See "L'Audace!!"—*Punch*, Volume XCIV., pp. 198, 199, April 28, 1888.)

WHAT ho! my "climbing CÆSAR,"—climbing whither?—

This is exceeding awkward, is it not? Cliff-scalers count on many a slide and slither, Rased knuckles, shins abraded, fingers hot; But this looks like a most conclusive "cropper;" And though, perchance, "things are not what they seem,"

It is a staggerer which might put a stopper Upon the most audacious clamberer's dream. L'Audace! But lately have you not looked quaky.

A little less tenacious in your grip, With trembling toes, and knees a trifle shaky? The other day you had a serious slip; And this—this is catastrophe, they tell us, Your enemies, who in your fall exult.

No more the "Sword of France," her great MAR-CELLUS,

That stone, like rock from Titan catapult, Tumbles you downward from the midway station You had attained with so much cunning toil. And—is that really croaky cackinnation Comes from the crowned fowl you deemed your spoil?

Yes, "there is many a slip" for climbing CÆSAR, And slips, his friends may say, bring little seathe;

But still, a headlong tumble is a teaser Even for friends of more than Punic faith. And his friends—well, they make a motley muster,

Toppers and tag-rag; as they watch and wait, With clashing interests but common fluster, The progress of this challenger of fate, One thinks of a mixed pack, wolves, jackals, beagles,

Following a new Actæon—to what end? That is not the most glorious of Eagles To whose high eyrie he would fain ascend. A shabbyish bird, for all its Sphinx-like bearing, Cheap-looking, though it wears a pinchbeck crown,

Poor quarry of such craft and so much daring! How feels it, as the fowler tumbles down, That old, old bird of prey, whose battered pinions Look sleek whilst folded close, but, boldly spread, Might disappoint sham-CÆSAR and his minions? Yes, the cliff-scaler's down, but is he dead?

"Dead as the dust of PHARAOH!" shriek his foemen.

"No, deathless as the Phoenix!" shout his friends.

"So NAP. appeared to stumble"—absit omen!—"So wobbles a balloon, yet still ascends." "Bah! Rabagas goes up like a fired rocket, And then descends as quickly, like its stick."—"A rogue who'd dip his hand in France's pocket!"—"A charlatan whose policy's all trick."

"A scheming tyrant, a dull tool of faction," "Soldier dishonoured!" "gentleman forsworn!"

So rings the Charivari! France's action

Meanwhile is not as clear as Attic morn. Would she enthrone the "mountebank"—or stone him?

That "chunk of old red sandstone" near his head Looks formidable; has it overthrown him?

Is Humpty-Dumpty down as good as dead? Stone-throwing is so easy from a distance.

Meanwhile this is a cropper, that's quite clear. Can he get up again without assistance?

That question rouses rival hope and fear. He's not a noble cragsman, this big blunderer,

And even such an Eagle for its lord, Requires, *Punch* fancies, an authentic Thunderer,

And not a Jove pour rire, whose bolts are stored In a mere Firework factory; fizz and splutter

Won't scare the Titans and maintain the Throne. The Climber's down,—and if his fall is utter, Mankind has little cause to make a moan.

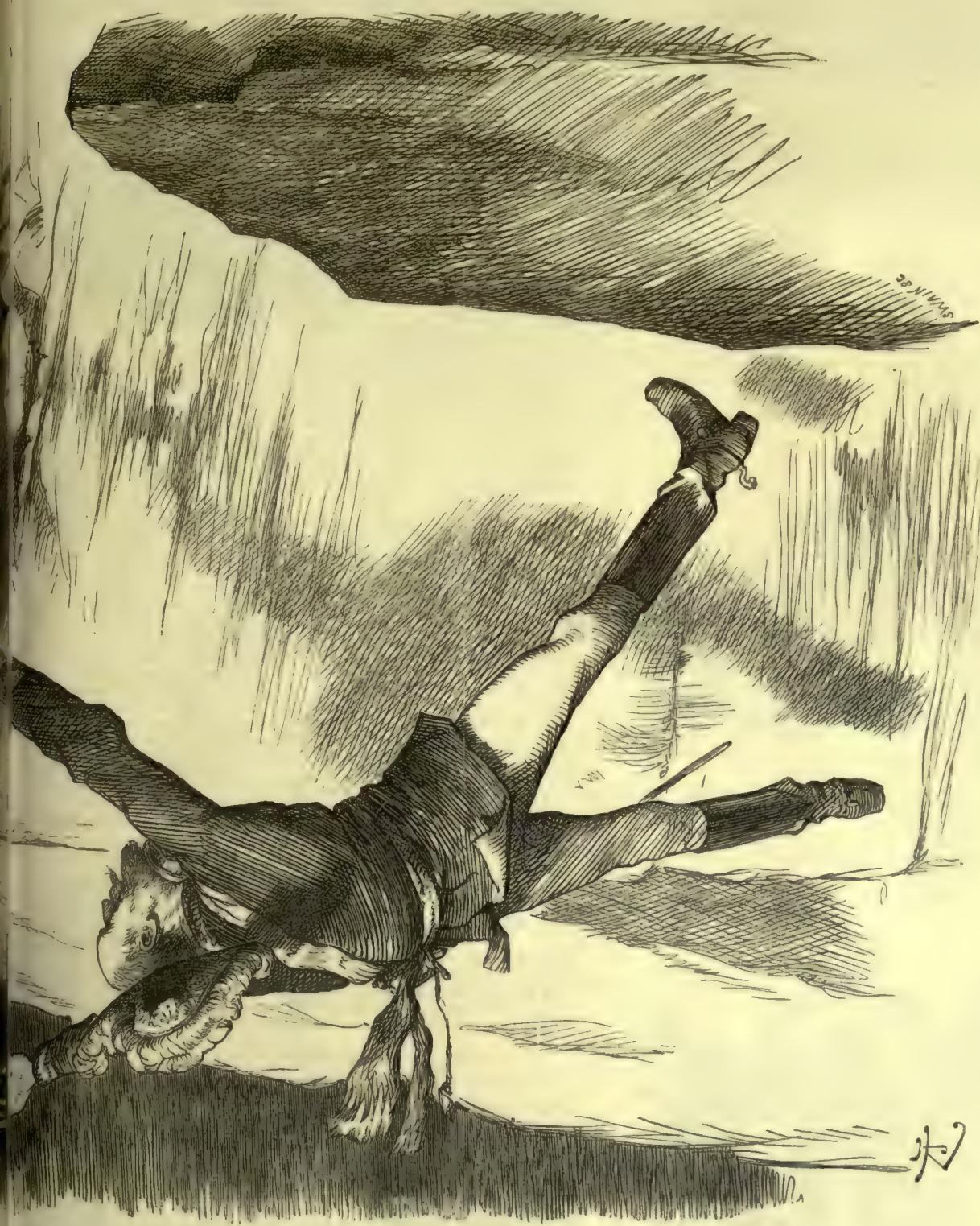












“THERE’S MANY A SLIP!”—

(Sequel to “L’Audace!”—“Punch,” April 28th, 1888.)







## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTIETH EVENING.

"I HAVE just come from an old country town!" said the Moon. "Up the hill from the bridge the long High Street stretches, passing under an old gateway, where there is a clock that, when illuminated,



as it is every evening, has often been mistaken for me by shortsighted persons. Further on rises the dark red church-tower, with its weather-beaten statues, which have sat for hundreds of years in their lofty niches, and up beyond the church, the gabled upper stories of the shops project far over the pavement, and are supported by clumsy stone pillars. Crowning all is the old castle-keep, standing high above the grey roofs and tall red chimney-stacks, from which at dusk the smoke

risers in a pearl-grey mist. I love to look down into the main street at nightfall, and see the old richly moulded ceilings in the upper rooms, thrown into high relief by the lamplight. There is a certain confectioner's shop, too, close to the gateway, into which I am never tired of looking; it is a queer old shop, with ancient blue and white Dutch tiles set in the brickwork under the small-paned window, and inside, on rows of shelves, are ranged tin boxes, painted scarlet and labelled with the titles of old, old confections, the very names of which would make any confectioner stare if they were inquired for at the present day. But there are the quaint names still, full of old-fashioned associations: 'Platoff Biscuits,' 'Coburg Cakes,' 'Nelson Ribs,' 'Cardamom Comfits,' 'Pippin Paste,' though I daresay there is nothing at all inside any of the boxes now.

"Outside this shop I saw quite a little drama enacted the other night. Three little girls had got a penny to lay out between them, and they had decided to spend it at this particular establishment. They could not make up their minds what to purchase, and, after a great deal of discussion, had left this delicate business to the discretion of the oldest and wisest of the three, who was commissioned to go in and choose. The other two, being too shy to accompany her, remained outside and watched her proceedings through the window, in a state of the utmost suspense. I could see their little excited faces pressed against the panes, and lit up by the smoky lamp that burnt dimly on the counter, and I could hear all that they were saying.

"She's asking her if it's lemin-cushins she wants," said the first, in a whisper, as the old woman who kept the shop fumblingly opened one of the glass jars. "There ain't no sense in lemin-cushins!"

"She won't have nothing to say to them," said the second; "it's ginger-lozenges she's after!"

"Nasty hot things!" added her friend; "run in and tell her not to, BETSY—tell her to buy pep'mints instead—quick now!"

"I shan't," was the reply; "I can't abear pep'mints."

"They were just about to fall out over this difference in taste, when one of them drew a long breath. 'She ain't goin' to have neither on 'em,' she announced. 'Oh, BETSY, look! SARAH's goin' to spend the whole penny in Parliment cake! She is!'"

"And I was relieved to find that the mingled audacity and prudence of this decision on the part of their ambassadress seemed to give general satisfaction, for the third child was warmly applauded as she came out bearing a paper bag, and when I last looked they were tripping up the hilly street, munching 'Parliament' together in the most amicable of moods!"

## A TEMPERATE BUTLER.

WHAT is a Butler? "One who has the care of liquors." Dictionary definition. But, as there are liquors and liquors, so likewise it seems are there butlers and butlers, ordinary butlers and butlers extraordinary. A butler of the latter sort appears to be indicated by the subjoined advertisement in the *Times*:—

**WORKING BUTLER WANTED,** immediately, for a country house; part of the year in town. Two footmen and odd boy kept. Must be an abstainer of standing, under 40 years of age, have good personal character, and be thoroughly up in his duties.

A butler who is also an abstainer, one would think, must be one of the extraordinary butlers; an odd butler who would be well assorted with an odd boy. The liquors he is required to take care of can hardly be intoxicating liquors. What can a teetotaler know of port and sherry, claret, burgundy, or champagne? His experience can have acquainted him only with non-alcoholic drinks. In the

capacity of a butler is he expected to preside over a cellar of soda-water and Apollinaris, and to furnish his employer's dinner-table with toast-and-water? The duties such a butler is qualified to be up to must be light, like the beverages committed to his charge. If he kept any conscience, he could scarcely answer the purpose of a master who, although a member of the United Kingdom Alliance, does not himself scruple to drink and to supply his guests with wine and spirits. To be sure, even a tipping master might think it advisable to take an effectual precaution against possibly engaging a drunken butler. Still, an inquiry for a butler pledged to sobriety may be regarded as a gratifying token of the progress of temperance principles.

## THE TAILOR QUITE AT SEA.

Now that everyone is thinking of the Naval Manœuvres, the fashions of our sailors are more than usually interesting. As some doubt has been expressed as to the meaning of the official description of the uniform great-coat, we think it advisable, at this important juncture, in the interests of our gallant tars, to explain it with pen and pencil. According to *The Regulations* the great-coat has to be of "blue milled cloth, to come to fourteen inches from the ground." So far (as our sailor-boys would observe) "all is fair sailing." However, when we learned that it had to be double-breasted, and had to have six uniform "buttons" on each side, with "flaps" across the skirt in front of the hip, we felt that we needed the assistance of our Artist to make the matter clear to the uninitiated, the more especially as there had to be a "stand-and-fall" collar. However, our accomplished colleague was quite equal to the occasion, and immediately dashed off the following:—



Front View of Naval Great-coat, showing Uniform "Buttons," Flaps, and "Stand-and-Fall" Collar.

Still, this spirited sketch scarcely explained the many strange details of this mysterious garment. *The Regulations* insisted that a "plait should be worn with an opening down the back eighteen inches long." This was to be supplemented "by a fly, and four small plain 'buttons.'" Moreover, with the assistance of "two corresponding uniform 'buttons,'" the waist was to be confined with a strap. Again having recourse to our talented friend, he made another rapid drawing, which we subjoin:—

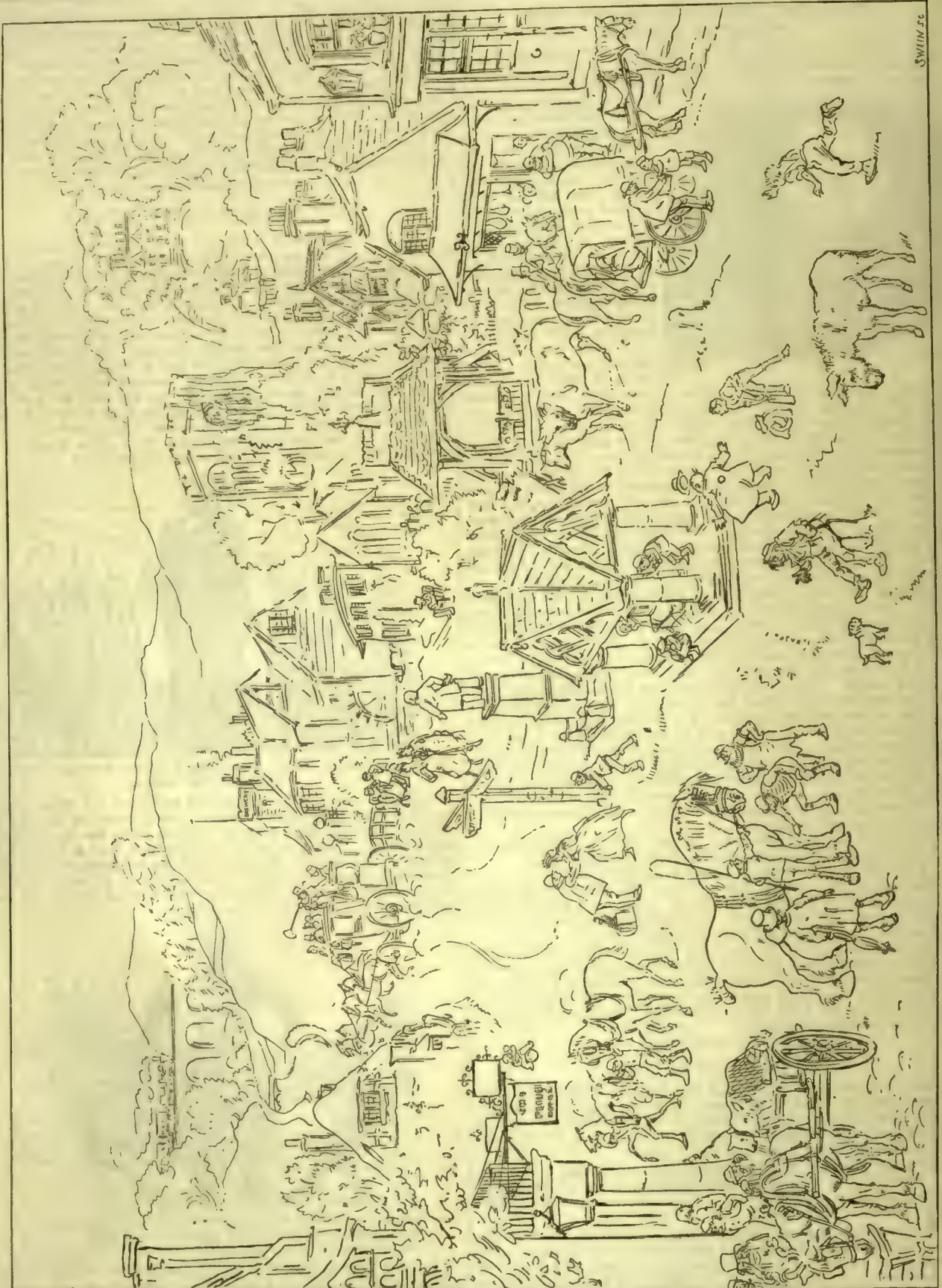


Back View of Naval Great-coat, showing "Plait," with "opening down the back eighteen inches long," "Fly and four small plain 'Buttons,'" and "corresponding uniform 'Buttons,'" confining waist.

After this short article, with its free-hand sketches, we trust that none of our readers will find any further difficulty in understanding the meaning of the words "uniform 'buttons,'" if they have, they can easily refresh their memory by referring to our pages.



INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 78.



OUR MODEL VILLAGE.

SWIN 22



## PUZZLED!

*Policeman X Junior loquiter —*

STANDS Scotland where she did? Leastways,  
by that I means, stands Scotland Yard?  
Well, howsomever it may be, hus Bobbies'  
fix is getting hard; [do his duty manful,  
A young P. C., say such as me, who wants to  
Don't find his road pertickler clear. Things  
isn't right—not by a can-full.

Where are we now? That's what I ask;  
and if I get a answer, 'ang me!  
I find a few as plum me up, and many more  
as slate and slang me;  
But when I call for a straight tip concerning  
of my proper duty,  
I find there's scarce two thinks alike, which  
I consider fudge most footy.

Look at this mad-dog bizness now, this  
blessed muddle of the muzzle;  
There may be sense in it somewhere—where  
it comes in, though, is the puzzle.  
Cur-hunting, at the best of times, is not nice  
sport, let alone rabies;  
But—well, I think our bosses must be bit  
themselves; they act like babies.

If we *must* lasso the stray tykes, and take  
our chance of hydrophoby,  
We may not cotton to the work, but if it so  
be, let it so be.  
But as it stands we're in a fog, the County  
Councillors snub and slate us,  
And as for them as own the dogs, females  
pertikler, they just hate us.

A. P.C.'s a Pill-garlic now, a general martyr,  
—that's a moral.  
And why? Becos the various parties what  
should rule do naught but quarrel.  
MONRO's and ROSEBERRY's little lots are at it  
cats-and-dogs already.  
And while it's so, can you expect us Peelers  
to be straight and steady?

I don't care much who bosses us, so as the  
bossing is done clever,  
And ain't all shift and shindying. This style  
though can't go on for ever.  
There'll be a bunnick up one day, a general  
row, all sects, and sexes;  
That's the opinion of some toffs, anyhow it's  
Policeman X's.

Mister MONRO's a decent sort, and Mister  
ROSEBERRY's another;  
But party sperrit mucks up all, and makes  
a brother hate his brother.  
Can't *someone* settle the whole thing upon a  
basis sound and stable;  
And not keep up this bad old game of Pot  
and Kettle, CAIN and ABEL?

If I lets a Street-spouter] rave, Property  
drops on me a smasher,  
Whilst if I land him on the nob, Poverty  
calls me "brutal basher."  
If a Beak backs me from the Bench, scribes  
bully me in every journal;  
And, if the papers praise me, I may get the  
sack. The game's infernal

I do not want to brain stray curs, or bâton  
Socialists or Paddies;  
That's a wild fancy of the raving Reds,  
fierce Rads, and frothing faddies.  
Salvationists may spout their fill for me  
with banner, drum, and trumpet,  
But I object to being blamed all round, or  
bashed into a crumpet.

Gents, settle it between you, please! I  
simply asks you, on the Q.T.  
What in these most peecoliar times is Police-  
man X Junior's duty?  
At present it's a Will-o'-the-Wisp, and I  
am weary of pursuing it.  
Jest tell me what my bizness is, my lords,  
and—back me up in doing it!



## 'HOPE DEFERRED.'

*The Rev. Mr. Quiverfull.* "AH! IT'S ALL VERY WELL, MR. WURZELL, TO SAY YOU'LL  
PAY YOUR TITHES SHORTLY—ALL VERY WELL! BUT YOU'VE SAID THAT EVER SINCE LAST  
CHRISTMAS, AND I REALLY CANNOT WAIT UNTIL THAT SACRED FESTIVAL COMES ROUND  
AGAIN!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, August 12.*—Pity the MARKISS couldn't have been  
accommodated with seat in Gallery whilst Debate going forward to-night on Tithes Bill.  
"Can't be done," OLD MORALITY protested, when, one evening little more than fortnight  
ago, MARKISS said, "We shall want the Tithes Bill pushed through;" "None of our men like  
it; the other side, of course, won't have it; we shall be kept sitting into September; and  
then I doubt whether we can carry the Bill."

"Oh, yes, you will," said the MARKISS, drawing down his beetleblack brows in manner  
that makes OLD MORALITY's heart sink within him. "You must go on. Say the thing  
must be done; and we'll take a little holiday."

So it came about. Lords adjourned from to-night till Thursday, and OLD MORALITY  
left to struggle against friends and foes on behalf of Tithes Bill. GRAND YOUNG GARDNER  
moved first of series of Instructions to Committee. HARCOURT, fresh from self-communing



in New Forest, returns after ten days' absence; finds all the other Leaders gone away; only himself left in undisputed possession; spreads himself out on Front Bench, prepared to make things hot for Government. Welsh Members gather under banner of OSBORNE AP MORGAN, and harass Government on flank. Irish Members turn up in full force; a rarely united Opposition; strangely hesitating Ministerial force. Not a man to say a good word for the Bill. HARTINGTON sleeps through speech-making; goes into Lobby with Government in Divisions, and thinks nothing more can be expected from him. His own men Vote in other Lobby; even WIGGIN—"The WECKLESS WIGGIN," as CHRISTOPHER SYKES calls him—revolts.

"I have travelled a hundred miles," he said, "to come here to-day and vote against this Bill."

A hundred miles! Stupendous! Wish the MARKISS could have heard this. But the MARKISS gone cheerfully off to dinner, and left OLD MORALITY to struggle against odds. One time seemed as if Ministry would be defeated on GRAY's Amendment. Whips from either lobby come in almost at same moment, indicating equality of numbers. When figures announced it appeared defeat averted by majority of four.

"And when we started in business," said OLD MORALITY, "our majority was 114."

*Business done.*—The Tithes Bill's—very nearly.

*Tuesday.*—This was HANDEL COSHAM's opportunity. Been in House a year or two now; never found appropriate opening for his superior talents. As he says, with his pleasant humour, "I'm really only man in House with a HANDEL to my name, and I ought to live up to my natural advantages."

Ministry in increasing difficulties with Tithes Bill; majority gradually disappearing; got down as low as four. This was on Instruction moved yesterday by GRAY. That's all very well for him; but supposing a man of commanding eloquence, of profound knowledge, of graceful bearing, deep sympathy with the people, should appear in the lists and run a tilt at the shaken Ministry, where would they be?

"I'll do it," said HANDEL COSHAM.

So put on radiant white waistcoat, pair of carefully selected sixteen-shilling summer trousers, and early repaired to House. Great thing when you're going to make important speech, probably leading to overthrow and resignation of Ministry, to get a corner seat. COSHAM secured this; borrowed copy of Orders; found his Instruction set forth in beautiful print; the very first on list; no mistake about that. As soon as Tithes Bill reached SPEAKER must call upon him; then he would rise majestically, throw back the lapel of his coat so that the waistcoat could be seen of all men, and stretch out his right leg, with eight shillings' worth of trowser on it.

(*Sketched on the spot, after the Speaker had ruled out his Amendment.*)

Meanwhile, sat in corner seat; listened impatiently to long string of questions; then TIM HEALY got up with nonsensical Bill about Courts of Appeal in Ireland; but longest lane has a turning. SPEAKER called on Orders of the Day; Clerk read out, "Tithe Rent Charge Bill, Committee." Now was COSHAM's time. Rose, holding in right hand bundle of notes which, presently enlarged on, should convince the House, convulse the country, and coerce the Ministry. At same moment SPEAKER moved in Chair.

"Going to call on me," said COSHAM to sympathetic neighbour; "name first on list, you know; save him trouble."

Got up at once; rose to full height,—just in time to hear SPEAKER rule Instruction out of Order; could not be moved. SPEAKER turned and left Chair, and before COSHAM quite realised situation, COURTNEY in Chair, House in Committee, and somebody else moving Amendment.

*Business done.*—Tithes Bill in Committee.

*Wednesday.*—This the day set apart for WINTERBOTHAM'S Repentance. Last time Bill on to prevent children under ten earning an honest penny on the Stage, WINTERBOTHAM run a-muck at an honourable profession. In name of Morality (not our dear Leader), cast aspersions upon an indefinite number of Ladies with whose names or individual existence he was not acquainted. The Ladies, or some of them, subsequently remedied this omission;

wrote a few frank lines to Hon. Mem., which, with other things, convinced him he had made mistake. Came to conclusion had better put things as straight as they would go. This afternoon, when Bill came on for consideration of Lords' Amendments, WINTERBOTHAM withdrew his charges. House (which had not been assailed) cheerfully accepted apology, and Lords' Amendments agreed to.

*Business done.*—Right-about-face on Tithes Bill.

*Thursday.*—"TOBY," said OLD MORALITY, as we walked down to House this afternoon, "why is a dewdrop round?"

"I think, Sir," I observed, "the Right Hon. gentleman had better give notice of the question."

"Ah, yes, I know; that's what ARTHUR BALFOUR says; and perhaps you are right. I'm a little bothered just now; things not going straight; end of Session fully due; haven't done badly; passed good many more Bills than the public bear in mind; should have insured a very fair record; then comes along the MARKISS with his Tithes Bill, which he insists upon passing. Well, we try to pass it in one way. Fix the liability for tithes upon occupier of land; that doesn't please Opposition; say landowner should be liable. Very good; I'm a man of peace; anything for a quiet life; let it be the landowner. So yesterday put up ATTORNEY-GENERAL to give notice of Amendments which shall fix liability on landowner. Specially chose ATTORNEY-GENERAL for work, because on Monday he was the man who most prominently and persistently argued in favour of the occupier. Only fair to give him a chance on Wednesday to appear on other side. What follows? Here's HARCOURT bouncing about all over premises, declaring that, on the whole, Bill is a little more impossible than it was before. It's a hard life, and sometimes I wish it were otherwise. Whether the composition of the dewdrop has anything to do with it, who shall say? A dewdrop is round because every part of it is equally balanced, and therefore there is no cause why one part of the drop should be further from the centre than another. The great globe we inhabit is, if I may say so, an enlarged dewdrop. The same causes operate upon its rotundity, and—and—there you are. Do you follow me?"

"Yes," I said, dropping a few paces to the rear. I always like, as far as is possible, to combine strict veracity with beaming urbanity. OLD MORALITY always most delightful when deep thoughts stir him, and he grows mystical. But in this mood one has to take time to think him out.

*Business done.*—Tithes Bill postponed.

*Friday.*—Crowded House. No one looking at it would think grouse has been daily on dinner-table since Tuesday. Questions over, HARCOURT rose, and put supplementary one to SPEAKER. Was it in order to proceed further in Committee with Tithes Bill upon Amendments that made it quite a new Bill? Should it not rather be brought in as new Bill?

"Why, cert'nly," said the SPEAKER.

Then OLD MORALITY came up tearful. In circumstances no alternative but to withdraw the Bill. But no one could fathom the poignant regret with which he yielded to circumstances. HARCOURT rose from other side of table. Yes, he understood OLD MORALITY, for he, too, was heart-broken at fate of Bill. Was it too late, did OLD MORALITY think, to resuscitate it? Yes—OLD MORALITY, in broken voice, thought it was. Then HARCOURT, breaking down, wept over the Bill, and OLD MORALITY mingled his tears with those the fall of which sobered the whilom jubilant countenance of HARCOURT.

"A most affecting scene," said J. G. TALBOT, suspiciously sniffing; "Reminds me of the words of the Poet:—

"For when we came where lies the Bill  
We lost in other years,  
There above the little grave,  
Oh, there above the little grave,  
We kissed again with tears."

*Business done.*—The Tithes Bill's—quite.

SCARCELY WORTH ITS "SALT."—The Standing Committee on Trade.



Winterbotham's repentance.



Sir Handel Cosham.





## OUR CURATES.

"MY VICAR'S AWAY! I PREACH THREE TIMES ON SUNDAY, AND BOSS THE ENTIRE SHOW!"

## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

## TWENTY-FIRST EVENING.

"I KNOW a country village," said the Moon; "it lies in a pleasant hollow, clustering round the tall grey church tower. For several years now have I looked down on the humble thatched roofs, and peeped through many an open door, into the neat little room, with the Dutch clock ticking busily on the wall, and the best china and painted tea-trays set out on the dresser. I know all the inhabitants, too, and often watch them digging in their gardens, or sitting in their porches of an evening after their hard day's labour in the fields. They are kind, simple folk; and though they are poor enough, some of them, there is nothing ugly or sordid in their poverty, and I do not think they are unhappy or discontented, like too many of their brethren in the great cities and towns. The children, too, have sturdy legs and rosy faces, and shout merrily when they are let out of school. Just now, however, I notice faces amongst them that are pale and legs that are very far from sturdy, but these belong to children who have lived all their little lives in the smoky slums of this great London of yours. Some philanthropic people have had the idea of sending them away, for a fortnight or so every summer, into the fresh sweet air and the novel sights and sounds of the country. The cottagers are always glad to have them, and the half-crown a week which is paid for each child's board and lodging represents an amount of kindness which no money could ever purchase. The hearts of these good country people are touched by the wasted limbs and white faces of their little London guests, and they are never easy till they see them looking healthy and ruddy, like their own children, as is generally the case before they go back. But these small boarders often earn a welcome on their own account, for they are sharper than the little rustics, and have more to say



for themselves. You would be amused if you could look in sometimes through the latticed window, as I do, and see some little London urchin, ensconced in the only armchair, enlightening the family on the ways of the Town, while the flaxen-headed children stand by, open-mouthed or eyed, and the cottager's wife exclaims, 'Lar, now!' 'Marcy me!' 'Well, to think o' that!' and the cottager says nothing, but smokes his pipe on the settle, marvelling at the wisdom and knowledge of his youthful guest, and receiving enough new ideas to last him for a twelvemonth to come.

"Unfortunately they are not all like that. Not very long ago I saw a painful little scene at the garden-gate of one of the cottages. The Vicar's Wife was seated in her pony-carriage, while a stout, pleasant-faced woman was denouncing the conduct of the small boy who had been billeted upon her. They could do nothing with him. The first night he came, he had refused to sleep in the room upstairs, because such a smell came through the window—and it was only honeysuckle, too! Then he had stoned the hens, and beaten the pig, and pinched her little girl till she cried, and behaved generally like the turbulent little ruffian he was. There he stood, listening sullenly to the charges against him, with an impenitent scowl on his hardened, low-browed countenance—he was certainly not an engaging-looking boy. So the Vicar's Wife told him that he did not deserve to stay where he was, and that he should be sent back to London the very next day. He made no answer, but I knew what he was thinking. He was thinking that he had thrown stones and ill-treated the animals because he felt bad and didn't know of anything else to do; that he had hurt the little country girl because she had made him feel how bad he was. That the little girl hated him, but he didn't care. That when he got home next day, his father would beat him, and he didn't care for that either. That everybody was a beast, and he wished he was dead. The cottager's little daughter was standing shyly by, her round freckled face very flushed under her sunbonnet; her mother had made her show the bruises on her arm where the naughty boy had pinched her, and she felt sorry and ashamed, particularly when the Vicar's Wife said that he would have to be sent away. The lady was just taking up her reins, having settled the train by which he was to go, and her mother was just getting ready to curtsy, when the little girl could stand it no longer. She rushed down to the carriage.

"If you please, Ma'am," she began, 'oh, if you please'—then she burst out crying. 'What is it, little girl?' asked the lady; 'has this wicked boy done any other mischief? Don't be afraid—tell me all about it.' 'No, no, it beant that, Ma'am, please—he didn't 'urt me—leastways, he didn't goa fur to 'urt me, an' he didn't know as it was crule fur to 'it the peg . . . he's main sorry now, and he woant niver thraw stoans at the 'ens noa moar, he woant. Doan't 'ee send 'im away just this time, Ma'am! Mother'll let 'im stay, an' he'll be good and beyave proper if he's let to stay, woan't 'ee, JIMMY, now? tell the lady!' And here she threw her small bruised arms round the boy's neck, and cried on his sulky shoulder. I saw his narrow eyes blink and his face twitch at this unexpected intercession, and then he drew his ragged sleeve across his face and turned away. 'Tain't o' no use!' he growled. 'I'm a bad 'un, I am. A right down bad 'un . . . I'd better go back 'ome, I 'ad!' 'No, no,' sobbed the child; 'stay, JIMMY, stay and be good. I'll show you how!'

"So the end of it was, he was given one more chance, and, as the pony-carriage drove away, I saw him kiss the little girl roughly and rather sheepishly under her sunbonnet, and break away into the back yard. I don't think he will do her or the animals any harm again, somehow, however long he is allowed to stay," said the Moon.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS.—Mr. Punch, Sir, wy is that stupendious eddilis of inginearin enterprise the Eiffel Tower, which has just bin struck by a violent flash of lightnin without being urt—cos wy, its made of ion—like yours truly? Cos being a chap on the footboard at the back of a 'bus, I ope I, too, may call myself,

A GOOD CONDUCTOR.

BARRICADES IN LONDON.—For further particulars see the Strand and Piccadilly.





"CANNIE!"

*Ticket Collector (to Farmer, who is constantly without a Ticket, and pays at the end of his Journey).* "AH SAY, MR. TAMPSON, HOO IS IT THAT YE AYE TRAY-VEL WITHOOT YER TICKET?"

*Farmer.* "WEEL, YOU SEE, WULLY, AH TOOK AN AITH, THAT NANE O' THE DIRECTORS O' THIS LINE SHOULD EVER TOUCH A CURDY O' MA SILLER!—AND AS LANG AS YE 'RE COLLECTOR HERE AH DINNA THINK THEY WULL!"

### UNTILED;

*Or, The Modern Asmodeus.*

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."—*Le Diable Boiteux.*

I.

NIGHT, and that nebulous mood, half thought,  
half dream,  
Through which the Ivory Gates are apt to gleam  
Most like substantial portals;

'Midst which the solid bounds of sense dis-  
And visionary flights of vagrant whim [limn,  
Seem gifts from the immortals.

"If in purblind humanity's behoof  
I, like old *Asmodeus*, might unroof  
The dwellings of our City;  
On lurid London I might throw some light,  
And mend,—but 'tis impracticable, quite,"  
I muttered,—“more 's the pity!”

In audible soliloquy, I spoke,  
As I addressed me to my evening smoke,  
In dressing-gown and slippers;

Regretting dreamily the good old days  
When supra-mortal guides to modish ways  
Were common as cheap-trippers.

"Impracticable? Nay!" a voice replied,  
And Something Shadowy wavered at my side,  
Its lineaments fantastic  
Seemed to suggest *Lesage's* imp refined,  
Modified by the modern march of mind,  
To Art's late impulse plastic.

"Who may you be, and what is it you want?"  
I asked. "Well, not a fiend noctivagant!"  
Replied my vaporous visitor.

"No; demon-guides are wholly out of date;  
Trust me, as though I were a friend sedate,  
Or family solicitor.

"A philosophic gentleman like you,  
Who humankind would intimately view,  
As you erewhile suggested,  
May find me useful; but remember, please,  
I'm no soul-snaring *Mephistopheles*,  
Nor with black arts invested."

I gazed awhile into that phantom face,  
And little in its lineaments could trace  
Of darkly melancholic.

"Suppose," said I, "that on your aid I call,  
Pray tell me, is your meaning literal,  
Or merely parabolic?"

"*Voyons!*" he cried. And lo! my slipped  
toes

Swiftly forsook the hearthrug, and we rose,  
My guide and I together,  
Sheer through the parting roof. It did not  
hurt,  
Nor did we suffer disarray, or dirt  
From shock or the vile weather.

"You wish to see this City-world"; he  
smiled,

"When, as Club scandal-mongers say, 'tis  
'tiled,'"

With none to 'blow the gaff' on us.  
Well, you shall find when voyaging with me  
Stone walls and stucco will transparent be,  
And brick and slate diaphanous.

"Behold!" I looked, and through the murky  
night

A crystalline, cold, clear, pervasive light  
Seemed all things to illumine,  
As though some giant glow-worm's phospho-  
rescence  
Made lucent with its penetrative presence  
All haunts of men and women.

"Scene First!" my comrade whispered.  
Scattered gold

Across a gas-illuminated table rolled,  
Clutched at by hands fierce-crooking,  
Glanced at by avid eyes. A callow youth  
Whose face might move Sir MULBERRY HAWK  
to ruth,

Well-bred, well-garbed, well-looking,  
Shook back impatient from a forehead pale  
Damp curls dishevelled. SHYLOCK with his  
scale,

And hungering steel, looked never  
More eager than the wolfish faces drawn  
About that board; some broad with sensual  
brawn

Some Cassius—lean and clever.

Others there were set in the vapid smile  
Of vacuous folly vain of fancied guile,  
The modish ape's grimacing, [worn  
Made up like histrion's masks, to pattern,  
Like coats and collars. How those cold hawks  
scorn

The quarry they are chasing!

The pretty plume-soiled pigeons that would  
play

The subtle serpent in their simple way.

"London's obscure recesses,"  
My cicerone murmured, "hold some shrines  
Of Eleusinian secrecy. Good wines,  
Fair manners, modish dresses.





**AFTER THE HARDSHIPS OF (EXCEPTIONALLY) CIVIL WAR!**

*First Lord of the Admiralty (suppressing his emotion). "BLESS YOU, BLESS YOU! IN SPITE OF ITS BEING QUITE ROUGH, YOU BOTH BEHAVED LIKE HEROES!"*

"All here you see! And in addition—  
what?"—  
Presto! 'Twas morn in a green nook. A shot  
Cracked like whip-lash loudly.  
There by the grey slow-gliding stream he  
lay,  
Pallid and prone.—"At Lord's, the other day,  
"He scored his 'century' proudly!"

My guide commented thus: Nor seemed there  
need  
Of ampler explanation. "Mammon-greed  
Has many stranger phases,"  
Pursued the Shadow. "Gold and gilded  
youth  
Fill out *this* scene on which satiric truth  
Our curtain fitly raises.

"But other scenes and actors crowd the stage,  
Sardonic humours of a Golden Age,  
Saturnine not Saturnian.  
We'll mark the puppets dallying. Ours the  
gift [swift  
From dim Whitechapel rookeries shifting  
To palaces Tyburnian."  
(To be continued.)



## THE 'LEVIATHAN BAT,'

Or Many-Centuried Marvel of the Modern (Cricket) World, in his high-soaring, top-scoring, Summer-day Flight. (Dr. William Gilbert Grace.)



AS CHAMPION HIM THE WHOLE WORLD HAILS.  
LORDS! HOW HE SMITES AND THUMPS!

IT TAKES A WEEK TO REACH THE BAILE  
WHEN HE'S BEFORE THE STUMPS.

"Chevy Chase" (revised).

## A NOVEL MEDICINE.

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to an  
Able Defender of Fiction.)

THOUGH life's burdens may be  
In Imagination men [chronic,  
Find a wondrous mental tonic  
To recur to, now and then.

Every weird and wild narration  
Exercising potent charm  
Over our imagination,  
Quoth the *savant*, does no harm.

Even able men of science,  
Those who scaled her topmost  
heights,  
So they tell us, placed reliance  
On imaginative flights.

DAVY, NEWTON, *teste* TYNDALL,  
Mighty men, well known to fame,  
Felt imagination kindle  
Ere their great discoveries came.

CRICHTON-BROWNE then has no  
Of a very active brain, [terror  
Holds it is a vulgar error  
That such folks become insane.

Give us then our curdling fiction,  
Though the moralist may frown;  
Since it gains the benediction  
Of our wisest, CRICHTON-BROWNE.

THE PROFIT OF THE LAST STRIKE.  
—Docked!

## WAX-WORKERS AT PLAY;

Or, a Day in the Country for Madame Tussaud's Collection.

AT a time when charitably-disposed people are busying themselves on all sides in organising "a day in the country," for the benefit of those helpless classes of the community who would not otherwise



enjoy the chance of spending a few hours in the green fields, away from the gloom and smoke of the Metropolis, it is satisfactory to learn that the Proprietors of those most deserving of all caterers for public amusement, the wax figures of Madame Tussaud's Collection, have not been behindhand in the movement, but have afforded their establishment an "outing," which appears to have come off the other day, under most enjoyable conditions, and to have been unanimously pronounced by all concerned a distinct and notable success.

The news had been whispered among the Effigies during the course of the afternoon, and no sooner were the doors of the Marylebone Road Emporium closed at the conclusion of the evening's entertainment, than there was a sudden rush of all of them from platform and pedestal to the Central Hall, and a hurried and excited discussion held for the purpose of settling the programme of the projected holiday.

A good deal of time was consumed in fixing on a suitable locality, many of the Effigies wishing to turn the occasion into an opportunity of visiting some familiar spot. GEOFFREY CHAUCER suggested Canterbury as a delightful place in which to spend a happy day; but this had to be abandoned, not only on account of its distance, but also owing to the very strong objection felt by all the Plantagenet kings to travelling by railway. WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR then asked if they could not run down to Hastings. To this NAPOLEON replied that, if a visit to the field of an over-rated battle was to be their guide, he might as well propose dragging the entire Collection to Austerlitz, a suggestion which brought from BISMARCK the rejoinder that "they possibly would find 'Waterloo Bridge' more handy," which was greeted with much laughter. CHARLES THE FIRST then made some cautious inquiries about Rosherville, but

was assured by SHAKESPEARE and ARABI PASHA that it was not at all the sort of place he would like, to which QUEEN ELIZABETH added, that its only merit consisted in being opposite to Tilbury, but, that if they wanted to spend their outing on the river, she would certainly suggest their going up-stream and fixing on Hampton Court. This proposition seemed to give general satisfaction, especially to HENRY THE EIGHTH, who, said he should enjoy looking up "the old place" again above anything, and seeing that he could now ride down in a pleasure-van with all his six wives together, "Bless their dear hearts!" he hoped they might consider Hampton Court as settled. After a little further discussion this arrangement was finally determined on, and it having been intimated that for psychological reasons the start would take place in the early hours of the dawn before cock-crow, the Effigies proceeded to make their preparations accordingly.

At the appointed hour the next morning about ten vans and two police omnibuses started on their westward journey. The last named vehicles had been provided for the special accommodation of the occupants of the Chamber of Horrors, whom, spite a strong feeling on the part of a large portion of the Effigies, that their presence would degrade the pic-nic, it was not thought quite fair to leave behind. Some little judgment was necessary in the fitting selection of the occupants of the several vans, so that no jarring theological, political, or historical elements should have a chance of introducing any discordant notes into the general harmony of the day's proceedings. Indeed, the Effigies themselves seem to have had a keen appreciation of the situation, for OLIVER CROMWELL, having by some mistake found himself seated between CHARLES THE FIRST and CHARLES THE SECOND, carefully avoided any allusion to Whitehall or the Long Parliament, but adroitly interested both the Monarchs by an exhaustive account of the prospects of the London General Omnibus Company, and a brief summary of the latest accounts of the Naval Manœuvres. Equal tact and good taste was displayed by a group of Churchmen. For CARDINAL WOLSEY, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM, the Metropolitan of Moscow, and JOHN KNOX, who had by some mismanagement been placed together in the same van, purposely avoided ecclesiastical matters in their conversation. Indeed, so much did they seem to be seeking a common ground of agreement, that they were all apparently deeply interested in the durable qualities of wood-pavement, the advantages of which, when compared to the ordinary Macadam road, DANIEL O'CONNELL happened to be explaining with much earnestness of manner to JAMES THE SECOND and MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. Nothing of any note occurred on the drive down. WILLIAM THE THIRD pointed out the windows of the room he occupied as they passed Kensington Palace, and QUEEN ELIZABETH said she found Hammersmith so altered "she shouldn't have known it."



Bushey Park, however, was reached at last, and the occupants of the vans descended, and proceeded to enjoy the delights of strolling in groups beneath the cool green shade of the great trees, and thus leisurely spinning out the time till the supreme hour of the undoing of the hampers arrived, and the more festive portion of the picnic commenced in good earnest. Then a scene altogether quaint and striking would have met the gaze of the chance spectator. Such a picnic is not to be witnessed every day. Here was GEORGE THE THIRD gracefully offering some lobster-salad to JOAN OF ARC, and QUEEN ANNE accepting, with a kindly smile, the wing of a chicken from GEORGE WASHINGTON. There, ISABELLA, wife of EDWARD THE SECOND, held her glass to HOUQUA, the celebrated Chinese Tea Merchant, who was filling it with Negus, while QUEEN ELIZABETH and MARIE ANTOINETTE playfully declined the sandwiches offered them by LOUSHEKIN, the Russian Giant. Contrasts presented themselves in every direction. On all sides extremes seemed to meet. But silence is called, and a hush falls upon the scene. General TOM THUMB is upon his legs, and is about to make a speech. On rising, he is received with cheers, and says: He concludes that this meeting, though of no formal character, will still hold fast to the good English tradition, and not separate at least without the proposition of one toast—"Hear, hear!"—and that toast is, "The Crown!" (Cheers.) But in a gathering such as he saw around him, comprising so many Royal Heads, he thought he could not do better than join to it the name of the oldest Sovereign present. ("Hear, hear!") He had much pleasure in proposing the health of his Gracious, but extinct Majesty, WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. (Cheers.)

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, rising, said, when he saw so many Crowned Heads around him he felt a little shy at being thus singled out for special mention. ("Hear, hear!") He could assure them he thanked them for their kind thought of him (cheers); but there were other thanks due on this occasion—(prolonged cheering)—and those, on the behalf of himself and all his confrères, he begged most heartily to offer. (Cheers.) He alluded to the gratitude they all felt to the Proprietorship of the Establishment for the very delightful outing they had all had, and which he trusted they had all enjoyed as much as he had. (Prolonged cheering.)

The Effigies then separated, breaking up into groups until the time of departure, a large party following HENRY THE EIGHTH, who undertook personally to conduct them over the Palace apartments. The sun beginning to gain power, and some of the Effigies showing signs of an inclination to melt, and there being also some apprehension of rain, which would have seriously interfered with their complexion, it was decided to return to town. The vans, therefore, being again packed, the cavalcade took its departure, and by its quaint singing of snatches, madrigals, and rondos of the last eight centuries, on its way back, attracted a good deal of attention on its passage through the suburbs, arriving at length once again in the Marylebone Road in high spirits, conscious of having had the experience of having passed a most enjoyable "day in the country."

## SEWER GAS-TRITIS.

(Jottings by a West-End-er.)

CURIOUS that I should feel so languid just now. Call in Doctor, who says I am "bilious and want active exercise." Recommends boating. Take a boat at Kew, and am found two hours later asleep and delirious by a kindly waterman, who conveys boat back for me, and sees me into train home. Fancy there is something really wrong with me.

Languor increasing. Butler, invaluable man, whom I've had for twenty years, just given notice. I merely said, "All right!" and told him not to bother me. He seemed both surprised and offended. Under ordinary circumstances I know that I wouldn't part with him for worlds. Doctor comes in again. Says "he thinks it's not biliousness, but slight disorder of nervous system." Recommends salmon-fishing in Norway. Get Continental Bradshaw, and go to sleep over it. No appetite. Limbs feel as if beaten with sticks. Hot and restless. What is the matter with me?

Break out in a rash. Summon Doctor hurriedly. Orders me to bed. Says this time, that he thinks it's "neither biliousness nor nerves, but form of complicated gastro-enteritis." I think it must be. "But why the rash?"—I ask. Doctor says, rash a symptom of an "eruptive fever." Then have I got an eruptive fever? Doctor, who evidently feels he has become too communicative, says, "No, not at all." Believe he does this to comfort me. Hear him asking servants down-stairs if sanitary state of house is satisfactory. Why, of course it is. Don't I live in the most fashionable part of London, and in one of the best houses in it?

Am allowed to read papers in bed. Ha! What do I see? Question in Parliament as to "outbreak of typhoid fever in Mayfair." And I reside in Mayfair! Send for Doctor. Ask him peremptorily if I've got typhoid. He replies quite blandly that I have, and "didn't I know it?" No, and I don't believe he did, till I told him. Any-

how, am obliged to have a couple of nurses. "Can't my drains be looked to?" I want to know. "No, not till I am convalescent," Doctor austere replies. "When I am better, drains can be trapped." At present I seem to be trapped.

(A few Weeks later.) Better. Five sanitary experts have been sitting, as a sort of jury, on my drainage system. Six large cesspools discovered under kitchen floor. Perhaps this accounts for so many of our servants having retired to hospitals soon after quitting our situation. Send to landlord, and tell him of scandalous state of the premises. Ask him what he intends to do. He replies by "referring me to Mr. RITCHIE's statement in Parliament, that the tenant usually paid for repairs of drains." Adds that my lease will soon be up, and he will be happy to grant me a renewal, "on the old terms." And on the old cesspools! I suppose he would call this a "happy re-lease." I nearly had mine a few weeks ago. What nonsense to talk of Continental drainage being so much worse than English! Shall give up my house in Mayfair, and live in Paris for the future.

## THE VERY LAST OF THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

I AM writing these few lines before starting for the Fleet, and shall send you the packet

that will contain them when the Manœuvres are over. By this means you will receive a full account of one of the most interesting events of modern times. I break off now to go on board.



Gnaw thumb—Earl 'and!

better! But such a headache! So very ill! I can scarcely see! . . . . Inclosed sketches are by one of your Staff—Mr. D.



Howe?

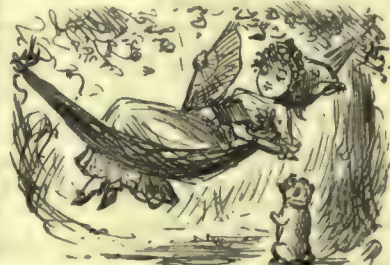


De vast A shun!

CRAMBO, JUN. So know they're safe! Sure to be like the ships—sure to be! Take my word for it, the very image of them! Fit them into the article in their proper places—and I say—I am so ill!—write the article yourself!

Yours in a hammock,  
AN UNABLE SEAMAN.  
Somewhere On-the-Sea.

[We fear our unfortunate Correspondent has been hoaxed. However, as there is no time to obtain substitutes for the sketches, we insert them for what they are worth—from an historical point of view, of course, not much. As to writing the article ourselves, that is too absurd. Besides, the subject has been (admirably) done to death in the columns of our daily contemporaries, and we unfortunately have had no time to read the matter up.—Ed.]



Her cool case!

THE CRICKET ON THE BENCH.—When is a Metropolitan Police Magistrate like a well-bowled ball at the Oval?—When he consents to take bail.

FENS AND PENG.—At the Holland (Lincolnshire) Sessions a poulterer was fined 18s. for plucking forty-eight live geese. For the future, live geese will only be legally plucked at the Universities.





HAPPY THOUGHT.—STUDY FOR THE HEAD OF A "HOUYHNHNM."

(Our Artist means to Illustrate "Gulliver's Travels.")

## LAW FOR THE LAWYERS.

SCENE I.—Interior of a Police Court. Prisoner in the dock. Magistrate on the Bench. Listless audience.

*Magistrate.* Now, I think it has been pretty clearly proved that you stole a pair of boots. Shall I deal with it at once, or send it for trial?

*Prisoner.* If you please, Your Majesty, I think I would rather you— [*He is interrupted by a Solicitor, who enters Court hurriedly.*]

*Solicitor (to Magistrate).* Your pardon, your Worship, but may I speak to the Prisoner? [*Whispers to Accused.*]

*Prisoner (in an ecstasy of joy).* What! A legacy of five thousand pounds! Then—

*Solicitor (promptly).* Exactly. We reserve our defence!

(A short pause.)

SCENE II.—Central Criminal Court. Verdict has been received. Prisoner has been brought up to receive judgment.

*Presiding Judge.* And now, all I have to do is to sentence you to two years' imprisonment, and I may say that the Jury—

*Counsel (interrupting).* Your pardon, my Lord, but we propose to appeal to a greater Jury yet.

*Presiding Judge.* Oh, certainly. Appeal Court No. 1. We will proceed to the next case.

(A longer pause than before.)

SCENE III.—Appeal Court No. 1. Five Judges in a row. Strong Bar.

*First Judge.* We have listened with great pleasure to the able arguments we have heard on both sides, and have come to the conclusion that the decision of the Court below must be maintained.

[Looks at Colleagues, who gravely bow acquiescence.]

*Queen's Counsel (collecting his papers).* Just so, my Lord. Of course we shall appeal.

*First Judge.* Certainly. Appeal Court No. 2.

(A pause of some length.)

SCENE IV.—Appeal Court No. 2. Lords Justices of Appeal discovered in imposing numbers.

*Master of the Rolls.* With every desire to give the appellant the

benefit of the doubt, we do not see our way to afford him relief. The decision of the Courts below must be maintained.

*Queen's Counsel.* As your Lordships please, but we must appeal to a greater Jury—one who—

*M. of the R. (smiling).* Thank you—*nisi prius* eloquence is superfluous. Of course you can take the matter to the House of Lords.

(A very long pause.)

SCENE V. AND LAST.—The House of Lords. The matter has been argued before the Judicial Members, and the LORD CHANCELLOR has delivered judgment.

*Lord Chancellor.* So having maintained the decision of the Courts below, we have nothing more to do than to order that the sentence shall be carried into effect. Where is the Prisoner?

*Queen's Counsel (after consultation with his clients).* May it please your Lordship, I am given to understand that the Prisoner died two years ago (just after I received my brief), in a workhouse!

Curtain.

## HOLIDAY TASK REFORM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—as usual—we've got to do a chunk of TENNYSON into Latin Hexameters for part of the holiday task! Here we have our poets with infinite pains making their lines scan, and with a fair lot of sense considering, and then we are set to knock them all out of shape, and make them read like a *verbatim* translation of themselves in a common crib.

Now, I've invented a far better dodge, which keeps the sense, while enforcing the use of the Latin Dictionary, and at the same time preserving the rhyme and metre sacred by a thousand tender associations. Young BROWN is staying here, and last night we turned "*How doth the little busy Bee*" into the new kind of Latin verse. This is how it begins:—

"How doth the parve, assiduous ape | And collige mel the total die  
Carp quisk nitescent here, | From quisk aperient flore."

If you remember the sort of stuff you used to have given you as a "prepared version" in the verse-books, you will, I know, acknowledge the superiority of this dodge, in sound and sense, and I am not afraid to say, in real scholarship.

Yours truly,  
CLASSICAL SIDE.





“COME BACK TO ERIN!”

THE COLLEEN. “IF YE PLAISE, YURE MAJESTY, AS YE’VE SEEN ME SISTHERS AT HOME, SHURE WON’T YE COME AN’ SEE *ME*?—YE’LL BE VERY WELCOME!!”









SCENE FROM THE FARCE OF "THE SESSION."

(Comic business invented by W. H. Smith and talented assistants.)

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**THE DIFFICULTIES OF EXPLOSIVE RESEARCH.**—That you should have been petitioned by your neighbours either to remove your residence to some other locality, or else resign your post as "Scientific Examiner and Advising Analyst to the Anglo-Continental Hydro-dynamite Explosive Company," though naturally occasioning you some personal annoyance, can, we fear, hardly surprise any disinterested person who has read your own account of the circumstances which appear to have given rise to the agitation of which you complain. We fully understand the obligations forced upon you by your official position, "to test," as you say, "fully and completely the explosive value of the various compounds submitted for approval to the Company;" but would not some blasted heath, far removed from human habitation, be more suitable for our purpose than the back garden of your little semi-detached villa at Betchingham? That you should have started with an accident, and ignited by mistake seventeen hundredweight of a composition an ounce of which you yourself allege would be enough to blow the dome off St. Paul's, only shows you how accidents may occur, spite all your precautions; and that you should, therefore, in the space of a fortnight, have managed to wreck twenty-three houses in your immediate vicinity, bring down the church-steeple, unroof the National Schools, and blow your next-door neighbour completely out of his own premises to the opposite side of the road, though, under the circumstances not a matter for surprise, is still one that you must admit cannot be regarded without regret. If the Vicar brings his threatened action for damages for "shattered nerves, owing to unceasing shocks to his system," you had better hand the matter over to some sharp bullying attorney, who may frighten him into silence. With regard to other matters, you might certainly at present ignore the claim of the gas company for the alleged damage to their main by frequent concussion. You had better get out of Betchingham quietly. Do not, by any means, attempt to test, as you seem rather inclined to before you go, those high-pressure shells you mention that have been submitted by the South American artillery officer, and one of which, as the inventor affirms, "would bring an arsenal about your ears." If you must report on these to the Company, you had better defer your examination till you have moved into that suburban terrace of unoccupied houses to which you refer; for if you bring a few dozen of these down, you will, at least, do so without fear of danger to life or limb. Candidly, we should advise you to resign your appointment, but as you seem disinclined to do this, we should say that the only way in which you could discharge its duties with any degree of safety, would be to hire a coal-barge, and get a tug to post you somewhere in the mouth of the Thames, about five miles off the coast every way. The Betchingham folk have, we fear, rather a strong case against you. But, if you will take our advice, you will retire from the situation speedily and quietly.

**SPORTING SUBSTITUTES.**—That, after inviting a distinguished party, including, among others, a Peer, two well-known shots, and a French Marquis, who has come over to see some English "sport," to the place you have rented, as you thought, "cheaply," in Suffolk, "to have some shooting," to find at the eleventh hour that you have taken it under a total misapprehension, and that not a single acre of shooting goes with the letting, is indeed a trying and awkward situation in which to find yourself placed, and one that will test all your ingenuity and resource to meet with equanimity. Your first idea of buying up all the available pigeons in the neighbourhood, turning them brown by dipping them into Condry's Fluid, and letting them loose in the adjacent fields, and trying to palm them off as a peculiar sort of "local partridge," might perhaps have passed muster with the French Marquis, but would have been sure to have been detected by the British Peer and the other practised sportsmen of which your party consist; and we think you did wisely in abandoning it. Your purchase of the thirty-five young turkeys you mention, which, with a view to making them savage, you are fattening up on a diet of dog-biscuit, gin, and Cayenne pepper, seems a happy thought; but whether you will be able to persuade your guests, as you hope to do, that they come of a stock of genuine American wild turkeys, which you yourself introduced into the local woods some seasons since, remains to be seen.

**THE PROPER WAY OF MAKING "A HAGGIS."**—Your recipe for making "A Haggis," since it was confided to you, as you say, by "the Head of a Highland Clan," must undoubtedly be correct, though we admit it strikes us as possessing some novel features. The five pounds of pork chops, chopped up fine, half-a-dozen Spanish onions, quart of oatmeal and bottle of whiskey all tied up in a sheep's stomach, strike us as correct, the only unfamiliar additions being the two pots of marmalade, two-pound can of tinned lobster, conger-eel, pint of olives, tin of dog-biscuits and jar of anchovies. You are quite correct in saying it should be boiled to bursting point, for when the carving-knife is inserted, the helper, and indeed everyone within measurable distance of him, should be deluged with the scalding gravy. It should be eaten boiling from soup-plates, with one leg planted on the table the other standing on the chair. This at least is how the national dish is disposed of in the best circles and highest ranks of Edinburgh Society. While it is in process of being swallowed, the Pipers should be admitted and give "a gude screeel o' the pipes" to accompany the ceremony; at least we think so.

**FOOD FOR INFANTS.**—It is certainly to be regretted that, before purchasing the proprietary rights of the "Infants' Flesh and Fat-forming Food Company," you did not take the precaution of submitting a specimen of the composition in question to some well-known analyst, and having his opinion upon it. Had you done this you would at least have been spared the numberless letters you mention that you are daily receiving from indignant mothers, complaining in bitter terms of the results of its administration, and reviling you for the series of fits and convulsions which appear as a matter of course to follow immediately on its use. That one indignant father should write and say that a couple of tea-spoons of "the beastly stuff" had the same effect on him as "a stiff glass of rum-and-water, and fairly knocked him over," seems to point to the fact that perhaps, if you failed in the Nursery, you might try it in the Prize Ring. Meantime, how would it do as a *Dog-Biscuit*? Think this out.



## "A TALE OF TWO CITIES."



UNDER THE SCAFFOLD. PARIS, 1789.



IN FRONT OF THE DOCK. LONDON, 1889.

## ROBERT ON THE RIVER.

It was only a week or so ago as I was engaged perfeshnally on board a steam Yot that had been hired for about as jolly a party as I ewer remembers to have had on board a ship, and the Forreners among 'em had ewidently been brort for to see what a reel lovely River the Tems is.



I must say I was glad to get away from Town, as I 'ad 'ad a shock from seeing a something dreadful on an old showcard outside of the Upraw which they tells me is now given up to Promenades. So we started from SKINDEL's, at Madened Bridge, and took 'em right up to Gentlemarly Marlow, and on to old Meddenham, and then to Henley, and lots of other butiful places, and then back to SKINDEL's to dinner. And a jolly nice little dinner they guv us, and sum werry good wine, as our most critical gests—and we had two Corporation gents among 'em—couldn't find not no fault with. But there's sum people as it ain't not of no use to try to sattisfy with butiful scenery—at least, not if they bees Amererrycains. They don't seem not to have the werry least hadmiration or respect for anything as isn't werry big, and prefur size to buty any day of the week.

"Well, it's a nice-looking little stream enuff," says an Amererry-cain, who was a board a grinny; "but it's really quite a joke to call it a River. Why, in my country," says he, "if you asked me for to show you a River, I should take you to Mrs. SIPPY's, and when we got about harf way across it, I guess you'd see a reel River then, for it's so wide that you can't see the land on either side of it, so you sees nothink else but the River, and as that's what you wanted for to see, you can't werry well grumble then." I shood, most suttently, have liked for to have asked him, what sort of Locks they had in sitch a River as that, and whether Mrs. SIPPY cort many wales when she went out for a day's fishing in that little River of hers, but I knows my place, and never asks inconvenient questions.

However, he was a smart sort of feller, and had 'em I must say

werry nicely indeed a few minutes arterwards. We was a passing werry butiful bit of the river called a Back Water, and he says, say he, "As it's so preshus hot in the sun, why don't we run in there ar enjoy the shade for a time, while we have our lunch?" "Oh," says one of the marsters of the feast, "we are not allowed to go there that's privet, that is." "Why how can that be?" says he, "whe you told me, just now, as you 'd lately got a Hact of Parliament passe which said that wherever Tems Water flowed it was open to all the world, as of course it ort to be." "Ah," said the other, lookin rayther foolish, "but this is one of the xceptions, for there's anoth claws in the hact as says that wherever any body has had a hol struction in the River for 20 years it belongs to him for hever, but I mustn't make another nowheres."

The Amererrycain grinned as before, and said, "Well, I allers sa as you was about the rummiest lot of people on the face of the airt, and this is ony another proof of it. You are so werry fond of every think as is old, that if a man can show as he has had a cussed no sance for twenty years, he may keep it coz he's had it so long, whi all sensible people must think, as that's one more reason for sweepin the noosance clean away." And I must say, tho he was a Amererry-cain, that I coodn't help thinking as he was right.

It's estonishing what a remarkabel fine happytigh a run on t butiful Tems seems to give heverybody, and wot an advantage v has in that partickler respect over the poor Amererrycains who gos for trip on Mrs. SIPPY's big River, with the wind a bloing like gre guns, and the waves a dashing mountings hi. But on our butif little steamer on our luvly little river, altho the gests had mo suttently all brekfasted afore they cum, why we hadn't started mu about half-a-nour, afore three or fore on 'em came creeping dow into the tite little cabin and asking for jest a cup of tea and a hej or two, and a few shrimps; and, in less than a nour arterwards, ha a duzzen more on 'em had jest a glass or two of wine and a sand wich, and all a asking that most important of all questions on bo a Tems Yot, "What time do we lunch?" And by 2 a clock shay they was all seated at it, and pegging away at the Sammon ar the pidgin pie, het settera, as if they was harf-starved, and ewe arter that, the butiful desert and the fine old Port Wine was le upon the table, and I can troothfully state that the cabin was nev wunce quite empty till we was again doing full justice to M SKINDEL's maynoo.

ROBERT.





**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**  
*Extracted from the Diary of TOBY. M.P.*

House of Commons, Monday, 'August, 19.—As many pages of this Diary bear record, I have profound respect and admiration for JOSEPH GILLIS. His simplicity of character, his directness of purpose, his genial bearing, his enlightened mind, and his oratorical gifts ever attract me. JOEY B., as was written long ago, is sly—dev'lish sly. No use impecunious member of the community whose financial interests are entrusted to his care coming round him with pleas about drawing a month's, or even a week's, salary in advance. JOSEPH, without causing wing of friendship to moult a feather, ever understands their blandishments. He knows what he's about, and generally accomplishes his end, performing the maximum of public good with the minimum of personal estrangement.

To-day JOSEPH shines in new and brighter light. BALFOUR, desirous of mixing little treacle with the brimstone usually administered to Irish Members, brought in series of Bills appropriating Imperial funds for local works in Ireland. Irish Light Railways Bill one of group. Proposes to advance over half a million sterling towards cost of Irish



railways. Patriotic Irish Members in a dilemma. The tempting bribe is offered from BALFOUR's hands. Shall they grip it and take the money, or shall they contemptuously beat it back in ARTHUR's face? After long struggle majority decided to



Mr. Solicitor (Ireland).

when the Division-bell rings, walks forth to register anew his renunciation of BALFOUR and all his works.

*Business done.*—Irish Light Railways Bill forced through.

*Tuesday, 2 A.M.*—Over at last. Irish Light Railways Bill reached terminus; a slow journey; many stoppages; frequent attempts to shunt it. Half a dozen times sleepers found laid across rails, with intent to upset it. But ARTHUR driving; generally understood that, when he says he is going somewhere, he arrives.

"Must say," RICHARD TEMPLE hoarsely whispered, mopping his forehead, "think we might usefully have illustrated subject by laying light railway round Division lobbies. Been on the go since four o'clock yesterday afternoon; for nearly half that time trotting round the lobbies; seventeen divisions; taken part in every one; send my record up with a bound. Shall beat everyone this year; earn a niche in history as the Member who through long Session only missed single Division. Very interesting work; plenty of experience; no end of variety. What I do is, always vote with Government. Supported them in all Divisions on their first Tithes Bill placing liability on occupier. Should have voted with them in favour of second Bill, had it come on; that, you know, was on exactly the reverse principles, making landowner liable. So, you see, TOBY, dear boy, on one hand or the other, I should have come out all right, besides totalling up my record of Divisions. You've been in House longer than me, I know; but you have other things to think of; so, perhaps, you'll excuse me giving you a little advice. It is, always vote with the Government. Keep your eye on OLD MORALITY, and OLD MORALITY will pull you through. You've no responsibility, no anxiety; and, as I have shown, you have plenty of variety. Besides, look at the exercise! A Division, as you know, takes from twelve to fifteen minutes. I've walked through seventeen. Call it four hours; say we didn't exceed pace of two miles an hour; and there you have eight miles I've walked. That's the thing to keep your wind sound, your flesh down, your friends in office, and your country prosperous and free."

*Midnight.*—Irish Votes in Supply; worrying round the Land Commission; trotting up and down Lord Lieutenant's backstairs; stuck in office of Chief Secretary when Progress reported. ARTHUR, with his back to the wall, parrying the attack with usual pluck and skill, and more than usual urbanity. Almost deferential in his bearing towards Irish Members. Implores them to say which they will take first, Land Commission, or Lord Lieutenant's Household? Chief Secretary's Salary, or Prisons Vote? Only desire in life is to accommodate himself to the fancy of Irish Members. Will they take the Prisons Vote? No?

"Then," says ARTHUR, momentarily putting on the alluring air of a Waterloo-House-Young-Man, "here's the Land Commission Vote, highly recommended; or the Vote to complete the sum for the Lord Lieutenant's Household, which we are now making a leading line. Or there's the Chief Secretary; Chief Secretaries very cheap to-day."

Irish Members nonplussed at this urbanity. Angry with themselves and ARTHUR that there's nothing to quarrel about; say they'll take anything. TIM HEALY discourses at large on Land Commission. ARTHUR likes TIM, in spite of all his roughness of tongue and boorishness of manner.

"Knows what he's talking about," ARTHUR says; "always some thing to say, and has the right to speak. Only wish he wouldn't think it nice thing to thrust both his hands in trouser-pockets when he addresses House."

ARTHUR's face and bearing changed when SHAW-LEFEVRE appeared on scene. A man of few prejudices, but can't abear Member for Bradford.

"What right has he poking his oar in here?" ARTHUR says, with something like a scowl on his fair countenance, "always reminding me of the little boy that howls at safe distance on skirts of a scuffle and then goes away and tells big fibs of his prowess and his hair breadth 'scapes. Would have clapped him in prison when he was in Ireland if I had got the chance. But he was too wily always kept just out of harm's way whilst making as much noise as was safe. But I'll have him yet, if he doesn't mind."

*Business done.*—Irish Votes in Supply.

*Thursday.*—Another long night in Committee of Supply. Chief Irish Votes; TIM HEALY making up for lost time when Courts are sitting must be in Ireland looking after business; in vacation, at leisure to look after BALFOUR. Does it with great zest; a half-a-dozen times to-night, giving it 'em hot all round.

Benches nearly empty. AKERS-DOUGLAS got half a hundred men pledged to see thing through. But they prefer to see it from the Terrace smoking-room or reading-room. Sometime Member thinks he's had enough of it; done his duty to House and country in manner that could leave even OLD MORALITY nothing to desire. Thinks he'll stroll home to dinner; makes his way safely into Lobby; strikes bee-line for door in half a moment he outside, on the way home quiet dinner; leave others to sit up and outvote Irishmen; almost at door when figure slowly uncoils itself from Bench in recess. When process finished, and figure fully unwound, hapless Ministerialist discovers ARTHUR HILL on guard.

"Are you paired?" he asks.

No; hapless Member wishes he were. Can't get a pair.

"Ah, very sorry," says HILL, quite casually spreading himself across doorway.

Hapless Member looks him up and down. Couldn't, without ropes, climb over him; can't very well get round him; so concludes he'll dine in House, and wait for Divisions.

"Call him ARTHUR HILL," says hapless Member. "I call him HIMALAYA MOUNTAIN."

"I always plant HILL at the doorway on duty nights, when Divisions are threatening," says AKERS-DOUGLAS. "Saves us at least a dozen votes; much better than a pallisade fence, or an extra bolt to the door."

*Business done.*—More Irish Votes.

*Friday.*—Everybody, more or less, in a good temper. OLD MORALITY's appeal to finish Supply that night favourably received. He explained that procrastination was the thief of time; or, to put less like one of the headings in his favourite copy-book, at least, twenty-four hours of the holidays would be saved, if Votes could be rattled off amicably that evening. OLD MORALITY quite in new character; amusing rattle. Rattling commenced, and only interrupted by call of another amusing rattle—CONYBEARE, or, as he might be genially called "the good old Curse." Of course, his honoured name could not be left out when the Irish Prisons Vote was on. ARTHUR BALFOUR quite interested and sympathetic. Appears that good old Cur has quite recovered from his distressing ailment, and CHIEF SECRETARY intimated that "if there was the slightest chance that he would incur it again, would not hesitate to order his removal to another prison." Very kind and thoughtful. Several Hon. Gentlemen give their experiences of Derry Gaol, which to put it prettily, seems to be in very bad odour with everyone. Then remaining Votes agreed to.

*Business done.*—Supply.

*Saturday Morning.*—I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted, whose guests are fled, whose garlands dead, and so but he departed. House sitting to-day winding up things generally. Only such small matters as Indian Budget to be left to next wee Business of Session practically over; Benches empty; Corridor resound to door-keeper's stentorian shout, "Who goes home? Well, I will."

*Business done.*—All.



## UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."  
*Le Diable Boiteux.*

## II.

"OUR Gilded Youth once more!" observed my Guide. Two friends, as men count friendship, side by side On a silk couch were sitting, Within a draperied chamber's mellow gloom, [room Of our intrusion in that cosy Complacently unwitting.

Tall striplings, well set-up, and quite "good form," That is, with icy manners, passions warm, And utterance slowly cynical. Dwellers in that strange "world" whose bugbear's fuss, [scrupulous, Where purposes may be un- But manners must be finical.

"These two," remarked my Guide, "would not approve An unseen auditor. They talk of Love, In causerie confidential. These chambers have no Dionysius' Ear, Save that soft-footed valet hovering near, Discreet and deferential.

"If he should speak as freely to the world As to his 'chums,' some idols might be hurled From social shrines to-morrow. Nice rooms; with all of cosy and of chaste That Midas' power, helped by modish taste, From the Art-world can borrow.

"Listen!" And I lent ear. From polished lips

What callous ribaldry serenely slips, When friendly ears are listening, Most of us know, but none may dare reveal. These boys have brains of ice and souls of steel, And eyes like satyr's glistening.

One holds a rose. He had it from her throat To whom he has despatched that tiny note, Whose burthen he is telling, With many a dulcet chuckle, to his "friend." DAMON a sympathetic ear will lend When PYTHIAS is telling—

His love? his pain? his aspiration? Nay, But the nice tricks of passion's mimic play Upon the boards of Folly, The jungle tyrant toying with its prey, And the heart-chasing Lovelace of the day, Both find their sport "so jolly!"

"You hear their talk!" the Shadow whispered low.

"Report it to a polished world? Well, no. I see it makes you shiver.

To Caste's cold zone you're scarce acclimated,

Or chat that CASANOVA had surprised You'd hear without a quiver.

"Let's follow that note's course!"—A chamber smart,

But in the style of cheap suburban Art. Those chintzes need some chastening To fit them for the nobly-born aesthete; Yet he might own that girl is fresh and sweet Into its covert hastening.

One of those native Hebes Nature's whim Will waste upon the purliest dull and dim Of Battersea or Brixton.

But Mayfair seldom sees a softer throat Or sunnier eyes than those which that pink note

So radiantly are fixed on!



What warmth in those few words so coldly schemed

Flushes into her face? She long has dreamed Of some such princely lover.

And now? Heaven's dawn is in her cheek's soft hue.

Is the mist merciful that from her view The sequel dark can cover?

A foolish flush of ill-bred fondness? Yes! But how should she the strange vagaries guess Of highly-cultured Honour?

Or, born in prosy haunts of petty thrift, See in the lavish glitter of love's gift The treachery of the donor?

She kneels, poor child, by the white coverlet. "Prayer for a Prince who calls her 'peerless' Is pretty if plebeian," [pet] Remarkd my Guide. "Enough! We'll

pass, and pay One visit more, before the flush of day, To Fashion's empyrean."

Another chamber! Ay! Art's ruling taste Rules here; the queerly quaint, the choicely Impeccably are mingled. [chaste, No Hebe this,—a Juno,—and her hand Bears, newly-placed, a jewelled golden band. "How her proud pulses tingled!"

My Guide's low laugh fell harsh upon my ear. "Tingled?" I cried. "Did ever happy tear

Linger on those dusk lashes, Or dim those eyes as dark and chill as night?" He smiled. "Softness, in which love finds delight,

With hard ambition clashes. "Tingled? Ah yes, with triumph. Such a catch!

The Town's exclusive talk, the Season's match! Yes, friend, 'tis genuine passion Gleams in those eyes to-night; an ardour Of exultation and patrician scorn, [born The Eros most in fashion.

"No touch of tenderness will bring a flush To those pale cheeks in this warm chamber's hush.

Poor cockney Hebe yonder Has that; hers is the joy, shall be the shame, When Juno coldly bears a 'splendid' name. A picture this to ponder?

"Ay, if you care for such wild waste of time, To chafe at cruelty which is not crime—

By modish codes—is madness. If that patrician stripling spoil two lives, What then? The fancy that with Fashion strives

Breeds only helpless sadness."

(To be continued.)

## "RECREATIONS OF A (WELSH) COUNTRY PARSON."

WHAT induced Government to abandon that Tithes Bill, I can't imagine. Fatal to us poor Welsh Clerics. Fed myself and family for last week on rice-pudding. Better than starvation.

*Sunday.*—Fainted to-day in pulpit owing to want of food! Perhaps rice not nitrogenous enough. Shall try oatmeal next week. Am sure Farmer EVAN GRIFFITHS (who won't pay his tithe) feeds his cattle on better food than I give myself. [DREAM]

*Week Later.*—Matters getting desperate. Children have taken to oatmeal porridge so ravenously that I can't afford to buy enough for them. Asked for a subscription (by local Conservative Club) for "reception of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL." A sorry joke. Hope RANDOLPH will pitch into Lord SALISBURY. Feel that I am becoming quite a revolutionist. If still surviving at next Election, shall certainly not vote Tory.

*Monday.*—Too weak to attend Church yesterday. No services held. Receive note from Farmer GRIFFITHS threatening to report me to Bishop! And he is a Dissenter! Think if I get much more emaciated I might earn enough to support wife and children by appearing at fairs as a Skeleton. Or why not a Welsh Fasting Man?

*Thursday.*—Driven to desperation. As no Sheriff dares come near the place, I determine to collect tithe myself! Sally out to Farmer GRIFFITHS' farms at Llanglwlch, and faint twice on road. Try to levy distress on an active cow. Cow far less distressed than I am. It eludes all my attempts to capture it. Farmer's men see me, and come after me with pitchforks. Will my cloth protect me?

*Friday.*—No, it didn't. And Farmer had me arrested for attempted robbery! Am now in infirmary of local gaol, with several bad pitchfork lacerations, but also—thank Heaven!—a substantial dietary. Wish that Lord SALISBURY could see me now. Probably he would only say I was Nobody! When I am better, shall send in a bill to Farmer GRIFFITHS for "dilapidations." Not strong enough to write much, and I do hope Lord RANDOLPH will give Government a good Welsh slating!



ALL OF A ROW.—It has been suggested that Mr. GEE, of Denbigh, can boast an ancient lineage. The fact that he recommended that Her MAJESTY should be hissed argues that he should come at the end of a long line of GEES.

IN A SEA OF TROUBLES.—When His Eminence called upon the Dock Directors last week in the character of a peace-maker, he was loudly cheered by the riverside labourers, then suffering all the privations inseparable from a strike. No doubt those who applauded the venerable ecclesiastic recognised in his action a representation of "Manning the Life-boat."





MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR AUGUST.





**MEMS. FOR THE MOORS.**

(By Our City Sporting Gent.)

"FIRE INSTANTLY WHEN A BIRD RISES,—IF YOU HIT, YOU 'VE A BETTER CHANCE TO KILL."

**ALL IN PLAY.**

THE Shaftesbury Theatre (no doubt named after the late philanthropic Earl—how pleased he would have been at the compliment,—and the Avenue of that ilk) has, until quite recently, been a little



EX-VILLAINY TRIUMPHANT!

Sensation Scene, showing the now Virtuous Willard discovering quite a little fortune.

unfortunate. Perhaps its best bit of luck in the immediate past was the refusal of the iron curtain to go up on the first night of a revival of *The Lady of Lyons*—a hint that, had it been taken by the then Management, might have been the possible means of saving

considerable unremunerative expense. However, on Tuesday (as they observe in the weather reports) "there was a change for the better." Mr. JONES'S *Middleman* is a sound piece of work. To say that it is entirely unconventional would scarcely be fair. Before now the sons of rich employers of labour have been known to compromise the daughters of talented and impecunious workmen. Were the records of what used once to be called the Transpontine Drama searched, instances most probably would come readily to hand. Moreover, enthusiastic and low-born inventors have existed in Stage-land before the days of JONES, as those who remember TOM TAYLOR'S *Arkwright's Wife* will be able, from their own experience, to testify.

But for all that *The Middleman* (produced at a moment when the sweater is attracting more than usual attention) is a good sound piece of work, and as such the Author deserves the hearty commendations of the Press and the Public. And certainly on the night of the production of the piece and the morning of the "notices," he received them. But if JONES is deemed worthy of applause what must be said of WILLARD? Good as *The Middleman* may be, it would have lost half its chances of success had the character of *Cyrus Blenkarn* been intrusted to hands less capable than those of the Co-Lessee of the Shaftesbury Theatre. Mr. WILLARD has made his mark in polished villainy, he has also appeared to advantage in the pathetic comedy of such a part as the faithful retainer in the *Amber Heart*, but never before has he had a chance of showing us what he can do with an entirely sympathetic and many-sided character,—a character which rises at times almost to the dignity of tragedy, and yet narrowly escapes occasionally the broad humour of old-fashioned farce. Now that Mr. WILLARD has been seen in *The Middleman*, his future career will cause interest but no surprise. He will be perfectly safe in almost any of SHAKESPEARE'S creations, and the entire range of the Romantic Drama lies open before him. For the rest, Miss MAUD MILLETT and Miss ANNIE HUGHES are extremely good, Mr. GARDEN amusing, and Mr. MACKINTOSH admirable. But when all is said and done, Mr. WILLARD will be the attraction, and consequently Mr. JONES cannot sufficiently congratulate himself upon the fact of having been able to secure so welcome a Middleman to act as an intermediary between himself and the Public. At least such is the opinion of

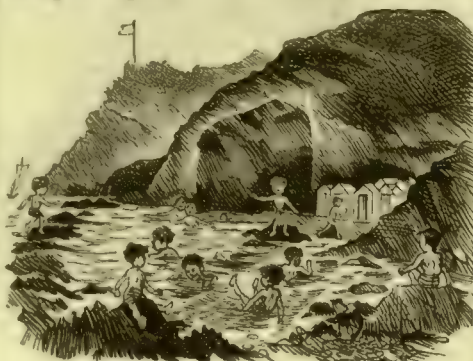
ONE WHO HAS GONE TO PIECES.



## A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

*Ilfracombe—Party—Characteristics—Personally Conducted—Other Climbs—Advantages.*

This year, not being inclined for foreign waters, and having had enough of "traitements," it occurred to me to "treat myself" to an outing in England. A brief account of a trial trip to Ilfracombe in



Nature's own little Bathing Coves at Ilfracombe.

company with my friend COPLEY MARKHAM, was given in these pages a few weeks ago. Since then, I have settled down for a month in Ilfracombe, and the time is approaching for "settling-up,"—and quitting.

Our party is a very pleasant one. To begin with, there is COPLEY MARKHAM, who, from the moment he had taken his lodgings for a month certain, "as far off as possible from our residence,"—"our" means the small party, under distinguished leadership, with whom I have the pleasure of staying,—at once and on every occasion continued to regret that he hadn't gone to The Engadine, or the Italian Lakes, or Aix-les-Bains, or in fact any place abroad, not excepting Boulogne, which he says, appropriately introducing a little French, "*faute de mieux*, gives you a thorough change of life, character and language; *c'est à dire*, if you only keep away from the sands, the *Établissement*, and the port where the Arries and Arriettes are."

The leader of our party,—to whom we have entrusted all arrangements for our excursions, and who publishes a weekly list of what is to be done each day, which everyone of our party is bound to study and know by heart,—we have dubbed "Our Own Mr. Cook," because he personally, and somewhat arbitrarily, conducts us everywhere. And that his amiable, accomplished and most considerate lady should be dear to us as "Our Own Mrs. Cook," is nothing more than just, seeing that she looks after all our creature comforts, and sees that our meals are always duly and simply provided, no matter where they may have to be eaten, whether at "Our Own Mr. Cook's" House, (Ehrenbreitstein Fortress, on an eminence outside the town), or as a pic-nic in a wood, or as a luncheon on the rocks of that Robinson-Crusoe-like Island of Lundy, or as a tea in a distant farmhouse, or as a dinner at a first-class hotel,—wherever it may be, "Our Own Mrs. Cook" is a perfect manager. Her equanimity is never ruffled by the unpunctuality of her guests, nor her calculations for supply ever upset by sudden and increased demand. A table, at which ordinarily four could dine and be accommodated if two were added to their number, becomes, when arranged by "Our Own Mrs. Cook," capable of seating twelve comfortably, with room to spare in case two or three should unexpectedly drop in. Not even COPLEY MARKHAM can grumble with any chance of success in her presence, as she immediately sympathises with him, understands his grievances whatever they may be, and relieves them, somehow, on the spot to his entire satisfaction.

Have you ever seen a Mesmerist who gives a glass of water to the subject on the platform, and says to him, "That's excellent port, isn't it?" and the helpless mesmerised person replies, with gusto, "Yes, it is," then immediately afterwards, while sipping the same water out of the same glass, the operator, with his mesmerising eye on him, says fiercely, "Why that's champagne, good dry champagne," and the poor creature returns, "Yes, it is good dry champagne," and, being in a sort of trance, smacks his lips over the cold water as if it were the finest Pommery '74 (I wish we may get it, but this by the way), and is thoroughly happy. Now this is an illustration of "Our Own Mrs. Cook's" treatment of any guest inclined to be fractious, only that whereas the Mesmerist puts the questions to his victim peremptorily, and even brutally, our hostess is all sweetness, softness, sympathy, and common-sense. COPLEY MARKHAM, for example, at luncheon professes himself dying for a glass of champagne,—he has come in late, and luncheon is practically finished. "It would be so refreshing," he says, rather surlily. "It would, indeed," says Mrs. Cook, readily, "I am so sorry there is none out,—but THOMAS can get some in a minute." "Oh no, don't bother about me," says COPLEY, at once mollified, adding, "I can do very well with a bottle of Bass."

Some one at table, generally GILLIE KING,—a flabbyish young man, of bilious complexion and undecided character, who's always taking

sly peeps at his tongue in the looking-glass, and straining himself to open his eyelids with two fingers, in order to ascertain by their colour if he is anæmic,—observes, "Bass is much better for you than champagne in the middle of the day, but neither is good. You should never drink with your meals, but wait, and a quarter of an hour after, take a tumbler of boiling hot water." "Bosh!" retorts COPLEY MARKHAM, looking about for his bottle of Bass. But in the meantime "Our Own Mrs. Cook," having settled in her own mind exactly what it is most convenient for her cellar that her guest should take, has produced a siphon and a bottle of hock three-parts full, which some of the others have been drinking at lunch. "I think," she says, sweetly, "this will just suit you. You've had a long ride (or "You've been playing tennis"—or "You've been writing or reading"—it's all one to her), and you'll find this most refreshing."

"A Byronic beverage," observes PETER CORBIE, our great authority on poetry—whose quotations are not always strictly accurate—seeing his opportunity,—

"And after years of anguish, love, or slaughter,  
What can compare with hock and soda-water?"

"That's not the right quotation, I'll bet," says COPLEY.

"How much?" asks CORBIE, promptly. But COPLEY will not back his opinion; on the contrary, he backs out of it. He says he doesn't care about betting on such a subject.

"Oh, never mind about bets," puts in "Our Own Mrs. Cook," "do let Mr. MARKHAM enjoy his luncheon. Some of you want to go out and smoke, don't you?"

No sooner has "Our Own Mrs. Cook" suggested that "some of them want to smoke," than every man at table is seized with a sudden and uncontrollable desire for tobacco, and makes for the garden. It is just as if "Our Own Mrs. Cook" had commanded them, on pain of her displeasure, to go out and smoke, so rapid is the exodus from the dining-room, where they leave the usually grumbling COPLEY MARKHAM taking his hock and soda-water under "Our Own Mrs. Cook's" eye, and, without a murmur of regret at the absence of champagne or Bass, heartily thanking her for the refreshing draught, "which," he avers, under the aforesaid mesmeric influence of our hostess, "is far better than taking the 'fizz,' or beer, in the middle of the day."

The same influence is brought to bear on the little COOKIES. If a child COOKIE is howling, having tumbled off the walls of Ehrenbreitstein House into the moat below (all grass, and as soft and impressionable as a feather-bed), his mother is out at once, always sympathetic, and, in a second, the child becoming aware, on its being pointed out to him by "Our Own Mrs. Cook," that no part of its little body is injured, at once sets to work to play at coaches, galloping up and down the hilly path, and pretending to blow a horn in imitation of the guards on the Ilfracombe four-in-hand coaches. Or some other little COOKIE wants a plum, and "won't be happy till he gets it"—that is, everybody is sure he won't,—until



"Here we go up, up, up!"

his mother says to him most kindly, "There, dear, there's a nice biscuit,"—which happens to be handy,—"that's much better than a plum," and the little one takes her word for it, ceases its plaintive requests, and enjoys the dry cracknel as if it were the juiciest egg-plum.

Privately, I fancy that "Our Own Mr. Cook's" touring arrangements are really managed by "Our Own Mrs. Cook," though she gives no hint to that effect, invariably saying to him, before all of us, most cheerfully, "My dear JOHN, whatever you settle for the excursion I'm sure will be by far the best. So we'll leave it to you entirely. You're 'Our Own Mr. Cook,' and if you say Saturday for Barnstaple Bideford, and Clovelly, and Wednesday for Lynton and Watersmeet we will be guided and 'personally conducted' by you. Only," she



adds, "it struck me that Monday would be a better day for Clovelly, as there wouldn't be so many cheap-trippers about. But just as you please." And how does this end? Why, of course, "Our Own Mr. Cook" sees the reasonableness of this suggestion, and the day fixed for the excursion is Monday. Her day, you see, after all, and not Mr. Cook's.

Another lady of our party is Miss BRONDESLEY, JENNIE BRONDESLEY. She can never utter three consecutive sentences on any subject without laughing, opening her eyes, and raising her eyebrows, as if in a chronic state of surprise at the idea of everything and everybody, occasionally stretching a point to include herself, being so utterly ridiculous. She is most enthusiastic and energetic in her manner. She energetically affirms that she cannot possibly go up that hill—"He! he! he! Oh no!—I really can't go up a sort of an upright ladder like that!—too absurd, you know!" Here she goes into a shriek of laughter, and tries to suffocate herself with her little scented pocket-handkerchief rolled up tight into a ball. Then, having protested, with intermittent hysterical giggles, that "it's positively impossible for her to climb an inch," she suddenly dashes up the ascent, putting her head well down and butting at the hill, which she takes, there and then, by assault. On achieving a height of quite fourteen feet above the level of the road, she stops short, puts her hand to her side, as if utterly exhausted, and exclaims, "There!" in triumph, as she waves the miniature pocket-handkerchief, and, like the little dog in the nursery rhyme, "laughs to see such fun."

"Oh, I couldn't jump down that precipice!" she cries, and is then violently shaken by a spasm of laughter, as she stands on the top of a bank. "Oh, I couldn't! Oh, Mr. Cook, you never expect me to jump down that, do you?" More uncontrollable laughter. "Why," she cries aloud, convulsively, "I shall be like QUINTUS What's-his-name, who threw himself into the something or other!" Here she almost falls off, so overcome is she by the egregious absurdity of the resemblance.

"Nonsense!" says her young friend BLANCHE NETLEY, brusquely, in her short sharp way, which always sounds as if she were dictating a telegram. "Jump down. Nothing. You can."

"Oh! can I?" cries Miss BRONDESLEY, hysterically. "Are you sure?—well"—here a few bars of the giggle symphony,—then she continues, "I'll try—only—he! he! he!—you'll have to pick up the pieces and send them home to Papa." And then, with another hysterical laugh, she gives one hand to the Poet and another to Copley, and down she comes as light and as safely as a gazelle, —a gazelle up to a good ten stone nine,—on to *terra firma*.

"You can walk, jump, and climb  
As well as I can rhyme,"

says the Poet, letting off an impromptu.

"Oh, better, I hope," retorts Miss BRONDESLEY, and, conscious of having given the Poet a "nasty one," she attempts to lessen the sting of her sharp repartee by breaking out into a fit of quite uncontrollable merriment, in which the Poet mildly joins.

"You walk, and climb, perfectly, if you choose," says Miss NETLEY, severely, making up a telegraphic message of eight words.



"Here we go down, down, down—O!"

"Oh!" exclaims Miss BRONDESLEY, "how can you say so?" And she screams with laughter at so preposterous a notion.

"You came on easily enough," retorts the matter-of-fact Miss NETLEY.

"Why," returns Miss BRONDESLEY, with a ripple of laughter, "of course I 'came on'; you don't suppose I'm going to be left behind on the top of a mountain to be eaten by wild sheep," and once more she is convulsed at the ridiculous picture thus presented by herself to her own mind's eye.

"Not much chance of your being eaten by sheep," says Copley, who resents so much of what he terms surlily, "giggling at nothing."

"Why not?" asks Miss BRONDESLEY, sharply turning on him.



## NAVAL EVOLUTION.

A TORPEDO LIEUTENANT'S DREAM OF THE FUTURE, AFTER AN ANXIOUS STUDY OF ADMIRALTY REQUIREMENTS.

"All flesh is grass, and sheep could find plenty to nibble at on me"—and off she trips again, waving the miniature handkerchief in triumph, having fairly scored off Copley, and enjoying it.

"Yes, you wouldn't be 'short commons' for them," Copley replies, trying to repay her in her own coin. But, from a short distance off, she only shrieks with laughter at him, and crying out, "Oh, Mr. MARKHAM, how can you be so rude!" she giggles more than ever, and wanders down the mountain side, waving the strongly-perfumed kerchief, and walking with a sort of swagger, which young HARRY SKRYMMAGER, our dashing mountaineer, calls "putting the mountain' side on."

We all like Ilfracombe. First as a central place—easy to get to, and to get away from. It has the advantage over Lynton of possessing a railway station. Some persons pretend that Lynton has the advantage over Ilfracombe in this respect. The drives, rides and walks are varied and all lovely. *Happy Thought*.—North Devon is so hilly, there being scarcely a mile of level road anywhere, that, "the Switchback" as a means of ordinary locomotion might be brought to perfection here. The lines could be "in pleasant places" alongside of the high roads.

Ilfracombe is described in some guide-books as "this fashionable watering-place." Thank goodness, it is nothing of the sort; at least not what I understand by the term. But is a most delightful country-and-seaside place, of which and of our party more in my next.

"ENGLAND AS HE IS LIVED."—Jack L'Éventreur has achieved great success in Paris, no doubt on account of the very faithful picture the drama affords of London life. The Head of the Police, "Sir Stevens" (assisted by a detective with the truly British name of "Robinson Brown"), takes five Acts and seven *Tableaux* before he can arrest "Jack." However, all ends happily. "Jack" is shot, the reputation of the Police is saved, and "Robinson Brown" appropriately sings "God save the Queen." A programme, printed in English, is presented to the sons and daughters of Albion, which declares "that this perfectly moral conclusion cannot fail to satisfy the most difficult or critical spectator." Under these circumstances it is unnecessary to exclaim, "Oh, shocking!"





## DIFFERENT FORMS OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

"CONFOUND IT! THOSE GIRLS WERE LAUGHING AS I WENT BY! WONDER IF I'VE GOT A SMUT ON MY NOSE, OR SOMETHING!"

"TIENS! TIENS! CES DEMOISELLES QUI RIENT QUAND JE PASSE! ÉVIDEMMENT ELLES TROUVENT QUE JE NE SUIS PAS TROP MAL!"

[The Young Ladies are laughing at the antics of a Poodle in the middle distance.]

## FACE TO FACE!

*Or, What the well-meaning Workman thinks of it.*

Yes, here we are, Sir, face to face; that's hearty,

And may to mutual understanding lead.  
I'm no fierce Red, and would not be a party  
To ruffian violence or rascal greed.

Since here we stand, no Middleman between us,

I'll tell you what I think, if you will hear.  
If circumstances so had oftener seen us,  
Perhaps things might not have gone so precious queer.

The Agitator, Sir, and the Contractor,  
Both Middlemen, though of a different sort,  
Have filled too much the stage on which I'm actor,—

What's death to me, to them sometimes is sport.

Mean well, some of 'em, that is very probable,  
—I've not a word to say 'gainst such as BURNS;

But, whilst us chaps are gullible or robbable,  
Middlemen at our cost will serve their turns.

But here we're our own spokesmen. Well, Sir, plainly,

Saving your presence, this is a smart place;  
I'm roughly togg'd, and just a bit ungainly,  
And my old woman cannot boast the grace  
Of your good lady. Days all scant-paid labour

Don't lend themselves to decoration. No!  
Toil is our lot, and poverty our neighbour;  
In short, Sir, you rank high, and we range low.

Yet, if we strike, it ends in the upsetting  
Of—may I call it so?—your kettle o' fish.  
Your son, there, smart of rig and fond o' betting,

Your daughter, knowing no ungranted wish,  
Feel the pinch presently, and promptly grumble

At what I desay they declare our cheek;  
Ten thousand quid a year would like to humble  
The impudence of thirty bob a week.

Natural, very! But consarnin' Wages;—  
You'd fix 'em, what you think you can afford,

And yet keep carriages, and nags, and pages,  
Whilst we must share the leavings. While Wealth's hoard

Is so divided there will still be ructions;  
Your sort will think you're bound to cut a dash,

Our sort will yield to Socialist seductions;  
Our claims run counter, and our interests clash.

Do you twig, Governor? What you can make out of us,

Fair and square make, is fair and square your own;

But sweating us, the huge unordered rout of us,

Bagging the meat and leaving us the bone,  
That won't work noways, not for long together.

We must have living wages; after that  
You're welcome to your finery, every feather.  
I'd put it civil, Sir, but plain and pat.

Fact is, you think your Luxuries necessary,  
Whilst our Necessities must be trimmed and docked

To fit the wants you fancy cannot vary,  
And when we cut up rough, why then you're shocked.

If you must have your thousands ten or twenty,

An extra bob for us you cannot spare:  
We think we'd get enough, and you keep plenty,

If only you'd divide a bit more fair.

Strikes? Yes, they're bad enough; and where there's shindy

There's always babbling fools and rowdy knaves.

Between the Sweaters and the Spouters windy  
We suffer, and our wives. What Justice craves

Is that our true Necessities, reckoned fairly,  
Should have a chance against your Luxuries.

Then you, and us, and Trade would all gain rarely,

Despite Greed's tricks and Agitators' lies.

STRANDED.—It appears that the unpaved Strand remains impassable, because the members of the local Vestry cannot obtain (strange to say) the necessary blocks. The way out of the difficulty, however, is obvious. Let them lay their heads together, and then there will be no difficulty in obtaining wood.

UNDER "SEALED" ORDERS.—Latest Advances to the North Pacific Squadron.





## FACE TO FACE!

WORKING-MAN (to Employer). "I DON'T WANT TO BE UNREASONABLE, BUT IF, IN A GENERAL WAY, YOU'D THINK LESS OF *YOUR LUXURIES* AND MORE OF *MY NECESSITIES*, IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR TRADE ALL ROUND."







## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

"I WAS up quite early the other day!" said the Moon, "so early, indeed, that the Sun had not begun to cool down, and it was really painful to see how warm he had made himself. I must say, for my own part, that I do not consider such unnecessary exertion as he takes at all dignified or in good taste, and if I found myself unable to do my shining without overheating myself, I should make way for some luminary who was more equal to the work. However, I am the last person to obtrude myself, and, as he seemed determined to go on with the thing, I had nothing to do but look on and wait until it pleased him to retire. There was not much doing amongst you men that afternoon; at least, everything seemed quiet and sleepy about the old ruined Castle, which I have known in the days when it was strong and splendid. Just then the custodian of the small museum in the keep was dozing in the heat amongst the battered Saxon skulls, the rusty and ragged shirts of mail, and tracings of mediæval brasses which decorated the walls; outside stood an easel, with a sketch of the ruins, all out of perspective, but the painter sprawled on a bench in the shade, asleep, too. I looked down into the old tilt-yard. The only living things to be seen there were a stately Stork and a grey Gull. The Stork paced up and down slowly, absorbed in profound meditation: now and then he was obliged to stop and stand on one leg to recover the thread of his ideas. For a time I thought it must be some mathematical problem that he was endeavouring to solve, but at last I discovered that he was really trying to hit upon some means of getting rid of the Gull's society without hurting his feelings, for he was a considerate old Stork. The Gull, meanwhile, either did not, or would not, perceive that it was in the way; it kept pace with the Stork with an affectation of being on a footing of perfect equality and familiarity, which was most offensive.

"But what especially annoyed the Stork was that this intrusiveness of the Gull's was not even disinterested. The Gull really admired the Stork, and was glad to be seen about with him; I believe it even imagined that it might be taken for a distant relation of the Stork family, if not for a Stork itself, but that was not its main motive in keeping so near. It had found out that the Stork was particularly quick at detecting worms and slugs, and so it kept between his legs until he aimed his beak at anything, when the Gull stepped nimbly in and intercepted the prey.

"At last the Stork, worried, but always patient, pretended to have given up feeding for the day, and relapsed into a reverie, until the Gull, becoming completely off its guard, sat down and went to sleep in the bigger bird's shadow. The Stork watched it cautiously out of one eye, to make sure that it really was dozing, and then sneaked off, picking his way discreetly on tiptoe, till he considered he was out of hearing, when he fairly scuttled to a spot where he thought he would be safe from persecution. Presently the Gull, missing the shade, woke up and realised the position. In a moment it was on its feet, and came pattering after the Stork, looking so smugly persuaded that its tall friend could not possibly exist without its companionship—so fat and fussy and perky, that I am sure if I had been the Stork I should have driven my bill right through its plump grey back. But the Stork was too high-principled for that. He cast one disgusted look at his tormentor, and then seemed to be invoking a philosophical resignation—the Gull was his fate; he could never hope to escape from it, never! But at least he could ignore it. When I last looked, the Stork had hit upon a mild and gentlemanly form of revenge, in striking at wholly imaginary grubs, and quietly enjoying the Gull's discomfiture. Perhaps he hoped to tire it out in time—but there I fear he was mistaken.

"I fancy," added the Moon, "that I have observed some human companionships which were very much on the same footing."

ASSUREDLY.—A book has been recently published, showing how a quarter of a million of money was lost "in two years." This seems like a misprint. Surely it should be "with two ears"—long ones!



## THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

*Nervous Invalid.* "AH, MY DEAR FELLOW, THIS IS ONE OF THE WORST ATTACKS I EVER HAD!"

*Sympathetic Friend.* "YES, OLD MAN—I SINCERELY HOPE IT WILL BE THE LAST! GOOD-BYE!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

INDUCED by the paragraphic praise bestowed on *Through Green Glasses*, I tried it, and came to the conclusion long before I arrived at the end of the book, that some of the humour might possibly be enjoyable, if short extracts were read aloud to me by a rollicking Irishman. There being no Irishman, rollicking or un-rollicking, at hand, I put down the book, and cheered my drooping spirits by recalling the fun of *Charles O'Malley*, *Jack Hinton*, and the rest of that family. Then I tried *From the Green Bag*, by the same Author, and couldn't get a smile out of it. I have an old-fashioned prejudice against treating scriptural subjects in a comical vein. It is such very cheap wit; and I found in Mr. ALLEN's attempt at telling the history of NEBUCHADNEZZAR in commonplace doggerel, nothing either in rhyme or humour which could excuse the Author's selection of a story from the Old Testament as his theme for comic versification. Had the irreverent Reverend THOMAS BARHAM chosen to versify such a theme, at all events the ingenuity of his rhymes and his inimitable humour would, to a certain extent, have condoned an offence, which, as a matter of fact, seeing that he confined himself to legendary lore, it is most unlikely he would have committed. However, *Green Glasses* and *Green Bag* have their rapturously gushing admirers, among whom, fortunately or unfortunately (perhaps I may be "colour-blind" with regard to "green"), cannot be reckoned

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



An Arrangement in Green.



## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 79.



LONDON EMPTY. No. 1.—NORTH.





### SUPEREROGATION.

"AND OF COURSE YOU WENT TO NIAGARA!—AND WERE MUCH IMPRESSED BY THE FALLS!"

"A—NO. I'D SEEN 'EM IN LONDON, YOU KNOW!"

### FROM THE MERRY MOORS.

Being a few Notes on the "First," contributed by our own Special Chokebore Reporter.

You asked me, if I chanced to get an invite to any "shooting" for the First to let you know, and post you up in the results. Well, I did,—and here you are. The thirtieth having arrived without any invitation, I had just given up the idea as hopeless, when the evening's delivery brought me a nice kind of pressing letter from a sporting friend who had rented 30,000 acres, or 3000 acres,—or, could it have been 3 acres?—in the Midlands, for the purpose, as he expressed it, of getting a "downright good blaze bang into the middle of the partridges,"—(on second thoughts I fancy it *must* have been more than 3 acres),—asking me to put in an appearance for the First, and telling me in the most generous manner in the world to bring a friend or two with me.



"I can put them up," he added, graciously. "I want to make a good show of guns, and surprise the county. Mind you bring your dogs with you."

I accepted, and took down with me a Bulgarian Count and an Indian Chief, whom I happened to have staying with me. I fancy my sporting friend was new to the work of entertaining a shooting party, for when we assembled on the lawn after breakfast we made 127 of us, all told. He appeared to have written to all his friends, and to have told them, as he had told me, to bring a friend or two with them, a privilege of which they seemed to have taken the fullest advantage; though they all scowled angrily at each other, evidently regarding the presence there of any others besides

themselves as an unwarrantable intrusion that must have resulted from some gross miscalculation or mistake. The head-keeper, absolutely declining to arrange what he very truly described as a "whole regiment," my sporting host had politely to dismiss the bulk of his guests. This led to a riot, and a lot of them, in a furious ill-humour, separated all over the grounds, blazing away in all directions, and knocking over anything, from farm poultry downwards, they happened to come across. Talking of "knocking over" brings me to my own weapon, in securing which, not being a sportsman myself, I flattered myself I had made rather a find. I got it from an advertisement, which I subjoin. It ran as follows:—

**RARE SPORTSMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.**—A double-barrelled big game fowling-piece to be disposed of. Was made for an Indian Rajah, but returned on account of its proving too powerful a weapon for elephant chasing. Splendid spreader. Will carry a six-ounce bullet, or may be loaded with a small flower-pot.

I lost no time in securing this, as it struck me with its "spreading" powers, it was just the sort of gun for a beginner. The Bulgarian Count, too, seemed well provided for sport, for he took with him his *chalgar*, or native mountain blunderbuss, a formidable-looking weapon that has to be fired from a large iron tripod stand, and will, I fancy, much surprise and annoy the other "guns" told off to shoot with him in his batch. The Indian Chief, on the other hand, simply armed himself with his *chillivallah*, a sort of boomerang, with which he expressed every confidence he would be able to knock over a partridge without killing the dogs. Talking of dogs reminds me that I must not forget to mention that, having no sporting dogs of my own, and not knowing where to find any in a hurry, I closed with a bargain, and at the last moment purchased three black poodles, which, however, the vendor assured me were "up to anything," and would easily pick up both pointer's and setter's business, and understand being shot over in no time. Thus equipped, I presented myself at my sporting host's place, and found myself, as I have already stated, the next morning after breakfast, one of the remnant of the 127 guns left waiting on the lawn to begin the day's sport. And I will here just jot down my notes of the day's proceedings, taken on the spot at the moment.

10 A.M.—Some commotion caused by the Indian Chief having tried his *chillivallah* on a peacock in an adjacent field, and hit it. He had taken it for a partridge. I have explained the difference to him, and he has promised not to let fly at anything again until I give him the word. Head-keeper still very grumpy. At last our set is made up, and consists of myself, my host, my Bulgarian friend, the Indian Chief, two Dukes, a Baronet, and a couple of other guns, and we all set out in charge of a keeper, and begin a heavy trudge through a rich damp turnip-field, the mould of which clings to our boots and gets over our ankles in a way to render locomotion difficult and laborious. Still we toil on, but there's not a bird to be seen. I ask the keeper jocularly what he thinks has become of them. He shakes his head ominously, and says he doesn't suppose the recent bad weather has left a single brace anywhere; but if it has, and we do come across them, we may depend upon it they will be so wild that they'll give us some trouble to get near them.

Noon.—Am afraid the keeper is right. Here have we been creeping over wet turnips in a high wind and pelting rain (the day has turned out hopelessly wet) for the last two hours, and not a winged creature of any kind has presented itself to our expectant guns. Halloa, though! What's this? A chance at last! There's something coming out of that hedge. Bang! Bang! To the right and left. We all fire. The Bulgarian Count's mountain blunderbuss has kicked and knocked him over backwards. My fowling-piece has certainly gone off, but it has stunned my shoulder. But dear me! what's this? The keeper limping towards me holding up his hand? I'm afraid that, owing to that confounded spreading shot of mine, I have hit him in the leg. I have! And the covey? Have we bagged any? No. There were only three of them, but there they go away over yonder field. The Indian Chief has followed them, clearing the hedge at a rush with a wild yell, but he won't catch them up. The Dukes are swearing quietly to themselves at the general character of the day's sport, which they pronounce to be "mere swindling." Our host intervenes and proposes lunch. We second the proposition, and fall to.

3 P.M.—Still blowing half a gale, and pelting cats and dogs. Excellent champagne at luncheon though, and anyhow one can keep out the rain with whiskey. Have another glass? Certainly. Drink host's jolly good health. Also old Bulgarian Count's, and Chief's. Here's the same, too, to the two Dukes, and the keeper. Here's health to his leg—and many of 'em! What? Time to be on the move? All right, then. Forward! Just one more glass whiskey, to put me on my shooting legs. Thanks. Strange, the ground seems shifting under one. 'Spose it's the weather. Halloa! What's this? More birds? Here goes to blaze into 'em. What? Shot a couple of dogs that time, did I? Well, come, that's better than nothing! Two of my own poodles, were they? Well, it will teach 'em not to get in the way, and be shot over properly another time.



Just one more glass whiskey? Thanks. Think I'll go home now. Wish ground would keep steady. Bag might have been bigger. One cheeper between nine of us. Not much that. Still, might have been less. Better luck to-morrow. That's my motto. Better luck to-morrow. Good night for the present. That's t' say—Good night!

My "random" notes end abruptly as above, but an official account of the day's proceedings, given in the sporting column of a local paper, which I subjoin herewith, may interest you. Here it is:—

"MUGGLESWORTH, MIDLANDSHIRE.—These grounds were shot over yesterday by a party of nine, including the Dukes of BOLCHESTER and BANGOVER, and a couple of distinguished foreign celebrities. Owing to the frightful state of the weather, scent was so bad and birds so wild and scarce, that the whole day's sport only made up a bag of one cheeper, two hedge-sparrows, a yellow-hammer, two poodles, and a keeper. No disease, but the prospect for to-morrow is not encouraging."

If I have any further news, you shall have it next week.

## FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

By a Modern Reviewer.

FAREWELL! The wind is singing o'er the  
downs,  
Just as it sang the year that WILLIAM  
landed,  
And the great, simple landscape smiles and  
frowns,  
Smiles when it flatters, frowns when it is  
With moisten'd finger History turns its page,  
Nature alone remains behind the age.

Larks sing the same old songs, lambs the  
same capers  
Cut on the turf unchanged since ADAM's  
fall;  
The world-old sun is veil'd with the same  
vapours;  
Storms that to-day the vicar's wife appal  
Sounded the same to prehistoric man,  
Who to the nearest cave for shelter ran.

Still the stars kindle their too  
constant tapers,  
The leaves of spring in autumn  
duly fall;  
Nature is still the same, while all  
the papers  
Find some new thing each day  
for boys to call:  
Oh, that the seasons, and the stars  
supernal  
Would take a hint from, any even-  
ing journal!

There is a white-throat's nest  
amid the thicket,  
As any year might be, since  
white-throats were;  
Could I but reach, I'd tear it out  
and kick it—  
It almost makes a Light of  
Progress swear  
To think how, since the white-  
throat was evolved,  
It builds, and sings, and leaves  
itself unsolved.

Out on the dusty road the sun shines  
hotly—  
Here in the dappled shade how  
fair and cool!  
And yet the sun-fleck'd stream is  
clad in motley,  
And the thick-headed bulrush,  
like a fool,  
Nods wildly to the unresponsive  
fluid,  
Just as it would if I had been a  
Druid:

Here the tall grasses wave their gracious  
heads,  
Too fair for such a man—abandon'd lot,  
For on the meanest of them Science sheds  
Her blessing, in a pet-name polyglot;  
And here they wave, undried, ungum'd  
unclassified,  
Till Science rages, and will not be pacified.  
Why, little wantons, will ye not develop  
Your monads into trumpet tongues of truth?  
Nor make discredited emotions well up,  
Worthy of those who in the race's youth  
Spent their spare time, 'mid stratagems and  
treasons,  
Weaving elaborate myths about the seasons.  
Poor foundlings, crooning your untaught Te  
Deum,  
I love you e'en in your neglected state,  
I yearn to store you in a vast museum,  
Banning your slattern mother from the gate.

While children, if by that time we have got  
any  
Revel within on 'ologies and botany.  
Farewell! I go to life, and life's sensations;  
Police-courts, politics, tight-hats, and boots;  
The glorious racket of the railway stations,  
And all that raises man above the brutes;  
But, leaving you, my molecules wax warm  
T'wards yours, although in vegetable form.  
See, where the useless streamlet idly chimes,  
Mid the forget-me-nots' sun-latticed blue  
I gently lay this morning's Penny Times,  
And this month's Half-a-crown Advanced  
Review.  
So may soft dews distil the printer's ink,  
Inform your plasm, and lead you on to think.

"HAYTI IN THE SHADE."—During the  
intense heat of her periodical revolutions.

## FISH OUT OF WATER.

Do fish feel? Well, being vertebrate animals, they possess nerves of sensation, although, as they are cold-blooded creatures, it may be rather low. But, if you scotch them, do they not squirm, if you prick them do they not flinch, when you hook them don't they wriggle?

Lord BYRON was a bard, and not a naturalist, but speaking of IZAAK WALTON, he



said:—"That quaint old cruel coxcomb in his gullet should have a trout, with a small hook to pull it." That would have made WALTON feel; but WALTON was no fish, and we can't quite argue from the angler to the trout.

Eels are commonly skinned alive. Lobsters too, boiled before being killed, probably sustain some inconvenience. Whether or no both suffer much or little, might they not at least be allowed the benefit of the doubt?

Mr. LAWRENCE HAMILTON, M.R.C.S., in contribution to the *Lancet*, avers that fish transported from the fisheries to the market by sea-carriage, packed in "fish-trunks," are subjected in the meanwhile to starvation, are infested with parasites and bacteria. Fish eaters, make a note of that. They undergo "the horrors of the middle passage." Hunger makes cannibals of them, particularly cod fish, which have to be tied in the "wells boats" by their tails to prevent them from eating one another.

Diseased fish, diseased food. That the are sensitive creatures *non sequitur*; but that they do feel, and that perhaps acutely, the pangs of being starved, and smothered, and peeled and crimped, and eviscerated and boiled to death, is highly probable. Under these circumstances should not the name and the aim of that excellent institution the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals be extended sufficiently to include under its merciful guardianship the floating population of Billingsgate?

## VERY INGENIOUS!

SCENE—Corner of a Street. TIME—Night  
Intelligent Constable and Respectable Person discovered near Police Pillar—Signal.

Respectable Person. Marvellous! As so I can send a message to your station-house at any time by telephone?

Intelligent Constable. Yes, Sir, but to prevent false alarms, the box is so constructed that the private key with which we suppress citizens will not come out until the Police come with theirs to liberate it. (Smiling) So be careful, Sir, how you summon us, you will get yourself into trouble.

R. P. (smiling). Be sure I will use my privilege discreetly. I will detain you no longer.

I. C. (touching his helmet). Good-night Sir. [Exit on his beat.]

R. P. At last alone! Now to my plan. (Opens Signal-box and speaks through telephone.) A fire—send all your men to Islington. (Leaves key in box.) And now, I'm to Pentonville! (Throws off his disguise) Thus triumphs HAWKSHAW the Burglar!

[Exit to burgle. Curtain.]



## UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."  
*Le Diable Boiteux.*

## III.

NIGHT once again, dusk un-  
 revealing night,  
 Which, like *Mokanna's* veil,  
 withdraws from sight  
 The city's foulest features,  
 A veil transparent to our wan-  
 dering glance.—  
 "How droll the universal  
 puppet-dance  
 Of Mammon's motley crea-  
 tures!"

So my guide whispered keenly.  
 "Wealth, Work, Wage!  
 These sum the salient ques-  
 tions of the Age.  
 To fix their right relations  
 Puzzles the pundits self-  
 esteemed most wise  
 In all the esoteric mysteries  
 Of Socialist equations.

"Study the problem here,  
 friend." Overhead  
 Lush roses like a sky of crim-  
 son spread,  
 Starred with the snowy  
 sweetness

Of stephanotis blooms; bright hues and balm  
 Lend to long vistas green of fern and palm  
 Voluptuous completeness.

A hard-faced man, yet with the eager eyes  
 Of elderly love-fever, stoops and tries  
 To snatch a hand unwilling.  
 Incarnate calculation looks the churl,  
 Yet with blind passion for that shrinking girl  
 His every pulse seems thrilling.

And she is poor in all save beauty's dower,  
 And he a cockney Cæsus. Danaë's shower  
 Such wooing symbolises.  
 And Danaë, shuddering, yet perforce must  
 yield;  
 All lesser lovers beaten from the field.  
 So Fortune deals her prizes.

"A Bendemeer in Babylon, is it not?"  
 Chuckled my strange conductor. "Passion  
 hot  
 And chill indifference meeting  
 In such an artificial Paradise,  
 Present a pregnant picture. Art—with eyes—  
 Might fix the lesson fleeting.

"Such are poor Beauty's Wages!" "True,"  
 I cried,  
 "And what are his, the huckster at her side?"  
 "Look round, good friend, and reckon,"  
 The Shadow answered. "Forty years his feet  
 Have followed, followed, masterful and fleet,  
 Wherever gain hath beckoned.

"Wealth has he, wide-spread power, and  
 fair renown;  
 Now Beauty stoops his patient work to crown  
 With rapture ere it closes.  
 An image he of mingled gold and clay?  
 Doubtless. But it is such we see to-day  
 Crowned with Catullian roses.

"Her sister now, child of the same light sire,  
 Finds other Wages; hers the starveling hire  
 Of dull, unlovely labour.  
 Behold!" A sombre, small, suburban room,  
 The sort of den where Toil plods on in gloom,  
 With Poverty for neighbour.

So dingy-draped, dim-lighted, coldly neat,  
 The solitary rosebud looks less sweet  
 Set on that work-piled table.  
 Sedulous stitchery scarce competes with smiles  
 From pretty lips, or semi-wanton wiles,—  
 Save in dull moral fable.



"Toil and self-sacrifice," my Mentor said,  
 "Seek their small stipend here. And, over-  
 head,

Talent is sitting—idle. [hair,  
 See! A broad brow's beneath that matted  
 But the wild wrath of genius in despair  
 Is difficult to bridle.

"He had the incommunicable gift,  
 Invention. Shrewd self-seeking, cautious  
 thrift

Capricious Fate omitted.  
 Our Cæsus yonder sucked his brain, and here  
 He hides, joint thrall of blank despair and  
 beer,  
 Unmarked, unpaid, unpitied.

"Strange, most unjust?" Good friend, the  
 fortunes built  
 On such cold theft are many, and the guilt  
 Sits on Wealth's conscience lightly.  
 In yonder book-lined chamber sits a scribe,  
 An honest soul, gold would not buy or bribe  
 His pen alert and sprightly.

"Draw near, and over his bowed shoulder  
 look. [book,  
 'Men who Succeed.' The name of his new  
 Run down the lines and ponder.  
 He writes of Cæsus on this very page.  
 Think you he'll give e'en honour's barren  
 wage  
 To his poor jackal yonder?"

"He knows him not; for it is *not* Success  
 To serve another in the social press,  
 And miss the glittering guerdon."—  
 The scene changed swiftly. 'Tis a thing of  
 dread  
 To see a radiant brow, a golden head  
 Bowed beneath sorrow's burden.

So gay a chamber—and so sad a face!  
 So grim a skeleton 'midst so much grace!  
 RAHAB amidst the roses  
 Shows bravely; but alone, at dead of night!  
 What spectral presence on her shrinking sight  
 Its warning shape discloses?

These be *her* Wages! Honey hers and milk,  
 In passion's promised land, poor thing of silk;  
 But solitude's revealings,  
 Amidst the fripperies of her flaunting state,  
 Show that, though crowned with flowers,  
 stone-lipped Fate  
 Is deadly in its dealings.

"The great Wage Question," quoth my quiet  
 guide,  
 "Confronts a hurried age on every side.  
 I offer no solution.  
 Showman, and not Philosopher, am I.  
 Judge you 'twixt radiant Rascality  
 And ruthless Retribution!"  
 (To be continued.)

'THE MURMUR OF THE SHELL.'—From the  
 "Consular Reports" it appears that a com-  
 pletely new trade has been lately developed  
 in South-Eastern Europe through the ex-  
 portation of eggs. If the Reports had called  
 attention to the importation of shells, they  
 would, under existing circumstances, have  
 been nearer the mark. It is the foreign  
 fowling-piece, and not the home-bred fowl,  
 that is likely to cause some startling develop-  
 ments in the trade of South-Eastern Europe.

## LOVE À LA MODE.

## HE.

THE moonlight's on the sea, and on her hair;  
 She is a real beauty! How they'd stare,  
 The boys, if I brought home a wife—but there,  
 What bosh it is to think of love and  
 marriage;



She'd want a house,  
 we'll say in Gros-  
 venor Place,  
 Ascot and Goodwood,  
 one must go the  
 pace,  
 And such a fashion-  
 able lady's face  
 Must smile upon the  
 world from out a  
 carriage.

## SHE.

The moonlight's on  
 the sea. I know  
 each word

That trembles on his lips, as though I heard  
 Their passionate utterance. Is the thought  
 absurd,

That we two could join hands and live  
 together,  
 Through all the coming years, a peaceful life,  
 As happy husband and contented wife,  
 Disdaining all the wild world's ceaseless  
 strife?

Love would find blue skies e'en in stormy  
 weather.

## HE.

The moonlight's on the sea. I feel, by Jove,  
 That what those poet-Johnnies have called  
 Love,

Does stir one's heart. I think if she would  
 move, [over:

And look at me once more, all would be  
 Yet, after all, where would one's freedom be?  
 While my amount of yearly £ s. d.

Would not suffice, that's clear, for her  
 and me;  
 And wild oats seem uncommonly like  
 clover.

## SHE.

The moonlight's on the sea. What idle tales  
 The poets tell of moonlight. What avails  
 My love and his?—for love in these days  
 fails, [one guerdon.

Though girls would risk it to gain love's  
 He thinks that I want diamonds; and I,  
 Who for his sake and love's would gladly die,  
 Know that between us must for ever lie  
 His coward fear lest life should prove a  
 burden.

"CHURCHY" TENDENCIES OF THE PRIME  
 MINISTER.—Why, of course, hasn't he just  
 provided the very Cabinet with a CHAPLIN?





### "UPON HIM!"

(Professor Snoodle hates Music, and thinks he has discovered a safe retreat from the Enemy.  
Brigand (from round the corner of a Rock). "TAKE FOR THE BAND, SIR!" )

### "URN-BYE" AS IT IS.

(A Communication from the side of the Dear Sea Waves.)

WHEN my Doctor told me that the air of this place would soon set me upon my legs, he was quite right. It has, and my legs are now most anxious to take me away. Not that it is altogether a bad sort of town—when you know it. There is some very decent bathing, and a circulating library and a clock-tower; but perhaps the great feature



Entertainers both Civil and Military.

of the spot is the Band. It is a military band; not an imitation, like "Somebody's Heavy Infantry," but a real regulation regimental band. Caps, badges, piping-trimmed tunics, sword-belts—everything complete. I am not sure how it got here. In the morning it seems to feel the want of the battalion very deeply, and marches through the town as if it were followed by a colonel, two majors, sergeant-major,

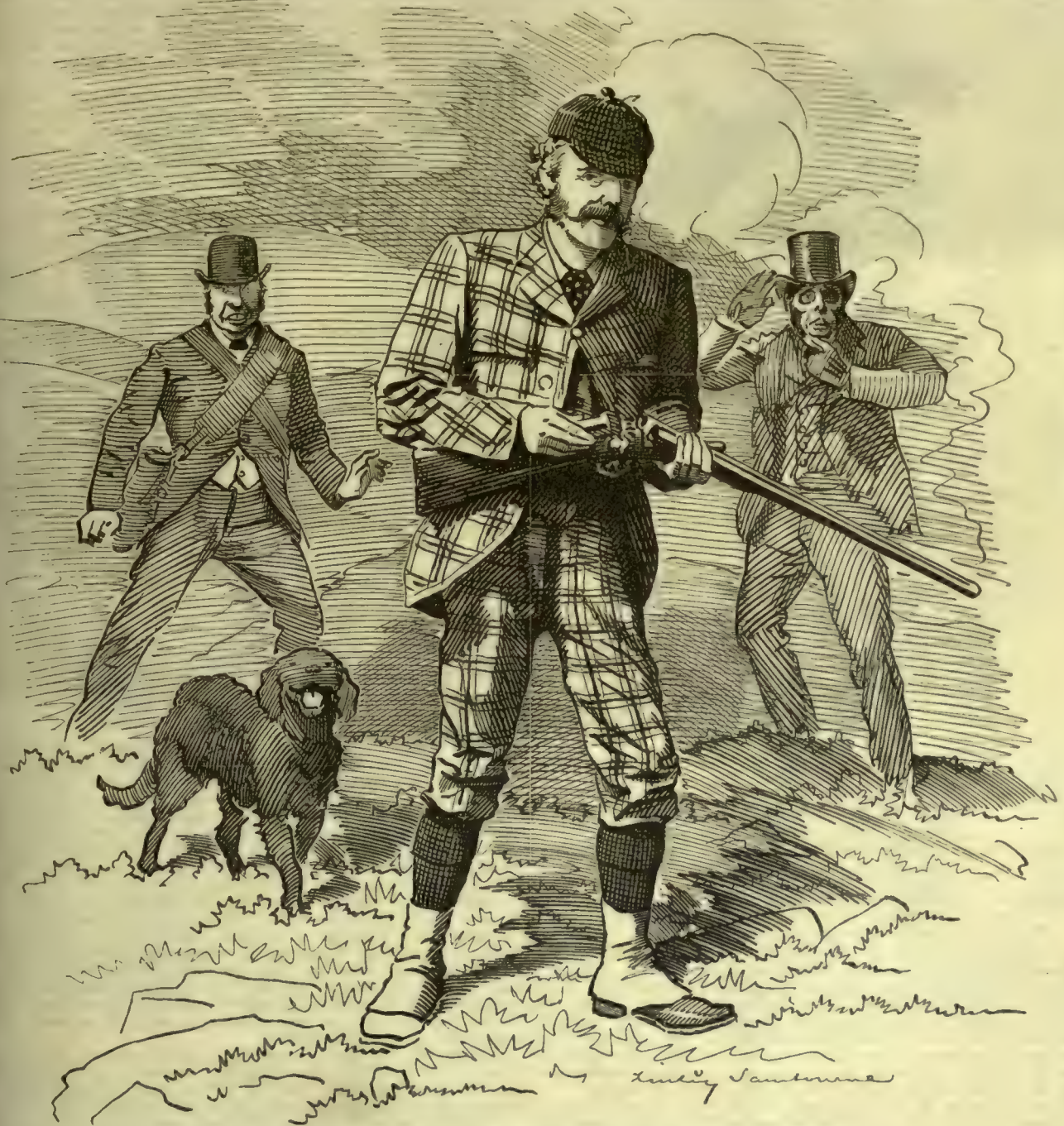
eight companies, colour party, and an adjutant—all *en règle*. Alas the colonel down to the adjutant are phantoms of the imagination, and the poor Band resembles not a little a locomotive engine which has lost its attendant train. However, after two or three progresses in correct military formation, it takes its place resignedly within measurable distance of the bathing-machines, and discourses sweet music for the benefit of the children on the beach. It is then that the niggers and clowns vanish, to reappear, strengthened by a foreign conjuror, in Court evening dress, at the other end of the promenade.

I am glad to say that the Band does not descend to collecting coppers; but I rather fancy, from what I read in a local paper (price one halfpenny) that it is to have, before the Season closes, a two-day benefit of some sort. Well, I hope the two-day benefit will be a success, for the poor, lone, melancholy regimental band without the regiment is a very good one.

And this reminds me that one of the great attractions of the town is the local halfpenny paper, which is sometimes distributed gratuitously. It is not a large sheet, but it contains a mass of valuable information. We have, for instance, the band programme, the railway time-table, and the announcement of any such wild dissipation as a flower-show held in the Town Hall, or a performance of Miss Rose's excellent Theatrical Company in the Assembly Rooms. The latest news outside our immediate neighbourhood is certainly rather condensed. As an example, were the Autocrat of the Great North to be assassinated at St. Petersburg, our paper would, I fancy, announce the rather startling intelligence briefly,—"CZAR was murdered this morning," while devoting a ten-line paragraph to the graphic description of an accident to a local goat-chaise. Well, we are perfectly satisfied with this distribution of intelligence, for while we are *here* I fancy we take greater interest in local goat-chaises than in Czars of Russia, however they may be murdered.

I have incidentally mentioned Miss Rose's theatrical company which I have truthfully described as a very good one. It consists of a large number of ladies and gentlemen, many of whom I fancy must have only recently adopted the Stage as a profession. When this company visits us, we have a very varied programme. On Monday for instance, we are introduced to a startling melodrama with some





**FANCY PORTRAIT OF MR. BALFOUR ENJOYING A HOLIDAY.**

*The Right Hon. Gentleman is depicted kindly giving two of the Attendants, supplied by Scotland Yard to protect prominent Members of the Cabinet in London, a little Outing.*

such title as *The Band of Blood*; on Tuesday, *Hamlet*; Wednesday, (two pieces) *Cox and Box*, and *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*; Thursday, *The Rivals*; Friday, *London Assurance*; and Saturday, we return to our old love (a sure draw), *The Band of Blood*. Thus the ladies and gentlemen of the company have plenty of practice, and if (let us say) Mr. GARRICK MACREADY ROSCIUS is not quite in his element as *Sir Ralph Ruthven*, the wicked baronet in the melodrama, he often has a chance, before he is many days older, of making a very favourable impression as *Box*.

There are other distractions. We have Excursions in a drag (shilling there and back—children half-price) to a very popular ruin, where one can look at the remains of a churchyard washed away by the sea, and exchange courtesies with the friendly sheep of a venerable caretaker, and (once a year) we have a Regatta. This Season the

Regatta would have been a stupendous success (we had enough flags to have paved Cheapside) had not a dead heat between two rival crews led to a contest on land, which was not included in the programme, and which was even more exciting than the contest on water.

Then our visitors are most delightful. We have HARRY without his "h," and EMILY with a supplementary aspirate. 'ARRY wears white flannel trousers, and HEMILY a cricketer's cap that bursts into blossom just over the peak. Their conversation proves them both to belong to what the Lodginghouse-keepers call "the 'igher classes."

And this reference to the Lodginghouse-keepers reminds me that perhaps the most startling thing in the whole place is the price asked for apartments. But here I am obliged to stop (or rather go), as my legs will insist upon hurrying me off to the railway station!





NO LIBEL.

PORTRAIT OF A RECENT BARE-FACED IMPOSTOR.

## A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

*Advantages—Per Contra—The Mountaineer—Geology—Proposition—Wasp—Excursion—Watermouth—Entertainments—Torr's Walks—Ha'porths—Sunset.*

ILFRACOMBE is decidedly not a fashionable watering-place. By "fashionable" I understand such places as Eastbourne, Brighton, Folkestone, Ryde, Cowes, Dieppe, Trouville, Deauville, and so on where Society rings the changes on costumes, and lives Town life with additional excitements, and under invigorating climatic influences. If there be a beach, sands, and a pier, then there are the inevitable niggers, Aunt Sallies, and all the stale tomfooleries of the Derby Day. Of course, there is the usual treadmill promenade, and the tall hat and gloves show for Church Parade on Sunday.

Now from most of this Ilfracombe is free, with the exception of the traditional top-hat and shiny best coat of the highly-respectable *bourgeoisie*, on Sunday; but these seem to be worn with a difference, more out of respect to the day than for mere Vanity Fair's sake; though, of course, being out in such complete smartness, JACK and JILL, and JACK'S and JILL'S worthy parents and brothers and sisters feel themselves bound to walk up Capstone Hill, just to shake off the drowsiness caused by the Rev. PROSER's discourse, and to obtain a good appetite for the half-past one meal.

The curse of Ilfracombe on Sunday is that uncompromising, uncharitable, intolerant Salvation Army, with its amug, stuck-up, howling fanatics, and its brazen-lunged and drum-banging band. Their preachers, preaching only to their own followers, are street nuisances, and, on the rocks, where you would fain retire into solitary communion with your best self, these ignorant, vulgar, conceited sectarians come ranting and roaring, to the utter discomfort of all quiet, retiring contemplative persons.

There is another occasional nuisance in orthodox imitation of the Salvationist system, and this is a service for children on the rocks every morning, patronised by a clergyman of position. Their emissaries ask little children to join them in hymn-singing; but, with

satisfaction I have noticed several little ones give these well-intentioned but officious amateur Apostles a decided and unexpected snubbing.

The amusements are of such a simple kind as give much pleasure to those who come to Ilfracombe to enjoy everything out of doors, and who, being contented with rides, drives, and walks, avoid hot rooms, crowds, music-halls, and theatres.

"The country is simply too beautiful for anything!" exclaims Miss BRONDESLEY. "Why it's quite an insult to call it a miniature Switzerland," she says, going off into a wild laugh at the idea.

"It isn't Switzerland at all," complains COPLEY MARKHAM; "I wish it were." And he suddenly jerks out his watch and consults it gravely, as if considering whether he would just have time to catch the next train to Switzerland or not.

"Splendid ferns everywhere," says Miss NETLEY, who is seldom out without an Alpine-stick and a basket, as if she were going to market.

"I'll tell you where there are lovely ones," cries our mountaineer, young HARRY SKRYMMAGER, who is always in full climbing costume, with a formidable knife in a sheath, fixed into some mysterious part of his back. "Most useful thing," he explains. "I learnt it"—he speaks of the knife as if it were a musical instrument—"when I was in Norway. You stick it into a cleft in a rock, and it makes a



The Wild Fern Gatherer.

handle. It digs up roots, opens gates—and it's no end serviceable."

Young SKRYMMAGER is full of useful information. He has recently passed an examination for something or other, but happening to arrive in the first three, and there being, unfortunately, only two vacancies, he finds himself temporarily cast adrift, literally crammed with stores of useful knowledge, which he takes every opportunity of distributing in small parcels, so to speak, to his friends, on every possible opportunity. I suppose it is owing to his having been so long and closely engaged in study that he is now so restless as to be unable to sit still for more than five minutes together, even at meals. He is politeness itself. "Let me hand this," he says to Our Mrs. COOK, jumping up from his seat suddenly, and seizing a dish of hot potatoes. Whereat, of course, Miss BRONDESLEY gives a little scream, and exclaims, "Oh, that HARRY SKRYMMAGER! He's quite like a whirlwind!" and then she is shaken with one of her irresistible laughing fits at the absurdly striking resemblance which young SKRYMMAGER, politely handing a dish of potatoes, must evidently bear to a whirlwind.

Immediately the meal is over SKRYMMAGER draws his weapon, takes a stick, puts on his hat and asks, "Now who's for Score Woods and for fern-collecting? then on to Lee, and perhaps round by Morthoe and Woolacombe Sands, and so back to dinner?"

"How far is that?" inquires the Poet, cautiously.

"Oh, no distance," replies HARRY SKRYMMAGER, vaguely; "but it's lovely country. There are Silurian rocks, and then there is that red strata peculiar to the geological period called Devonian. Fancy elephants and lions having been all over the place." Mrs. COOK, looking up the biscuits in the sideboard, pauses in horror. Elephants and lions! When? Where?—and to think of all the little COOKIES about? She had not caught exactly what Mr. SKRYMMAGER was saying, and supposed that the beasts had got loose out of a travelling menagerie, "as they did once at least, so I have heard, somewhere in Kent," she says; "and a lion came in at the door of a house where three old maids lived, just as they were quietly at tea."

"Oh," says SKRYMMAGER, "I meant thousands of years ago. There was a skeleton of a lion from here somewhere by Lynton, and there's a pebbly beach right at the top of a hill, showing," he continues, dealing out a parcel or two from his useful-knowledge stores, "that, at some time or other, all this was under sea, because you'll find corals, encrinurites, trilobites and shells, and the discoveries in the Siluro-Carboniferous interval are still more interesting."



"Good gracious, Mr. SKRYMMAGER!" cries Miss BRONDESLEY, gasping as if her breath had been quite taken away by this sudden avalanche of information. "What terrible things you are telling us!" And she glances round from one to the other in a playfully timid frightened manner, as she places her miniature pocket-handkerchief to her lips as if to repress a coming shriek.

But HARRY SKRYMMAGER is in a generous humour, and he is going into further interesting details about "argillaceous slates, schistose grits, traces of quartz at Morthoe and manganese at Woolacombe Sands," when Our Own Mr. COOK, says quietly, "I've arranged for you all to go down to Watermouth Caves on the sea-shore. There are two donkey-chairs coming, and a spare donkey for those who like to 'ride and tie.' We start in half an hour. It's low tide at four, and just the day for the excursion."

"Oh, Mr. COOK!" exclaims Miss BRONDESLEY. "Am I to go into a cave—into a dark, horrible cave—on the sea-shore, among the pirates and smugglers? Are there any smugglers? Oh, my dear," she turns appealingly to our hostess as Miss NETLEY refuses to listen to her; "my dear! aren't you frightened?" and she flops down on the floor by Our Own Mrs. COOK's chair, and buries her head in her hands as if in abject terror, laughing hysterically all the time. Our hostess takes her under her protection, murmuring soothingly, "Dear JENNIE!" as she protests that, if there were anything terrible in the caves, her husband wouldn't have arranged for anyone to go there, which is at once a common-sense and yet sympathetic view of the case.

"Oh!" exclaims the impulsive Miss BRONDESLEY, kneeling up suddenly, and folding her hands like a pretty nursery picture of "the little one at her mother's knee,"—of which, perhaps, a glimmering recollection occurs to her mind at this moment,—"I'll go wherever you go." She says this with a little tremulous laugh, as she looks into Our Own Mrs. COOK's quiet eyes. Then she smiles a smile of such sweet and tender confidence that it would have softened even the heart of Hubert, if he had had to deal with Miss BRONDESLEY instead of little Prince Arthur—or would have irritated him beyond all control, and made him do something desperate.

"We may find some octopuses," says HARRY SKRYMMAGER, in serious earnest, as he sharpens his knife on the leather sheath.

Miss JENNIE looks up and pouts, as if begging him not to try and impose on her with his nonsense about octopuses.

"There are octopuses about," says Miss NETLEY, "just as in Jersey," and Our Own Mr. COOK presumes it is not improbable. COPLEY MARKHAM wishes we were on the coast of Brittany, and GILLIE KING recollects having heard of several being seen somewhere about, though on reflection he rather thinks these must have been porpoises. The Poet is recalling that scene so graphically described by VICTOR HUGO, when Miss BRONDESLEY starts up, nearly upsetting Our Own Mrs. COOK, crying, "Oh, a wasp!"

"Don't hit it!" "Don't touch it!" "Leave it alone!" "Where is it?"

Everyone is shouting, and the room is cleared. A start is made for Watermouth Caves, a trudge of about three miles and a half, with a visit to the caves in boats at sixpence a-head. "Interesting, but not remarkable," says GILLIE. "Better in Brittany," says COPLEY.

"You didn't come with us," I observe to one of our party, Mr. RUDOLPH SHULTZ, a quiet, rotund, grey-bearded, and middle-aged gentleman, whose life's studies have been among the driest and mustiest works on the highest and deepest philosophical and theological subjects, and whose professional income is derived from contributions, under a well-known and highly popular *nom de plume*, to all branches of the very lightest literary and dramatic work. He generally carries about with him a curious old book or two, in antique binding, and has pencils, note-books, and portable dictionaries, concealed about his person in all sorts of out-of-the-way pockets. He does not care for "views," except philosophical and theological ones, and rarely accompanies us on any excursion. For the greater part of the day he reads on the rocks, "and," he says, in replying to my observation, "when I am fatigued with that, I assist at a most interesting performance of Punch and Judy, which takes place on the rocks at 12'30, four, and (by torchlight) at seven."

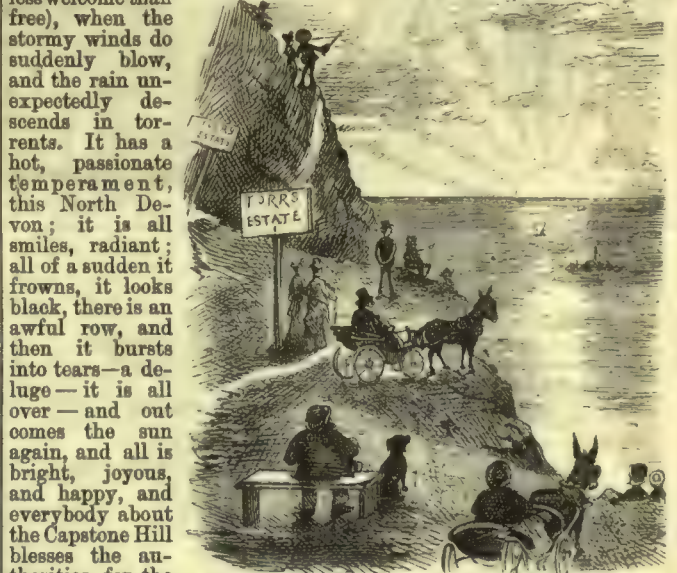
Punch and Judy on the rocks is one of the principal entertainments by day or night. There are three performances, and if anyone wants to see the legitimate drama of Punch and Judy in its entirety,

without any sort of curtailment, but with an occasional introduction of a character or two quite in keeping with modern requirements,—just as in the dialogue interspersed with songs, after the style of a Vaudeville, are brought topical allusions exactly up to date,—I say if anyone wants to see this (as far as I know) unique performance, he must come to Ilfracombe before Professor SMITH with his Royal Punch Show—which he carries, as a snail does his house, on his back—leaves the place. Or he must follow him through his tour in the provinces.

There are two other entertainments on the beach—one provided by the strong man, who ties himself up, and unties himself, and who I don't think has a great following, as I have frequently seen him wandering about the promenade in a sort of acrobatic bathing-dress, folding his muscular arms as he regards the crowd about Punch and Judy, and listens to the irritating squeak of the chief performer, with the melodramatic scowl of the blighted professional, who mutters to himself, "Ha! ha! a time will come!" The second entertainment is composed of two hideous-looking persons in slouch hats, and dark-blue spectacles, who travel with a grand piano, and call themselves "The Original Mysterious Minstrels." One of them is a powerful tenor, who does the sentimental part of the performance, and the other, a big fat man with a husky voice, is a baritone, who as the low comedian, sings CORNEY GRAIN'S and GROSSMITH'S songs.

There is a good town band, who are not on speaking terms with the Mysterious Musicians; and, in fact, the jealousy between the two parties of entertainers reached such an acute point as to threaten the harmony of the place by splitting it up into factions. When, indeed, the opponents met under one roof, and some wanted the band and others the singers, it was evident we couldn't have "songs without 'words'." A truce, however, was proclaimed during the remainder of the Mysterious Minstrels' sojourn, and all ended well without the intervention of the police.

Where people most do congregate is a miniature Crystal Palace, called the "Jubilee Shelter," to which admission is free, (and no



A Ha'porth of Sunset on the Torr's Walks.

less welcome than free), when the stormy winds do suddenly blow, and the rain unexpectedly descends in torrents. It has a hot, passionate temperament, this North Devon; it is all smiles, radiant; all of a sudden it frowns, it looks black, there is an awful row, and then it bursts into tears—a deluge—it is all over—and out comes the sun again, and all is bright, joyous, and happy, and everybody about the Capstone Hill blesses the authorities for the shelter, with as much gratitude as, proverbially, the North Briton blesses His Grace of ARGYLL. Every evening we go on to the Torr's Walks, and have a ha'porth of Sunset, and a ha'porth of North-Westerly Atlantic breeze, and cheap at the price. "It is very wonderful," observes Miss JENNIE BRONDESLEY, for one instant thoughtful, as she takes a last fond look at the setting sun. "Now it's going to the Antipodes. I suppose it's beginning to be daybreak in Australia."

"Not exactly," replies HARRY SKRYMMAGER, seizing the opportunity of getting rid of some of his scientific cargo. "You see, the earth's motion round the sun is in this way—" And he commences an illustration with two pebbles, which he picks up for the purpose.

"Oh, don't try it on me!" cries Miss BRONDESLEY, exploding with merriment. "I don't care to know how a conjuring trick is done. The sun disappears—down it goes—and the people in the Antipodes have the use of it when we've done with it. I think it's very nice that we should have it first;" and, delighted with her own sharpness in putting the solar system into a nutshell, and shutting it up, (and HARRY SKRYMMAGER as well), she runs up half a scale of laughter, waves her handkerchief as if bidding adieu to sun, science, SKRYMMAGER, and all argument, and steps out briskly, as if she didn't care what became of her, even if she tripped over the edge of Torr's Walks into the sea.

Devonshire Grass Lane. Short Cut for Two Miles. "Length without Breadth."





## UN BON MAUVAIS QUART D'HEURE.

(WAITING FOR ONE'S BATHING TENT AT THE DIEPPE CASINO.)

## FROCKS IN FRANCE.

*A Respectful Protest.*

O LADY, when leaving our England to visit  
 At French seaside places, how strangely you dress!  
 We look at your frock, and we murmur, What is it,  
 A bathing costume, or attempt to express  
 Your scorn of the frog-eating natives, by wearing  
 A mixture of hues inexpressibly vile?  
 With true English insolence haply not caring,  
 Although well-dressed Frenchwomen sneer with a smile.

And why do you semi-convulsively wriggle,  
 In aimless contortions of pleasure or pain?  
 How is it you try on an infantine giggle?  
 Oh, elderly *ingénue*, prithce explain!  
 When at home you are not so aggressively skittish,  
 With antics like monkeys when learning to dance;  
 And there's one sort of laugh, only heard from the British,  
 That makes you the terror of masculine France.

*Autres pays, autres mœurs.* Does the air change demeanour,  
 That you "gallivant" in unfeminine way?  
 When at home, you've an aspect more staid and serene  
 Than that which you make us ashamed of to-day.  
 To the country of WORTH why bring frocks so appalling,  
 And hats so outrageously little or big,  
 That the very street-boys can't be scolded for calling  
 Out words of disdain of your insular rig!

"IN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT."—The chief commiseration for the honest Jack-tars returned from the recent *Manœuvres* must be reserved for the stokers on board the *Nymphs*, the ventilation of whose engine-room was so deficient that the temperature rose to 113°, while in the bunks 180° was registered, a heat which it is not surprising to hear caused the coal to become ignited! It is not stated clearly what remedy is proposed for this state of things; but if the Lords of the Admiralty turn another crew into the *Nymphs* without thoroughly overhauling her, they will certainly be making it hot for them (and it is to be hoped for themselves) with a vengeance.

## "BETWEEN YOU AND ME AND THE POST."

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—I have been much exercised by a paragraph I lately saw in an evening paper, in its summary of the Postmaster-General's Annual Report on the work of his office. It seems, according to the veracious journal in question, that there exists "a tom-tit, who builds her nest in a private letter-box by a farm-gate. For two years she resented the intrusion of the letters, and pushed them out as fast as they were placed in the box. This year, however, she permitted them to remain, and successfully hatched five young ones." Now, Sir, this may strike the Postmaster-General as merely a curious and entertaining fact, but he does not seem sufficiently alive to the grave inconvenience that would be caused were the example of this misguided bird to be generally followed by the feathered tribe. Speaking for myself, Sir, as one of the Public, I wish any letters I intrust to the post to be duly delivered, but I emphatically object to their being hatched in course of transmission by any bird whatever. If a letter is posted "young," as I presume is the case with all properly posted missives, how long will it be before it is able to leave the parental pillar-box? and, again, how can we be sure that it will retain sufficient instinct to fly to its original direction? And—a more important question still—what manner of fowls will letters posted and hatched in this highly irregular and officious manner turn out, on breaking the envelope? Will you kindly relieve my natural anxiety on these important points, and allow me to subscribe myself,

A PERPLEXED ORNITHOLOGIST.

[The last point is the only one to which Mr. Punch can offer a reply with any confidence. Letters hatched as his correspondent describes, would probably turn out either Tell-tale-tits or Round Robins. However, such queries open up a wide and interesting field, which we commend to all students of un-Natural History.]

## Verb. Sap.

A LITTLE more love between neighbour and neighbour,  
 In Trade, would work change to move cynics' astonishment.  
 Were Capital not so dead set on Hard Labour,  
 And Labour less eager for Capital Punishment!





## THE GUINEA-FOWL THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS.

*(Æsop slightly altered.)*

MR. P. "DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD, MY MAN! WHO'D SUFFER MOST *IF YOU KILLED IT?*"









### THE MODERN HEADSMAN.

CELEBRITIES BEGGING FOR MERCY OF THE CARICATURIST. HEADS TAKEN OFF WHILE YOU WAIT.

### THE MUSIC AT THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

(By One who was sent to take Notes.)

GLOUCESTER, celebrated for its cathedral and its cheese, had put on its gayest aspect for the Festival of the Three Quires, so called from the number of sheets of paper which, on the average, it causes each correspondent writing about the Festival to consume. The architecture of the old city seems in many places to have been imitated from the new decorations of Her Majesty's Theatre. Of course there was a good deal of "bunting" about, though the famous critic, Mr. JOSEPH BENNETT, has failed this time to enlarge on the subject. I can fancy J. B. apostrophising his once well-loved "bunting" in some such strain as the following:—

Bye, bye, baby BUNTING,  
JOBY'S gone a-hunting,

Picking up some newer chaff  
For the *Daily Telegraph*.

J. B. did good and serious work for the Festival in the "book" he prepared for Mr. LEE WILLIAMS, a Composer whose music possesses genuine charm, and whose fame already belongs, not to Gloucester alone (where he is Cathedral organist), but to all England. I had expected from him a *Cantata* on some local subject—a glorification, for instance, of Gloucester's unrivalled salmon, ending with a septett in which some of the leading inhabitants of the river should with one voice utter the touching declaration,—"We are Severn!" Mr. LEE WILLIAMS had been furnished, however, by the said J. B. with a poem of solemn import, which he has set to appropriately pathetic music.

Among the big fishes really present (see the names in the programme) was small FRY, who persisted in declaiming something throughout the performance of Dr. MACKENZIE'S beautiful and impressive *Dream of Jubal*. *Jubal* never dreamed of small FRY, and it would be well if some arrangement could be made by which this really clever reciter should get his recitation finished before the music begins—or afterwards. We had two FRY days in the Festival week; Monday, when FRY rehearsed, and Tuesday, when he publicly recited.

There is much to praise in the music, and much to object to in the *libretto* of Dr. HUBERT PARRY'S *Judith*. All that is dramatic in the admirable story of the Jewish heroine has been carefully expunged by the Composer, who is his own librettist; and by mixing up the remainder with the revolting story of *Manasseh*, the degraded Jewish king, he has produced the strangest of jumbles. If Dr. HUBERT PARRY does not like the slaying of *Holofernes* by *Judith*, neither do I like the massacre of those Innocents Abroad, Master JONES and Master LEESON, at the shrine of Moloch. Besides Master JONES and Master LEESON (such, according to the Book of the Words, were the names of *Manasseh*'s children), several Priests and one High Priest take part in the action. I am astonished that the Composer did not see the propriety of writing the part of the High Priest for the alto voice. Dr. HUBERT may parry some of my objections. But *Punch* and *Judith* will never agree.

The great day of the Festival was Thursday, when Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S *Prodigal Son* was performed in the morning, and his *Golden Legend* in the evening. This attractive combination had the effect of increasing the population of Gloucester for twenty-four hours to such an extent that the cheese-famed city seemed suddenly to have developed from single Gloucester into double Gloucester. The *Golden Legend* is a traditional tale of a fortune amassed at Gloucester by an hotel-keeper during the Festival week; while the *Prodigal Son*, is the sad story of a young man who, in spite of his father's warnings, lived an entire Festival week at a Gloucester Inn. The execution of the *Prodigal Son* pleased me. Not that he is put to death—you know what I mean. There was one remarkable defect, however, in the singing of Mr. EDWARD LLOYD. The *Prodigal* after his brief period of plunging, had lived on husks. It would have been at once realistic and subtle to have indicated this by a little huskiness in the voice of his representative. Far, however, from being husky, Mr. EDWARD LLOYD sang his part with provoking clearness.

I must not forget SITT'S concerto, introduced by CARODUS Junior—Sirrah BERNHARD CARODUS. During the performance the E string of Sirrah BERNHARD CARODUS'S violin suddenly snapped. Having now only three strings to his bow, the young man went to his father—and might have fared worse. The Governor, as leader, was close at hand. He passed his instrument to his son; and the orchestra's first violin became the soloist's second fiddle. The playing of the youthful CARODUS quite carried us away.

### BLACK AND TAN.

(A Pedestrian's Psalm.)

BLESSINGS on him who furnished forth our lives  
With comfort hitherto absurdly lacking;  
Furthered that ease for which man fondly strives,  
And dealt a blow at that dark despot—Blacking!  
No longer need we be the suffering slaves  
Of a gregarious folly, and foul weather,  
We find the freedom every walker craves  
In pedal coverings of russet leather.  
A certain portion of pedestrian travel  
Everyone's destiny plays some small part in;  
Now may we pace on pavement, asphalt, gravel  
Defiant both of dirt and DAY AND MARTIN.  
Boot-blacks may mourn and Blacking-makers moan,  
Others hail all that helps man to abolish  
That dual despotism, dreadful grown,  
Of needless nigritude and futile polish.  
Blackness is dear unto the modish man  
Who is more servile than a well-trained terrier;  
But now we have a choice 'twixt Black and Tan  
Life will be easier and humanity merrier.

THE unhappy wanderer in the back slums of Bel-gravia is again complaining of being stifled as he takes his walks abroad, by the intolerable stench that proceeds from every gully and drain-opening that he passes on his way, and he asks in despair for a remedy. It is much to be feared that his question will meet with no reply. He might, perhaps, personally assault the Sanitary Inspector of the District, which would at least accord his grievance the notoriety of a Police Court, but it must be admitted that, beyond getting fined and bound over to keep the peace, nothing satisfactory could really come of such a proceeding. Of course the proper thing is to get the Vestry to take the matter in hand, and immediately vote a handsome sum for the erection of a series of lofty ventilators to carry the poison away into upper air above. But will the Vestry take the matter in hand. That is the question that the unhappy wanderer must ask himself, and answer, we fear, in the negative!

### A Survival of the Fittest.

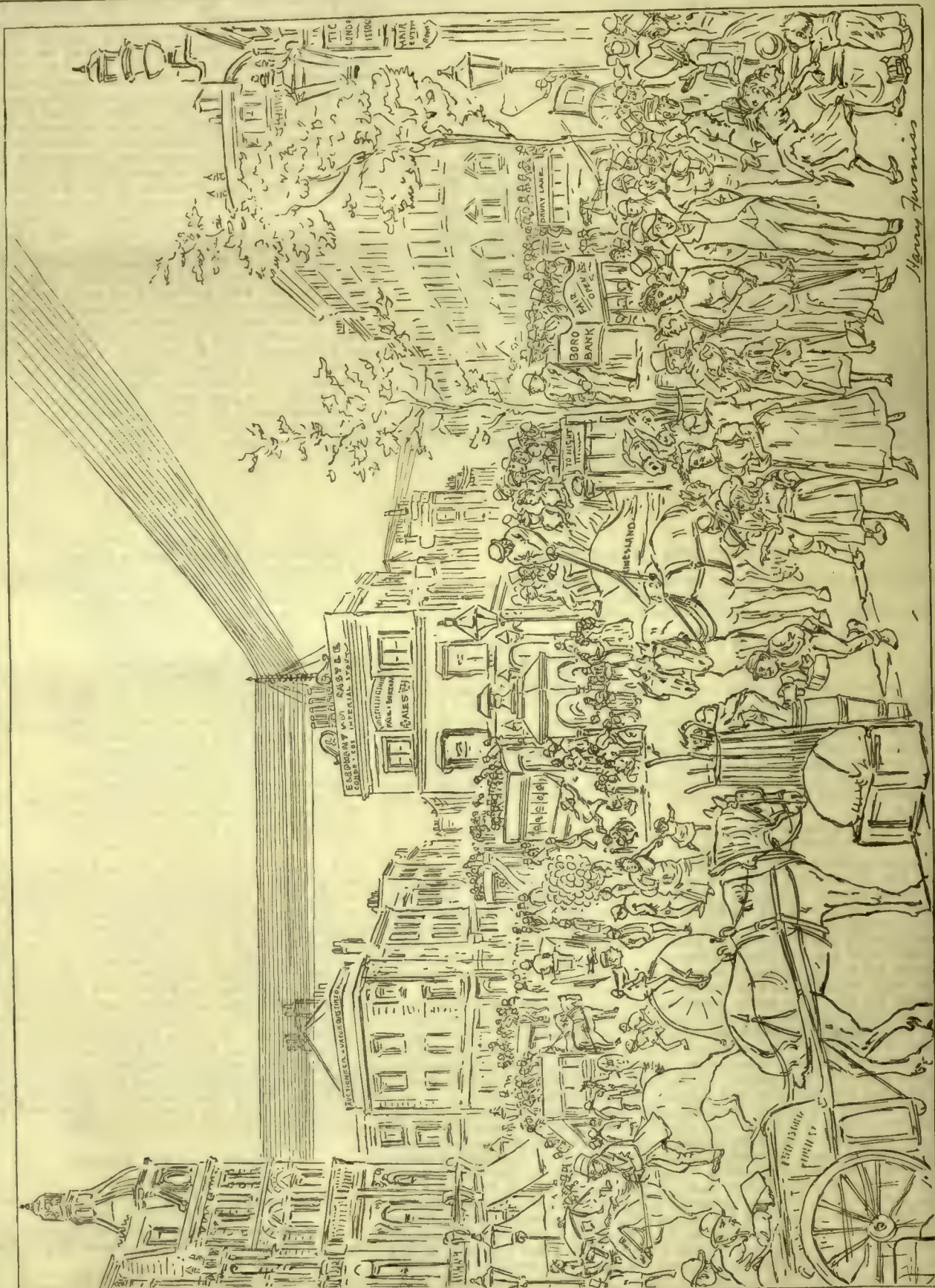
(By a Cricket Enthusiast.)

[Mr. W. G. Grace, still heads the cricket averages of the Gloucester Eleven.]

'Tis true, as POE said, that the Dryads are gone,  
That the Nymphs and the Fauns have all fled from  
their places.  
But Fate (which untimely deprived us of one)  
At least leaves us two of—the GRACES!



INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 80.



LONDON EMPTY. No. 2.—SOUTH.





## ON THE CHANCE.

"HULLO, FRED, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU FIRING AT?"

"OH—ER—I THOUGHT A HARE MIGHT BE COMING THROUGH THAT GAP IN THE HEDGE!"

## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-THIRD EVENING.

"SOME nights ago," said the Moon, "I looked down into a London Music-Hall. It had a glass roof, and so, though the tobacco-smoke was rather thick at times, I could see a good deal of what went on. I suppose I have no sense of humour, for I could not understand most of the jokes, and those I understood did not amuse me very much. There was a stout woman without a voice, who sang a song which had no tune to speak of, and then kept every body waiting while she put on another frock to sing a second song exactly like the first. There were funny men, who looked quite different from any real men I have ever seen in the streets, who told the audience how they took too



much to drink, or kissed other people's wives, or quarrelled with their own. It may have been all true, but it was certainly not interesting. There were people with pomatum on their hair and pink legs, who hung by their heels from a bar high in the air, or stood on the stage and bent themselves into attitudes that were not at all becoming. Close by the orchestra sat the Chairman, with a great jewel twinkling in the midst of his white shirt; every now and then, a young man with his hat on the back of his head would come up to the table where the great man sat, in the hope of receiving a shake of the hand from him, and if he condescended to accept a cigar or a glass of something to drink, as was sometimes the case, the youth felt that he had not lived in vain, for when one is young one must admire and look up to somebody. The audience were mostly comfortable, well-fed, respectable looking persons; they liked the entertainment—the men, because they could smoke

and drink while it was going on—the women, because they were not obliged to think, and there was no trouble in understanding what any of the performance was about.

"But none of the songs and none of the feats of skill and daring aroused any enthusiasm. I thought that they had got into a state in which nothing pleases or excites very much—but I was mistaken. Presently a girl came on the stage, who looked more natural than the women-singers who had gone before her. She stepped forward, and began in a pure, sweet voice, to sing a simple old ballad—I have known it a hundred years and more, and the words are innocent and pretty, and the air has a tuneful quaintness that is somehow pathetic. And so the audience felt it; the Chairman gazed up at the roof with so sentimental an expression, that a young man who was just about to take the coveted place at his side thought better of it, and retired. A tradesman in the Stalls put down his cigar, and looked at his stout wife with a sort of humorous affection, which she returned by a glance. Both were remembering the days of their courtship long ago, and the old touch of romance in their work-a-day life came back for a moment. The young clerks sipped beer solemnly, and looked down at the tables instead of at the females with hard eyes and unhappy faces, who were pacing restlessly about under the balconies. The barmaids at the refreshment-counters told their admirers impatiently that they did not want to be bothered just then, they wanted to listen to the song. A drunken man in the Gallery who attempted a screech was fiercely suppressed by his neighbours, and one or two finely-dressed ladies in the Boxes leaned back behind the curtains, and did not seem inclined to talk just then. When the song ended, and the fresh, clear notes died away, there came a great roar of applause—*real* applause this time, conveying an intense desire to hear the song once more, and the singer sang again and again for them the same song, for it seemed as if they could not hear it too often. At last she retired, and the hand-clapping subsided, and then the Chairman rang his bell, and another of the fat women came tripping on in short petticoats, with a leer on her painted lips, and the audience settled down into its ordinary frame of mind again. I don't know what the next song was about," said the Moon, "because I did not stay to hear it. However, I imagine that I did not lose very much."



## AFTER THE SAUCY SALMON.

*Further Sporting Notes from our Special Reporter.*

N the unfortunate collapse of the Midland shooting party,—due, no doubt, to the totally unbusiness-like nature of our host's arrangements,—the next morning found me completely stranded, as it were, with my two foreign friends on my hands, and under the ignominious necessity of bringing them back to town again after giving them this miserable experience of British sport. It is true that the African Chief had managed to get a little enjoyment

out of stalking some pigs at a neighbouring farm, and knocking them over with his *chillivallah*, but this merely led to disagreeables, and a heavy claim on me for damages. Immensely relieved, therefore, was I at getting an unexpected invite from an old friend—a Scotch Laird—who owned a place in the Perthshire Highlands, to “look up my rod,” as he put it, and just come and help him to “whip over” his salmon run, adding that the fish were rising in first-rate style, and that if I was “keen on a take,” he could promise me good sport.

I must confess to being rather ignorant on the subject of angling, my only acquaintance with the sport being derived from watching little boys fishing with little bobbing floats in the Serpentine some years ago; but I felt the chance was not to be missed, especially on behalf of my foreign friends; and on mentioning how I was situated, I was delighted at getting a reply by telegraph telling me to bring them by all means. The despatch concluded, “Short of tackle here. Bring yours with you.”

This led, of course, to my having to provide my “party” with the nearest approach to proper “tackle” for salmon-fishing procurable at a moment's notice at a country village; and taking all the difficulties that encountered us into consideration, I think we may say that, on the whole, we were not badly equipped. Our rods gave us the greatest trouble, for I gathered that having sometimes to stand the strain of the tugging of a hundred and eighty pounds fish (at least so I understood from my informant, a farm-labourer who had a friend whose cousin had an uncle who kept a fish-shop in Glasgow), they must be of a certain reliable stoutness, yet, if possible, pliant as well. I therefore contrived my rod out of a thirteen-foot drawing-room ceiling mop, to which I had attached a second-hand heavy waggoner's whip. The only trouble with it was, that it would not, of course, double up, and so being rather lengthy, got a good deal in the way when travelling, especially when I had to manage to take it with me inside the four-horse coach that deposited us at Glen-Muggie, our Scotch host's place.

The Bulgarian Count was certainly better off in this regard, for I had secured him for his rod a chimney-sweep's apparatus—minus, of course, the brush,—of twelve lengths, which, when screwed together, afforded quite a magnificent-looking rod, though I fear it may prove a little heavy in the hand, and somewhat difficult to manage with an artful fish at the other end of it. As to the African Chief, he declined any rod at all, saying, that all he wanted was a good-sized “pitchfork,” with which he proposed to dive after the fish himself. This appears to be the way in which salmon-fishing is conducted in *Mwanumblooda*, the place from which the Chief hails, in South Central Africa, and I found it hopeless to persuade him to try any other method.

For our lines, we were fortunate in securing two hundred yards of yellow window-blind cord. It is a little stout, perhaps, to look at, but if the fish at Glen-Muggie are as lively as our host hints, it will be none the worse for that.

Coming to the matter of “flies,” we found our ingenuity at first a little taxed. The Bulgarian Count had never even heard of their use before. It seems, that in the pools of the lower *Vakta*, in which he had had his experience in “shark-fishing,” which he insists is precisely the same thing as salmon-fishing, the only bait the natives

used was raw pork-chops, tinned lobster, and cocoa-nut paste, and I had some difficulty in explaining to him that, there would be not the slightest use in providing ourselves with several hundred-weight of these commodities.

I saw that for the manufacture of the flies I must rely entirely on my own resources, and knowing that the great aim to be kept in view was as faithful an adherence as possible to nature, I set to work and turned out what I really think are some successful specimens which would not be a disgrace to any angler's “Book” in the kingdom. Put in the form of a *Recipe*, this is how my book would read. I subjoin it, as it may be useful, specially to beginners:—

IMITATION BLUE-BOTTLE FOR SALMON-FISHING.—Take a champagne cork, and paring it evenly along, wrap it up with string in shreds of fluff torn from an ordinary woollen door-mat. This represents the body of your fly. Now take four stout hairpins and, forcing them through the cork, let their prongs protrude at about equal distances from each other, which will supply it with legs. A couple of the feathers of two old quill pens cut short, and thrust, sticking out at an angle, into the back, furnish the wings. Now insert a good-sized curtain-hook into the head and at the tail of your fly, and finish, for natural colour, by dipping the whole into blue-black ink. When dry you will have a rough, and but for its size a life-like representation of the common domestic blue-bottle fly, that may be guaranteed to deceive and land the most experienced and cautiously inclined salmon.

Having heard of a salmon “ladder,” and not knowing exactly how far this might not be expected to come into a guest's “tackle,” for I don't exactly see *how* you can use a ladder at fishing, unless it be to descend from some overhanging crag down upon the fish, I nevertheless determined not to present myself at my Scotch host's retreat unprovided; and so, chancing on a small second-hand fire-escape for sale, I thought I should at least be on the safe side in investing in it. Add to this a wheelbarrow, which the Bulgarian Count assured me would be necessary for landing the fish, and picture all this strapped on to the top of the coach, and you will be able to appreciate the appearance of the Scotch Laird as we descend, and he welcomes us at the gates of his Highland box. The Chief, who I have persuaded to wear a kilt, has leapt from the top of the coach right over the leaders' heads, and has greeted him with a friendly war-whoop. I have introduced the Bulgarian Count to him, but I notice that all his attention seems fastened on the fire-escape, which, together with the rest of our luggage, is being deposited in a heap at the side of the Lodge. I say, in an off-hand way, “You told us to bring tackle, you know; and I've got the ladder, you see;” but he only looks scared. I wonder why?

So much for our preparations, and our arrival at our destination. But of our first day's sport in pursuit of “the Saucy Salmon,” I must tell you next week.

## HEAD OR TAIL?

*(By a Puzzled Party-man.)*

“THE Liberal Van,” is a new party plan  
To further our fortunes, which somehow look queer,  
But it is a bit odd that the Liberal Van  
Seems coached by the Liberal Rear.  
I should have in our progress more faith, for my part,  
If the Horse were not found at the tail of the Cart.



THE LATEST CABINET PORTRAIT.



## ACHES AND BAINS.

(A Story of a 'Ed ad a Tail.)

*Aix-les-Bains, Monday.*—Hadh't been here twenty-four hours when, as a popular novelist remarks, Lo! a strange thing happened. Standing at bed-room window; looking on scene spread out before terrace of Splendide Hotel; the Dent du Chat (a tooth no artist has ever yet drawn), the Roche of the King, the Mount of la Chervez, the Mount of St. Sumain, the Semnoz Alpes, the Valtee d'Anneoy, and below, the Lac de Bourget, this morning lying, as Sir SILAS WEGG M.P., says, "like a big turquoise in the bosom of the everlasting hills." Known WEGG for many years, that is to say, as one knows a man he meets in London; a celebrated constructor of Ships, a writer of letters to the *Times*, once a Lord of the Treasury, a weighty debater in all that relates to Naval Defences—that's Sir SILAS's standing at home. Here quite another man; always dropping into poetry, sometimes other people's, often his own. Occasionally gets mixed up; quotes a line or a stanza; doesn't know if it's SHELLEY or SILAS, WORDSWORTH or WEGG. Best of it is, there's no extra charge. Accustomed to contract work when Chief Constructor; now goes along, poetry or prose, all same price and measurement. Would

be a great comfort to a retired Dustman in quest of literary instruction.

On way to Baths from Hotel pass every day narrow thoroughfare called Ruedu Puits d'Enfer. Rather an odd name; wouldn't like to have it for home address.

"A little premature," says MYLES FENTON, who is here studying management of French railways, bearing of officials, arrangement of trains, and treatment of passengers, so that he may learn what to avoid.

Address certainly has that among other objections, but not without its appropriateness. Close to entrance to Baths; atmosphere redolent of sulphur. "Brimstone, brimstone everywhere, and not a spot of treacle," says Sir SILAS WEGG, M.P., under the impression that he is dropping into poetry.

Every day I sit by the half-hour with more than my toes in a brimstone brook. And if anyone asks me for why, I hits him a crack with my crook, "Tis BRACHET that cures me,"

says I. This a very moderate performance, suited to my absence of complaint. Others take more serious proceedings, in the douche, the vapour-bath, the inhalation-room, and the needle-bath. The brimstone enough for me.

Got rather a shock passing along one of corridors this morning. Through a door, partly opened, observed human head placed carelessly on top of a box standing in middle of room. Knees shook; tail wagged; hair stood upright all down my back. Fresh horror; seemed to know face. Had often seen it late at night beaming over wide waste of wrinkled shirt front; looked hard; no mistake; it was TONY LUMPKIN, M.P.! The same expressive and expansive mouth; the same smooth visage; the unmistakable eyes, and the agitated hair. Stood paralysed; what could this mean? If we had been in Ireland and TONY an Irish Member, I would have guessed that this was BALFOUR's work. But TONY sits on Ministerial Benches; votes straight on Irish Question; always to be depended upon, save perhaps in matter of new staircases in Westminster Hall. Couldn't be ARTHUR. Must be brigands. Found TONY out late at night; cut off his head, and casually left it here. Continued to gaze with sickening horror; presently fancy saw head move; unmistakable wink from left eye; then familiar voice rolled forth:—

"Hullo, TONY, dear boy, what are you doing here?"

"I'm going to my bath," I said; "but, perhaps, I may ask what you—or, such part of you as remains—do here? Where, my dear LUMPKIN—where's the rest of you?"

"Ha! ha!" TONY laughed, with hilarity quite unpleasant in the circumstances; "as usual, I'm all here! Vapour box, doncherno; come in here; man opens the door; you get in; accommodated with a seat, as they say in Police Court reports; leave your head out of hole top of box; turn on steam inside; and there you are, doncha; parboiled, done to a turn. Very glad to see you; excuse my not shaking hands; see you later."

Glad to find it—I mean him—in such good spirits; not quite sure

it was all right till later in day came upon him, fully dressed, with head in usual situation, his graceful form no longer hidden.

"Wonderful young-old fellow is TONY," said Count MUNDELLANI, M.P. "Been in House to my knowledge for quarter of century; but same rough-and-tumble boy he was when he used to howl at GLADSTONE bringing in his first Irish Land Bill."

"Yes," said Sir SILAS WEGG, "he's growing into a standing contradiction of the poet's dictum, that Youth and Age can't dwell together."

Count MUNDELLANI, beginning to get over his wrath with OLD MORALITY; threatened at onset to interfere with cure; happened on eve of Prorogation; Technical Education Bill brought on; Count, under peremptory instructions from Doctor, had started on long-deferred journey for Aix-les-Bains. "Where is Right Hon. Gentleman?" OLD MORALITY had asked in course of debate. "He takes special interest in the Measure. Why is not he here to watch it through?"

"That's all very well," says the Count; "only, would you believe it? Immediately after making this speech, OLD MORALITY went home, packed up his copy-book, and posted off by night-mail for Scotland, leaving GOSCHEN to do remaining work of Session! Wrote to him, pointing out this peculiar peroration to his little speech; have long letter in reply; just like one of his answers to questions in House. Here it is:—

"MY DEAR COUNT, "Steam Yacht 'Pandora,' Ultima Thule.

"I have received your letter in which you point out—or, perhaps, I should say, endeavour to point out—an alleged diversity between my personal practice and my public animadversions. In this connection I would recall to your mind a passage wherein EMERSON (an American writer of some reputation), points to the fact that we do not dig, or grind, or hew, by our muscular strength, but by bringing the weight of the planet to bear on the spade, axe, or bar. Precisely analogous to this is the operation upon my daily action of my sense of duty to the Queen and the country, tempered always, I trust, by my desire to meet the views of gentlemen having seats in all parts of the House.

"I am sorry if, in yielding to this impulse, I have offended you; but I have nothing to hide from the House, or from any Hon. or Right. Hon. Gentleman who may hold a seat in it. I have been perfectly frank with you, it being my habit to abhor all concealment where no real disgrace can attend unreserve. To aim at the restraint of sentiments which are not in themselves illaudible, appears to me not merely an unnecessary effort, but a disgraceful subjection of reason to commonplace and mistaken notions.

"I will only add, that I have not had an opportunity, owing to geographical situation, of consulting my colleagues on this question, and if there is any failure, it rests entirely with me.

"I beg to move—I mean, I beg to remain—

"Yours faithfully,

W. H. SM-TH."

All this, by the way, happened days after that following on my arrival, when, as aforesaid, I was standing at window looking down



Tony Lumpkin, M.P.  
(After his Bath.)



on the Lake. The door opened; thought it was gargon bringing in letters; still feasted on beauties of sunlit Lake and Valley; a thumping tread; a stumbling as of men carrying heavy burden; turned quickly; discovered two strong porters in blouses carrying sort of tent on stretcher; didn't see me behind window-curtain;





## MEMS. FOR THE MOORS.

(By Our City Sporting Friend.)

"IF YOU HAPPEN TO WING A BIRD, CATCH IT—AS YOU BEST CAN!"

rather glad of it; didn't like their looks or goings on. They opened tent; discovered human body closely swathed in blankets and winding sheets; evidently on track of tragedy: was this *Jack l'Eventreur*, or, seeing they were two—and French so particular about the plural—should I say *JACQUES*? Only it occurs to me that "*JACQUES*" is "*JAMES*," and so but no matter,—to my story. Not a word spoken; *JACQUES* lifted the body between them and laid it on my bed. Drew the cere-cloths; I caught sight of a pair of brown eyes and cheeks, remarkably rosy for a corpse. Perceiving me, the Body gave a piercing shriek—"Mon dieu! Ce n'est pas ma chambre!"

"Mais vous avez dit soizante-dix?"

"Non! non!" cried the Corpse, burying its face in the pillow, "*Soizante-dix-sept.*"

Without more ado, *JACQUES* took up the bundle, re-deposited it within the tent, drew the curtains, and trotted off.

A puzzle to me then; know all about it know; patients going to and from *douche* bath folded up and carried in these tented chairs; porters bring them back and put them into bed; only necessary they should have correct number of room. Never forget look of terror in brown eyes when, fixed on me standing at window, discovered there had been mistake somewhere. "Like stout *CORTEZ*," *SILAS WEGG* said, when I told him of the adventure—

"—When with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

I say "Yes," tho', to tell the truth, I was not thinking of *CORTEZ* at the moment.

## LANDING THE NOT OVER-PARTICULAR PIKE.

Some more Sporting Notes from our Special Reporter.

3 P.M.—It seems to me that we have been now "whipping" this pool for something like seven hours and a half without any result, and though I have got no less than three of my capitally made blue-bottle flies attached to my line, I am positive that as yet I have not had an approach to a "rise." I began of course with one fly, and though, it being as large as a small Bath bun, I thought an ordinary salmon might have noticed it, especially as, owing to my

finding the drawing-room ceiling-mop not very pliant, coupled with the fact that I was new to the work, I could not "play" my fly very well, but dragged it about in a series of wobbling splashes over the surface of the water in a way certainly calculated

to attract the attention of any observant fish beneath, still I could not get a bite, so tacked on a couple more. As I swing and whirl this handsome "bait" about, at one moment bringing it down with a regular thud upon the surface of the pool, and at another jerking it upward again with a sudden rush that raises a great wave as it quits the water, I cannot help feeling astonished at the stupidity of the fish that should again and again let go the chance of securing such a really capital mouthful, and I venture to remark as much to the "*Gillie*"—I think he is called a "*Gillie*"—who has been most con-

siderately told off by the Laird to look after us and assist us in our preparations for our fishing. The *Gillie*, who, ever since he set eyes on our tackle, seems to have been completely awe-struck, and has preserved a grumpy silence, merely mumbles something in very broad Scotch, from which all I can gather is something about "such a blather wi' such a bit teckle iss enuff to scare effery blessed fush whateffer alane richt out o' the pool altogether."

And here I must say something about our "tackle," which I am afraid has somewhat seriously discredited our reputation as sportsmen. You may remember I noticed how much our host seemed to be impressed, I feared, not favourably, on our arrival at the Lodge on the previous evening, and I soon discovered when we assembled at dinner, that at least three of the party staying in the house were distinguished rods, keenly alive to the very latest improvements in tackle, and regarding angling and all that concerned it from a high stand-point that placed it almost on the level of a science. I felt instinctively in such company that it would be worse than folly to let it be known that the Bulgarian Count's rod consisted of a chimney-sweep's apparatus, though I felt, if the worst came to the worst, I might manage to convey the impression that the formidable size of the fish in the South-East of Europe necessitated the use of a thoroughly tough tackle of this description.





I was not, however, far out in my calculations, for on the Laird asking the Chief what fly he used, and the latter jumping up, and seizing the carving-fork, and saying, "Im no fly but this. Yah! yah! Im jump on fish, and stick this golly into im stomach. Yah yah!" I could see that, though our host endeavoured to tone the observation down with a "Dear me! You don't say so!" he was very much annoyed, and evidently considered that, in introducing this sort of sport into the ordinary and accepted methods of conducting salmon-fishing on a Highland "run," I had taken quite an undue advantage of his hospitality.

I was not, therefore, surprised when, holding a brief converse apart with some of his other guests, he came up after dinner to me, and said he thought, as I and my two foreign friends had apparently been more familiar with Oriental fashions of casting, and so forth, and might probably like to conduct our operations in our own way, he proposed to divide the party, and take the left bank himself, with a couple of distinguished local rods, and tell off a keeper to look after myself and my two foreign friends, who would take us to a capital bit of water that he thought would just be about just suited to our purposes, and provide us more with the sort of sport we seemed disposed to relish.

There was nothing for it, of course, but to acquiesce, but this is how it has come about that I have, as I have previously stated, been now about seven hours and a half hanging about in a drizzling rain, slipping down every minute on scattered boulders, and lashing a foaming torrent that seems bursting from everywhere on all sides of me at once, with about fifty yards of paid-out line, to the end of which are attached three of my bluebottle flies, by this time together with a mass of weeds, in which they have caught, mixed up in a hopeless tangle. Above us is the "pool," into which the Bulgarian Count has twice tumbled, overbalanced, I fancy, by the enormous weight of his rod, to which, however, clinging, as it kept him easily afloat, he has both times been washed through the narrow gorge into my water, from which the Gillie and I have had no little trouble in rescuing him, and he is now somewhat exhausted, drying for the second time on the bank as well as he can in the wind and rain.

The Indian Chief I have lost sight of for the last four or five hours, and as he came provided merely with a pitch-fork and large carving-knife, and, after plunging several times into the pool and intimating that he could find no fish in it, started off, spite my earnest protestations, to join the other party, and as I fancy not long since I caught the sound of an uproar of angry voices in that direction, I am afraid he must have been interfering in some unexpected and unpleasant way, and occasioning the Laird some annoyance and trouble. I thought so! For here he comes, yelling and leaping along the left bank, flourishing in one hand the carving-knife, and in the other—yes, it absolutely is, the tail of a large-sized salmon!

But, dear me, what is this? Why, there is something actually tugging at my line. Yes, there is no mistake about it. *It never can be a bite!* Halloa, wait a moment, though. By Jove, I believe it is. Yes, and if I don't take care, it will have the waggoner's whip off the top. There must be something up, for the Gillie, who has preserved a stolid and sulky silence all the morning, is on his legs now, watching my proceedings with a show of interest, and is bawling out some directions to me, but I can't catch what he says above the roar of the waters. "Pay out more, mon!" or is it, "Haul in more, mon?" I can't make out. By Jove whatever it is that is tugging will have me off this rock if it keeps it up. "Pay out?" I have paid out the last yard. I must let go, or I shall be in. Ha! the Chief has seen me, and is coming to my assistance. He has given a wild war-whoop, sprung into the air, and disappeared with a header like a flash of lightning below the surface. But, by Jove, I can't stand this. Yes, he *must* have got hold of the fish. The tugging is fearful. I feel I can't hold on much longer. I thought so! *I'm in!*

Half-choked and blinded with the swirl of waters, I find myself being raised up on the bank by the Bulgarian Count and the Gillie, a few feet further down, struggling with an enormous fish (my fish), that he has got round the waist, the Chief is also emerging from the water. In another moment he has deposited the creature, which is still leaping and bounding about uncomfortably, before us.

"Well," I say, in triumph, "it has taken some time. But three cheers for me, I have landed my first salmon."

I notice a nasty twinkle in the Gillie's eyes, "Salmon," he says, "sure it's nae salmon ye've just got here."

"Not a salmon!" I ask with indignant incredulity, "then what is it?"

"What ies it?" continues the imperturbably disagreeable Gillie. "Why it's just a pair deil of a twenty-pound pike, and to have risen to that teckle of yours, not an over-particular fische neither."

I am about to reply, when I notice that the Laird and the two other "rods," have come up, and are asking angrily for the Chief. It is evidently something about the tail of that salmon. It is really very awkward.

I wonder what mischief he has been up to!



## A MUSICIAN OF THE FUTURE.

(Early Playing at Sight.)

## THE DISPASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

(Modern Style.)

It is not that I do not love you, sweet,  
That I have been so niggard of love's gold;  
The world, and thought's world, nothing like you hold.  
Wrapp'd in love's royal robe from head to feet.

If many times a day we chance to meet,  
The flame of joy grows not with custom cold,  
As Summer's thronging splendours still unfold  
A light more perfect, a diviner heat.

Yea, and I hope, with reverent delight,  
That if I dared to ask so sweet a prize,  
You would be brave through blushes, and your eyes  
With a serene delight grown brilliant  
Would, like an angel's in the vision'd night,  
Look their clear love, unhidden by restraint.

### II.

Yes; but the prize obtained, the atmosphere  
Of mystic richness round the shrined saint  
Would take perforce the suburb's smoky taint,  
And love less precious prove, though not less dear.  
Your sweet sonatas, that I thrill to hear,  
Would mock the memory then with tinklings faint  
In some trim villa parlour, fresh as paint,  
Where all things look too new, and all too near.  
So Summer wanes, and leafless are the boughs,  
And all the sunny bloom and colour dies,  
And my queer tempers try you, and your eyes  
Speak of poor household cares, 'neath furrow'd brows.  
No! let us spare the immolating vows,  
And keep love sacred from realities.

STRIKING OBSERVATIONS.—Mr. BURNS said last Thursday that the lesson of the Strike was, that "a man on cold water—he meant himself—could do more than a man on beer." He subsequently remarked that there was still "a good deal of the Old Adam in the Dock labourers." Naturally, after so much Adam's ale.



## A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

*Lundy—Comparison—The Island—Pic-nic—Sport—Clovelly—Hobby—Kingsley—Hooking It.*

As in certain parts of Scotland the object of everybody is to show everybody else Ben Lomond, to rush round corners and surprise the unwary traveller with a sudden view of Ben Lomond, or, if Ben plays hide-and-seek with them and conceals himself from view behind impenetrable mist, the only other idea of passing the time in his absence is by guessing in what quarter he would be visible if the clouds would only lift, and in a general way making Old Ben the sole subject of conversation, so about the North Coast of Devon,—nobody is thoroughly happy for the day unless he has caught at least one glimpse of Lundy Island, and tried to make a probable forecast of the weather from its appearance.

PETER CORBIE, our Poet, who is well up in folk lore, informs us that there is an old tradition about Lundy which, he thinks, runs like this:—

When Lundy is clear,	When Lundy is high,	When Lundy is low,
Then rain is near.	It's sure to be dry.	Look out for snow.

"I always thought that Lundy was a place where they made snuff," says GILLIE KING.

"Good for pic-nic," observes Miss NETLEY, telegraphing her opinion. She is right. It is. A few days later, under the shadow of a rock, Miss NETLEY, who delights in appearing as a female Robinson



The Pigeon-Pirates of Lundy Island.

Crusoe on a desert island, deftly spreads our table-cloth, arranges the bread and fowl which have been deftly cut into portions under the personal superintendence of Our Own Mrs. COOK, and places the hook and soda-water in a natural wine-cooler, formed for the nonce by a miniature cave. We have had a three-hours' voyage on an exceptionally lovely but broiling hot day, and having left the majority of our party at Clovelly, GILLIE KING, Miss NETLEY, TOM TROWLER, and myself, are enjoying ourselves heartily, and two of us, speaking for GILLIE and self, reposefully. TOM TROWLER, however, is never absolutely in repose. If HARRY SKRYMMAGER were here, he and TOM would go bounding off together without stopping more than a second for a snack. In the absence of HARRY, TOM is comparatively quiet. TOM is a type of a young sporting Englishman, who, being of opinion that wherever he goes there must be something to be caught by line, or net, in river or sea, or something to be shot and cooked, or ridden after or run after, to be chased, killed, stuffed, or eaten, never travels anywhere without rods, lines, cartridges, guns, nets, boots for fishing and hunting, spearing tackle and various other mysterious appliances, and so is prepared for every kind of sport, from butterfly-hunting to mole-catching. On this occasion he has got a lot of warlike instruments with him, and no sooner has he swallowed a mouthful, tossed off a pint of Bass, lit a pipe, and sat still for at least three minutes, than he is away across the island, fully equipped for sport. Only half-an-hour after he has started, "The horn of the hunter is not heard on the hill," but our steamer's ruthless whistle blows, and when all, that is about twenty persons who have landed, of whom the majority on this blazing hot day have strewn themselves about the island rocks like listless lotoseaters, while the minority have climbed up to the "Stores" in search of food and drink,—for there is no inn, only a couple of houses belonging to the same person, and a coastguard station,—when all these explorers have re-embarked in the boat, thundering down the craggy road comes TOM TROWLER, at a pace of

ten miles an hour, rattling like a savage warrior on the war-path, with bags, guns, and rods, and singing out "Hi!" as the second boat-load is just pushing off. In another second our perspiring sportsman is taken on board.

"Just in time," says the weather-beaten old paddler in the stern. "You'd not ha' gat arf this, onless th' old tug"—jerking his head in the direction of a steam-tug at anchor in the bay—"had taken yer, and that carst a party a matter o' ten pounds to get back to 'Coombe th' other day, I heerd tell."

"Shot anything?" I ask. We always ask TOM TROWLER this.

"No," he replies, cheerfully, "I saw one small bird—I don't exactly know what he was,—but I couldn't come up with him; and then I went after a diver, but he disappeared. I saw a lot of wild fowl, and I should have had a splendid shot at 'em, and made a good bag, only that blessed steam-whistle frightened 'em all off, and I had to run the whole way back."

He lights a pipe, and is perfectly contented and cheerful over his day's sport. It's always much the same with TOM TROWLER. I remember him a few years ago, just the same, at his father's house in the country. I've known him go out before daylight and lie in damp punts, and be pelted on by hail and rain, and come back drenched through his thickest Jerseys, and squelching in water which has got into his fisherman's boots. When seated in a comfortable room after dinner, before a fire, with a pipe, book, and coffee, I have asked him, cheerily and sympathetically, as if once upon a time I, too, had done this sort of thing, and been a great Nimrod, or Fishing-rod, or Ram-rod, or all three combined, "Ah, Tom, back at last! shot anything?" when he has invariably answered, as cheerily as possible, and in the highest possible spirits, "No, nothing. But I saw a lot of birds." And then follows his account of what havoc he would have made among the birds, beasts, or fishes, if only something hadn't happened just at the very critical moment to prevent him. Once, after being out all day, he came home two hours late for dinner, to the large family party in the TROWLERS' country house, appearing in the hall in full accoutrements—he had been prepared for shooting and fishing, so as not to lose a chance—and in answer to everyone's question, "Shot anything?" with great glee he produced the smallest woodcock I ever remember to have seen.



After a Day's Sport.

Then there was such rejoicing! If he had killed a fine fat buck, and if the cravings of the family for food had been amply satisfied by the result of TOM's day's sport, there couldn't have been greater joy than there was in the house of TROWLER on this occasion. Old TROWLER, his father, slapped him heartily on the shoulder, and cried "Bravo!" Mrs. TROWLER almost wept with emotion, his sisters kissed him and then stood back and regarded him with admiration; his younger brothers smiled and felt proud, though a little envious, of him, and as for the youthful TROWLERS from thirteen to seven years old, they leapt and skipped and were for running off there and then to wake up the baby and show him what their brave brother TOM had achieved. But being stopped in time from upsetting the nursery and frightening the infant out of his first sleep and into a fit, they carried off the diminutive bird in triumph to the kitchen, and the next day we all partook of it—a party of fourteen we were—solemnly and in great state, as a *bonnebouche* for lunch. TOM nobly refused his portion of the dainty, amounting to about the sixteenth part of an inch of flesh with a microscopic bone in it as sharp as a needle, and sat watching the consumption of the bird—an operation which, including picking the bones quite clean, occupied the family fully three minutes,—with the greatest possible satisfaction; and on his face there beamed the smile of one who felt he had been the support of his parents in their old age, who had rescued his kith and kin from starvation, and, in fact, had not lived in vain. What's sport to TOM TROWLER is fun even for the birds, beasts, and fishes.

However, this is a diversion—so was TOM TROWLER's—and has not much to do with Lundy Island, which is well worth a visit, if you get the right day, the right steamer, the right luncheon, and your own party. But don't attempt it in a sailing-vessel, unless you are yachting, and have plenty of time on hand.

Lundy is supposed to be connected with the mainland (according to the Guide Book) by telegraphic cable. It wasn't when we were there, as we found the cable broken near the spot where we lunched. We proposed picking up the pieces and forwarding them to either the Admiralty, or the Post Office, but being unable to determine on its destination, we left it for the next Robinson-Crusoe.

Lundy Island, as being perfectly isolated, might serve for a leper



station, or a cholera hospital. It must be a cheerful place in winter, yet, as snow never lies there (so at least I am informed, and I have no reason for suspecting my informant of being the very converse of the snow in this district), and as its climate is mild, if a fashionable doctor would only take up Lundy as a hibernating resort for consumptive patients, there is yet a great future before it. We return to take up friends at Clovelly, where, on this hot day, they have been scarcely able to breathe, and have had to fight for their lives with wasps. Stuffey place Clovelly; built like one of the back streets in Boulogne,—where the fishermen and fisherwomen live, and hang out their nets to dry,—that is on steps from the sea up to the top, a matter of about half a mile, more or less, in the Up-early-and-very-perpendicular style.

Nearly all the fishermen's cottages are let out in lodgings, and, if not, they are turned into refreshment-places, chiefly for tea-drinking. The residents make a great display of china on their shelves. In bygone days the china at Clovelly was probably genuinely valuable, but nowadays its appearance is suggestive of having been sent down on spec from the Lowther Arcade. Another day, when we visited this place, and drove through the beautiful "Hobby Drive" (why so called? except that, to make such a drive, was the landlord's "hobby"), there had been a heavy fall of rain, and we saw Clovelly below us, literally steaming, like a damp sheet laid out on a shelving bank to dry in the sun.

From above Clovelly looks like the remains of a village which had once taken it into its head to slide down the steep incline towards the sea, and, half of it having disappeared, the remainder had changed its mind, and put on the drag just in time. Clovelly is the production of several generations of fishers, but it was "made" by Mr. Hook, R.A. You will recognise his boatmen and sea-boys still about the place, as it is to the interest of the inhabitants to, as it were, keep up the breed. Here, on the old pier, within the space between the rail and the beacon-light, a tight fit for one average woman, are supposed to have sat KINGSLY's three wives, I mean, the wives of his *Three Fishers*. Evidently a stretch of imagination. The pier is the oldest pier of the realm, belonging to the peerage of RICHARD THE SECOND.

#### Nursery Rhyme.

DICKORY, Dickory, Dock!  
The Cardinal picked the dead look.  
The men struck. Then  
They worked agen,  
Dickory, Victory, Dock!

PLEASANT PROSPECT IN HOLIDAY-TIME.—The competitors for the prize to be given for the best Essay on the International Monetary System will send their Manuscripts to Mr. GOSCHEN, who, it is hoped, "will consent to act as Judge." This is too much of a side-splitter even for that man of metal, our own JOHN JOKIN'. Being out for a holiday, let him stick to his coin of 'vantage, and refuse the honour.



#### "RAISING THE (TRADE) WIND."

Cardinal Manning. "THERE, THAT'S RIGHT! BOTH BE REASONABLE, AND WORK TOGETHER. BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN!"

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Who has read "A Ghostly Manifestation," in the July Number of *Murray's Magazine*, by "A CLERGYMAN," who withholds his name, and gives no clue as to the time or place of this "Manifestation"? I can strongly recommend it to all lovers of the marvellous, though the effect is somewhat discounted by there being nothing marvellous in the fact of the author remaining anonymous and being silent upon all points that ought to assist investigation. No matter, it is a good story for all that. Let's hope it's true. It would afford excellent material for the Spiritualistic Conference sitting in Paris.

Mr. FRANK A. MARSHALL is to be congratulated, as are also his talented assistants, on the Sixth Volume of the HENRY IRVING *Shakespeare*, containing *Othello*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus* and *Lear*. Strong *dramatis persone*. Among the talented assistants who have done excellent work are Mr. JOSEPH KNIGHT, The First Knight Critic, Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS, who has worked with a will, and at a WILL. The literary forces being thus marshalled, F. M. himself was, unfortunately, not well enough to appear. Mr. OSCAR FAY ADAMS assisted Mr. VERITY with *King Lear*, and shows himself quite "O. FAY" with his subject. Some of the illustrations, by Messrs. MARGETSON and GORDON BROWNE, are uncommonly good. In *Desdemona* there is a suggestion of Miss ELLEN TERRY, and in *Cleopatra* a hint of SARAH BERNHARDT. What a *Cleopatra* she would make! Could Mrs. BERNARD BEERE do it? A magnificent spectacle it might be made, and there is scope for very fine acting. In this admirably arranged edition of SHAKESPEARE it is interesting to see how much of the original has always been omitted for stage representation, and instructive to read the history of each play's representations.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

GOOD FOR HYMN.—The *Pall-Mall Gazette* wished that the termination of the strike could have been celebrated by a grand service at St. Paul's, when Cardinal MANNING should officiate, Mr. BURNS preach, and other fancy religionists sing hymns of praise. Were such a jumble possible, of course the one chorus of praise which the Strikers would strike up, and in which all would join, would be The Docks-ology.





## MONSIEUR, MADAME, ET BÉBÉ.

## "CONFOUND THEIR POLITICS!"

A SONG OUT OF SEASON.

*John Bull sadly sings:—*

"COME out, 'tis now September!"  
So goes the good old glee.  
Ah me! I can remember,  
When it rang sweet to me.  
But in this period shocking  
Of strife and party din,  
Such invitation 's mocking  
To one "kept in."

The turnips and the stubbles,  
The trout-streams and the moors,  
Are there; but here are troubles  
Of strikes and spouting bores.  
Speech-padded morning papers,  
Prolix and dull as lead,  
Give a tired man the vapours,  
Yet must be read.

To talk of the Vacation  
Is just a bitter joke.  
No change of occupation,  
No lifting of the yoke,  
Comes with the mellow Autumn;  
Quidnuncs are still on quest,  
Toilings have not yet taught 'em  
The joys of rest.

Time was when closed St. Stephen's  
Meant close of mouth and ear,  
Now silence never leavens  
The shindy of the year.  
The platform spouter preaches,  
The pulpit preachers spout;  
'Tis speeches, speeches, speeches,  
Year in, year out!

Wire-pullers fume and fluster,  
Their tired but talky slaves  
Obediently muster  
When Nature scattering craves.

At bye-elections boastful,  
At Caucus-gatherings hot,  
They'll spout my *Morning Post* full  
Of rabid rot.

GLADSTONE'S brought back from Paris  
Some new Campaign to plan,  
RANDOM the Rads must harass,  
JOE flout the Grand Old Man:  
HARCOURT with buttered thunder  
Will rouse the Liberal rout.  
Fierce fight's ahead! I wonder  
*What it's about!*

Oh, it would just be heaven  
To pack my traps and greet  
JOHN MORLEY down in Devon,  
Hard by the Watermeet;  
Give that recluse a hint on  
Trout-flies and salmon-hooks,  
Or learn from him, at Lynton,  
Of men and books.

But even in my gun-room  
The party ghosts appear,  
For rest, and sport, and fun room  
I cannot find e'en here.  
Yes, yes, the moors look pleasant  
This Autumn morn, no doubt;  
But hang it, *Punch*, at present,  
I can't get out.

SOMETHING LIKE A RESUSCITATION.—The Revival of *The Dead Heart*. The sprightly Tittle-tattler of the *P. M. G.* says of the *Dead Heart*, "The revolutionary dance should be exciting." Why? Is the waltz exciting? Yet there is no more "revolutionary dance" than the waltz. How many revolutions a minute are there in a waltz?

## Of the Turf Turfy.

LORD LUCKE has a "oraok" of splendid pace;  
He runs it off its legs, just "to make hay,"  
Then sells it. Scandal to the human race [Sir,  
Is the inhuman racer!

## HOLIDAY WISDOM.

THE *British Medical Journal* wisely warns the middle-aged tourist against over-exertion in his autumn holiday. "The annual holiday," it says, "is essentially adapted to the tastes and habits of youth." The "hard-worked man over forty," with whom "the digestive and circulatory functions are often seriously at fault," tries to fall—or rise—into the spirit of adolescent holiday activity, and naturally fails, or suffers for a partial success. "The middle-aged tourist must be chary of undertaking tasks which involve physical fatigue which could be undergone with ease when he was younger." Words of wisdom these, though "vanity glorious" middle-age, with proud memories of earlier prowess as walker or climber, is unwilling to admit the truth of them. Let the M. A. T. lay them to heart. He is in "the prime of life,"—of course—let him *keep* in it, by not ambitiously trying to hark back to the "early prime," of youth, elastic, wiry, well-winded, *with* digestion and *without* "stomach,"—which after all is quite another "prime." To put it epigrammatically, after a celebrated model:—

*Middle-Aged Tourist (wistfully).* Fain would I climb, but that my "wind" seems small.

*Medical Adviser (decisively).* If thy heart's flabby, do not climb at all!

NOTE FOR BRITISH ASSOCIATION OMITTED BY MR. A. B. W. KENNEDY, F.R.S., IN HIS DISCOURSE AT NEWCASTLE.—Sometimes names are in keeping with the fitness of things. Take for instance, "POPP's Compressed Air System." What more appropriate name for the inventor of a "compressed air system" than "POPP"? Air is compressed in a vessel, and then "POPP goes the wessel," which ancient ditty, if revived and adapted to the occasion, might achieve a new POPP-ularity.





“CONFOUND THEIR POLITICS!”

MR. PUNCH. “NOW THEN, JOHN,—AREN’T YOU COMING?”

MR. BULL. “COMING! WHAT, WITH ALL *THIS* TO GET THROUGH! I WISH TO GOODNESS THERE WAS A ‘CLOSE TIME’ FOR SPEECHES!!”









### A GENTLE HINT.

Groom. "BEG PARDON, MISS ! BUT IF YOU WAS TO 'IT THE SADDLE A LITTLE LESS 'ARD, IT 'UD BE BETTER FOR BOTH YOU AND THE 'OSS !"

### "MERRY MARGIT" AS IT IS.

(Another Communication from the side of the Dear Sea Waves.)

I WAS told it was greatly improved—that there were alterations in the sea-front suggestive of the best moments of the Thames Embankment—that quite "smart" people daily paraded the pier. So having had enough of "Urn-bye," I moved on. The improvements scarcely made themselves felt at the Railway Station. Seemingly they had not attracted what Mr. JAMES would call "the upper suckles." There were the customary British middle-class matron from Peckham, looking her sixty summers to the full in a sailor hat; the sea-side warrior first cousin to the Billiard-marker Captain with flashy rings, beefy hands, and a stick of pantomime proportions, and the theatrical lady whose connection with the stage I imagine was confined to capering before the footlights. However, they all were there, as I had seen them any summer these twenty years.

But I had been told to go to the Pier, and so to the Pier I went, glancing on my way at the entertainers on the sands, many of whom I found to be old friends. Amongst them was the "h"-less phrenologist, whose insight into character, apparently satisfied the parents of any child whose head he selected to examine. Thus, if he said that a particularly stupid-looking little boy would make a good architect, schoolmaster, or traveller for fancy goods, a gentleman in an alpaca-coat, and a wide-awake hat would bow gratified acquiescence, a demonstration that would also be evoked from a lady in a dust cloak, when the lecturer insisted that a giggling little girl would make a "first-rate dressmaker and cutter-out."

Arrived at the Pier, I found there was twopenny to pay for the privilege of using the extension, which included a restaurant, a band, some talented fleas, and a shop with a window partly devoted to the display of glass tumblers, engraved with legends of an amusing character, such as "Good old Mother-in-Law," "Jack's Night Cap," "Aunt Julia's Half Pint," and so on. There were a number of seats and shelters, and below the level of the shops was a landing-stage, at which twice a day two steamers from or to London removed or landed passengers. During the rest of the four-and-twenty hours it seemed to be occupied by a solitary angler, catching chiefly seaweed. The Band, in spite of its uniform, was not nearly so military as that at "Urn Bye." It contained a pianoforte—an instrument upon

which I found the young gentleman who sold the programmes practising during a pause between the morning's selection and the afternoon's performances. But still the Band was a very tuneful one, and increased the pleasure that the presence of so many delightful promenaders was bound to produce. Many of the ladies who walked round and round, talking courteously to 'ARRY in all his varieties, wore men's habits, *pur et simple* (giving them the semblance of appearing in their shirt-sleeves), while their heads were adorned with fair wigs and sailor hats, apparently fixed on together.

These free-and-easy-looking damsels did not seem to find favour in the eyes of certain other ladies of a sedater type, who regarded them (over their novels) with undisguised contempt. These other ladies, I should think, from their conversation and appearance, must have been the very flowers of the flock of Brixton Rise, and the *crème de la crème* of Peckham Rye society. Of course there were a number of more or less known actors and actresses from London, some of them enjoying a brief holiday, and others engaged in the less lucrative occupation of "resting."

However, the dropping of "h's," even to the accompaniment of sweet music, sooner or later becomes monotonous, and so, after awhile, I was glad to leave the Pier for the attractions of the Upper Cliff. On my way I passed a Palace of Pleasure or Varieties, or Something wherein a twopenny wax-work show, seemed at the moment to be one of its greatest attractions. This Show contained a Chamber of Horrors, a scene full of quiet humour of NAPOLEON THE THIRD Lying in State, and an old Effigy of GEORGE THE THIRD. The Collection included the waxen head of a Nonconformist Minister, who, according to the lecturer, had been "Wery good to the poor," preserved in a small deal-box. There was also the "Key-Dyevie" of Egypt, GENERAL GORDON, and Mrs. MAYBRICK. Tearing myself away from these miscellaneous memories of the past, I ascended to the East Cliff, which had still the "apartments-furnished" look that was wont to distinguish it of yore. There was no change there; and as I walked through the town, which once, as a watering-place, was second only in importance to Bath,—which a century ago had for its M.C. a rival of BEAU NASH,—I could not help thinking how astonished the ghosts of the fine ladies and gentlemen who visited "Meregate" in 1789 must be, if they are able to see their successors of to-day—"Good Old CHAWLIE CADD," and Miss TOPSIE STUART PLANTAGENET, *née* TOMPKINS.



INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 81.



LONDON EMPTY. No. 8.—EAST.



### "BETWEEN YOU AND ME AND THE POST."

DEAR MR. PUNCH, I am entirely at one with your Correspondent "A PERPLEXED ORNITHOLOGIST" in his protest against the system, so complacently referred to in the Postmaster-General's Report, of permitting tomtits to build nests in letter-boxes, where, it seems they are actually capable, by some singular freak of Nature, of hatching the contents of such envelopes as they select for incubation. I need scarcely point out, Sir, how necessary it is to the community at large that the discretion and dispatch of the Postal Service and the inviolability of private correspondence should not be prejudiced by indiscretions of this kind. There is grave reason to suspect that the evil is more widely spread than the Postmaster-General represents,—as the following experience of my own may serve to show.

Some time ago, I had occasion to give a friend information of an extremely private and delicate nature respecting the character and antecedents of an acquaintance. I subsequently found, to my extreme surprise, that the facts contained in my communication had become common knowledge in the village to which the missive had been addressed, and—what was still more curious—the explanation was in each case identically the same—they all said—"a little bird had told them!"

That a tomtit, or a bird of similar propensities, must have established itself at some point along the postal route, seems to me now too clear to admit of doubt, and I only regret that I was unable to set up this defence in the action for libel which was subsequently brought against me, as it might have made a material difference in the verdict of the jury. For you see, Sir, that, even if I had taken the precaution of enclosing my revelations in a sealed envelope, instead of committing them to a simple post-card, as I incautiously did,—that would not have protected them from the interference of the bird, and yet my negligence in this respect was made one of the points in the case against me! Trusting that my example may serve as a warning to any who, like myself, may feel constrained to denounce the *Rascal* and the *Hypocrite* at all costs (mine were scandalous), I am, dear Mr Punch, Yours always,

ONE WHO PREFERS TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THERE is nothing, to a Naturalist, inherently improbable in the Postmaster-General's account of a Tomtit which succeeded in hatching five young letters in a private letter-box, though I do not remember, in the course of a tolerably long experience, to have come across this very interesting form of hybrid. But, while he was about it, Sir, I do think the Postmaster-General might have made some mention of my Pelican in his Report! I had this bird from the egg upwards, and it always showed a curious predilection for the Post Office, until, on reaching maturity, it established itself in a neighbouring pillar-box, with its bill protruding from the slit. In this vagary, of course, it could not be indulged, and the Authorities, pleased with the bird's enthusiasm, and alive to the demand for extra postal accommodation, kindly had the pelican painted the official scarlet, and stationed it at the corner of our road as a kind of deputy animated pillar-box on its own account. It will hardly be believed, Sir, that the creature discharged its duties with the most admirable punctuality and method, never once omitting to stalk majestically at the stated hours of collection to the local post-office, where it submitted with exemplary docility to be cleared. The only

complaint I ever heard made was, that it would insist on arbitrarily ejecting all letters which it considered insufficiently stamped, and that a manuscript *Ode to Spring*, by a young lady, which she addressed to your periodical, and placed herself in the bird's pouch, was never heard of again. But these, Sir, are small things, and the fact remains that the bird—had it survived till this Spring—would have been almost certainly recommended for a "good-conduct" stripe. Alas, that distinction it was fated never to receive! Christmas came, and it fell a victim to conventional popular sentiment, and its own high sense of duty. We sent away a larger quantity of Christmas Cards than usual that season; and the poor bird, though it did its best, succumbed to its strenuous efforts to accommodate them. It was found on the Green, with an unhinged bill and a burst pouch, breathing its last on a litter of lithographed good-wishes and compliments of the season! I may be wrong, Sir, but I confess to the opinion that this instance of unostentatious heroism in pelican life is at least as worthy of being enshrined in the Post-office Report as the mere blind instinct of motherhood on the part of a Tomtit, which has somewhat capriciously been preferred for immortalisation! I remain, Sir,

Yours veraciously,  
PLOSHKIN JEE, F.R.Z.S.

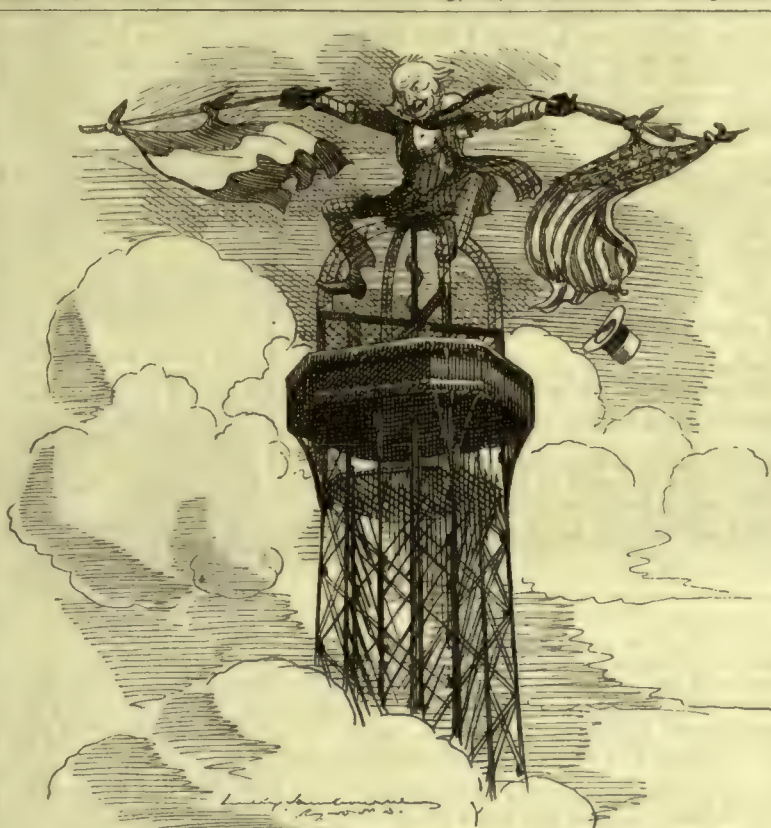
*Isthmian Club.*

PUNCH, OLD CHAPPIE,

WHAT price large gooseberries? Good old Postmaster-General and his Tomtit! He romps off with the currant-loaf, and no one in the same field with him. But joking apart, dear boy, I'm beginning to get a notion that the letter-box at the place where an old Aunt of mine hangs out (and hangs on) wants looking into. I've written her appeals which would have extracted oof from an automatic scent-distributor when something has gone wrong with the works, but, though the old girl replies regularly enough, I have never yet found a perceptible trace of oof in the letters when they turn up at my end! Isn't there just an off-chance that some confounded little feathered Johnny goes and sits on them in the box, and hatches a brood of little oof-birds? Wherever the little beggars fly to when they're fledged, they don't come and roost with Yours impecuniously,

CHARLES CHIPLESS.

### VACATION TIME. THE G. O. M. ON TOUR.



"ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE."—A Correspondent abroad sends us this cutting, from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of September 12:—

"FOR ENGLISHMEN.—An older gentleman, Englishman or American, will find at November a agreeable home and careful footing in the house of a cultivated widow in Bayreuth who understands the English."

As there might be a rush of "older gentlemen" anxious to avail themselves of this chance, we suppress the Advertiser's address.

PROBABLE TABLE-TURNING.—Will the new Prince of Monaco encourage or prohibit the gambling? Were the great gaming-house turned into a Bath and Club-house, would not Monte Carlo be more crowded than ever, and that, too, by reputable visitors? *Faites le jeu, Allez!* The Rouge-et-Blanc Principality, the whole world, and the half-world too, is asking what will be the Prince's little game?

Questions sent to, and answered by, our new Agricultural Chaplin, whose work in the Ministry is not to be confounded with that of a Rural Dean:—Q. "Sir, when my gardener uses his scythe on my lawn, may I speak of him as giving it the 'coup de grace'?"—A. "Yes. I should call this a *jeu de mort*. H. C." Q. "When is the right time to cut my corn?"—A. "When it hurts you. H. C."



## 'ARRY ON THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

DEAR CHARLIE.—My 'oliday's over. I've bin down in Devon this year, Where I've climbed sech a lot of 'igh 'ills that I'm blowed if my legs ain't gone queer.

Dead dotty, like *Chitabob*, CHARLIE. Next time, if I 'ave my own pick, I mean spotting some place where life isn't *all* muckintogs, climbing, and stick.



'Arry à Parry.

Pooty scenery's all very proper, but then it ain't everyone cares

For a fortnit of bellowsing busters where walks is all getting upstairs.

I'm fair touched in the wind with long scrambles in gaiters and waterproof coat,

'ARRY's got a good leg of his own, but he ain't like a dashed mountain goat.

Coming back in the train I got reading; that don't often 'appen with me,

But the comp'ny was mugs, so I tried for a spell at the good old *D. T.*

It 'as turned on its old Autumn tap of long letters. The question this bout

Appears to be, "Is Life Worth Living?" leastways that's as I made it out.

Worth living? Wot next, dear old pal? Wy, the geesers might just as well ask

If Drink is worth Drinking! To anser *that* question ain't much of a task.

It depends on the tap of the tippie! You ask any man with a thust If lotion's worth lapping; there's only one thing as he'll want to know fust.

Says he, "Is it lotion, or catlap?" Jest so; and it's ditto with Life.

All these mugs as spin yarns about marriage, and ochre, small screws, a bad wife,

Hedgeration and Happy-go-lucky, I say as they all miss the mark. Life is jest the best biz in creation,—purvided you makes it a lark.

A lark, CHARLIE; that's where the laugh comes. These dockers now, out on the strike,

Most likely ain't fly to the fun of it; dessay if Rotherhithe MIKE Could put his big paw to a pen, and explain hisself, in the *D. T.*, When BURNS wasn't looking, he'd say as *his* life wasn't much of a spree.

MIKE can't, and wot's more he don't want to; tain't them 'ardest 'it as 'owls most

In this 'ere bloomin' Battle, dear boy. It is most on it cold tea and toast. Mere ink-slinging slop, this discussion, in which every flat who feels bad For a cut in can air his pet grievance or trot out his favourite fad.

'ARRY isn't no "pessimist," CHARLIE; them sort is a specie of mug As I 'ate most pertikler, fair J's, with no hey for the snide and the snug; Always nagging at Nature permiskus, and pulling a precious long face, Because they 'd the blessed bad luck to be booked for the great Human Race.

I should jest like to twig 'em at dinner! If some on 'em ain't got a twist Like a fourteen-year-old at a tuck-shop, I'm wrong. It's all moonshine and mist,

Their so-called philosophy, CHARLIE. Their learning's a fat lot of use, If it only means cackling at Nature, and hissing at Life like a goose.

I'm practical, I am, my Pippin. Yes, Life is a Battle, no doubt, And you've got to be fly with your mawleys, or else you may get a knock-out. We can't all be winners, that's certain. Wot of it? It's like pitch-and-toss, Where, if everyone 'ad tossing tanners, there could be no gain, nor yet loss.

"Heads I win, mate, and tails you *don't* lose!" That's yer modern philanterpest cry

Of the preachers and Socialist spouters. It's kibosh, dear boy—all my eye; Pooty scheme, but won't work; pooty pattern of goods in the piece, but won't wash.

You must put up your dukes and give toko, or take it; the rest is all bosh.

I'm a Darwinite all up my back. If my hancestor perched on a tree, He made shift to get top and nail nuts; the result, arter ages, is Me! Not much of the monkey about me, I flatter myself as to phiz, But I'm still on the climb arter nuts; that's life's game, and the only good biz.

The fittest survives, so they tell us; all right, my dear boy, here I am! And there's lots of surviving in *me*, I can tell 'em. Oh, Life's real jam If you only jest shove to the front; but to do that, old pal, you *must* shove, And not mind all their blessed bow-wow about manners and brotherly love.

"Ware elbers!" dear boy, that's the motter; the strongest and sharpest gits all, [the wall.

And them with short wind and weak ribs, wy in course they must go to Put yer Socialist spout in a crowd at a race, or theayter on fire, And then see where the "kindness" comes in, mate, and who'll be the fust to retire.

In the great Ring of Life you must fight with the raw 'uns, I tell yer, old pal, And this "chivalry" game—ask KILRAIN, or old BISMARCK!—is flabby fal-lal.

If you find as yer foe's in a flummox, will you risk the win and the tin By chivalry? No; give him one in the wind like a shot, and romp in.

Sloppy sentiment mucks the best mill, and our spouters keep all on the slop; [over the shop, From GLADSTONE to Cardinal MANNING, they snivel all About "own flesh and blood," and Wealth's duties, the Sweaters, and Housing the Poor.

Bah! The oof bird flies out o' the winder when sentiment dabs at the door.

That fowl lays the true golden heggs, but there ain't nigh enough to go round,

And give each one a basket-full, CHARLIE; at least that's wot I've always found.

I say git as near to the nest as yer can, mate, and 'ave the fust grab;

And then let bluebag pessymists grumble, and Socialist levellers gab!

Worth living? Lor, yus, *with* the Oof, CHARLIE! Give me a little look-in,

And see if I won't make things hum! With my tastes, and a 'atfull of tin,

Small hods if I stick to a bachelor's life, or shake down, mate, and marry.

The Battle of Life, I'll go Nap, shall be won in a canter by 'ARRY.

## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-FOURTH EVENING.

"I KNOW a young man," said the Moon. "I have many opportunities of seeing him, for he is in the habit of coming home very late at night. He lodges with an



Aunt who is rather strict with him, but she goes to bed early, and he has a latchkey, and is very careful not to disturb her slumbers.

"The other evening, however, when he came home, he was horrified to find he had forgotten his latchkey. The window-fastenings of the front room on the ground floor were not difficult to undo; but then there was Carlo, his Aunt's pet dog, who slept there. Carlo, as his mistress was never tired of saying, was the most intelligent animal that ever barked, and the best house-dog in the whole world. At the slightest sound, the faithful Carlo would alarm the whole household, and plunge the poor young man into hopeless disgrace! He walked up and down undecidedly for some time, but at last he grew so sleepy and desperate that he determined to risk everything, and get through the window, in the teeth of the devoted guardian of the house.

"He made a good deal of noise, for he was not accustomed to forcing windows, still, to his great surprise, he did not arouse Carlo. He came floundering down on the floor with a thump, having mistaken the place of a chair,—but still Carlo made no sign. The young man was relieved and grateful, but puzzled as well, for he knew the dog must be in the room somewhere. At last he found the matches, and struck a light—and then he burst out laughing more loudly than was quite prudent. For Carlo, the intelligent watchdog, was perfectly aware that the room was being broken into, but his intelligence being even greater than his valour, Carlo was lying in the corner behind the door, industriously 'shamming dead,' which was another accomplishment of his. The young man is of a very generous disposition, for he did not betray Carlo's cowardice to his mistress the next morning; and, what is more," added the Moon, "I believe that he will always preserve an honourable silence on the subject."

BY A RETURNED AND VICTIMISED TOURIST.—To what race do extortionate Hotel-keepers belong? To the Hinddoos.



## UNFILED: OR. THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."  
*Le Diable Boiteux.*

## IV.

"THE British Matron  
 is a solid fact,"  
 Remark'd my guide.  
 "Behold her in the  
 act [culture!]"—  
 Of modish Maiden-  
 I saw a spacious wo-  
 man, high-nosed,  
 red,  
 With swelling port,  
 keen glance, and  
 grizzled head,  
 Much like a well-fed  
 vulture.

"An eye like Mars,"  
 full-orbed and  
 militant,  
 A surging bust whose  
 every creak and pant  
 Spake of fierce ire—  
 and fashion.  
 Its laces stirred, its  
 jewels shook and  
 gleamed,  
 A broad much millin-  
 ered burlesque she  
 seemed  
 Of Juno in a passion.

That boudoir virginal, secluded, sweet,  
 Was storm-tost by the dame's indignant heat,  
 Like some shy bower of roses  
 Smitten by tropic tempest. "Such fine  
 wrath,"  
 I murmured, "might have marked the plain-  
 ward path  
 Of idol-hating Moses."

"Nay," laughed my guide, "the truth you  
 hit but half.  
 'Tis not the worship of the Golden Calf  
 Rouses *her* righteous anger.  
 'Tis that her daughter there has dared incline  
 At other than a fitly gilded shrine.  
 Hark to her tongue's hot clangour!"

The girl's flushed face before the torrent bows  
 Half frightened, half resentful. Vulgar  
 "rows"

Do shame the secret places  
 Of Caste and Culture. Billingsgate might own  
 That rage-flushed countenance, that strident  
 tone,

Those furious grimaces.

"How dare you—minx?"—Yes, she has  
 dared deride  
 The brainless boy who sought her as his bride,  
 To share his couch and carriage,  
 His million and his mortal dulness. Fool!  
 Rebellious to the Matron's golden rule,  
 The true *morale* of marriage.

"Now see her lover! He's a Hercules,  
 And that's his Omphale. Upon his knees,  
 He, the much-lauded hero  
 Of many a football scrummage! At her side,  
 The green-room Circe, e'en athletic pride  
 Sinks suddenly to zero.

"The muscle-mania, the fierce rage to race,  
 Hit hard, kick high, pull fast, 'put on the  
 pace,'

Fires the sole modern zealot  
 A superfine Society tolerates;  
 Other enthusiasts it scorns and hates  
 As Sparta did her helot.

"This youth holds many 'records,' he is  
 reckoned  
 To have 'out' LONSHANKS' best by half a  
 second;

His 'pots' are almost numberless.



And this plump siren puts his pleadings by  
 With banter cool, yet holds him with an eye  
 Whose greed is keen and slumberless.

"What marvel that our Matron waxes  
 grim?"

This harpy from the slums get hold of *him*  
 And his ancestral acres,  
 When her girl's hook was fairly in his gills?  
 The thought might shake with fury's mur-  
 derous thrills

The souls of saints or quakers.

"Which lure will win young Hercules at  
 last,

The fascinations of the frankly 'fast'

Or sordidly seductive?"

Time," said my guide, "must answer. But  
 between

Bohemia's triumph and Belgravia's spleen  
 The contrast is instructive.

"London's Stymphalian Birds may vary much  
 In plumage, but in greed and power of clutch  
 May not our scheming mother

Match the stage-harpy? Brazen beak and  
 claw

Are recognised by mode, allowed by law  
 In her, and many another.

"Has the poor girl a favoured lover?"  
 Look!

A bottle of 'the Boy,' a Betting Book,

A scurril Sporting Paper,—

These are the things, with fiction fresh  
 from France,

O'er which our modern 'Hero of Romance'  
 Consumes the midnight taper.

"His 'midnight taper' is a Silber lamp.  
 The 'hero' is a handsome, heartless scamp.

Love-musing? No such matter!

A sonnet to his lady's eyebrow? Nay,

'I take no stock in rhyme-rot anyway,'

He'd say in Pubdom's patter.

"The Jews are at his heels. Play and the  
 Turf

Scarce buoy this struggler in the troubled

Of impecuniosity.

How should a modish, thriftless thrall of

debt

Harbour unselfish love, or soft regret,

Or manly generosity?

"They are not solid assets. Sentiment  
 Won't pay the hawking Hebrew cent. per  
 cent.,

And so the lad is thinking  
 Of 'little FLAVIA's very obvious mash,'  
 And what it may prove worth in ready cash.  
 See, with a hand unshrinking,

"He pens, no sickly sonnet, but a shrewd  
 Well-polished scoundrel-plea, which, bare  
 and crude,

Would stagger the most simple;  
 But over whose false gush and verbal grace  
 To-morrow 'little FLAVIA's' tear-stained face  
 Will sweetly flush and dimple.

"Four views of Marriage! Circe in her lair  
 The Matron keen, the callow Millionaire,  
 The Detrimental daring,  
 So wide opposed, are yet at heart the same,  
 Fierce followers of Society's favourite game;  
 Love-chase?—nay, Lucre-snaring!"

## TAKEN AS RED.

RED-HAIRED people, stigmatised by the  
 vituperative vulgar as "Carrots," "Ginger,"  
 and "Mahogany-tops," have, it would  
 appear, at last found their champion. "Some-  
 body," says the *St. James's Gazette*, "has  
 compiled a philosophy of red-haired women."  
 According to this philosophy, they are  
 "almost invariably neater, quicker, brighter,  
 and cleverer, than their Sisters; they are  
 buoyant in spirit; they nearly always have  
 a turn for rhyming and versification; and  
 they are excellent mathematicians." Here  
 is comfort—nay, triumph—for the long-  
 reviled Rufuses! The only drawback—if we  
 except that "turn for versification"—seems  
 to be a tendency to "temper." Well, well;  
 occasional fits of tantrums and verse-turning  
 (was SILAS WEGG a red-poll?) may surely  
 be excused in a neat, quick, bright, buoyant,  
 clever ready-reckoner of either sex. To  
 parody the balladist of "*Ballahooly*," we  
 may say:—

When the kindly hand of fate  
 Made the red-haired quick and "nate,"  
 It added one ingredient that could injure;  
 And as it seems quite clear  
 Ginger's temper may be queer,  
 "There must have been some stingo in the  
 ginger!"

WORTH SEEKING.—Our Flat at the Strand  
 Theatre is very amusing. Nothing flat about  
 it except the title. EDWIN capital. Mr.  
 FAWCETT, very good. The part of the heroine,  
 which was always bright and clever, is now  
 really WHITTY.

## PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION OF

## "THE ENGLISH EDUCATIONAL CRISIS."



6R-

TOMMY GOES BACK TO SCHOOL.



## BANGING "INTO THE BROWN."

"It is only to the moderate men of the Gladstonian Party that I venture to appeal."—*Mr. Chamberlain, at Huddersfield.*



*Leslie Sansbourne. Del.*

THERE was a little Brum, and he had a little gun,  
And its pellets they were made of party lead—lead—lead,  
And he popped into a "pit,"  
And he thought he'd try to hit  
A driven covey flying over-head—head—head.

This clever little Brum thought them looking rather glum—  
These birds who had been very sharply driven—driven—driven;  
Rather heavy on the wing,—  
Clever "driving" is a thing  
That to all (political) sportsmen is not given—given—given.



# ECCLESIASTICAL FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

(Suggestions for a further development.)



MRS. BUMBLE,  
ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.



MISS THURIFERA,  
FOR RITUALISTIC CHURCH.



MRS. PROUDIE  
OF BARCHESTER CATHEDRAL.



PRECENTRESS, MUS. DOC.,  
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"It is intended on Sunday week (Michaelmas Day) to introduce a surpliced choir into the Church of All Hallows, Lombard Street. The ladies are to be placed near the choir, probably in the front seats of the church. The Sunday services are to be shortened and remodelled."—*Daily Telegraph*, Sept. 19.

And this sportsman in the pit, said, "If I but wait a bit,  
I fancy that those birds will fly my way—way—way;  
Though, of course, they didn't ought,  
At least, so it may be thought,  
By that Grand Old Driver. Wonder what he'll say—say—say.  
"He will say, I greatly fear, that I have no business here;  
But of course that's big bow-wow, and tommy rot—rot—rot.  
I am here,—j'y suis, j'y reste,  
And I'm going to do my best  
At GLADDY'S birds to get a passing shot—shot—shot.  
"Their flight's all wiggle-waggle; some appear inclined to straggle;  
By Jingo, if I blaze 'into the brown—brown—brown,'  
Though it seem a longish shot,  
I shall give it to them hot,  
And I fancy I shall bring some of 'em down—down—down!"  
[Left taking aim.

**A MATTER OF CORSET.**—A medical speaker at the British Association at Newcastle thundered against belts worn by ladies, and declared they should be pulled off and burned. Oh, yes! who's to do it? It would be easier to "go for" a "Belted Earl" than to attack a Belted Countess, or any other belted lady. In fact, if a Belted Earl tried it, he would probably be instantly qualified to appear as "the Spotted Nobleman," to the tune of "O What a Surprise!" Quite right, my anti-tight-belter, but who is to belt the cat?

## Mem. by a Man in the Street.

It often happens that the idle oaf  
Clamours most loudly for the Industrial Ophir;  
And that the fiercest friend of the "Big Loaf"  
Is the big loafer.

**SCARCELY INTENDED.**—A letter to the *Times*, signed by an old supporter of Italian Unity, alluding to the political support given by Mr. JAMES STANSFELD to Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, says, "I think if MAZZINI could know of the present doings of Mr. STANSFELD, he would verily turn in his grave." But isn't that exactly what Messrs. STANSFELD and O'BRIEN would like him to do in, or out of, his grave, i.e., "turn"—and join the party of Messrs. S. and O'B.?

**NEW SECRET SOCIETY.**—"I'm a G.T.," observed an acquaintance, by way of reply to an invitation to stay awhile and take a "modest quencher." "Indeed!" said his hospitable companion, "does a 'G.T.' mean a 'Good Templar'?" "No," returned the first, "it's 'Good Tippler,'—opposition Society. Let's drink its health."

**THE PITY OF IT!**—When Workmen "strike," the blow falls heaviest on the Women and Children.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHAT does Mr. B. L. FARJEON mean by not finishing his latest Novel, *A Young Girl's Life*? There's life in the young girl yet, and at the end of the Third Volume she is actually beginning her

career. He has given us only passages in her young life. He lets his bad characters go scathless in the most merciful manner. What has come to him? Where is his sense of poetic justice? Let him give us Volume IV. to inform us: *First*, what becomes of *Mad Maxwell*? *Secondly*, how the good peasant *Wolf* was ever repaid for the task he undertook; for he was promised by the heroine sufficient money to enable him and his wife to live happily in the plains, which sum the heroine, being ruined, never gave him.

*Thirdly*, how was Mr. Bathgate punished? *Fourthly*, who were Mrs. Price and Mrs. Borwick (a name suggestive of the Baking Powder) and what became of them after they left the room? Did Mr. FARJEON originally intend to make any further use of these two ladies? And why, after introducing a *Valentine Vox* sort of man, did the author suddenly become chary about employing his marvellous ventriloquial powers? *Sixthly*, what did he originally intend to do with the trap-door in the ceiling, and the boxes up in the loft? Mr. FARJEON kept me up, long after my regular bed-time, reading his new Novel, which, having once commenced it, I could not put down; and I demand satisfaction at his hands on these principal points, which seem to me to be the basis of a continuation of this Novel. *En attendant*, I recommend it to my readers generally, though not so warmly as I have recommended others of Mr. FARJEON'S.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

## The Sex's Answer to Mrs. Stopes.

I SITS with my waist in a vice,  
And if any axes me "Why?"  
I says, "Tian't graceful or nice;  
It's the Milliner makes me!" says I.

"THE ROYAL OAK."—We've not yet seen the piece, but the only thing against the title is that the 'busses which go to "The Royal Oak" will take the unwary passenger to Bayswater instead of Drury Lane. If a success, DRURIOPLANUS, HAMILTON, and HENRY NEVILLE will not be all "Up a tree" with CHARLES THE SECOND.



## A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

Honeymooners—Photographers—The Torrs' Trouble—An Interview  
—Discussion—Explanation—Dissatisfaction.



How to Utilise the Switchback for Travelling in North Devon.

ILFRACOMBE is remarkable chiefly for honeymooners and photographers. "Wherever I go," cries Miss BRONDESLEY, hysterically, "I come upon them. Ah!" she shrieks, suddenly, and jumps back quickly, as if she had trodden on a blackbeetle, or something was jumping out at her.

"What is it?" asks the Poet and Philosopher, in a breath.

Whereat, by way of answer, she only explodes in giggles, puts her sunshade at an angle of 35° to the tip of her nose, as if to hide some dreadful object from her gaze, and looking towards us over her shoulder, she turns the corner of the walk, continuing her ascent; and then we, following her, come upon an EDWIN and ANGELINA seated happily on a bench, not taking the slightest notice of us, or even of Miss JENNIE BRONDESLEY, or apparently thinking of anyone except themselves, as, indeed, why on earth should they?

It's the same everywhere, just like walking in the labyrinthine passages of a Grand Hotel, and stumbling over the boots and shoes in pairs at every door.

EDWIN with ANGELINA "all over the shop," as HARRY SKRYM-MAGER expresses it. Here they are trudging, sitting, skipping, jumping, lying, sitting under trees, behind furze-bushes, all among the bracken, beneath fungus-like sunshades, or recumbent under a broad spreading umbrella-tree.

Photographers pop out on you from all corners. Very annoying for EDWINS and ANGELINAS. The lonely tourist walking along the road is perpetually being stopped by the photographic brigands, and politely requested not to move for a second; and before he knows where he is, he is taken, negatively, as part of the landscape, and imprisoned in the camera.

Of all the walks the coast road to Lee is out-and-out the grandest, simplest, easiest, prettiest, and, if you can avoid the Torrs' Estate, the cheapest. If you can't avoid the Torrs' Estate, you'll have to



The Progress of Poetry and Philosophy barred by Ignorant Obstinacy.

pay a penny, but it is well worth the outlay in order to cut off a bit of the inland road, and so reach the coast path sooner.

Our Mr. Cook says that the town Authorities would do well to find a remedy for this vexatious charge of a penny levied on the unsuspecting pedestrian, who, having arrived at what really is the end of the Torrs' Walks, seeing a clear way which involves a slight scramble, not by any means so difficult as is presented by many a

regular gap in a hedge, or by any rustic stile on a path where there is an undoubted right of way, climbs the bank, surveys with his eager eye the coast road to Lee within a stone's throw of him, and, charmed by the tempting prospect, starts to pursue the distinctly defined path, when he is stopped by a labouring man, who, in the name of his employer, the tenant of this part of the Torrs' Estate, demands a toll of one penny.

"But," objects the Philosopher, who with his book under his arm, his papers and proofs all about him, his pencils sticking out of his waistcoat, and accompanied by the Poet, presents the spectacle of a literary mountaineer on his way to the heights of imagination, "we have already paid a penny each to enter the Torrs' Walks."

This statement I corroborate from the path below, as I have not intended to accompany them in their further walk.

"Yew're out o' the Torrs' Walks now," says the rustic guardian, whom BULWER might have called 'the dweller on the threshold,' replying to the philosophic objection: "and yew'll have to pay."

"But we have paid," protests the Poet, resenting this interference with the liberty of the subject.

"These Gentlemen have paid," I call out from below.

"What ha' yew to do wi' it?" the man shouts back at me. Then turning to the Poet and the Philosopher, he says doggedly, "Yew tu ain't paid me."

"But, my good man," argues the Philosopher, in as placid a manner as if he were a Counsel engaged in the driest Chancery suit,



The Puzzled Torr-ist.

"when we entered at the lodge-gate the old lady"—this he puts most politely, under the impression that perhaps she may be some relation to this rural collector of tolls, "told us that we could get by this way on to the Lee coast road."

"I ain't got nothing to do with the old woman at the gate yander," returns the man, somewhat rudely. "She makes her money, and we makes ourn. And yew've got to pay."

"Here is a footpath, there is a stile, and a footpath beyond," the Philosopher says, pointing them out as if he were illustrating a lecture by means of a diagram, "and surely, my good man, this constitutes a right of way."

"I ain't here to argufy," replies the man, roughly.

"But you're here to listen to reason," returns the Philosopher, with some warmth.

"Yew're here a trespassing, that's what yew are, and, if yew were a gentleman, yew'd pay," and as the man raises his voice, his tone becomes unpleasantly menacing.

"Trespassing be —!" shouts the Philosopher, suddenly flaring up, and throwing wisdom to the winds.

"I ain't a going to be sworn at," says the man, preparing for some sort of action.

"I did not swear at you," the Professor explains, cooling down as suddenly as he had flared up.

"Yew did," returns the man doggedly.

"I beg your pardon," says the Philosopher with extraordinary politeness—"I did nothing of the sort."

At this juncture the Poet produces twopence, and, with the courtesy that must necessarily have characterised the action of the Good Samaritan when, according to the accepted English version, he produced the same amount, addressing the man, says,—

"Here is the twopence. We pay under protest."

"I shall write to the papers on the subject," observes the Philosopher, preparing to take a note. "This ought to be settled."

"Ah!" says the man, as he gives a receipt for the money. He carries tickets in a bag, which I had not noticed before, and is



apparently entirely mollified at having gained his point and his pence—"I've heard *that* said over and over again, but no one does it," and the Philosopher and the Poet having proceeded on their way, he is retiring chuckling to the hiding-place from which, like a spider, he lies in wait for the venturesome flies who cross the border, when COPLEY MARKHAM suddenly appears on the scene. "This wouldn't have happened abroad," he says. I am of the contrary opinion.

"I don't understand," calls out COPLEY MARKHAM, arresting the man's attention, "what right your master has to charge for persons going on to the Lee coast road."

"Never *yew* mind as to right," replies the custodian, looking down superciliously on this new character in the *dramatis personee*. Then he adds, in a sulky tone, "I don't want to talk to such as *yew*."

"But explain it," calls out COPLEY, as the man is walking away.

"I don't want to talk to such as *yew*," the man repeats, wagging his head, and waving his hand as if he were putting COPLEY MARKHAM aside.

"You can give a civil answer," I suggest, in a tone of pleasant remonstrance.

"I don't want to talk to such as *yew*," he replies, sweeping both of us away with the same action of his left hand.

"I only want to know," COPLEY persists.

But the man having got hold of a good useful repartee, repeats it, as if it were the burden of a song, as he walks slowly away, occasionally turning his head towards us as if he suspected that we should take advantage of his retreating to clamber up and dodge him somehow. But we merely bid him, cheerfully, "Good-bye," to which however, he replies with the telling refrain, "I don't want to talk to such as *yew*;" and so he slouches off, pausing now and then to cast a glance towards us. Then he disappears, and we see him no more.

As we sit down to enjoy our evening-pipe and penn'orth of sunset, a stranger politely addresses us. He says, "I heard some part of your altercation with that man. It is a most annoying state of affairs. The fact is, you see, The Torrs' Estate Company lets a portion of the property, the Walks, to the people at the Lodge, who make what they can out of the tolls, and the other portion to a tradesman, who makes what *he* can out of the fact that you can get a short cut over his ground to the coast road to Lee, and to the Torrs' Walks as well. Directly you leave the Torrs' Walks you are on his property, and, *vice versa*. If you pay a penny to go on his land, and thence on to the Torrs' Walks, you have to pay another penny when you come off the Torrs' Walks, and go out by the Lodge. You'll excuse me, Gentlemen, but I thought you'd like to know."

I thank him for the information, which I believe is the correct explanation of a system that takes tourists by surprise, and annoys them considerably. But admission to the Torrs' Walks is well worth a penny or even twopenny, as they are, on the whole, unequalled by anything about Ilfracombe, except the first part of the coast pathway, not the road, to Lee.

"Those who don't care about going with us on excursions," Our Own Mr. Cook observes, "can always take their exercise on the Torrs' Walks." *Les absents ont toujours Torrs.*

### À LAGUERRE COMME À LAGUERRE.

"The electoral manoeuvres of our adversaries have assumed the proportions of a veritable conspiracy against Universal Suffrage."—*M. Laguerre (Boulangist).*

WHETHER the sly Reactionary scheme,  
Or whether—Red and Rad—the rowdy rough rage,  
Their rival advocates appeal, 'twould seem  
To the great fetish, Universal Suffrage!  
But whether they would choke or whether coax it,  
One aim they have in common—'tis to hoax it!

SUGAR AND LEAD.—In a trenchantly-written and clever letter to the *Times*, THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES, late of *Vanity Fair*, writes from aboard the yacht *Nereid*, "Let any enemy have the longest gun and the most universal of conscriptions; give me the power of running his sugar up to seven shillings per pound, and I will undertake to bring him to terms." All very well, if loaded or directed by a bad marksman, but one straight shot from the long gun would dispose of T. G. B. before he had time to use this mighty power.

SECOND TITEE.—"British Association," or Society for providing Middle-aged Gentlemen with a scientific excuse for a pleasant outing.

PRACTICAL LIBERAL UNIONISTS.—Working-men who contributed to the Strike Fund.

### ANTICIPATIONS OF THE LYCEUM REVIVAL.



Henry Irving doing the Landry Business.

Catherine Duval.

Abbé Latour Eiffel.

### GOOD-BYE, SUMMER!

SUMMER's nearly over,  
Corn has followed clover,  
Nuts and apples reign;  
Snapt their slender mooring,  
Leaves would go a touring—  
Freedom brief and vain;  
They are fain to follow  
The sun-seeking swallow.  
Yet the glass is rising  
To a height surprising,  
And, to sweet surmising,  
June is here again.  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, slowly  
Knelling from the foliage,  
Runs in fancy's head;  
Suns again for fun set,  
And dawn follows sunset  
Ere we go to bed,  
And daisies in mazes, [spread,  
Where the haze is lifted,

Yet this sweet September,  
Like a county Member,  
Showers its gifts around;  
Trees with gold are tipped,  
And the most insipid  
Tracts of fallow ground  
With a sober splendour,  
Gossamer'd and tender,  
By its grace are crown'd.  
Fuller flows the river,  
Like a wayward giver  
Who has stinted long;  
Broad, and deep, and stately,  
It assists us greatly,  
Though for up-stream towers,  
Or more hardy rowers,  
Just a trifle strong.

Ours no luncheon hasty—  
Here's a goodly pasty,  
And for liquor tasty  
Ale of temper'd power;  
Cool it in the water  
For about a quarter  
Of a sunny hour.  
Fish are flashing silvery;  
Who would care to kill very  
Many roach or perch?  
They are blithe and merry—  
Come, a glass of sherry,  
For the corkscrew search;

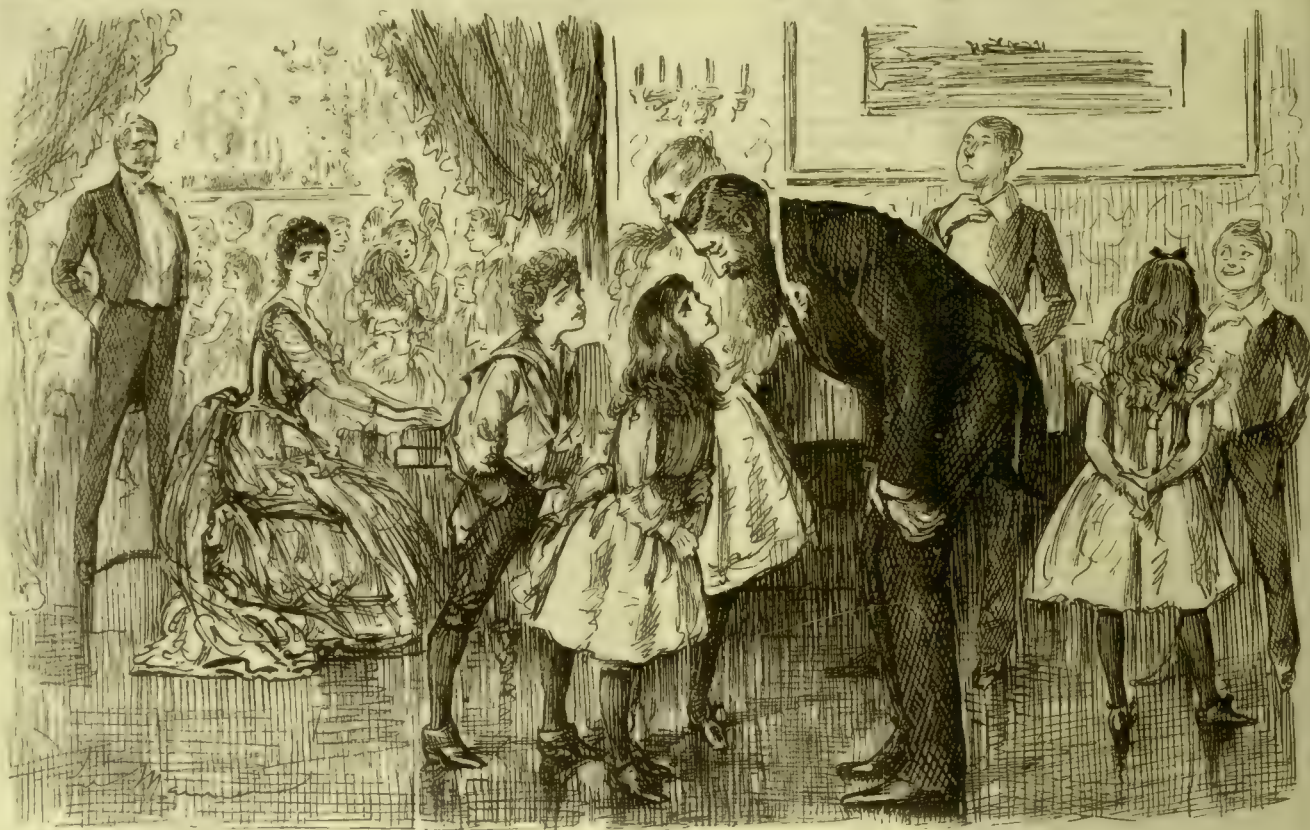
While the great swans gobble,  
What we throw with wobble,  
And with lazy lurch.

There is MABEL standing  
At the rustic landing,  
With an air commanding,  
Which her curls would check;  
Like a boy heroic  
On a burning deck.  
Kisses anemoic  
Play about her neck;  
She could make a stoic  
Gambol at her beck.  
Like a brown and pleasant  
Chirpy kind of bird;  
Ornamental peasant,  
Queen of creams and curd;  
When another's present,  
How I loathe the third.

Now, all slights forgiven,  
By the sunlight shriven,  
Laugh the happy fields.  
Past the rain and raw gust  
Of deceitful August,  
Earth her late love yields;  
And the oars flash, dripping,  
As the boat goes slipping  
Through the liquid bars;  
While serenely gracious,  
Heaven's hollow spacious  
Fills with quiet stars.  
Soon will storms come hurling  
Down the sullen reach,  
And the waters curling,  
Sudden lessons teach  
In the art of "feather"  
During stormy weather;  
Yet one more fine jewel  
In our life is set,  
Ere the Winter cruel  
Brings its grog and gruel,  
Fogs and wind and wet.

While our bliss we're vaunting,  
Something still is wanting,  
Something—never mind,  
What the gods have given  
Never can be riven—  
Heaven still is kind.





### THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

SCENE—A small Dance in Hooashire.

*Dorothy.* 'I M AFRAID I MUSTN'T GIVE YOU ANOTHER DANCE MR. JOLLIBOYS. YOU SEE I'M A DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE!'

### CHEZ MADAME TUSSAUD.

"He (General BOULANGER) has discovered the value of the zero in political combinations; he is the cipher before which every man hopes to put a numeral of his own choosing, to make it count his own way."—*Daily News.*

*Famous Old Lady, loquitor:—*

WHERE shall you put him? Well, upon my word,  
Even I am rather puzzled how to place him;  
Whether to front him with the Great Absurd,  
Or have the Small Sublime to back and face him.  
Yet, goodness knows, I have all sorts of "heroes,"  
From the great Corsican to—Shallaballah,  
Captains and Charlatans, Noodles and Neros,  
In my Valhalla.

My hospitable halls of waxy fame  
Are open usually to Everybody  
Who is Somebody, and has made a name  
Either as Monarch, Murderer, Sage or Noddy.  
Particularly any personage  
Who makes what now is called a "Great Sensation."  
*Argal* in these same halls *he* should engage  
A front location.

Yes, for this Man o' Wax I must make room;  
"He's quite a Circumstance," as Yankee Doodle  
Would say. No blinking the "Boulanger Boom."  
Whether as lion or as shaven poodle,  
He's made himself conspicuous in a way;  
So may a Circus Clown or pseudo-Cæsar  
But where to put the gentleman to-day,  
Why, that's a teaser.

**FRENCH PROBLEM.**—What does "Re-vision" mean? Second sight? or Look again before taking a leap? The ultimate benefits of the movement being doubtful, those who adopt the cry should be known as The Re-visionary Party.

### SOUND DOCTRINE FOR DOCK DIRECTORS.

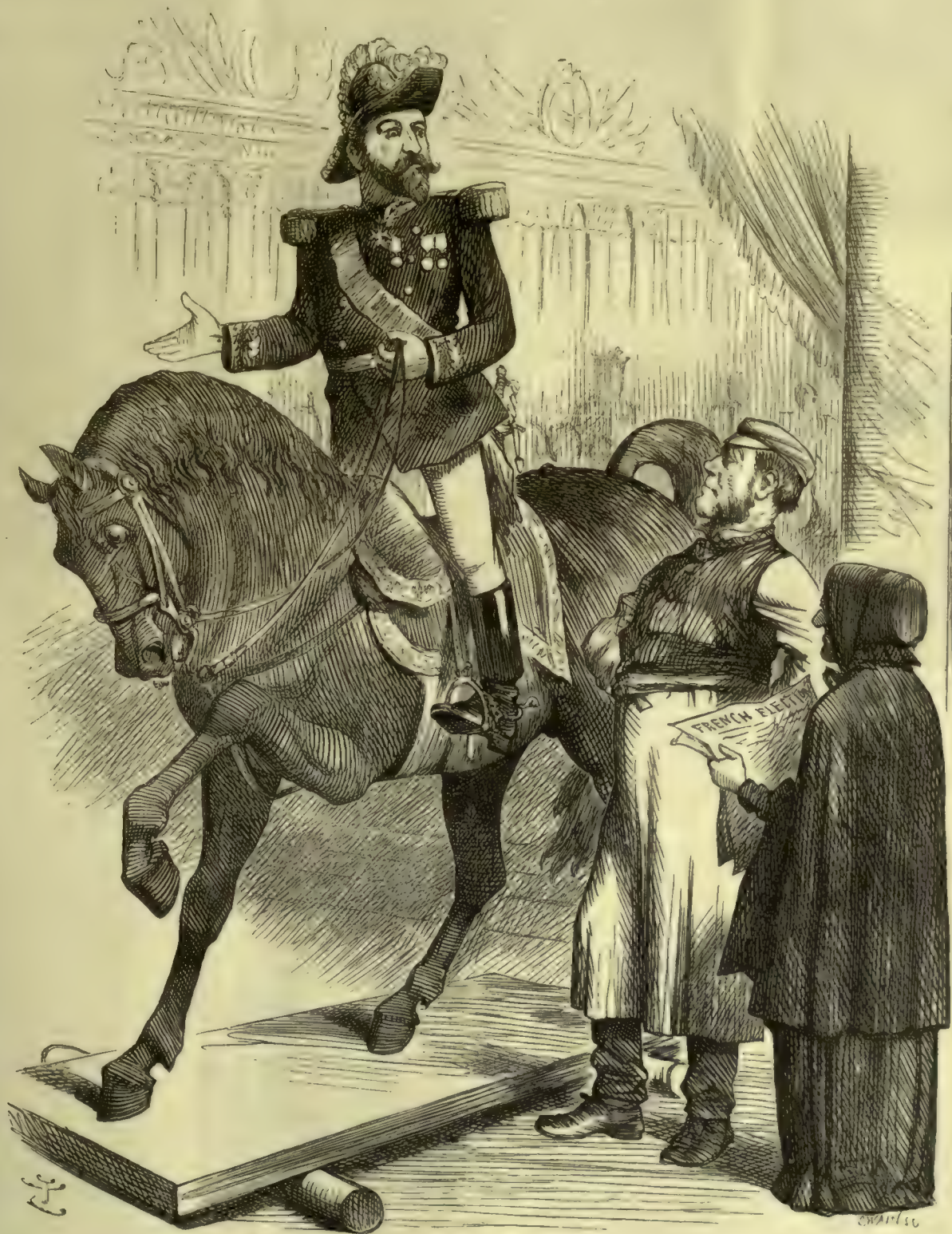
LABOUR and Capital have been at grips,  
And from their strife this moral disengages:—  
That Capital may thrive through docking ships,  
Labour's not bound to starve through docking wages.

**PUZZLE-HEADED.**—Startlingly interesting are the headings in the daily papers, as they ought to be, if they're to attract attention. Here's one from the *D. T.*—"A Crown Living in Chester." Whose crown? Where's the rest of the body? Is it the "Talking Head"? Or is it a living that can be got for five shillings? If so, what a rush there must have been for it! Then, in the *Times*—"The Missing Canon." What was the aim? Why did the Canon miss? Did the Canon go off of his own accord? Did he go off with his Bishop's charge?

**AN OLD FORM OF CONSUMPTION.**—In the interesting summary of the Colonial Office Reports for 1888, given by the *Times* last Friday, it appears that Lord KNUTSFORD laments the prevalence of illness in the protected Malay States, and, among other diseases, mentions "Beri-beri." His Lordship should remember that we have the same thing here, only we spell it with two *e*'s, and print *y* instead of an *i*. Its cure has been attempted by early closing, and total abstinence from malt liquor. For another view of the hardships entailed on certain public characters by these modes of treatment, consult *Bass's Straits' Times*.

**A LEAF FROM PRO-FANE HISTORY.**—Sir SPENCER PONSONBY FANE laid the foundation stone of the Pavilion at Lord's last week. He made an excellent and a most hearty speech, forgetting, however, to commence it with the quotation from the old song, "I, FANE, would tell thee all I feel." As a thorough cricketer, there never was anything *fainéant* about him, and, in the hearts of all Members of the House (and Grounds) of Lord's, the memory of this FANE will always be enshrined.





## CHEZ MADAME TUSSAUD.

HEAD-CARPENTER. "WHERE'S HE TO BE PUT NOW, MA'AM?"







# A MAN'S SHADOW CAST IN THE HAYMARKET.

WITH *The Lyons' Mail* still fresh in the playgoer's memory, with *Proof*, the English version of *Une Cause Célèbre*, now being played at the Princess's, it was an uncommonly plucky thing of author and actor to bring out a piece the interest of which is centred in the facial resemblance between a good and a bad man, and where one of the most touching situations is the evidence of a child against its father who is accused of murder. But their courage is rewarded, and *A Man's Shadow*, as Mr. BUCHANAN's adaptation of *Roger la Honte* is called, has achieved an undoubted success at the Haymarket.

The examination before the Magistrate in the *Courrier de Lyon*, is, in *A Man's Shadow*, developed into a criminal trial in a French court; in the *Courrier*, the father recognises in the man who shoots him his own son, and has to give evidence against him; in *A Man's Shadow* it is the wife, who, with her child, recognises her husband as the murderer; and it is the child on whose evidence, as in *Proof*, so much depends. It is a wise child that knows its own father, and little *Suzanne*—admirably played by Miss MINNIE TERRY—being mistaken in identifying her parent, cannot be set down as an infant of phenomenal intelligence.

Mr. TREE handles the good *Lucien* and the wicked *Luversan* with delicate tact, and very nearly succeeds in suppressing his habitual mannerisms. His attempt at altering his voice is evidently an effort. His make-up in both characters so disguises his personal identity, that the audience do not immediately recognise him in either part. The difficulty is in mistaking T'other for Which.

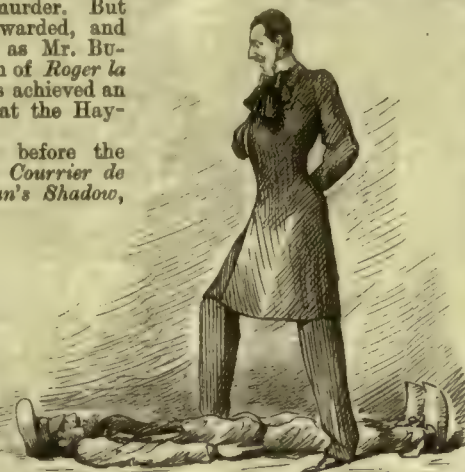
The sensational story is clear, and deeply interesting; the plot is dramatic and well constructed; and the acting throughout of everybody, without exception, is far above the average. There is not one part weakly played. Mr. TREE has cast his Shadow very strongly.

The sensational scene of the murder is, as a "set," a very poor Punch-and-Judy affair. The office of Mr. Allen, the judicious representative of the respectable but unfortunate victim, is supposed to be on the other side of the court-yard, yet apparently it is only a continuation of *Lucien's* room. If the front part of the scene had been set lower down, and a strong light thrown on the back portion, I fancy the desired effect of distance would have been obtained.

Miss JULIA NELSON looks very handsome, and shows decided talent. When the imitatorial phase of her artistic career has passed away, she ought to have a very satisfactory, if not a great, future before her. Now and again she reminds me of an actress she has never seen, I mean, Miss WOOLGAR (Mrs. MELLON), when, some thirty-five years ago, she played the sympathetic heroines of Adelphi drama.

Mrs. TREE is quietly plaintive as wife and mother. It is a thankless part, as it does not carry with it the sympathy of the audience. The exigencies of the play compel her to be reticent just exactly when in real life she would have spoken out.

Mr. KEMBLE as *M. le Président* of the Court is excellent. The manner and matter of the speech of the Advocate-General is a model of forensic eloquence and official impartiality. It is done capitally



"And is Old Double dead?"



Little Girl (Terry-fied at seeing her Awful Dad knocking a naughty Man on the head). "Oh, Ma, there's Pa!"

by TAPPING (any relation to the Woodpecker who was always "tapping" on "the hollow beech-tree," not the BEERBOHM TREE?), and deserves clapping, at the risk of being committed for contempt. And here, I may say, that I cannot recall any English play, in which all the principal *dramatis personae* being modern Frenchmen and women, our English actors have so completely concealed their own nationality, and where they have enacted French character with less exaggeration of manner or costume. At what Theatre in Paris, I should like to know, would the converse of this be possible? Fancy the French stage-representation of an English Court of Justice!

Mr. FERNANDEZ, as *Raymond de Noirville*, has one big chance, and the result is just what would be expected of so experienced an actor. It is a powerful situation rendered with great discretion; meritoriously under-played rather than over-played. His death-sufferings remind me of somebody's burlesqued title of the very old melodrama, *Raymond and Agnès*!

The undisputed success of *A Man's Shadow* is due to the excellence of the *ensemble*, in which the French authors and their English collaborateur are included. But, after all said and done, with whom are the sympathies of the audience? Not with the unfortunate *Maitre FERNANDEZ*, though he dies in discharge of his duty, and is subsequently appealed to by Monsieur LUCIEN TREE to look down from the sky-borders, and form a new opinion of the entire case; not with Madame TREE, who is silent when she ought to have spoken, and who seems to be so unkind to her poor husband; certainly not with the child, who learns to tell a lie, and repeats it by heart as easily as she has recited her birthday speech; no, with none of these, but, partly, with *Lucien*,—after the Second Act, not before, as he is irritatingly weak through two Acts,—and to a far greater extent, with the handsome *Julie*, of whom everyone wants to see something more, who turns out so well as to leave a sort of uneasy feeling in the mind of the audience that, if everyone had had their rights, *Henriette* ought to have taken the opportunity of departing this life during the trial scene in the Third Act,—when her little daughter informed the Court that her mother, being in a dying state, sent her compliments, and was very sorry she couldn't accept *M. le Président's* kind invitation,—and so have permitted the real lovers, *Lucien* and *Julie*, to be united at last. Indisputably the audience are left under the impression, conveyed in the First Act and strengthened in the Third, that these two do still care for one another, and that the legitimate wife, *Henriette*, is rather in the way. It is too late to alter this now, but perhaps in a year's time, when Mrs. TREE may want to leave earlier in the evening, my suggestion might be adopted, and this alteration made.

In the meantime the Pop'lar TREES are flourishing in the Haymarket, and *A Man's Shadow* will add substantially to the Treasures of the Theatre.



Awful effect of a Sudden Shock on the visual Organs of Maitre Fernandez. A little Dotty about the I's.

## NOTES FROM THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

MR. GARDINER, most appropriately, lectured on plants. He gave a most interesting account of the struggle for existence. "In all cases," he said, "the weakest go to the wall,—and consequently become wall-flowers, of which fine specimens may be seen in most drawing-rooms during the London Season. Some of Mr. GARDINER's facts will interest Entertainers, Proprietors of Shows and Theatrical Managers, as for example, in the instance of the *Hodgesonia Heterochlita* (they must have foreign names, though probably at home she is plain Hodgson) an "extraordinary Indian climber" of "great beauty." This acrobatic entertainment "opens for one night only," and then collapses. Managers should beware of engaging her. Then the *Amorphophallus Titanum*, "although it takes months to develop"—just as AUGUSTUS HARRIS may occupy months in bringing out a new pantomime—"Opens only one night, and then only for a few hours." As this is a rule without exception, DRUBHOLANUS must beware when he sees the advertisement of *Amorphophallus Titanum* in the *Era*, which is the Theatrical "*Gardener's Chronicle*."

Mr. GARDINER touches, however, on dramatic authorship, in alluding to various adaptations by members of the *Cucurbitaceae* or Cucumber family of Cucumbers Place. Ill-natured critics are always delighted when one of the Cucumber family adapts anything, as there is then a chance of giving him a dressing, in which the vinegar and pepper predominate. Professor GARDINER has not much to say about music in discoursing on plants, but briefly notices "climbing organs," without recommending them for use either in orchestras or Churches. Altogether most interesting, and we congratulate the head GARDINER on his lecture.







## THE KING IN THE PALACE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—On Thursday, innocently sauntering in the rain to the Crystal Palace to gaze with languid rapture at the damp fireworks, I was overjoyed to learn that *King John* was going to be played there with an "exceptional cast." And certainly the palate-tickling announcement was borne out to the full by the appearance of clever little Miss NORREYS as a neat *Prince Arthur*, bright Miss AMY ROSELLE as a pleasing and inoffensive *Queen Constance*, and ever-welcome Mr. H. KEMBLE as (so it seemed to me) a rather waggish *Pope's Legate*. I was somewhat startled, on referring to the programme, to find Mr. BEERBOHM TREE in the title rôle; but remembering, that this excellent actor tried his *Fulstaf* upon the favoured inhabitants of Sydenham before bringing it up to town, my astonishment soon gave place to satisfaction. The Lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, I must confess, did not make very much of the mean Monarch. Perhaps the most interesting part of his performance, was his scene with *Hubert*, à propos of the murder of *Prince Arthur*, as it seemed to suggest that *King John*, in spite of other shortcomings, was at times not altogether devoid of a certain sort of hard grim humour—humour provocative rather of a relaxed frown than a genial smile, of a stealthy wink than a broad grin. The mounting of the play was, under the circumstances, commendable, although I am not quite sure (I have not *Pinnock's Abridgment* at hand to guide me) whether the Royal Arms of England in the twelfth century, included the harp of Ireland, and the banner of France at the same remote date bore for its device a republican eagle. However, I was delighted to make the acquaintance of *King John* with "the exceptional cast" at the Crystal Palace, as I do not think I shall have an opportunity of seeing the performance elsewhere.

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch, yours, sorrowfully,  
A SINCERE ADMIRER OF THE BARD.

"THE DIVINING-ROD."—"VACUUS VIATOR," who writes to the *Spectator* (dropping into poetry couldn't be avoided), will be interested to learn that Dr. BIRCH, of Swishington, has found his divining-rod of the greatest efficacy. By its means things given up as lost have been given up when found, and, on its being scientifically applied, it actually causes water to spring and flow, and this in the eyes of all the pupils. This is overpowering evidence. (Signed) AN EYE-WITNESS.

## ROBERT AT THE SPANNISH XIBISHUN.

I AVE returned from my pervinshal inn-gagements and was a sorntering about in Hoburn on the honly reel of day as we've ad the larst fortnite, wen a homnibuss cum up as had got ritten on it "Spanish Xibishun," and seeing as there was jest room for one outside, I made no more ado but boldly climed up with both hands, and had such a cumferal ride to Spain, which it's in West Kensington, as I woudn't have changed no not for a ride in the LORD MARE'S own Carridge, tho' it did ony cost me thruppence.

And now cums the fust staggerer, as fasely estonished me, for on entering the Xibishun there wasn't hardly nobody there, tho' I soon found more to both emuse and interest me than I coud stop too see harf of. And then to think of the dense stoopidity of mankind, aye and of womenkind too. I was at a Musick All ony the werry night before—of coarse with a horder—and there was hundreds of people all a blazing with prusperashun, in about the werry ottest place in London, a lissening to such rubbish as I wasn't able to sit and liessen to for more than a cupple of ours, while at the Spannish Xibishun I sat in the bewtiful hopen hair, with the kind sun to warm me and the cool breeze to cool me, a lissening to such bewtiful and yet such strange musiok as I never remembers to have herd afore. To be sure the people came a flocking in arterwards, and I'm told that that werry nite there was werry many thousands there. But what I carnt understand is, why don't they cum sooner?

I fust heard a consert and a dance inside the great All, and then another consert in the bewtiful gardens, and then I went into the Theater, which was nice and cool, and there I seed such a seen, and herd such playing, and seed such dansing, as I werily thinks as I never seed afore, and hopes to see again many a time and often.

Fust of all, there was no less than 12 Spannish Gennelmen, all dressed in the most bewtiful welwet dresses, and welwet caps, and white feathers to match, and they were all stoodents, and all had Geetars, which they played most bewtiful, all together, and there was 2 most eligent Ladies, splendidly drest, and a young Gent, who, by his Kostoom, I take it, was a Spannish Prince, and he dansed such a par sool as made me almost hot ony to look at him. Then the prin-



## IRRESISTIBLE.

Our Robert (on duty in the provinces, offering dish to neglected Spinster). "LITTLE DUCK!" [In such a tone of voice, that, at the risk of the sage and—she accepts!]

cipal Geetar Gent, not quite satisfide with the way the others played, began to show off, and then the 2 bewtiful Ladies both clapped both their hands, and then one of them began to danse with her ands and her harms as well as with her feet, quite wunderfool! Then the other yung lady clapped her most generously, and then sung a little French song. Then the 12 Geetar Gents all played better than ewer, and both the bewtiful ladies danced at wunce, and played the cast-yer-nets, as I thinks they calls 'em, all the time, and both looking as moddest as 2 Dutcheses or Marshuneses, and praps a leetel more so. If they looked so bewtiful from my 3d back seat, what must they have looked to all the Harystoorats in their front one shilling ones!

I was much surprised to hear what werry good English the Spannish yung Ladies at the various Stalls spoke. It was really amost as good as mine! I'm sorry, though, to have to say that, along with our bewtiful tung, they have also learnt our werry bad habbit of trying to gammon a posserbel customer. I scarcely xpees to be bleeved when I says that a most charmin lookin Lady, at whose Stall I stopped quite permiscuous like, acashally tried her best to persuade me to buy a Rose of Jerryko, as she called it, which she sollemly assured me, with those wicked eyes of hers, would never die! Sum years after it has been gathered it will seem to die, but that's ony its fun, for if you put it in water for five or six ours it will look jest as bewtiful as ever! I told her I had herd of folks being told to "Go to Jerryko," but I never new it was ony to gather roses, and I did wenter to add that I didn't think as she woud find it necessary to try the xperiment on her bewtiful rosy face not for werry many years to cum. And then I thort that praps I had better go, for there's never any telling who may be looking on. But appening to turn my head, I saw her a larfing away like anythink, and a pinting me out to a fare companyun.

For them as likes antickquitys there's a bewtiful pictor of a Spannish Bull Fite and a Swiss-Back Railway, while for them as prefers moddern hinvention there's the werry hidentical Cabin as Mr. COLUMBUS slep in when he dishcovered Amererrykey, and lots of other sites amost equally intresting.

Shood anybody wish to buy a Jerryko Rose, I will willingly make all nesessary enquirys without not charging no commishun. ROBERT.



## UP TO TOWN IN THE DEAD SEASON.

I HAD business in town, which I could have deferred until my too brief holiday was over. Your Artist's representation of *Empty London* determined me to come up to town. "If the East End is so crowded, the West End must be also lively," I reasoned, illogically. My business was in the City. I arrived. Yes, the City was about as animated as usual. At least, so it appeared at first to me, fresh from preternaturally quiet Slocum-Stodgely-on-Sea. The noise and bustle, in fact, dazed me. This soon wore off. Then, becoming accustomed to the sights and sounds, I saw that even the City was not so full as usual. The crossings were not absolutely dangerous. The 'busses were not crowded and crammed. The cabs were loafing. There was about everybody an air of trying to keep up business appearances, for the sake of the traditions of the City, which did not deceive



this poor pilgrim from Slocum-Stodgely-on-Sea.

First I went to my Broker's. His office in Slothbury, E.C., is not a cheerful place at the best of times. When I entered there was a small boy at a big desk yawning at an inkstand. As he was too young to be a client, I came to the conclusion that he must be a very junior clerk. He was. What did I want? I wanted Mr. DASH, the principal. "He's away," said the small boy, drowsily; "shootin' or somethin'." Then, could I see Mr. SPLASH, his partner? No, I couldn't, as Mr. SPLASH was abroad. But I could see Mr. DOLLOP, the Managing Clerk, who had only stepped out for a minute, and in another minute would probably step in again. In the meantime, would I take a chair? It not being too early in the day to take refreshment in this shape, I accepted the youth's hospitable offer; and scarcely had I commenced *London Day by Day* in the *Daily Telegraph*, which is the exile's joy and comfort when far away from the Metropolis, than in came Mr. DOLLOP. He had just been round to "the House." Could he be of any service to me? I explained the case, but, whether it was owing to an absence of perspicuity in my narration, or to his nervousness at assuming any responsibility in the absence of his chief, I can't say, the result was that, after listening to me patiently, and after consulting three large ledgers, more, I am convinced, for the sake of doing something for the credit of the firm than for any information either of us derived from the inspection, he regretted that he personally couldn't assist me, but that, if I would write down what I had been saying, he would give it to Mr. DASH immediately on his return to business. Like a Deputation after calling on a Minister, I "thanked him, and withdrew." I fancy that, after this, the drowsy boy put up the shutters, and DOLLOP went down for an afternoon in the country. He had told me there was "absolutely nothing doing in any of the markets," and so why should he stop there and do it?

Pausing for a moment at the corner of Slothbury,—it was a broiling hot day, and I began to regret having left my peaceful holiday quarters,—it occurred to me that one of the partners in the banking firm which is honoured by my confidence, might assist me to solve the difficulty which had brought me to town. From Slothbury to Slumberd Street, where my bank is, is a mere step. I pushed open the double-doors, and entered PHILLER, SAXE & Co.'s Banking House.

There were the clerks, not all of them though, behind the brass-wiring, on their perches, like birds in a cage, [doing their work] leisurely. One of the Cashiers smiled on me with an air of surprise, and bade me good morning in a pitying sort of tone. Evidently I came down several steps of the social ladder in his estimation by being in town when I could have been, and ought to have been, in the country. Could I see Mr. PHILLER, or Mr. SAXE? No, Mr. PHILLER wouldn't be back for another month, and Mr. SAXE had only just left London. Mr. KNILL was in town, if I liked to see him. I considered for a moment. PHILLER I had known for many years; SAXE for nearly as many; but Mr. KNILL I had never seen, never spoken to, never to my knowledge corresponded with. A sudden fit of shyness overcame me, and I felt that I couldn't face Mr. KNILL, or, if I did, that I should burst into tears; for it all seemed so sad, as if everyone, on whom I had relied for assistance, had gone away and left me Alone in London, like an orphan in an Adelphi melodrama. So I replied, that I didn't think I would trouble Mr. KNILL, and added, reminding myself of a modified *Toots*, that my business was "of no particular consequence," whereat the Cashier smiled in profound commiseration for my aimless existence, and again I sank lower in his estimation where "in the deepest depths, there was a deeper still," into which I went down and disappeared.

I had undertaken some commissions at home, so I determined to walk West, lunch en route at the Club, and return by Victoria, L. C. & D. Cheapside was not crowded; Fleet Street was comparatively quiet. I understood that the pavement in the Strand was up, so I went by way of the Embankment. The brown leaves were

falling from the trees (I had left everything looking beautifully green at Slocum-Stodgely), and, in spite of the weather being a July heat, Autumn had set in. The road was under repair, a usual. The Embankment was deserted. Near Charing Cross District Station cabmen thronged about a man with a barrow, and were discussing news, and cocoa, and bread-and-butter. Several carelessly inquired if I wanted a cab? They knew beforehand what the answer would be, and, had they been Latin scholars, would have prefixed "Num" to their question.

Further West. Clubs closed for repairs. Not one of the four which I belong was open. But the Hall Porter informed me, with an official air, "the members are taken in at the Mausoleum." No! Again the shyness of desolation comes over me. I cannot face a strange Club, with strange faces, strange servants, strange rooms. I should have to give my name, be identified, and under a cloud of suspicion. No, I will go without food for a while, and get something at the Station. More and more of a desert as I go westward. I can cross from Apsley House to Grosvenor Place in perfect security without troubling myself to look to the left or right. I do not even notice a policeman directing the traffic at the entrance of Park Lane. Perhaps there is one; if so, his office to-day is a sinecure. Blind lowered everywhere. That dreariest of all dreary localities, Eaton Place, is drearier than ever. Not a soul. To intensify the cheerfulness, an empty hearse drives by, the coachman half asleep smoking. It is the funeral of No Body in Town!

I have scarcely the courage to go as far as my own house. Board up everywhere at other houses, and blinds down. Houses empty. Houses to let: Houses to be sold. A few cabs with luggage on them hurrying off to Railway Stations. Small 'bus crowded with luggage, is taking a dusty and dejected family to their London destination. They have evidently just returned. Their holiday is over. I see it on Paterfamilias's face as the bus drives by. I see it on the youngest child's face. I sigh, and drag myself along. I find myself in front of my own dwelling-place. I look up at it. Solemn. Awful. Not a sign of life. It is as if I were my own ghost, and that this mournful-looking building, with the blinds all down, is where I had lived and died only a few days ago. I cannot ring the bell—I cannot ask after myself. I could not enter that solitary desolate house, even if the caretaker, who is unacquainted with my personal appearance, would allow me to go in. There is a caretaker within, I know that much. Let her remain there, undisturbed, taking care. As for me . . . A hansom—quick!—Victoria—L. C. & D. line—and let the express bear me quickly back through the lovely hop country, down past the orchards and the copses, in sight of quaint old villages and ancient churches hidden away among the trees until I come to Slocum-Stodgely-on-Sea, which is a place as yet scarcely known, and of which I shall say not a word more, or some one will find it out, build on it, and spoil it.

At Slocum once more!—I breathe again. And another year when I have a holiday, catch me breaking in on it to go up to town in what I now know from experience to be the Dearest time of the Dead Season. My kind regards to your Artist who is drawing "*Empty London*." He doesn't give us the West End under this title. Perhaps, even as I am writing this to you, he is daring it, and it will appear in the same number with this letter. We shall see. In the meantime, where is he? Is he far away in some lonely spot secluded as the one where I am now,—Slocum-Stodgely-on-Sea?

Yours ever,

PEREGRINUS CONSERVATUS.

[\* Yes. This week he gives his view of Piccadilly Circus.—Ed.]

## ANOTHER ANGÉLUS.

UNDER the heading "*La suite de l'affaire de l'Angélus*," the *Figaro* of Sept. 20, informs us that Madame POMMERY, of Reims, who is in her seventy-second year, having resolved that *Les Glaneuses*, one of MILLET's finest works, should not follow his *Angélus* to America, and, proverbially, one doesn't get the favour of a visit from an *Angélus* every day,—purchased it from M. BISCHOFFSHEIM for three hundred thousand francs, and has presented it to the nation. Henceforth the home of this *chef d'œuvre* will be the Louvre. The *Figaro* adds, "*Nos sincères compliments à la donatrice. Nous sommes heureux de pouvoir enregistrer cette action d'un si noble patriotisme.*" Expert in champagne praise Pommery '74 and '80, but "the generous Pommery '72" will henceforth be the most famous in the annals of Reims.

"O WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU!—They were 'discussing' the KENDALS' American tour. "Good actor, KENDAL," said one. "His wife made him what he is," observed another. "That sounds as Mrs. KENDAL was going to be away for some time," remarked a third. They wanted to know why. "Well," was the answer, "because, before her departure, she made her Will."

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether in MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, and will be destroyed.



## UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."  
*Le Diable Boiteux.*

V.

A CHAMBER causerie! Tresses trailing low,  
 Cincture unloosened, and un-knotted bow!

"Our visible intrusion  
 In such close sanctum," said my shadowy guide,  
 "Might move the *morgue* of high patrician pride  
 To fluttering confusion.

"Fear not! We shall not ruffle these fair doves.

Their talk of *chiffons*, scandals, modish loves,

Will scarce repay reporting. Observers, not ill-bred eaves-droppers, we.

But saw you ever a much love-liner three?

She with the spaniel sporting

"Is Lady BLANCHE, fiancée of an Earl. Cynical slang slipping through teeth of pearl  
 With polished intonation  
 Has quite a piquant charm. What brilliant 'chaff'!

E'en *risqué* jests, borne on that limpid laugh,  
 Disarm expostulation."

It rang the chamber through, that silvery peal.

No, from this nest its echoes may not steal

On the world's ears unbidden:

The outer world might else be over-wise.

Caste has its esoteric mysteries

In beauteous bosoms hidden.

Her talk's of Sport and Passion. Curious themes

To share the interests and divide the dreams

Of girlhood's days of gladness.

"Girlhood," my guide remarked, with his slow smile,

"Is not Arcadian now or free from guile,—

That's mere romantic madness.

"Here is no prim-lipped Eighteenth Century

Miss,

No meek *Amelia* whose ideal bliss

Is *EVE*'s before the apple.

There's naught from *ZOLA* or from *IBSEN*

down

To *PORTLAND*'s crack, or *LANGTRY*'s latest

gown,

With which she will not grapple.

"Listen!" Their talk was sparkling, spiced

with slang,

And ripples cold of cynic laughter rang,

An inarticulate chorus

To the New Comedy of modish life.

The old *motifs*, Love, Leisure, Home and

Wife,

No longer lure, they bore us,

*Nous autres*.—"Ah, the Earl! He's well

enough,

Though my ideal is not the broad and bluff.

He'd make a splendid Minister

Of Agriculture, *NELL* dear, would he not?

Were *WILFRED* now—yes, yes, I know the

blot.

Great bore is a bar sinister!

"Your Detrimentials always are divine.

His voice, *NELL*, somehow stirs the soul, like

wine;

You—little—jealous noodle!

Well, take my 'tip,' dear, if I know wild

WIL—

And, yes, I think I do—he'll never thrill

To passion playing poodle.



"He dropped no end on 'Donovan.' Perverse!  
 My stolid Earl, now, made a splendid purse  
 On the same race. He's lucky,  
 But oh! it makes me hate his big red head,  
 And, were I free as you, I'd sooner wed  
 Your Titan from Kentucky!"

Knowingness, hot unrest, and shallow scorn  
 Of high ideals and the lowly born  
 Make promising equipment  
 For budding womanhood. The "Shyppe of  
 Fools," [Schools,  
 Freight with products of some Social  
 Would show a motley shipment.

Another chamber! Silent this and void  
 Of loveliness and laughter. She ne'er toyed  
 With Culture's pleasant vices,  
 This hard-faced woman with the harpy look,  
 Bending intent above—a betting-book,  
 Dreaming of—odds and prices.

Delirious dreamings, such as ne'er were borne  
 Through the old Gates of Ivory and Horn.

"The sphere of modern Vision  
 Means mainly 'Speculation,'" quoth my  
 guide,

"Its 'Golden Dreams' are guaranteed to hide  
 All prospects more Elysian."

Her coarse be-ringed red hands a pencil grasp;  
 Eyes keen and fierce as those of Egypt's asp  
 Eagerly read and reckon.

Her fingers crook, her glances gleam and shift;  
 From that absorbing page they scarce would  
 Though *Israfel* should beckon. [lift

"A Lady Bookmaker," my guide explained;  
 "Late fruit of competition unrestrained  
 Betwixt the warring sexes, [goal

Surely, good friend, she looks toward that  
 Concerning which his speculative soul,  
 The social quidnunc vexes.

"Sordid is she and subtle, coarse of speech,  
 Braggart of mood. Has Manhood much to  
 teach

Its swiftly rising rival? [fail,  
 The gentler thing in Life's long war may  
 But this she-creature hard, and rudely hale,  
 May hope for long 'survival.'"

Hist! There's a stumbling foot upon the  
 stair!

To that flushed face a look of pallid scare  
 Comes, her full form seems shrunken.

An angry oath! Wild eyes the doorway

scan.—

Some privileges still are left to Man,—

At least when Man hath drunken.

(To be continued.)

## A FALSE START.

(Song by a Secretary of State, some way after  
*Rogero's*, in the "*Anti-Jacobin*.")

Mr. B-L-F-R sings:—

WHEN now my own vague words I view,  
 And see Gladstonians potting 'em,  
 I wonder whether they'll be true,  
 My clients, grateful for the U-  
 -niversity I'm plotting 'em.

Teaching advantages less few  
 They want; I schemed allotting 'em;  
 But, bless me! things look all askew,  
 Along of this confounded U-  
 -niversity I'm plotting 'em.

Dissenters up in arms I view  
 From Newcastle to Nottingham,  
 E'en Churchmen hint it will not do,  
 My unbaked notion of an U-  
 -niversity I'm plotting 'em.

The Rads, of course, make wild halloo,  
 Their guns, they're double-shooting 'em;  
 And true-blue Tories look more blue,  
 When called on to explain the U-  
 -niversity, I'm plotting 'em.

The chances seem against it, too,  
 Now carefully I'm totting 'em,  
 And I must minimise—a few—  
 My meaning as concerns that U-  
 -niversity I'm plotting 'em.

Pious opinions may be true,  
 'Tis risky work out-trotting 'em;  
 And even I may get my gru-  
 -el, if I do not drop that U-  
 -niversity I'm plotting 'em.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"MANY have told," sings the old song, "of the Monks of old" a considerable amount of falsehoods which have been accepted as facts until the appearance of F. GASQUET's two volumes about HENRY THE EIGHTH and the dissolution of the Monasteries, which, we were brought up to believe, were already so dissolute as to render further dissolution superfluous. By the light of this work, carefully compiled from State Papers and indisputable documentary evidence, educators would do well to revise histories for the use of schools, and let the pupils know what a mild, merciful, generous, charitable, Christian King was the Eighth HENRY, and how candid, just, straightforward, forbearing, high-principled and unselfish were my Lord CROMWELL and his agents, who played "Old HARRY" with the "Monks of Old."

In connection with this subject see *Murray's Magazine* for this month, in which Archdeacon FARRAR, with more of his archness than usual, becomes the apologist of the new "Brotherhood of the Poor," with "vows of celibacy, poverty, and obedience." And the Archdeacon thinks this isn't Monastic! Lord GRIMTHORPE would probably call them imitation Monks, and would recommend them, instead of going to a Monastery, to set up in a Monk House. As to the costume, the Archdeacon doesn't say anything about this. The cowl will, of course, be worn. Why not adopt as the title of the New Order one already existing, and call them "Cowl-y" Brothers? Mrs. KENDAL is still giving her opinions. What is the value of her opinions? The answer is a sum in proportion. The Magazine costs a shilling, and as the part is to the whole, &c., &c. What a pity Mrs. KENDAL didn't advertise herself in America as "The Coming K—!" It sounds a trifle like The Comyns Carr, but this wouldn't have mattered—much.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.





MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER.



## A SYMPOSIUM.

Sirs, let us sit in a ring, and praise ourselves,  
Shut out the silence of a heedless age,  
And, with the music of the mutual page,  
Charm fortune and renown, reluctant elves.

Albeit our works adorn no alien shelves,  
Such chill cannot repress the noble rage  
That drives the poet from the public stage  
To rare academies of tens and twelves.

I care not for your songs, nor ye for mine;  
But honied patience stills the waiting pain,  
Till each may tread the path the others trod.

When my turn comes, I will not stint one line;  
Still will I read, though you have ears in vain,  
To my high lullaby constrained to nod.

## A RAIL AT A RAILWAY SYSTEM.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—I observe by your Correspondence from Aix-les-Bains that Sir MYLES FENTON, the able and enlightened Manager of the South-Eastern Railway, has been on a visit to French territory with the object of studying the management of French Railways, and learning what to avoid. I also see that there has recently been foregathered in the capital of France a Congress of Railway Magnates. What their particular business was is not clearly set forth. Incidentally they seem to have dined together a good deal, gone out on pic-nics, attended the Opera, observed the fountains playing at Fontainebleau, and requisitioned all the available hackney carriages, to the disturbance of the public peace. Herr von BLOWITZ, that great historiographer of our times, has related how one dinner which they sat down to could not have cost less than sixty francs a head, which, it seems, is all that need be said to describe a dinner. Being thus fortified in the inner man, and exhilarated in the spirit, I venture to suggest, for the experience and information of any still lingering in Paris, a short railway journey, which may be conveniently undertaken.

The line recommended is the *Ceinture* Railway, and the particular section, that which connects the Northern system of France with the Southern. For English travellers bound South, the *Ceinture* is not the least important link in the journey. The establishment of the line, a matter of recent accomplishment, was hailed with delight by old travellers. It promised something more than delivering wayworn passengers from the necessity of driving across Paris from the *Gare du Nord* to the *Gare de Lyons*. That involved, as a preliminary, the examination of baggage by the Custom-house officers at the station of arrival. With the new connecting railway the traveller might pass through Paris to his destination with his baggage intact. That was the design and intention. But the spirit which inspires railway management in France has brought this little line, girdling the centre of civilisation, into a condition of grotesque incapacity.

Take my lamentable case, Sir, coming and going. Arriving from London at the *Gare du Nord*, generous provision is made by the time-table for skirting Paris by the railway, dining at the *Gare de Lyons*, and leaving for the South at nine o'clock. You leave the Northern Station at 7'21, and arrive at the Southern at 8'17, allowing nearly three-quarters of an hour for dinner. The Circle Railway, after much puffing and groaning, delivered me at the *Gare de Lyons* with just ten minutes to spare before starting on the all-night journey southward. Impossible to get any dinner, only just time to change carriages. Returning, the Lyons mail was due shortly after seven o'clock in the morning, and arrived with commendable promptitude. The train for Calais left the *Gare du Nord* at 8'22. The interval was sufficient for an ordinary person to walk across Paris and catch his train. The Circle Railway brought us triumphantly in half an hour after the English train had started northward!

The system is so superbly stupid as to command admiration. No one seems to expect the train, and when it turns up at a station, or finds itself in some remote siding, it is treated with chilling indifference. One can always tell a comparatively new official by observing as we approach a slight raising of his eyebrows, his lips



## L'EMBARRAS DU CHOIX.

(A Question of the Day.)

Miss Tabitha, "I WISH I COULD MAKE UP MY MIND WHICH TO TAKE, MR. SADLER! THE WIRE NET-WORK IS SAFER, BUT THEN THE BROWN LEATHER WITH LITTLE BRASS KNOBS IS SO MUCH MORE BECOMING—AND, BY JUST SNIPPING IT AT THE END, YOU KNOW, YOU LEAVE ALL THE FREEDOM NECESSARY FOR SELF-DEFENCE!"

forming the exclamation, "Halloa! Here's the Circle Train. Who'd have thought it." Older members of the staff take no notice, and after helplessly moving backwards and forwards, aimlessly waiting outside stations whilst processions of other trains pass in, the Circle Train, linking the two railway systems on one of the world's highways, dodders into the *Gare de Lyons*, or the *Gare du Nord* as the case may be, inevitably too late for the trains with which it is in the time-table connected with abundant provision of overtime.

Whilst the Railway Congressmen are taking this journey between the two stations, they will have full opportunity of dwelling upon the whole system of railway management in France; surely the most designedly offensive in the world. The principal object of the directors, faithfully interpreted by their subordinates, is to make the passenger uncomfortable whilst squeezing the uttermost farthing out of him. He is packed eight in a carriage if he goes by the ordinary first-class, mulet in a monstrous sum if he travels by *coupé*, charged a fabulous fee for sleeping accommodation, and treated throughout with an if-you-don't-like-it-leave-it air that contrasts sadly with the civility of the British guard and the effusive readiness of the English railway porter. Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease are in the habit of occasionally filling up their leisure time by writing letters denouncing the management of English railways. For my part, I confess that one of the serene moments of my life comes upon me when, having crossed the Channel after a severe course of Continental railways, I lean back in a carriage on the Chatham and Dover or the South-Eastern Line, and am swiftly and comfortably whirled to London.—Yours, Sir, with all respect,

Travellers' Club.

A RETURNED NATIVE.

ADVICE GRATIS.—The French Exhibition closes some time in October. To all who cannot visit Paris, and to those who "have been there, but still can't go," Mr. Punch, knowing that they already possess the special edition of Mr. Punch in Paris, confidently recommends *The Paris Exposition*, published by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co. No. 4, recently issued, is a first-rate specimen. Visitors will be in time for the Highland Games in Paris, where the kilted chiefs are going to stop a week and have their fling.



## A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

To Bideford—Westward Ho!—Toying—Shakspeare's Summary.

**Bideford.**—Chiefly remarkable for its bearing a dirty, sloshy, river-side resemblance to Mayence, and for having a first-rate hotel, with a most interesting old oak-pannelled dining-room in it, two hundred years old, with a curiously carved ceiling. There are also cells below with grated air-holes and heavy doors, in which were confined the Cavalier prisoners when the Roundheads had the upper-hand, but now used as cellars, in which not Cavaliers but Roundheads are stowed away in the shape of casks of wine. A quaint old Inn, with such modern Continental improvements as remind me, in a small way, of the Hôtel St. Antoine at Antwerp. In the old oak-pannelled room, with the strangely-decorated ceiling, KINGSLEY wrote the greater part of his *Westward Ho!*—at least, so we are told. The information doesn't interest me personally, as I never could get through the greater part of *Westward Ho!* From Bideford we went on to Westward Ho! a short and rather pretty drive.

**Westward Ho!**—Here is a Kingsley inn, Kingsley tradesmen,—none of them apparently doing a big business,—a Kingsley village,



Westward Ho! Lively Scene.

as it were, in a very poor way, but with an idea about it of trying to live up to its reputation, and failing; a desolate-looking Kingsley College, without any Kingsley students, so we were informed; and, as part and parcel of the building, is a Kingsley College Chapel,—sounding so pleasantly like King's College Chapel, but very few collegians, if any, to attend its services. Then we arrive at a fine hotel in point of size, as dreary externally as a model lodging-house, but, internally, comfortably furnished, with the finest billiard-rooms you could wish to see. A stretch of low-lying flat coast, such as you would expect in Holland, or between Pegwell, Sandwich, and Deal, offers a splendid ground for the increasing number of golfers.

The houses about seem to have been planned by different architects, each one of whom tried to outdo the other in building something uglier and drearier than the last.

"Oho!" a fresh architect seems to have said to himself, as he viewed the most recent work of a rival, "he thought he could make a dull and dreary building, did he? Bah! I'll show 'em what dullness and dreariness mean;" and at once he set to work to do it, and succeeded.

*Magni nominis umbra*,—the shadow of the once great name of KINGSLEY has fallen on this place, and Westward Ho! is in the shade, and there it is likely to remain until the enterprising firm



Artist in Colour painting Skipping-ropes Handles.

of ENERGY, CAPITAL AND TACT take the place in hand, and make it into a success. Messrs. MACMILLAN, with their new and cheap re-issue of CHARLES KINGSLEY's works, which, as I see, is having a big sale, have revived KINGSLEY's fame, but whether this will do anything for the place remains to be seen. Westward Ho! Westward Ho No! Let me go more Northwards to Barnstaple, where a large quantity of the furniture that reaches the London market is made, and where also there is a manufactory of toys,—an industry at once interesting and pathetic in its practice. Here is a civil, sharp boy,

hard at work making handles for skipping-ropes; here a bent old woman putting green paint on the upper part of fancy brushes; here an active, intelligent lad busily engaged in working a lathe which rapidly turns the skipping-ropes handles round and round, whirring them against his paint-brush, from which they take the symmetrical lines of blue, yellow, and vermillion. Think of the boys working at them, and then of the hundreds of children playing with these skipping-ropes handles in lanes, courts, alleys, parks, and where not!

There in the corner is a cheery Dickensian character, an old hand

at toys, a genuine *Caleb Plummer*—I hope there is no *Tackleton* about. He has been at this sort of work for forty years, having commenced at Tunbridge, and worked at the Tunbridge Ware until the Tunbridge Ware was nowhere, and then he migrated here. He will tell you that the English trade in toys is very limited, and that, with the exception of a few *spécialités* at Barnstaple, among which are Pope Joan boards, richly painted,—who nowadays plays Pope Joan?—and Aunt Sallies' heads for drawing-room practice, the toy-trade has fallen almost exclusively into the hands of the Germans.

We travel down to the end of the South-Western line as far as Torrington—a lovely run—then back to Bideford and Barnstaple, and then through scenery with which we are now growing more and more familiar, and about which, in spite of the proverbial consequence of familiarity, even COPLEY MARKHAM—who insists upon comparing everything with what he has seen abroad, to the disadvantage of what he is seeing in England—is already speaking in terms of respectful admiration. He is beginning to be impressed by the height of the rocks, by the colour, by the bold outlines, by the woods, the flowers, the hedges, the green fields of pasture, and the glorious sea. Once he admitted that "the sea is something you can't get in Switzerland."

Miss BRONDESLEY says, "Of all the dreary-looking—well—but even that pebble reach you see at a distance only looks like a lot of periwinkles. Facing the Atlantic, it ought to be bracing, but give me Ilfracombe, the Torrs' Walks, the penn'orths of sunset, the ride in a donkey-chaise to Lee, a few people to speak to, and Lundy Island between me and America! that's good enough for this poor benighted creature," and off she goes in a convulsion of laughter at the idea of her ever being asked to live in such a place as Westward Ho! Our Own Mr. COOK says it has its advantages, but he does not specify them. Miss FRINTON, a young lady who makes a point of differing with everybody on any subject, raises her eyebrows with her usual air of surprise, and says, "I rather like it. I should enjoy living at Westward Ho!" And Our Own Mrs. COOK, whose one aim in life is to make everything pleasant, and to smooth over all differences of opinion, observes that she "wouldn't mind staying there a short time if she were compelled to do so, and that no doubt it would be an excellent place for children."

This last recommendation I notice is generally brought in as a saving clause, after a place has been pretty generally abused; just as when everyone has agreed that somebody or other is an unmitigated scoundrel, a charitable person deprecates so sweeping a condemnation by observing, "Well, I've heard that he has done some very kind actions; so he can't be entirely bad."

When SHAKSPEARE wrote the line—"Dreary, flat, stale, and unprofitable," he must have had Westward Ho! in his prophetic eye. But for the effervescent enthusiasm aroused by KINGSLEY, the place, as a quiet out-of-the-way go-as-you-please locality, might have done well enough in its season, and a trifle to spare, but *trop de zèle* has temporarily arrested its progress.

## The Retort Courteous.

Addressed to exulting Gladstonians, jubilant at their finding themselves at Sleaford, "As in 1885."

MADE it hot for old CHAPLIN? If you want him to totter,—Well,—the next time, my good friends, you had best make it OTTER!

EXTRACT FROM THE BALCARRES' BIRTHDAY-BOOK (ETON EDITION).

"Is half-loading better than no breeding?"

"All play and no work, Is what Lower Boy wants to shirk."

At the "Sock" Shop.—Great distinction between an Eton Boy and an Eating Boy. But a Half-Eton Boy is a miserable creature.

APPROPRIATE SUBJECT.—In the October number of that artistically got-up Magazine, *The Woman's World*, edited by Mr. OSCAR WILDE, there is an article with the heading "Spoons." Out of four pictures of "Spoons" here given, three are single. In the fourth plate,—which is a large one, holding five spoons,—there are two pairs, and one odd spoon out. The history, so far, of "Spoons" is most interesting. What will be the next subject? Mashers?

THEATRICAL ETIQUETTE.—Would it be correct to address the Lessee of the Haymarket and his wife as "Yew Trees"?



Caleb Plummer the Second.



## FROM THE ADELPHI TO DRURY LANE.

It must be confessed that it is not surprising to find, in one of the principal scenes of Messrs. SIMMS and PETTIT'S "new" drama, the Swan of Avon turning his back upon the characters. Certainly the work of the stock playwrights of the Adelphi on this occasion is



A "Scene" in Leicester Square.

scarcely Shakspeare form. In fact *London Day by Day* (with a title evidently suggested by a standing column in a popular morning newspaper) reminds one more of the *Family Herald* than the Gentle Bard. Perhaps the piece is none the worse for that—at the Adelphi. The plot is simple enough. A gentleman called, amongst other names, *De Belleville*, imagines that he is the elder brother of the hero of the piece. But it is unnecessary to pursue this point further, as it leads to nothing. The hero of the piece gets into the hands of some unscrupulous money-lenders, and, with the assistance of the villain, backs an accommodation bill. But it is superfluous to further refer to this matter, as it leads to nothing. The Heroine No. 1 of the piece, wrongfully accused of a theft, as the holder of a ticket of leave, neglects to report herself to the police. But *this* too, is an affair of no great importance, which leads to nothing. The Heroine No. 2 of the piece lives in Leicester Square—apparently because she thinks she should, as she has married a Frenchman,—and, having abused her husband, gets murdered. But, as a matter of fact, the murder leads to nothing. Then we are introduced to some dear old Adelphi guests—quite the genuine articles—walking about together twos and twos, courteously explaining to one another the beauties



Good Old Adelphi Guests behave in the Good Old Fashion.

of the furniture—in a Bohemian Club, where the hero insults the villain, and the father of the hero (a General, in complete evening dress, save the gloves, which are of purple kid) calls the Villain a liar. But *this*, again, is merely a detail, and (as usual) leads to nothing. Then we are shown a scene depicting life in a police court (nothing in it), and the exterior of the Docks. In this last cheerful locality all the characters appear. They seem to be suffering from a weird mania, which takes the unusual shape of a wild desire to quit their native land as passengers on board the *Bordeaux* boat. Then the Villain is arrested, and the Hero and Heroine No. 1 plight their troths. Both events afford great satisfaction to the General in the purple gloves, who raises his imperial-hued hands to give a benediction. But the benediction leads to a very pleasant something indeed—the final fall

of the Curtain! Of the acting much may be said in praise—by those who are pleased with it. For instance, Mr. ALEXANDER will be considered excellent, no doubt, by those who are weary of the robust style of Mr. TERRISS, and prefer something more delicate. M. MARIUS is a most agreeable villain, and Miss MARY HORKE as a murdered woman renders valuable assistance to the management by not moving a muscle when the stage-carpenters carry her bodily off as a bit of scenery while changing an interior into an exterior in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. For the rest, it may be hinted that the false nose of Mr. L. RIGNOLD, as a Hebrew usurer, is not (as "W. A." would put it) "entirely convincing." Still with all its many merits—its clever characterisation, its sufficient illustration, its welcome "guests"—*London Day by Day*, is not quite the play to see *Night by Night* for many evenings without a certain sense of weariness.

That *The Royal Oak* at Drury Lane should have excellent scenery, capital *mise-en-scène*, and good acting, goes without saying, for is not DRUBIOLANUS *imperator* at that admirable temple of the Drama? Since the first night the play has been out to very great advantage, for it is possible to have too much of a good thing. Perhaps it may be a little above the heads of the Stalls as a historical drama; but if it is, as a natural consequence it should be quite to the taste of the Dress Circle, Upper Boxes, and Gallery. From a literary point of view, it is quite worthy of the National Theatre, and gives a very good notion of the condition of affairs in 1651. The great scene of the *Royal Oak* is a magnificent stage picture, and the excitement of the chase after CHARLES THE SECOND is effectively combined with what may be aptly termed the humours of a comic luncheon-party. The final tableau of *Tower Hill* is valuable as a lifelike representation of an execution in the seventeenth century. As the piece contains all the ingredients of a sensation drama of the better class, it will be a matter not only of surprise but disappointment if it does not keep its place in the bills until the time arrives for clearing the stage for the grand Christmas Pantomime.

## "SWEET SPIRIT, HEAR MY PRAYER!"

*John Bull.* Stay, Spirit of Light, the most scintillant star

In the glorious Star-spangled Banner—by far,  
Stay, Spirit of Light, yet awhile, and convince  
FERRANTI, and PENDER, and GORDON, and INCE,  
And other, my own lesser lights, if you may,  
That obscurantism—in Lighting—won't pay.

*Edison.* Nay, BULL, my well-meaning but blinkered old 'oss,  
You must do that yourself, or put up with the loss.

I have dropped you some tips, you must just make the best of them;

Time—at your own plodding pace—must be test of them.

I've kindly admitted you still have some "go,"  
But you haven't yet mastered the big Dynamo.

*John Bull.* No, that's what I fear; my own knowledge is scanty,  
And I can't decide between you and FERRANTI;  
But, if we are licked by Berlin, I must try  
To stir up the slugs of the "London Supply."

*Edison.* Ah! do so, dear boy; you are slow to begin,  
But when you have once made a start you may win—  
Oh! that wink was quite friendly!—you ask Sir JOHN PENDER—  
And I wouldn't tread upon corns that are tender.

The sprite Electricity's wide in its action,  
Why shouldn't you use it for lifts and for traction?

Electrical Railroads—we've thousands of miles  
In the States—you ignore, and a Yankee it riles  
To travel half-choked in your "Underground" Tophet,  
Which lasts in defiance of pleasure and profit.

Britons must have a love for discomfort and mull, for  
They stick like grim death to dark, choke-damp and sulphur!

*John Bull.* Then stay, Spirit, stay, till my guides are enlightened!

*Edison.* Great Scott, what a prospect! I feel fairly frightened.

No, no, JOHN, I'm off. You are muddled, no doubt,  
By Monopoly, Prejudices, all the old rout  
Of obstructives that tangle your pathway like wires,  
But putting your foot down is all it requires.

*Au revoir!* I can't stay any longer this bout,  
I am off to invent something else; and no doubt  
By the time I come back with a startler or two,  
You'll have got London lighted. But, hurry up, do!

For I can't make a pause in the Progress I love  
Till the big British Behemoth chooses to move.  
Ta-ta! You can do fairly well, if you try.

For the present, you dear darned Old Country, good-bye!

"MINING ROYALTIES."—There's a Commission at work to look after these interests at home. Abroad the Ultra Reds constitute themselves into a Commission for Undermining Royalties.





### 'ARRY CAUGHT NAPPING AT LAST.

ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE PARIS EXHIBITION. OUR ARTIST MAKES A STUDY OF HIS HEAD FOR THE PROJECTED ILLUSTRATIONS TO GULLIVER AMONG THE HOUGHNHMS, WITH (HAPPY THOUGHT!) THE "YAHOO" ALL DRAWN FROM NATURE.

### "PAS DE QUATRE."

(As danced before the French E'lectorate by M. le Président Carnot, M. le Comte de Paris, Prince Jérôme Napoleon, and General Boulanger.)

Oh, what a mazy dance is ours around the electoral urns,  
Every one of us fired with hope, all feet to the front in turns!  
Oh, what a four-fold, eight-legged spin, a slack-limbed, nimble-toed prance!

Elastic as hickory.

Oh, Terpsichore!

Can't—we—dance?

See how we *pirouette*, our legs all different ways!

Who can follow our steps in the Cerito, merry-toe maze?

Altogether, yet all apart,

Each on his separate hook;

Splendid style, most superior art!

Wins all the world to look.

Oh, what a crazy dance is ours, beating the Can-can hollow!

Which of the legs belongs to whom 'tis terribly hard to follow.

Isle of Man penny not in it with us at circumvoluting spin!

Saltatorious!

Isn't it glorious?

Which—will—win?

MENDELSSOHN'S "Roamer" knew all steps from minuets down to reels,

But not even he had a chance with us at the game of toes and heels.

Even FRED VOKES, with his legs like spokes in the wheel of Ixion atwirl

Had no look-in with us.

Who could spin with us

Our—wild—whirl?

CARNOT capers in front—how long will he keep his place?—

Excellent *Fau'e-de-Mieux*—in the circumambulant race?

M. le Comte is pat and prompt,

PLON-PLON is spinning like steam,

And oh, le *Brav' Général*, spite of a limp,

He dances on in a dream.

Ah, what a *Pas de Quatre* is ours, a dizzy, delirious dance!  
Which now, I wonder, will take the *pas* in the final judgment of  
France? [are mixed,

CARNOT looks confident—thinks he wins—but, seeing how much we

How long may chances last,

Ere our dear France's last

Choice—is—fixed?

### "WE" AT SEA.

THE infusion of personalism in British Journalism, in a considerable measure the growth of pernicious influence burrowing in Northumberland Street, crops up in an unexpected quarter. The *Daily News* has a leading article giving a detailed and graphic account of how a yacht cleared the Skerries, and safely anchored in Pentland Firth. At the critical moment, "when we can hear the thunder of the surge, and the roar of the sea against Lother Reef," the following passage occurs:—

"The skipper crams his pipe into his pocket, and runs aft to take the helm. 'She can't do it; get the spinnaker off her, JOHN!' We take in the broad and flapping sail as best we may."

Of course it is no secret that the Editor of the *Daily News*, a brother Journalist of whom we are all proud, received at the baptismal font the name of JOHN. That the skipper, having crammed his pipe in his pocket, should snap out the name, is reasonable enough. But that the incident should, in its colloquial form, be reported in the leading columns of a staid journal is, to say the least, unusual. Since, however, it has been done, we confess to a feeling of regret that the *Daily News* is not yet an illustrated paper. We should like to see a good sketch of J. E. R. adjusting his spectacles before tackling the spinnaker, and proceeding to wrestle with the broad and flapping sail, surrounded by an admiring circle, including "the heron and the curlew, the seals that bask upon the shore, and the cormorants that dive in mid-channel."

THE "HIGHER EDUCATION" IN MUSIC.—Hire your piano (three years' system), and then hire your music-master.





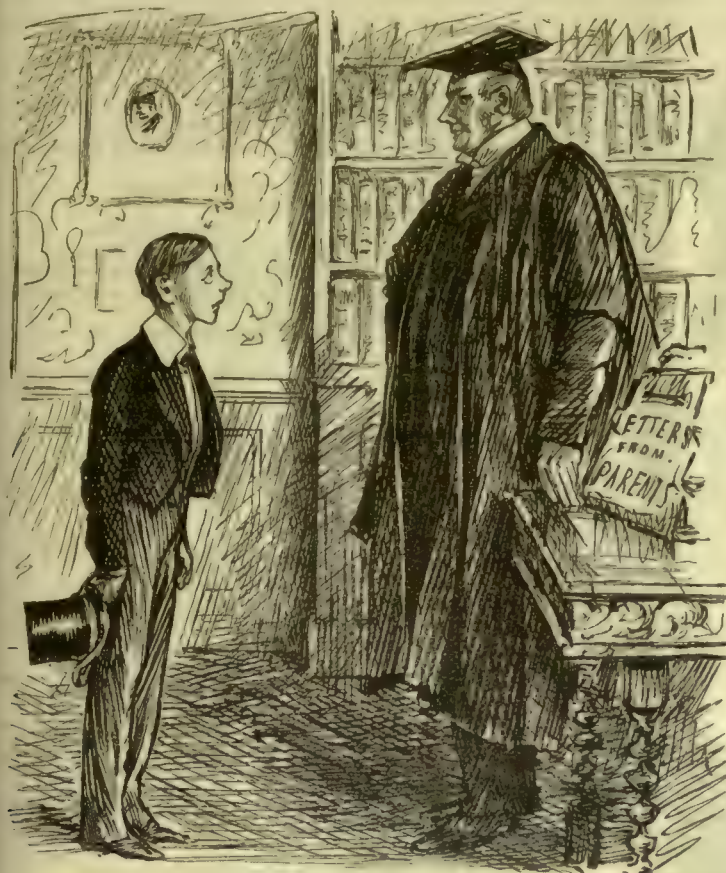
“PAS DE QUATRE.”

AS DANCED BY MM. LE PRÉSIDENT CARNOT, COMTE DE PARIS, PRINCE JÉRÔME NAPOLEON, AND LE BRAV GÉNÉRAL.









### THE NEW TYRANNY.

"OF COURSE YOU NEEDN'T WORK, FITZMILESOPPE; BUT PLAY YOU MUST, AND SHALL!"

### AN ETON LOAFER'S DIARY.

*Friday, September 27.*—Dear Mamma has just left me, but if I feel at all unhappy she has promised to take me away. The Governor's last words were, "I'm not going to have RICHARD'S time for reading and his own amusements usurped by athletic tyrants. Some of these hulking bullies will want to make him play Football. Football, forsooth! Look at me. If I had wasted my youth on any of these nonsensical games, I shouldn't be half the man I am." "Probably he wouldn't," said JACK, "for he scales near 20 stone as it is." My Cousin JACK, a new boy like me, is awfully keen to play Football. It's my private opinion that JACK's an ass.

Now I never cared for Football. So Mamma has got her Doctor to say I am not fit to play; and I'm not to get up at seven o'clock in the cold mornings for early school, but to keep in bed till the room gets properly warmed, and the maid brings my hot water; and I'm not to sit in a draughty pupil-room; and I'm not to do any fagging, because I might scald myself bringing up kettles, or catch a chill after toasting before a blazing fire. Besides, Mamma fears the big boys might be rough with me. So I ought to have a good time.

*Saturday.*—Was waked by noise of fellows running into school. Lay in bed for two hours. Very glad I hadn't to go out into the cold. Maid forgot my hot water; room didn't seem to get any warmer. Scalded myself making my own tea.

JACK said I was a fool to funk fagging: his fagmaster was a ripper, and had given him a cold grouse that he didn't want for breakfast.

*After Twelve.*—All the other Lower Boys went to pupil-room. Was just strolling out, when my Tutor nailed me; gave me a lot of *Sertum* to do in my own room.

*After Four.*—A Lower Boy Game. Told the Captain of the House I was forbidden to play. He only said, "Poor beggar; what on earth do you mean to do? Lively time you'll have of it." Having nothing better to do, went up to town to ROWLAND'S. Had three blackberry messes, scolloped prawns, ices, oyster patties, and meringues and cream. First good meal since I came to Eton. Better fun this than trotting about after a dirty ball.

*Five o'Clock School.*—Room very cold. Fools who had been playing, all said it was hot, and asked to have door open.

*Sunday.*—Very dull. Other fellows talk of nothing but "rouges" and "bullies." There seem to be a good many "bullies" here; some of them are said to be "loose bullies," and others are dangerous. JACK went for a

walk with two fellows from another House. He said they were pals of his whom he got to know from playing in the same game. Could hardly sleep last night; afraid I don't get enough to eat.

*Monday.*—No sleep. Laid in a stock of melons and tinned lobster to keep me going. Have no appetite for meals. Eton seems a very dull place. Nothing to do except sock. I suppose the Governor means me to read; but there aren't any books of the sort I like in our House Library, and it's too much trouble to go up town and buy novels.

*Tuesday.*—Nothing to do. Rather seedy. Tried some fresh sock-shops. JACK rather shy of me. Said he didn't like to be seen with a fellow who did nothing but sock; said he expected I would be called "Mamma's Crumb-pet," or "Muffins," if I became a permanent "loaf."

*Wednesday.*—Felt very bad. Asked Matron if I couldn't go home. Doctor came, and vowed I had over-eaten myself. What rot! Why, Mamma is always complaining of my poor appetite! He said I was as strong as a young horse, and only wanted early rising, regular meals, and lots of exercise. I call it a howling shame.

*After Six.*—My Tutor confiscated my melons and tinned lobster.

*Thursday.*—My Tutor has been influenced by the idiot of a Doctor. Sent for me, and said he wouldn't stand any more malingering (that was his brutal word). "You shall obey the same rules as other boys," he says, "for a week; and, if your health breaks down, you're not fit for school-life." Told him my constitution wouldn't stand Football; that I had dyspepsia and nervous headaches. "So have I," says my Tutor. "But I play Football."

*Friday.*—Compelled to go into early school; managed to eat some breakfast, first time for several days. Captain of the House made me his fag. Sent me to "Little BROWN'S" for kidneys, and gave me some. Said, if I wanted help with my "extra work" I might come to him. *N.B.*—Not such a brutal tyrant as I expected.

To-day a match between my Tutor's Lower Boys and another Tutor's. Ours being a small House, I was needed to make up the eleven; my fagmaster said, he would let me off fagging to-morrow if I played well. Is this a piece of the tyrant's treachery?

Didn't quite understand the rules, but kicked the ball against one of the opposite side, and it went over their line, and I tumbled on the top of it, and our fellows all shouted, "Well touched! that's a rouge." After that I played up like one o'clock; thought I should burst, but managed to save a goal. All my side swore I was a hero, and ought to try for my House-colours. Captain of our Lower Boys asked me to tea with him; sausages very good.

Went to pupil-room. My Tutor who had been watching in South Meadow, congratulated me before all his pupils on my brilliant play.

Drew pen-and-ink sketches of him—mild but magnificent, on desk under cover of dictionaries. Better fun this than grinding in my own room.

*Saturday.*—Slept like a top, and went into early school as fit as a prizefighter.

My Tutor asked if I wanted to go home. I said, "No, Sir. Eton's the jolliest place in the world." But I didn't think so when I was a "loaf."

### A Nursery Rhyme for the Breakfast Table.

MAKE a loaf, bake a loaf, Baker's Man!  
But, please, set about it on some cleaner plan,  
Go home and wash, and keep your nights free,  
And then what you bake will be relished by me!

Good old Mrs. R., was recommended by one of her nephews, who is on the Stock Exchange, to take a few shares in the Company formed for raising the Treasure Ship, but she said that she thought she should prefer a few in the "Bullion Fleet," which must necessarily have a better chance than only one Ship.

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."—See *Burns' Works Complete*. Docks Edition. Edited by H.E. Card. MAN-NING, the LORD MAYOR, and S. BUXTON, M.P.





### SOLVENT!

*Poultener (to New Page from "The Hall," who had been sent for a Brace o' Birds).*  
 "DO THEY WANT 'EM TRUSSED!"  
*Page. "TRUST!" (Indignantly.)* "NO! D'VE THINK WE CAN'T— HERE,  
 I'LL PAY FOR 'EM!"

### A REAL "VEGETABLE" CONFERENCE.

[Mr. J. WRIGHT, at the "Vegetable Conference," read a paper on "The Food of Vegetables."]

*Turnip.* They tell us, at the Conference at Chiswick, We Vegetables need both food and physic.

*Potato.* True; and the fact my mind, dear friend, much eases—

I trust they'll try to doctor my diseases, I'm such a dreadful invalid!

*Turnip.* Ah! chronic.

*Potato.* Now, my dear Turnip, do not be laconic.

I know I'm like my patron, PADDY, troublesome—

*Turnip.* Well, do not dwell on your complaints—it doubles 'em!

*Potato.* Don't! I could cry my eyes out at your chilliness.

*Turnip.* Now, don't get "waxy." Mealy-mouthed soft silliness

Won't help you—or the Irishmen, you know.

You do not want more land—you want more hoe.

*Potato.* You BALFOUR of the beds, I hoe you one!

*Turnip.* Fancy a tuber stooping to a pun!

But Irishmen are good at owing. Paying

Is much less in their line.

*Potato.* What are you saying?

Well, Mr. WRIGHT assures us, I declare,

We Vegetables mostly live on air,

That ninety out of every hundred parts

Of that which lifts our heads and swells our hearts

Is "atmospheric food," which simply passes

Into our—stomachs say—from rain and gases.

Poor PAT might pay the Landlord every quarter,

If he, like us, could live on air and water.

*Turnip.* Oh, he lives on the "gas" of agitators,

Who of his soil are the worst cultivators.

BALFOUR's "cold water" works some wondrous cures.

*Potato.* I prefer GLADSTONE's nourishing manures.

Quick-acting nitrates, sulphates and ammoniates—

*Turnip.* Pooh! What PAT MURPHY longs for, MR. MOLONEY hates.

How can you feed—or physic—such a crop,

So changeful, so capricious?

*Potato.* Oh, do stop!

You cold and squashy creature, you're unable

To understand my vegetable fable.

*Turnip.* One thing I understand, 'tis that in general,

We feed on gas and matters moist and mineral,

So that it seems—'twill fog the new sectarians—

That Vegetables are not Vegetarians!

### GAGGING THE DRAMATIST.

WITHOUT referring to the rights and wrongs of the *Gilbert v. Boosey* case, every Dramatist must sympathise with any popular dramatic author who wishes to prevent the performance of one of his pieces to which the actors have "left but the name" of the author as an attraction on the play-bill. There are some leading actors who will and can gag, and who are uncommonly happy in impromptus which subsequently become stereotyped as part and parcel of the piece.

What is rarely, if ever, justifiable, is the introduction of the slang of to-day in any piece (not being *Extravaganza* or *Opéra bouffe*) the action of which is cast in an earlier century.

Take, for example, GOLDSMITH's *She Stoops to Conquer*. The actress cast for *Mrs. Hardcastle* would be scarcely justified in introducing modern variations of this sort:—

#### ORIGINAL TEXT.

*Hastings.* Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.

*Mrs. Hardcastle.* O! Sir, you're only pleased to say so; but who can have a manner that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places, where the nobility chiefly resort.

#### IMPROMPTU GAG.

*Hastings.* Never up in Town! You astonish me. Why, from your style, I should say that you had passed all your life in Brompton Square or Bayswater.

*Mrs. Hardcastle.* O! come now, you're chaffing! but who is up to any style that has never done the Aquarium, Crystal Palace, and a West-End Music-hall or two, and such places as are patronised by the Upper Ten.

In like fashion *Dangle*, in *SHERIDAN's Critic*, where he is running over the headings of the day's news, might be disposed to modernise the items as follows,—the gag being given parallel with the original:—

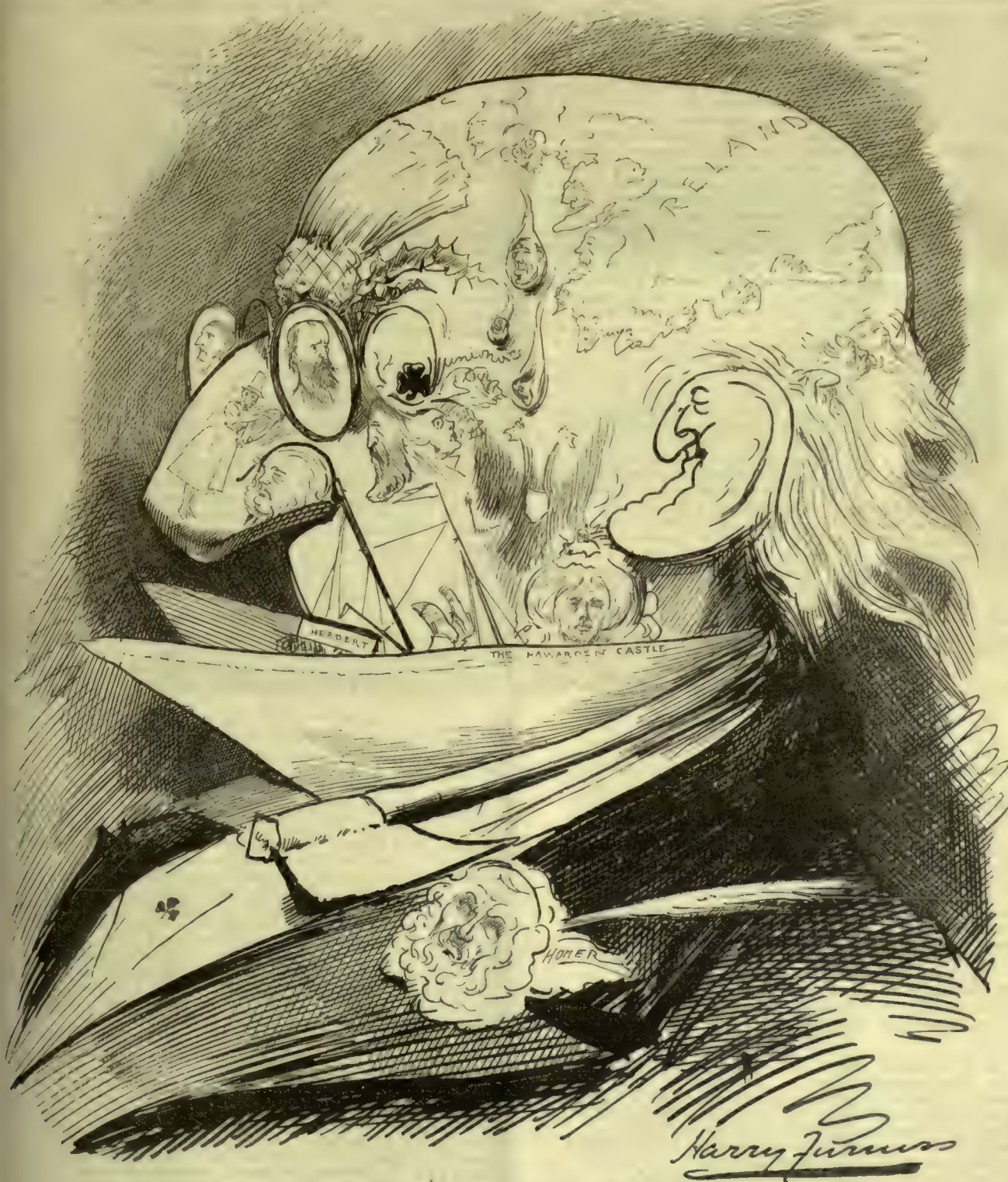
*Dangle (reading).* "Brutus to Lord North. Letter the Second. On the State of the Army—" Psha! \* \* \* "Genuine extract of a letter from St. Kitt's. Coxheath Intelligence. It is now asserted that Sir Charles Hardy—" *Dangle (reading).* "Cassius to Chaplin. Third Letter on the new Board of Agriculture—" Stuff! \* \* \* "Doings on the Congo. Newmarket Intelligence. Compulsory Athletics at Public Schools. Old Etonian writes—

*Roderigo*, in *Othello*, might add a little more "go" to the lively passages of the part, by announcing his intention of giving Cassius "two lovely black eyes," and *Hamlet* could introduce, "When you come to think of it" into his metaphysical soliloquy, or allude to *Ophelia* as "one of the angelic choir."

Such gagging is enough to make "the Ghost walk" at other times besides Saturday's treasury. What are we to think of the abuse administered to the feelings of the living dramatist who drops in, after his piece has been running a month or two, to find his fine pet passages either mutilated out of all recognition, or else, perhaps cut out altogether, while roars of laughter are greeting some catch-word or interpolated bit of "business," for which he is not only not responsible, but shudders on hearing, regarding it as positive literary blemish and excrescence on his work? Perhaps a dramatist might get his protection and remedy in the play-bill, which could give his name as the original author of the drama in question and announce that "the introduced gags this evening will be by Messrs. GUFFAW, SIDESPLITTER, WAGSTAFF, MUMMER, and MUGGER. There's something in this suggestion—" when you come to think of it."

ODD ASSOCIATION.—In Pall Mall, in front of a house not far from Cockspur Street, a board was up last week announcing the location of the Office of "The Lady Guides," and, immediately underneath it, was another board, with the simple words, "Giddy and Giddy Coincidence!"





MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 1.

"Maria Wood," or Fire-wood?  
 COUNCILMAN! To Maria Wood  
 Fidelity thou sworest.  
 If thee the river doth not please,  
 Shouldst thou prefer the shady  
 trees  
 For rest? Shun good Maria Wood,  
 And go to Epping Forest!

Puzzle-Headed People Series. No. 1.  
 WHAT is this Grand Head made of?  
 Examine it well,  
 And soon you'll tell  
 What the Grand Head is made of.

BOULANGISM IN ENGLAND.—The threatened  
 Bakers' Strike.

Friar Farrar's Chant.  
 (To a well-known Refrain.)  
 Vow for a year, Vow for a day;  
 But alas for the Vow that vows alway.  
 DIVISION OF POLITICIANS. — Leaders of  
 Writers, and Writers of "Leaders."



## MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

## No. IX.—THE DUETTISTS.

THE "Duet and Dance" form so important a feature in Music-hall entertainments, that they could hardly, with any propriety, be neglected in a model compilation such as *Mr. Punch's*, and it is possible that he may offer more than one example of this blameless diversion. For some reason or other, the habit of singing in pairs would seem to induce a pessimistic tone of mind in most Music-hall artistes, and—why, *Mr. Punch* does not pretend to say—this cynicism is always more marked when the performers are of the softer sex. Our present study is intended to fulfil the requirements of the most confirmed female sceptic, and, though the Message of the Music-halls may have been given worthier and fuller expression by pens more practised in such compositions, *Mr. Punch* is still modestly confident that this ditty, with all its shortcomings, can be sung in any Music-hall in the Metropolis without exciting any sentiment other than entire approval of the teaching it conveys. One drawback, indeed, it has, but that concerns the performers alone. For the sake of affording contrast and relief, it was thought expedient that one of the fair duettists should profess an optimism which may—perhaps must—tend to impair her popularity. A conscientious artiste may legitimately object, for the sake of her professional reputation, to present herself in so humiliating a character as that of an *ingénue*, and a female "Juggins"; and it does seem as if the Cynical Sister must inevitably monopolise the sympathies of an enlightened audience. However, this difficulty is less formidable than it appears; it should be easy for the Unsophisticated Sister to convey a subtle suggestion here and there, possibly in the incidental dance between the verses, that she is not really inferior to her partner in smartness and knowledge of the world. But perhaps it would be the fairest arrangement if the Sisters could agree to alternate so ungrateful a rôle.



## First Verse.

First Sister (placing three of the fingers of her left hand on her heart, and extending her right arm in timid appeal).

Dear Sister, of late I'm beginning to doubt  
If the world is as black as they paint it.

It mayn't be as bad as some try to make out—

Second Sister (with an elaborate mock courtesy). That is a discovery!  
Mayn't it?

First S. (abashed). I'm sure there are sev'ral who aren't a bad lot,  
And some sort of principle seem to have got,  
For they act on the square—

Second S. Don't you talk tommy-rot!  
It's done for advertisement, ain't it?

## Refrain.

Second S. Why, there's nobody at bottom any better than the rest!

First S. Are you sure of it?

Second S. I'm telling you, and I know,  
The principle they act upon's whatever pays 'em best,  
And the only real religion now is—Rhino!

[The last word must be rendered with full metallic effect. A step-dance, expressive of conviction on one part and incipient wavering on the other, should be performed between the verses.]

## Second Verse.

First S. (returning, shaken, to the charge). Some unmarried men  
lead respectable lives.

Second S. (decisively). Well, I've never happened to meet them!

First S. There are husbands who're always polite to their wives.

Second S. Of course—if their better halves beat them!

First S. Some tradesmen have consciences, so I've heard said;  
Their provisions are never adulterated,

But they treat all their customers fairly instead.

Second S. 'Cause they don't find it answer to cheat them!

## Refrain.

First S. {What?

Second S. No.—They're none of 'em at bottom any better than the rest.

Second S. I'm speaking from experience, and I know.

If you could put a window-pane in everybody's breast,  
You'd see on all the hearts was written—"Rhino!"

## Third Verse.

First S. There are girls you can't tempt with a title or gold.

Second S. There may be—but I've never seen one.

First S. Some much prefer love in a cottage, I'm told.

Second S. (putting her arms a-kimbo). If you swallow that, you're a green one!

They'll stick to their lover so long as he's cash,  
When it's gone, they look out for a wealthier mash.

A girl on the gush talks unpractical trash—

When it comes to the point, she's a keen one!

## Refrain.

First S. Then, are none of us at bottom any better than the rest?

Second S. (cheerfully). Not a bit; I am a girl myself, and I know.

First S. You surely wouldn't give your hand to someone you detest

Second S. Why, rather—if he's rolling in the Rhino!

## Fourth Verse.

First S. Philanthropists give up their lives to the poor.

Second S. It's chiefly with tracts they present them.

First S. Still, some self-denial I'm sure they endure?

Second S. It's their hobby, and seems to content them!

First S. But don't they go into those horrible slums?

Second S. Sometimes—with a flourish of trumpets and drums.

First S. I've heard they've collected magnificent sums.

Second S. And nobody knows how they've spent them!

## Refrain.

Second S. Oh, they're none of 'em at bottom any better than the rest!

They are only bigger hypocrites, as I know;

They've famous opportunities for feathering their nest,

When so many fools are ready with the Rhino!

## Fifth Verse.

First S. Our Statesmen are prompted by Duty alone.

Second S. (compassionately). Whoever's been gammoning you so?

First S. They wouldn't seek office for ends of their own?

Second S. What else would induce 'em to do so?

First S. But Time, Health, and Money they all sacrifice.

Second S. I'd do it myself at a quarter the price.

There's pickings for all, and they needn't ask twice,

For they're able to put on the screw so!

## Refrain (together).

No, they're none of 'em at bottom any better than the rest!

They may kid to their constituents—but I know;

Whatever lofty sentiments their speeches may suggest,

They regulate their actions by the Rhino!

[Here the pair will perform a final step-dance, indicative of enlightened scepticism, and skip off in an effusion of sisterly sympathy, amidst enthusiastic applause.]

## NEXT SESSION'S PROGRAMME.

THE business of next Session is already occupying the attention of eminent Statesmen. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN admits that it must be an Irish Session; Lord HARTINGTON stipulates that the Land Question shall be settled before Local Government is grappled with; Mr. BALFOUR promises a Catholic University Endowment Bill; and Mr. GLADSTONE says, "it is only a lightning conductor"—which we trust is Parliamentary language. This is all very well; but the arrangements fundamentally err in leaving Mr. JACOBY out. That great Parliamentary tactician has been attending a public meeting convened at Belper, to urge, in the interest of hand-framework knitters, that all hand-made stockings shall be marked to distinguish them from machine-made goods. Mr. JACOBY has pledged himself that this shall be done. The *Nottingham Guardian* supplies the following report of the Hon. Member's remarks:—

"He hoped it would not be a political question, and that they would be able to get some gentlemen who sat on the other side of the House to support them when the matter came before the House of Commons. However that might be, he had some little experience lately of whipping up Members of Parliament, and it was wonderful what a little experience did in those matters, how easy it was to get to know the innermost thoughts of men when they came to 'whip' them. He should feel it his privilege to use some of the experience he had gained as a whip when the question was before the House of Commons, in order not only to secure a good attendance in the House, but to put a sufficient amount of pressure on the Government."

Every schoolboy, as MACAULAY used to say, will bear testimony to the shrewdness of the remark as to the effect of whipping in drawing forth expression of the innermost thoughts of the person operated upon. The opening sentence appears to indicate an intention on Mr. JACOBY's part to forestall Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the establishment of a National Party. So that he fills his stocking, he evidently does not care from what part of the House he draws contributions. He gives fair notice to the Government that he intends to have his way in this matter. It is just as well that the notice is timely, so that the Cabinet, in arranging the business of the Session, may put, as it were, their best stocking-leg forward in the endeavour to meet his views. JACOBY's war-cry is: "*A bas everything except les bas!*"



## A DEVONIAN PERIOD.



## BATHING RECIPROCITIES.

THERE is a magnificent swimming-bath attached—I may say deeply, in some parts, at least, attached—to the hotel. But the Philosopher, the Poet, and myself, have never been able to make any use of it, because from ten to two it is given up to the ladies; and as from twelve to one—i.e., before luncheon—happens to be the only hour when a swim in a certain temperature is recommended us by the faculty, and the alternative of open-air sea-bathing involves so much discomfort, we have been reluctantly compelled to abandon all idea of testing the merits of the Ilfracombe Hotel Swimming Bath until such time as the present inconvenient rule is altered, or a separate bath built for the unfair sex who wish to have everything their own way. With only one swimming-bath, surely the ladies (bless 'em!) could be satisfied with three mornings a week, and give the gentlemen a chance, at all events, from mid-day till 1.30 on the other three, Sundays not being included.

The sea-shore bathing is pleasant enough for those who like *à fresco* entertainment; and it is as free-and-easy as at a French watering-place. It is true there is one place set apart for the Nephews, and another for the Amphetrites. But these invidious distinctions are frequently set aside. One day I saw two soberly attired elderly ladies in the gentlemen's bathing-cove, seated reading, and occasionally looking up to see what the bathers were doing. I could not see what they were reading, but perhaps these two ladies were members of the Salvation Army, delivering sermons to the bathers. The only reason I had for thinking that they might possibly belong to the Salvation Army was, that they were seated on campstools. However, gentlemen stroll into the cove reserved for ladies, and so there can be no cause for complaint.

"We must visit Lynton," says Our Own Mr. Cook.

"Hear, hear!" interrupts HARRY SKRYMMAGER. "I recollect. I had to get up poetry for my exam. Beautiful description—

"On Lynton, when the sun was low"—

"Excuse me," says the Poet, "you mean Linden."

"Do I?" returns SKRYMMAGER, reflectively. "Well, perhaps I do. Awful jolly place, Miss NETLEY. Stunning good ferns there. Let's go."

There are plenty of four-horse coaches travelling between Ilfracombe and Lynton, and the horn is tootling all day. The chief coaches, which I may term the Government Coaches,—supplied from Messrs. POOL and WOOD's stables, are called *The Defiance* and *The Dreadnought*. The Opposition is represented by SAM Somebody's Coach, and two "sharrybangs" named respectively *Tickler* and *Teazer*. Beautiful subject for a political picture. *The Defiance* driven by Lord SALISBURY, and *The Dreadnought* by the Right Hon. ARTHUR BALFOUR, *Tickler* by Mr. TIM HEALY, and *Teazer* by Mr. LABOUCHÈRE. Every morning these coaches and the "sharrybangs" *Teazer* and *Tickler* keep the town alive with their coach-horns. The first Government coach for Lynton starts at 9.15, and commences proceedings by posing to have its likeness taken every morning regularly in front of the Clarence Hotel. Great rush, on these occasions, of every loungee to get himself into focus with *The Defiance*, and be taken, not by coach, but by photographer. All the outsiders are "in it," which sounds paradoxical, but so it is.

"Now, Gentlemen and Ladies!" says the coachman, in a white hat, which has had its pristine gloss taken off it by exposure to all sorts and conditions of weather, "Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, keep still, if you please!" And then everyone puts on his and her most festive appearance, all strike attitudes, and one or two, afraid of being lost in the crowd, stand up surreptitiously, and so exclude some shy and nervous passenger on the back seat. Everybody pretends utter indifference to the operation, both before and after; but for all that the gentlemen give a jaunty jerk to their hats, arrange their coat-collars and twist their moustaches, while the ladies lift

their veils and smirk, glancing slyly in the direction of the photographer, so as to catch his eye if possible, and secure his special if not exclusive attention.

Then *The Defiance* starts, and a lively drive we have to Lynton. The gentlemen are requested to walk up the worst hill, just out of Parracombe, which some do cheerfully and some grudgingly,

as not having paid to walk. All sit well back and gasp as they descend into Lynton.

We furtively glance at one another to see how each one of us likes going down this precipitous descent. Catching each other's eye, we smile,—forced smiles,—merely to encourage the performance. Miss BRONDESLEY laughs hysterically, stiffens herself as if to meet a shock, clutches her handkerchief, which she has rolled up into a small ball, with one hand, and grips the back rail with the other. Our Own Mrs. COOK smiles nervously. We try to distract each other's attention and our own from the present crisis by pretending to admire distant scenery; but the evident effort is a failure, especially when tried



Nothing when you're used to it.

on Our Own Mrs. COOK, to whom, as I keep one eye on the off-leader, I point out the distant prospect of hill and wood, and say, "Look! isn't that beautiful?" She replies, in a jerky tone—"Oh—yes—very pretty—beautiful!" and you don't get her to take her eyes off the horses, or her hands off the rail—she is prepared to jump off anywhere at the shortest notice—until we are safely ascending the next hill. Then we take a long breath, mutually congratulate one another, and look admiringly at the coachman, in whom we all have the most unbounded confidence.

Lynton is lovely. All I say now is, Go there and see. Capital luncheon, and reasonable prices, at the Valley of Rocks Hotel.

*Advice gratis.*—Take small traps, and drive by the lower road to Lynton, stopping for refreshment at the Hunter's Inn, and going down to Heddon's Mouth. Coach doesn't do this. And only a very first-rate experienced driver, as is the proprietor of *The Defiance*, for example, can safely conduct a "sharrybang" along that rough road, a considerable part of which, like most of the Devonshire lanes, is length without breadth, and a tight fit for one.

"YOU ARE OLD FATHER WILLIAM."—A contributor to the *Figaro*, writing about M. COQUELIN's return to the Français, mentions that this clever comedian has got an adaptation, by M. PAUL DELAIRE, of SHAKESPEARE'S *Taming of the Shrew*, called, *La Mégère Corrigée*. But the writer does not anticipate much success for the venture. "*Pas très communicative, en France, du moins*," he says, "*la gaieté du vieux WILLIAM*." Perhaps M. COQUELIN had better leave old WILLIAM's farcical comedy alone.





### "GROUND GAME."

Wife. "AH, THEN YOU'VE BEEN SUCCESSFUL AT LAST, DEAR!"

Husband (prevaricating). "YE—YES, I BAGGED——"

Wife (sniffing). "AND HIGH TIME YOU DID! I SHOULD SAY BY THE—OH!—IT MUST BE COOKED TO-DAY!"

[It came out afterwards the Impostor had bagged it at the Poulterer's!]

### UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

#### VI.

"'ROOKERIES must be put down!'" So, ten years since,  
All speakers, priest, philanthropist, or prince  
Accorded in asserting. [mist  
To-night look here! This scene of mirk and  
Confronts the economic analyst.  
Pray, is it not diverting?"

So my guide queried with a mirthless smile.  
Darkness possessed the city mile on mile,  
But here the night's thick shadows  
Were dusk with horror and with foulness dank.  
Strange that so nauseous a nook should rank  
'Midst the world's Eldorados!

Here, in cold scorn of decency and health,  
Proceeds that manufacturing of wealth  
Which seems the Town's chief duty.  
Mammon's alembic in this dreary den  
Drains, like a succubus, the sap of men,  
And woman's youth and beauty.

The steam that surges up like Tophet's breath  
From this dim haunt of toil, and sin, and  
Reeks with a foul infection. [death,  
What if some moral search-light's sudden  
glare

The loathly secrets of the slum laid bare  
To Fashion's close inspection?

Here festering toil, there congregated crime,  
In thick miasma, and 'midst sodden slime!  
This rotting roof-tree covers

Two swiftly-stitching creatures, haggard,  
pale;  
And they once wandered free through wold  
Young, healthy, rustic lovers.

Drawn by the ever-widening whirlpool down  
To the huge maddening Maelström called the  
Town,

Behold them vainly swelling  
That great competitive *Carmagnole*-dance,  
More frenzied than the frantic whirl of France,  
Whose music is death's knelling.

What Dance of Death, what Witches' Round,  
indeed, [Greed?  
More dread than that wild whirl of Need and  
Madmen tarantula-bitten,  
Dervishes frenzy-fired, less blindly spin  
Than captives of that huge commercial gin,  
By hope-light never litten.

"These hoped," my guide exclaimed, "for  
some brief space, [grace.  
Whilst he had manhood, and whilst she had  
Thy rack, relentless Labour,  
Soon slays down all the sweetnesses of Life.  
How soon will they relinquish the fierce strife,  
Like her, their hideous neighbour?"

"She laboured once, once loved. Strange  
product, she,  
Of *Laissez Fui*re and the new Chivalry!"  
Not toiling, nay nor spinning,  
This other spectre of the Slum; she sits  
With slattern garb and spirit-sodden wits.  
That smile once sweet and winning?

The satyr grinning of a classic mask  
Leers less revolting. Drudgery's grinding task,  
Has this for one fair issue.  
Labour unstirred by love, unstarred by hope,  
Leads hither! Vain to weave the glittering  
In poesy's golden tissue. [trope

The dignity of labour? Taking phrase,  
To form a tag for song in simpler days  
Of lyric exaltation.  
But who is he who gathers dignity  
From Labour, which involves man's misery,  
And woman's degradation?

"Behold!" my guide exclaimed. I looked  
and saw  
A portly person with prognathous jaw,  
And lips like purple lizards. [gold,  
A thing that seemed to reek of greed and  
With fat fast-clutching hands, and eyes as  
As caste, or arctic blizzards. [cold

He lolled upon a velvet-cushioned couch,  
His bulk agleam with glittering gem and ouch;  
Watching his breast's upheaval,  
For all his shape of man, and sheen of gold,  
Methought that so the saurian might have  
rolled  
Swine-like in slime primæval.

"A Lord of Modern London!" laughed my  
guide,

"A civic prince, a thing of pomp and pride,  
A magnate of the City,  
Possessed of power and popular repute;  
A self-made hero, and a selfish brute  
Barren of human pity.

"The Dagon-idol of a moneyed mob.  
Life's secret, friend, is knowing how to rob.  
A solemn unction hallows  
Accepted styles, they're secret, and succeed,  
Whereas unfashionable systems lead  
To prison or the gallows."

I watched the creature nodding o'er his wine,  
His solitude seemed filled with dreams divine.  
See! they take shape before us.  
Rank grovels, Beauty bows to such success,  
Loud in his praise the platform and the  
Chant an ecstatic chorus. [press

And there in the dream's background pallid,  
dumb,  
I see those huddled spectres of the slum,  
Grim phantoms cold, intrusive.





"THE HIDDEN HAND."

He little heeds them; yet those dismal dens  
Plump many a total his fat finger pens,  
And *that* is not illusive.

Let them live on, so in the shade they work,  
Sordidly sin, or wearily work,  
Slaves, though no solid fetters  
Shackle their limbs. What matters it how  
sad

Those grovelling serfs, so that the brutes,  
though bad,  
Bring good unto their "betters?"

A human wolf, but one who need not scour  
The snowy steppes, lean-flanked, long hour on  
hour

In search of some stray quarry.  
His food is folded safe in pen and sty,  
Where she-things sin, and sweaters' victims  
The spectacle is sorry! [die.]

"Nay, friend; Necessity all Nature  
rules."  
My guide replied. "Sentiment only pules  
At Nature's law benignant.

The 'wise indifference of the wise' assume.  
Fools only at the stern decrees of doom  
Rail, fruitlessly indignant.

"How he, our full-fed wolf, would laugh,  
elate,  
At dreams of Law avowed lamb's-advocate!  
Scarce in the form of fable  
Would such a quaint conceit escape the scorn  
Of that wide world of shearers and the shorn,  
The shearers deem so stable!"

(To be continued.)



## DEAD HEART ALIVE!

PROLOGUE. SCENE—Gardens somewhere in Paris, Old Mabilly, perhaps, about 1771. Very pretty and effective. Enter Wicked Abbé BANCROFT and Insignificant Aristocratic Voluptuary.

Insignificant Aristocratic Voluptuary. Are you a Monsignore?

Wicked Abbé B. (considering). Aw—no. (Considers again, with head on one side, like Barnaby Rudge's Raven.) Why do you ask?

Insignificant Arist. (feebly). Because you're dressed in purple. Never heard of any ecclesiastic wearing purple, 'cept Bishop, or Canon, or Monsignore.

Wicked Abbé B. (considering). Aw—you see—I—aw—am going to wear black in the next Act—aw. So this makes a change. And it's effective—eh? (Earnestly.) I hope it's correct?

Insignificant Arist. My dear fellow, as Wicked Abbé you're not expected to be correct.

Wicked Abbé B. (with short laugh). True. Aha! "What's the odds as long as you're Abbé?" (Remembers what they're there for.) But about the girl? (Insignificant Aristocrat appears interested. Abbé continues darkly.) You can possess her. Her lover LANDRY has called me "the Court Jackal." Stupid, but offensive. I shall at once get an order to "admit one" to the Chamber of Horrors in the Bastille. He'll be the "one." Aha! See? [They go up talking.]

Enter Good Old ARTHUR STIRLING with Miss KATE PHILLIPS and merry members of the Democracy.

Miss Kate Phillips (to Good Old ARTHUR). They call you "the bear."

Good Old Arthur (growling). Um! And What's PHILLIPS?

Miss Kate. Not me, ARTHUR. WATTS wrote the piece, years and

years ago. It's been furbished up by another W. P. for this occasion, which it's WALTER POLLOCK. But "WATTS in a name?"

Enter Mr. HENRY IRVING as a merry, light-hearted, canary-coloured revolutionary Artist. All so glad to see him.

Good Old Arthur (growling—"and in the lowest depths a deeper still"). Where's ELLEN TERRY?

Ellen (bounding on). Here! (Breathless.) Oh, I'm so pleased! (To Enthusiastic Audience.) I'm so pleased you're pleased. Oh, I'm so happy! O ROBERT! ROBERT, toi que j'aime! (Whispers playfully.) How nice it is to see the house so crammed full, and everyone so delighted to see you,—and me too!!

Robert Henry Irving (merrily). Ay, isn't it? So cheery.

[Toys with her, and kicks about in a generally dislocated style.]

Ellen (rapturously). Oh, yes! You are so full of life and gaiety!

Lyceum Company (all frowning). Gaiety! Um!

Good Old Arthur (in his distant thunder bass). Where's the Lord Chamberlain?

Robert Henry Irving (in his sprightliest manner, waving his arms). Nar! Nar! Never mind the Chamberlain! He's an aristocrat. We can do without him. Come! a dance! a dance!

Ellen (beaming). Yes; let's dance! (Indignantly.) Just show that Mr. LESLIE how you can dance. Teach him a lesson. [All dance.]

We're out of this.

Feeble Aristocrat (watching). Wicked Abbé B. (assuming indifference, but scarcely able to refrain from joining in). Yes—aw—mistake not to have brought us in for this finish—and—let's—let's go and dance outside. (Aside.) Wish I was playing *Hawtree in Caste* at the Criterion.

[Exit with Feeble Aristocrat.]

SCENE 2—Marguerite's Bed-chamber. Enter ELLEN MARG. DUVAL.

Ellen (at looking-glass). Oh, I am so pretty! I know I am. I said so when I played *Marguerite*, and I had much the same business—only better. Now, where are the diamonds from *Faust*? No—only a shawl. That's nice—oh, so nice! (Tries it on.) I should like to be a fine lady (cutseys), and have lots of money. (Skips.) What's this—Siebel's bouquet? Oh, no! It's from the *Faust* of this play! (Starts) and a note! Shall I read it? No—(reads it.) Oh, I was wrong to encourage the little man.

Enter Insignificant Aristocratic Voluptuary through window—Insignificant Arist. (trying to put his arms round her waist). You are mine!

Ellen (startled into telling the truth). Why, you poor weak-minded, feeble creature! What are you talking about? I've a mind to box your ears, and send you flying out of that window.



(Remembers herself.) Oh no, I don't mean that—I mean—if you're a gentleman—leave me—unhand me—unhand me!

Insignificant Arist. (remembering something out of old Melodrama). Nay—pretty one—

Enter ROBERT HENRY IRVING, also through window. Tableau.

Robert H. I. (finding letter). Wha-a-at!! You—he—

[Overcome with emotion.]

Ellen (distractedly). ROBERT—you don't suppose—

Robert H. I. (wildly). He's here—you're here—I'm here.

Wicked Abbé (entering in quite an original manner through the door, with Soldiers). No—you're not,—at least you won't be in two twos. Here's a warrant. Away with him! To the Bastille!

[ELLEN faints. Insignificant Aristocratic Voluptuary, unable to support her, lets her fall. She falls. End of Prologue.]

ACT I.—Eighteen years afterwards.—Enter Good Old ARTHUR STIRLING and Miss KATE PHILLIPS, neither of them looking a day older, and merry Revolutionists. Good Old ARTHUR and talented assistants take the Bastille, then take something to drink, then they bring out helpless figure of ROBERT HENRY IRVING LANDRY, and place him in a chair. Somebody begins fling off his chains.

Kate Phillips (to Good Old ARTHUR, with a cry of surprise). Ha! don't you recognise him?

Good Old Arthur (superciliously after taking a cursory glance at the weird figure). Yes—Rip Van Winkle.

Kate Phillips (annoyed with him). No—that was LESLIE. (ROBERT HENRY IRVING LANDRY hears the name, pushes aside his tangled locks and begins to glare.) You know him now?

Good Old Arthur (examining him more closely, but not lifting his eyes beyond his beard). Yes—it's MUNDELLA, M.P.

Kate Phillips (getting wild with him). No! No!—Can't you see—You know him?

[ROBERT HENRY LANDRY, pushes back his hair—strokes his beard, half closes his eyes, giving himself a dreamy appearance.]

Good Old Arthur (sure of it this time). Yes. It's Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

Miss Kate (losing all patience). No, you—you stupid!—don't you remember the Prologue—

Good Old Arthur (a sudden light breaking in on him). Ah! it's—it's—(goes close to him, and examines him carefully)—it's HENRY IRVING, our Manager, as ROBERT LANDRY! [Is utterly staggered.]

All the Revolutionists (who, of course, are perfectly well acquainted with his name and story). ROBERT LANDRY!





Good Old Arthur (growling softly to him). You remember me?  
Robert (after staring at him). No.  
Good Old Arthur (a little hurt, remonstrates). Oh yes you do—you remember me—(aside to himself)—what a chance! to introduce song here—"You Remember Me!"—  
Wish I were Manager.



"A Ruined Abbé."

In the next Act Robert says "his heart's dead," and proves it by evincing the strongest emotion on recognising Miss Ellen Marguerite, who has now become Marquise de St. Valery, having long since married the insignificant Voluptuary, and become a widow with one son, a very nice-looking lad of seventeen, who makes his first appearance on the stage. The Wicked Abbé B., now dressed in black, makes love to the Marquise, and then tells her "Robert Landry is alive," which he thinks she will be sorry to hear. And so she is. Then the Wicked Abbé and the Young Marquis are condemned to death, but Henry of the Dead Heart gives Wicked Abbé a chance of life, on condition of his fighting a duel with him, which has been skilfully arranged by Mr. WALTER POLLOCK. The Wicked Abbé, who comes on looking uncommonly like Triplet, and who has most likely seen a pantomime at Manager RICH's theatre, tries to take a mean advantage of Henry, when the latter is off his guard, by thrusting at him with his sword, aiming at the same spot in his body as the Clown selects when he has the command of the hot poker and the Pantaloon has turned his back towards him. This attempt, however, is a miserable failure, and Henry of the Dead Heart kills Wicked Abbé Triplet, who gurgles out that he dies in possession of a secret, gasps in failing tones, "Long-live-the-King!" and, with a short sharp hiccough on a high treble note, expires.

Then, in the last Act, ELLEN and HENRY touch all hearts. Ellen Marguerite Marguerite (beseechingly to Dead-hearted HENRY). You're wrong. My late husband, the Marky, was uncommonly fond of you. (With deep emotion.) He never spoke of you without tears in his eyes. (Dead-hearted HENRY begins to give way.) He only looked you up in the Bastille in fun (HENRY surprised), just for ten days, while he married me, and he wouldn't have done that if the Wicked Abbé B. hadn't come and told us you were dead. (HENRY smiles sweetly.) You see, it's all a mistake, and (cajolingly) so easily explained.

Dead-hearted Henry (seeing it all in quite a new light). So it is. I've been incarcerated for eighteen years, but (with sweet unselfish abnegation) it's of no consequence. I oughtn't to be alive, that's where the error is. So I won't be any longer. My heart isn't dead at all; it was only my liver that was a trifle torpid. But that's all right now. You shall see your son. (To Good Old ARTHUR.) Does the gaoler know her son by sight?

Good Old Arthur (readily). No.

Dead-hearted Henry. And as I am the chief of the Republican Committee, of course no one knows me by sight. So I'll take his place.

[Waves his hand cheerily to sly Marquise, and glides out sadly. Marquise Marguerite (embracing her Son). Here you are at last! Safe! Oh, what crammers I have told that ROBERT LANDRY, who believed everything I said, just as he did eighteen years ago.

Gaoler (without). Number thirty-two in the books!

Henry of the Torpid Liver (without). That's me. I'm thirty-two, and a trifle more.

Marquise (recognising the tone). Dead Heart Alive! Why, it's his voice! or some rude person imitating him again!

Henry of the T. L. (without). I am ready!

Marquise and her Son (Terryfied, the pair of them). Ready! for what?

Kind-hearted Henry (without). Ready! Aye, ready—for anything! Lead me to—to—the photographer's, and I'll have my head taken off by the pencil of some real good caricaturist. I don't mind that!

[Scene opens, discovering Noble HENRY of the Dead Heart and Active Liver with the limelight full on him, standing before an easel. Delight of everybody. Loud applause. Enthusiasm. Curtain. More enthusiasm.

## WHAT IT MAY COME TO IN BERLIN!

SCENE—Editorial Sanctum in the Office of the "Zumtug Zeitung." Staff of Paper discovered, trembling.

First Member of the Staff. Ah, it is too-altogether-awful to be borne any longer!

Second Ditto. That is so! Oh, unlucky day, when I was to a newspaper office introduced!

Flourish of trumpets, and roll of drums. Enter the Emperor-King Editor, brandishing a copy of the Journal.

Emperor-King-Editor (foaming at the mouth with anger). Near relatives of pigs! Friends and acquaintances of donkeys! How dare you admit an article saying that your Master ever listened to the Prince-Chancellor!

First and Second Members of the Staff (falling on their knees). Mercy, Sire, mercy!

E.-K.-G. (wildly). Never! Convey these scoundrels to the lowest dungeon beneath the castle moat—I should say, publishing office. (First and Second Members of the Staff are heavily chained, gagged, and removed, protesting in dumb show). So far, so good! Whom have we here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain, ushering in Manager of the Composing Department.

M. of the C. D. (bowing profoundly). Sire, we are very short of copy.

E.-K.-E. (haughtily). What of that?

M. of the C. D. (deferentially, but firmly). Well, Sire, unless we have another column and a half, we cannot possibly go to press!

E.-K.-E. (much annoyed). Nonsense! Rubbish! Bosh!

M. of the C. D. (with some hesitation). Perhaps your Majesty would like to use an article standing in the overset, which would just make the proper quantity.

E.-K.-E. Why, certainly; but what is it called?

M. of the C. D. (soothingly). Well, Sire, the title is worse than the matter. Perhaps it might be altered.

E.-K.-E. (exploding). Slave! Hound! Knave! Out with it! What is it?

M. of the C. D. (trembling in every limb). It is called, Sire, "Royalty Yesterday and To-day; or, The Dead Lion versus the Live Donkey."

E.-K.-E. (with terrible calmness). Shoot this man! (The M. of the C. D. is taken away protesting.) And now he's gone, what shall I do? Column and a half of copy wanted! Why, I never wrote a dozen original lines in my life. (Suddenly, with joy.) Happy thought! We will fill up the paper with advertisements. Where is Herr von AUGENEHM?

An Aide-de-Camp (saluting). In prison, Sire, for failing to get a repeat for that business announcement about the insurance office.

E.-K.-E. Let him be brought before me!

[Herr von AUGENEHM, the great Publishing Contractor, is produced in the condition of Mr. HENRY IRVING in Act I. of the "Dead Heart."

Herr von Augenehm (with a deep sigh). Ah, the past is a blank to me! All gone, gone, gone!

E.-K.-E. Now, then, cease muttering!

Herr von A. (drearily). But I have lost everything! My mind is gone, my brain is numbed, my heart is—

E.-K.-E. (impatiently). Yes, we know—your heart is dead. But that's not business. Have you enough advertisements to fill up the vacant space?

Herr von A. (wandering). Vacant space! What vacant space?

E.-K.-E. (violently). Why, he mocks me! Off with him to the lowest dungeon beneath the castle moat—I should say, publishing office!

Aide-de-Camp. It is already occupied, Your Majesty, with the two gentlemen you sent there ten minutes ago.

E.-K.-E. Well, then, have a further dungeon dug under the one in use, and put this man into it! (Herr von A. utters a piercing shriek, and is removed in a fainting condition by Warders.) And now get the paper out with a blank for the leaders.

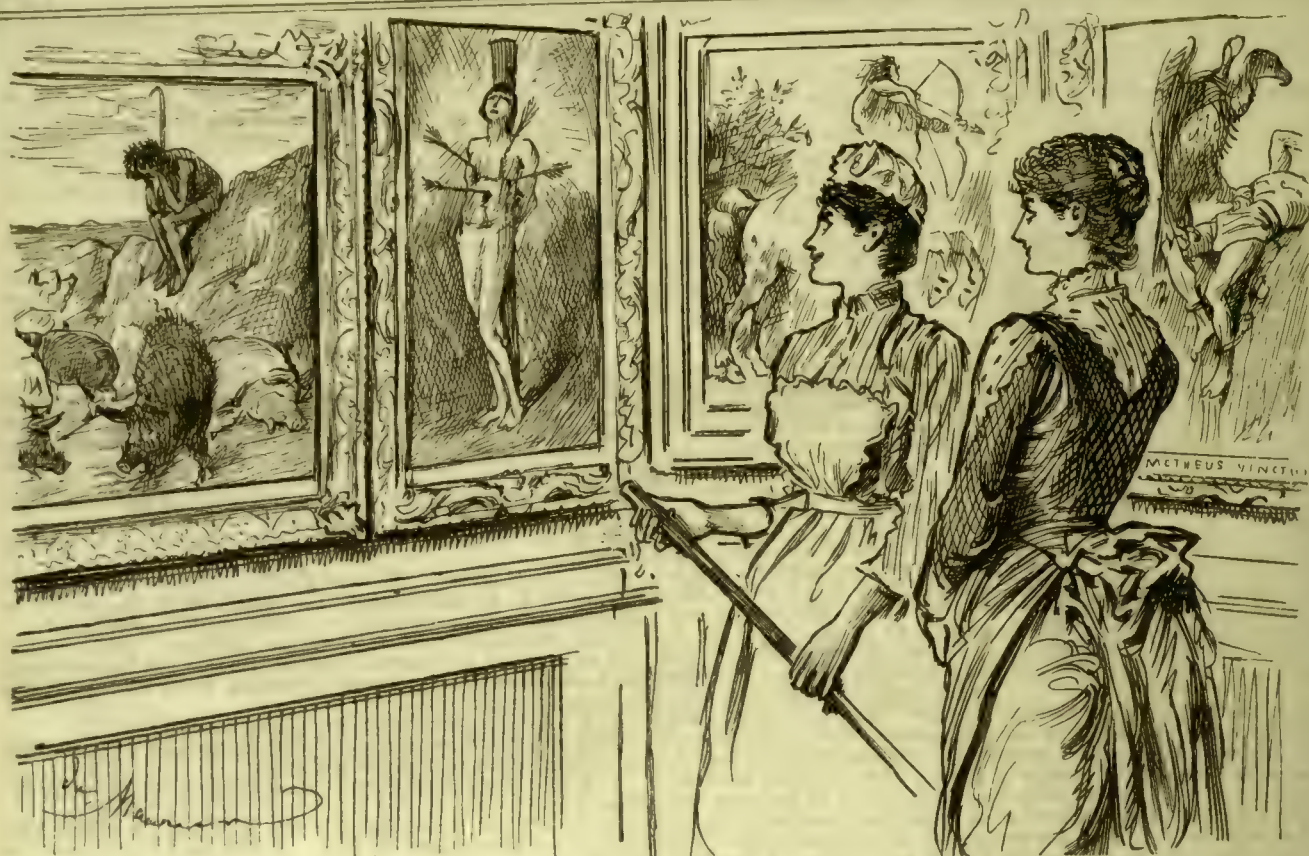
Aide-de-Camp. And if the Public won't buy it? What shall we do then, Sire?

E.-K.-E. (with deadly determination). Why shoot them. (Relaxing his form.) But there, I have had enough of editing for to-day, and I am off to enjoy a little holiday! Put up the shutters when you have done your work. Ta-ta! See you again soon!

[Exit, jauntily, to review half a million of Troops. Curtain.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR.—Immense things are expected of Sir HENRY ISAACS. Of course, his Mayoralty will have to be judged by its fruits. Sir HENRY ISAACS is not a lineal descendant of Sir WALTER SCOTT'S "Isaacs of York," who wasn't ISAACS, but "ISAAC,"—though it is pretty certain that the Lord Mayor Elect bears a strong resemblance to the great Ivanose family.





## THE NEW PICTURE GALLERY.

"BEAUTIFUL THINGS, AREN'T THEY, MARY?"

"YES, MISS! WE'RE SO DELIGHTED DOWN-STAIRS. WE'VE ALWAYS SAID AS WHAT THIS 'OUSE WANTED WAS A NICE COLLECTION OF FAMILY PORTRAITS!"

## "BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR!"

THE Heathen Chinese,  
When he played with BILL NYE,  
Played a hand which we see  
'Twas scarce sapient to try;  
But the game which those two appear  
playing  
Means mutual mischief—and why?

AH SIN was a cheat,  
Little better was BILL;  
But here where we meet  
Wealth encountering Skill,  
At a mad game of Beggar my Neighbour,  
Which deems he may win? And which  
will?

The smile of the one  
Is not childlike and bland,  
And there isn't much fun  
In the player whose hand  
Is dealt out in a fashion which shows that  
This game he does not understand.

Labour flings down his card  
With a force which shows spite;  
Though his luck may seem hard,  
It can hardly be right  
To bring malice or sleight to a game  
Which is not won by malice or sleight.

Sullen Capital, too,  
Has a look in his eye  
Which AH SIN might well view  
In the orbs of BILL NYE,  
When the Chinaman played that "right  
bower,"  
Which WILLIAM perceived with a sigh.

In Trade's fair and square game  
They might both take a hand,  
And with interests the same,  
Did they but understand;  
But this mad game of Beggar my Neighbour  
Brings ruin to them—and their land.

Look at Capital's face!  
There's a look *Punch* can't like.  
Be it Jack against Ace,  
Or Lock-Out against Strike,  
There seems mutual hate in their actions;  
'Tis too much like shark *versus* pike.

Capital—do not rage!  
Labour—don't play the goose!  
Give and take—work for wage.  
If that rule you refuse,  
You will find, when too late, you've been  
playing  
At a game where *both* of you must lose.

THE STRONG MAN LAST WEEK.—There are always sceptics who disbelieve in the story of SAMSON. They appeared in great force—apparently, according to the *Daily Chronicle*, in greater force than SAMSON himself,—at the Aquarium one night last week. The strong man was jeered at, and for a time SAMSON once again found himself among the Philistines and being made a sport of. With great forbearance he did not smite his enemies, and, evidently, did not "bring down the house."

WHAT'S the difference between a friend's hand and a physician's draught?—The latter has to be well shaken before taken; the former is just *vice versa*.

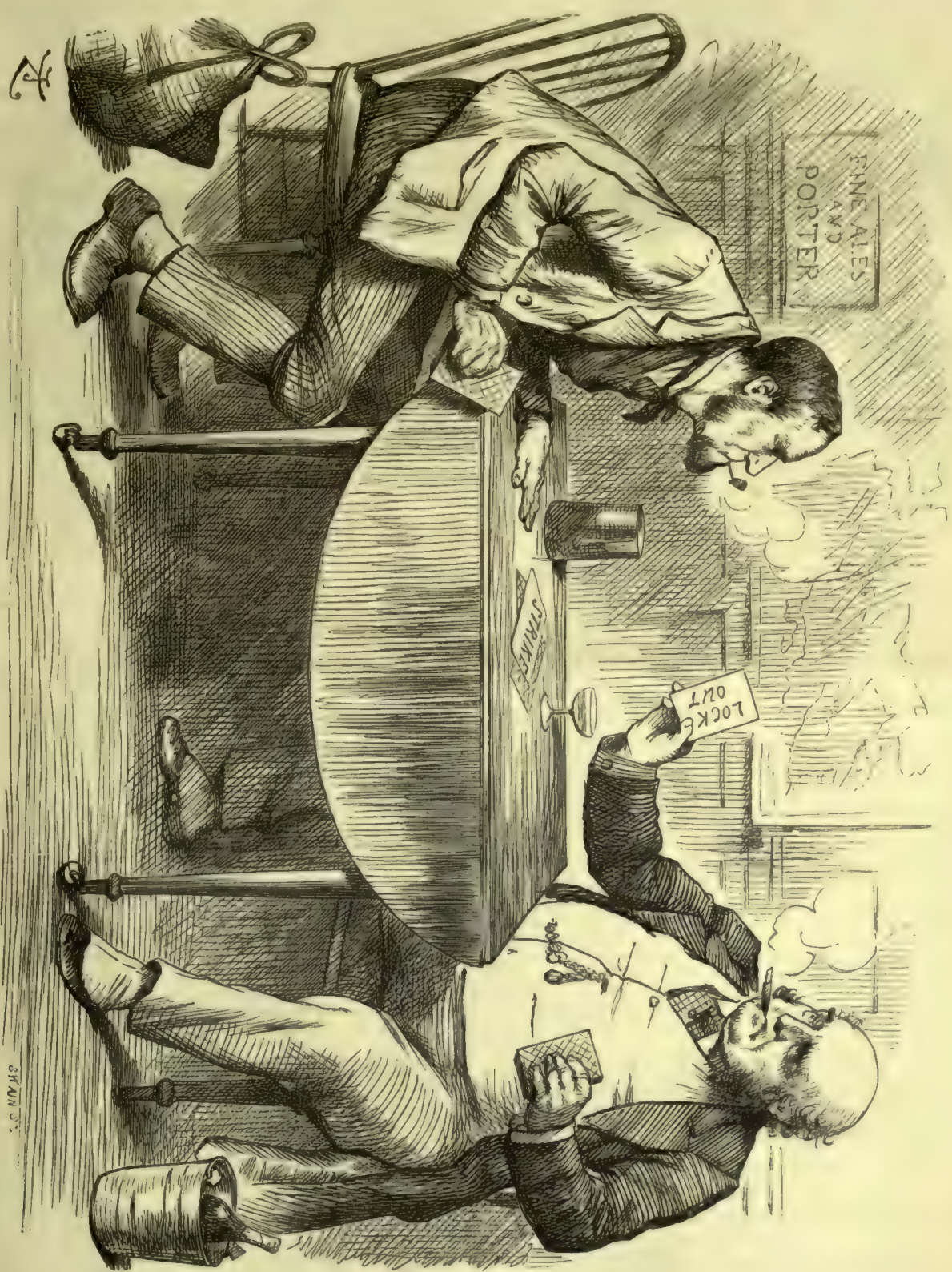
## AN INTERESTING FRAGMENT.

[Scrap from Waste-paper Basket, believed to have been recently in possession of a *Harvardian* Dustman, and blown by a side-wind to our Office.]

NICE place Paris. Nice people, too. They liked my speech in their own native tongue. Find I speak it just as fluently as Italian. Little tired of Italian: shall take up French a bit for practice. Must have object though, in order to give zest to study of language. *La République*,—*c'est la paix!* Quite so. Why shouldn't they have back Alsace-Lorraine? Might help 'em a bit with an article about the Triple Alliance. Should like to keep up my Italian contemporaneously with my French. Bring French and Italian studies together. Think I might upset that randan of Germany, Austria, Italy. *Italia la bella!* "*Que diable va-t-elle faire dans cette galère?*" . . . . . Who shall have article when written? KNOWLES, of the so-called *Nineteenth Century*? HARRIS, of the *Fortnightly*? Under which flag? . . . ha! —flag! Bunting! *Vivent BUNTING and Contemporary!* And to think that this should be the result of my visit to the Parisian Exposition and the Tour Eiffel! One good "Tour" deserves another. *Mem.* Article will pay week's expenses in Paris. *Bien! très bien!* *Heureuse pensée en effet,—ou, en Eiffel.* Getting on with my French. *Je ferai plus pour la paix du monde que BISMARCK et son élève le jeune Empereur d'Allemagne.* *Encore une heureuse pensée,—* sign it with jocose Greek name. HOMER Gracious!

ΔΑΡΕ.





“BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR!”









## THE RIVAL SPORTS.

Huntsman (exercising Hounds, to non-Fox-Preserving Keeper). "UM! YOU CALL PHEASANT-SHOOTING SPORT, DO YOU? WHY, WHAT IS IT? UP GETS A GUINEA,—OFF GOES A PENNY-FARTHING,—AND, IF YOU'RE LUCKY, DOWN COMES TWO-AND-SIX! BAH!"

## A FEAST OF REASON.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE recently suffered a great disappointment, and, in my distress, I write to you. It has been the dearest wish of my heart, for many years, to meet the Editor of *Notes and Queries*, a gentleman, I have been given to understand, absolutely brimming over with information. That wish seemed on the point of realisation, when I received a letter from a friend, inviting me to meet the erudite gentleman at the festive board. I rushed to my desk, where I keep a number of lists of questions that I have prepared to suit any occasion on which (to quote the song) "I may meet him," and looked eagerly through them. I discarded "Queries for an Interview on the top of the Monument," "Ditto for ditto at Mr. SPURGEON'S Tabernacle," "Ditto for ditto at a first night at the Lyceum," "Ditto for ditto in a Turkish Bath," in favour of "Ditto for ditto at a small convivial dinner-party."

Judge of my sorrow when the post brought me a second note from my friend, informing me that, as the best-informed man in the world (as I think I may safely call the Editor of *N. and Q.*) had a previous engagement, our own genial gathering, for the present, must be "off." I am terribly cast down, and, for the moment, all is gloomy about me. That you may judge of the amount of knowledge I proposed to add to my store, I subjoin a list of the questions to which I fondly hoped to obtain answers during the course of what would have been to me a delightful and intellectual meal.

1. Who invented soup; when and where? If the inventor was an Englishman, give his coat-of-arms and pedigree as recorded in the *Heralds' Visitations*.
2. In whose reign was birds'-nest soup introduced into China? What were the other principal events of this Monarch's tenure of Celestial Power?
3. Is it true that *potage à la jardinière* is a favourite dish of DON CARLOS? If it is not, what is the customary diet of the ex-Pretender to the Spanish throne?
4. How is cod-fish prepared in (1) Greenland, (2) Mexico, (3) Turkey in Europe, and some parts of (4) Herne Bay?
5. What are the chief reasons for supposing that *sauce à la Cardinal* was invented by MAZARIN and not RICHELIEU?
6. Were oyster-patties known to the Romans? What would be the chief ingredients of a luncheon-basket intended for discussion in the Second Century by a number of patricians at a classical picnic party? Would the slaves be allowed to partake of the good things;

and, if so, what would be their *pecuniam*, as defined by the laws of JUSTINIAN?

7. What is the origin of the term sweet-bread? Give six illustrations of a similar application of a compound word to describe an article of food.

8. What was the plot of the *Mask* that was being played at Whitehall, when the Merry Monarch knighted Sir Loin of Beef?

9. Trace the history of apple-tart from its invention, until the end of the reign of QUEEN ANNE.

10. What are the reasons *pro* and *con.* for believing or disbelieving that jelly in some shape or form was known to the South-Sea Islanders from the earliest times? Give in support of your contentions, quotations from the works of (1) Captain COOK, (2) Sir WALTER RALEIGH, and (3) VASCO DE GAMA, bearing upon this interesting subject.

11. What do you know about *Meringues à la crème*? Relate the anecdote that connects the name of MARIE ANTOINETTE with this delightful confection.

12. Give a short history of the Game Laws, emphasising the differences that exist between the statutes of (1) England, (2) France, and the (3) Colonies.

13. What were the principal dishes at the Coronation Banquet of GEORGE THE FOURTH? Which of them were entirely free from cheese?

I am still looking forward to meeting the Editor. Should you be so fortunate as to run across him before I do, may I beg of you (as a personal favour) to put the above questions to him, and when obtained send me his replies.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Punch, yours sincerely,

A THIRSTER AFTER KNOWLEDGE DAY AND NIGHT.

## Cur "Loafere" Vocatur?

*Tommius Etonensis ad suum bonum amicum Punchium poeticam mittit Epistolam.*

AUXILIUM mi *Punche* tuum da, candide iudex!  
Et ne crede precor quæ de me *Tempora* dicunt.  
Non ludos cutto quia solus loafere velo;  
Nec nolo parvus cum parvis kickere ballum,  
Sed quod non liko est mixtum scrimige magno  
Meipsum, pedibus cum contentione solutis,  
Pro ballo designatos recipere kickos!  
Hoc *Punche* crede mihi est et fons et origo malorum!





### MUCH TOO DIFFIDENT TO PLEASE!

*Shy but well-meaning Youth (to Elderly Young Lady). "ER—WILL YOU—ER—GIVE ME A DANCE? I WOULDN'T VENTURE TO ASK YOU, BUT THERE'S NOBODY ELSE NOT DANCING!"*

### EXTRACT FROM A CONSCIENTIOUS COUNTY COUNCILMAN'S DIARY.

In the interests of the public, and as a County Councillor, determined to collect evidence about Music-Halls. Told wife so. She asked, "What is there objectionable in Music-Halls?" Couldn't exactly tell her. Replied, "Ventilation—they soon become too hot. All places of amusement ought to be under strict supervision." "In case of fire?" she asked. I replied, "Yes: that among other things." Wife wanted to know if there was good music at the Music-Halls. Told her that this was one object of my visiting them. Our Chairman, Lord ROSEBERRY, very particular about the music being good. She observed, "that she could be of some use in this matter, on account of her musical education, and would like to accompany me." Awkward. Turn it off with jest. "Accompany me? What on? Piano?" Created diversion, and went out for the day. Determined not to return. Wired from City to say "County Council business. Lord ROSEBERRY cannot get on without me." Always bring in ROSEBERRY. Useful. Wife likes idea of my going about with Nobleman. Dined early with SMITHSON, and went to the Little Turk's Head Music-Hall.

8 P.M.—Rather hot. Sixpence entrance, shilling best seats, near the Chairman. Ordered drinks for two, and cigars. Heard the Sisters SQUEELAH in duet and duologue, "Where did you go last Sunday?" SMITHSON roared with laughter. Funny chorus. Everybody joined in, "Where did you go last Sunday? How did you feel on Monday?"

Forget the rest. Had to leave because we were going on elsewhere. SMITHSON sorry to go. As we got near the bar couldn't help remarking (for County Council purposes) some very nicely dressed young persons. SMITHSON whispered to me, "Superior people." Thought so, till they commenced singing choruses pointedly at us, and asking, "Where did you go last Sunday?" Made note for evidence. This must be put down. Must ask where the song is published.

9:30 P.M.—The Imperial Music-Hall. Brilliant. Crowded. Just in time to hear the great SMASH singing, "Click! Click! Click!" Very droll. Capital chorus. Soon learnt it. Made friends with Chairman. Ordered liquors and cigars. "Click! Click! Click! That's the very thing, Take care how you wind up your watch, Or you may break the spring!" Saw acrobats and ventriloquist. Some

### FURS.

[A writer on fashion says that Autumn dresses are being prepared with borders of furs, chinchilla being much in request.]

FASHION bids you wear furs that will fill a  
Fond heart with delight, for full soon  
You'll be charming and *chic* in chinchilla,  
And ravishing quite in racoon.  
Silver fox may be praised, but leave ermine  
For monarchs. Among all the rest,  
I'm sure, dear, I cannot determine  
The fur in which you'll look the best.

You have called your poor poet a dreamer;  
In sooth, dear, he dreams but of thee,  
And he vows you'll look simply "a screamer,"  
When fur-clad, whatever it be.  
While he swears that he gladly would peel skin,  
Could his hide be made handsome by art;  
But alas! he must yield to the seal-skin,  
That can count all the beats of your heart.

### FROM OUR COURT NEWSMAN.

ONE of the funniest things on the Stage at the present moment is the frock-coat worn by Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH (with Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH in it) as *Juffin*, *Aunt Jack's Country Solicitor*. As for the piece, already noticed by one of *Mr. Punch's* young men, its first two Acts are ingeniously constructed, and very amusing, but the last is too outrageously farcical.—Author and Actors both to blame,—though, for all that, Mrs. WOOD, the Inimitable, ought to sing two verses of the comic song, and the comic song ought to have been one written specially for her, and not an ordinary Music-hall ditty, sung by kind permission of Mr. JAMES FAWN. Glad to see that Miss FLORENCE WOOD, the Inimitable's daughter, is playing very nicely in the piece. She is a bright and lively young lady,—quite a Flo' of good spirits. ARTHUR CROLL's head is a master-piece of the making-up art; it quite makes up for anything that is deficient in the part.

### CONTEMPORANEOUS.

"Ovridavós." All papers quote it;  
State "ow 'tis" written, but not "'oo 'tis" wrote it.

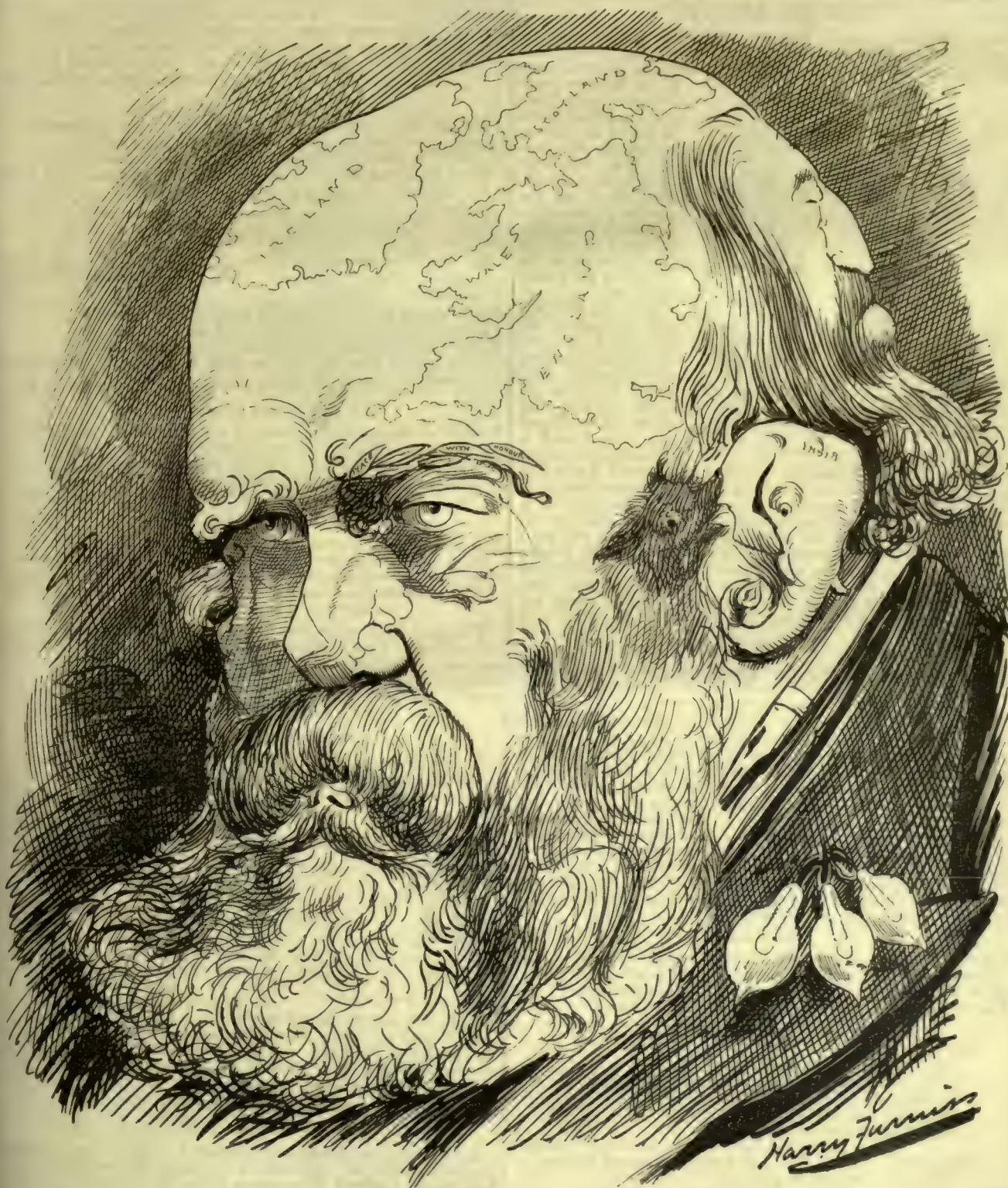
of ventriloquist's dialogue with man up the chimney in questionable taste. Must make a note of this for C. C. purposes. Man up chimney ought to be put down.

10 15 P.M.—The Papillon. Driven here rapidly. Think Manager recognised me. Don't recognise him. SMITHSON getting stupid, laughs at everything, and joins in chorus at wrong times. SMITHSON nearly turned out. Noisy place this. Licence must be refused.

10 45 P.M.—Where are we? Have to shake SMITHSON out of cab. He wakes up, but nearly tumbles down. Says it's the heat. We enter the Merryopolan Music-Hall. Boo'ful girl on pla'form singing. People in hall noisy and rude. Shall 'port circ'stance. Make note. Who's singing? "LITTLE LOTTIE." "What about?" SMITHSON asks. I repeat words of song: "The Canon and the Cockatoo." Very funny. "Polly, Polly, pretty Polly, cocky Cockatoo. Jolly, jolly, ain't it jolly—Here's a how dee do!" Great noise. I ask people to be quiet. Worse row. Lost sight of SMITHSON. See him in distance at bar. Difficulty in getting to him. Place horribly misconducted. What do they mean by shouting "Outside! Outside"? Is it a chorus? . . . . I am outside. So's SMITHSON. Shall report this place. Civil policeman sees us into cab. Drop SMITHSON on the way—that is, I think I've dropped him, as he isn't in cab when I get home. Nearly one o'clock. Go up-stairs, quietly humming "Polly, Polly—Click, click, click—Where did you go last Sunday?" Voice from bedroom says, "I wish you wouldn't make that noise. It's disgraceful!" Perfectly 'gree. "Polly, Polly, click, click"—tune haunts me. Begin to explain through door that I've been visiting Music-Halls in the interests of the morality of London. Voice from pillow says, "Oh, a nice sort of moralist you are! No more of your Lord ROSEBERRIES and County Councils here! You don't go out again without me!" Won't discuss subject now. Lights out.

Next Morning.—Headache. Quite agree with wife. Such places must be under strictest supervision. "You require strict supervision," she says. Get out on condition of coming home very early to take wife to theatre. Called on SMITHSON. He has left town. Shall never be able to visit Music-Halls again. Shall oppose all the licences for Music-Halls to-morrow. "Polly! Polly! Polly!" Can't get it out of my head.





MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 2.

## A DEFINITION.

WHAT is Parliament? A place men may admire, respect, or hate, Where the Electorate's elect orate to the Electorate.

DR. FARRAR'S "BROTHERHOOD."—"Monastic dress isn't much good in the winter," observed Canon WAGSTAFFE to the Arch-deacon of WESTMINSTER. DR. FARRAR requested to be informed

why this was so. "Because," returned the lively Canon, "a monk always feels thoroughly 'cowl'd.'" The Canon exploded, and went off.

FOREWARNED.—A piece entitled *Mahomet* is announced as in rehearsal, with MOUNET-SULLY in the principal part. When produced, M. MOUNET-SULLY and the Manager will have to scrutinise most narrowly the nightly returns, as it is so easy to be deceived by the appearance of a false profit.



## IMPERIAL MEASURES.

VERY pretty Ballet at the Empire, showing the gathering of the Representatives of all Nations at the Paris Exhibition. JOHN BULL and Uncle SAM are on most friendly terms, which is quite pleasant to see, while a party of Scotch youths dance a reel to a tune which is not at all Scotch, but really Monsieur HERVÉ's. The Irish jig is welcomed heartily; but of all the dances, a Lancashire Lad and Lass, who execute a Lancashire clog-dance, gain the success of the entertainment.



Tripping an Imperial Measure.

above-mentioned is the feature of this show, as no doubt it would be in real life, if this youthful couple from Lancashire began dancing it in the grounds of the Exposition. Wouldn't the *sergents de ville* be down on them at once, very naturally concluding that this was only an English adaptation of the forbidden *Cancan*? You can get a first-rate evening's entertainment at the Empire. The Hanlon Voltas, or Hang-on Vaulters, are *de première force*. The GRIFFITHS BROTHERS are still the "safe" men as an attraction, with their wonderful performing donkey, who does everything but speak, and he's not such an ass as to do that. The star of the Empire is in the ascendant.

## MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

## No. X.—DISINTERESTED PASSION.

WHEN a Music-hall Singer does not treat of the tender passion in a rakish and knowing spirit, he is apt to exhibit an unworldliness truly ideal in its noble indifference to all social distinctions. So amiable a tendency deserves encouragement, and Mr. Punch has much pleasure in offering the following little idyl to the notice of any Mammoth Comique who may happen to be in a sentimental mood. It is supposed to be sung by a scion of the nobility, and the *artiste* will accordingly present himself in a brown "billy-cock" hat, a long grey frock-coat, fawn-coloured trousers, white "spats," and primrose, or green, gloves—the recognised attire of a Music-hall aristocrat. A powerful, though not necessarily tuneful, voice is desirable for the adequate rendering of this ditty; any words it is inconvenient to sing, can always be spoken.

## First Verse.

When first I met my MARY ANN, she stood behind a barrow—  
A bower of enchantment spread with many a dainty snack!  
And, as I gazed, I felt my heart transfixed with Cupid's arrow,  
For she opened all her oysters with so fairylike a knack.

## Refrain (throaty, but tender).

She's only a little Plebeian!  
And I'm a Patrician swell!  
But she's as sweet as Aurora, and how I adore her,  
No eloquence ever can tell!  
Only a fried-fish vend-ar!  
Selling her saucers of whilks,

[Almost defiant stress on the word "whilks."  
But, for me, she's as slend-ar—far more true and tend-ar,  
Than if she wore satins and silks!

[The grammar of the last two lines is shaky, but the Lion-Comique must try to put up with that, and, after all, does sincere emotion ever stop to think about grammar? If it does, Music-hall audiences don't—which is the main point.

## Second Verse.

I longed before her little feet to grovel in the gutter:  
I vowed, unless I won her as a wife, 'twould drive me mad!  
Until at last a shy consent I coaxed her lips to utter,  
For she dallied with her Anglo-Dutch, and whispered, "Speak to Dad!"

Refrain—For she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

## Third Verse.

I called upon her sire, and found him lowly born, but brawny,  
A noble type, when sober, of the British Artisan;  
I grasped his honest hand, and didn't mind its being horny:  
"Behold!" I cried, "a suitor for your daughter, MARY ANN!"  
Refrain—Though she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

## Fourth Verse.

"You ask me, Guv'nor, to resign," said he, "my only treasure,  
And so a toff her fickle heart away from me has won!"  
He turned to mask his manly woe behind a pewter measure—  
Then, breathing blessings through the beer, he said: "All right,  
my son! Refrain—If she's only a little Plebeian,  
And you're a Patrician swell"—&c.

## Fifth Verse.

(The Author flatters himself that, in quiet sentiment and homely pathos, he has seldom done anything finer than the two succeeding stanzas.)

Next I sought my noble father in his old ancestral castle,  
And at his gouty foot my love's fond offering I laid—  
A simple gift of shellfish, in a neat brown-paper parcel!  
"Ah, Sir!" I cried, "if you could know, you'd love my little  
maid!" Refrain—True, she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

## Sixth Verse.

Beneath his shaggy eyebrows soon I saw a tear-drop twinkle;  
That artless present overcame his stubborn Norman pride!  
And when I made him taste a whilk, and try a periwinkle,  
His last objections vanished—so she's soon to be my bride!  
Refrain—Ah! she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

## Seventh Verse.

Now Heraldry's a science that I haven't studied much in,  
But I mean to ask the Colledge—if it's not against their rules—  
That three periwinkles proper may be quartered on our 'scutcheon,  
With a whilk regardant, rampant, on an oyster-knife, all gules!  
Refrain—As she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

This little ditty, which has the true, unmistakable ring about it, and will, Mr. Punch believes, touch the hearts of any Music-hall audience, is entirely at the service of any talented *artiste* who will undertake to fit it with an appropriate melody, and sing it in a spirit of becoming seriousness.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

NOT so grand a work as *Marzio's Crucifix* is Mr. MARION CRAWFORD's *Sant' Ilario*, but a powerful Novel, for all that. His Roman life is real life, and the glimpse he gives us of Cardinal ANTONELLI, lightly sketched in with a masterly hand, is appetising. For a finished picture of this remarkable statesman, I must refer to *Roman Candles*, written by, as I think, WILKIE COLLINS's brother—a charming book, first published about a quarter of a century ago. As *Sant' Ilario* is a continuation of *Saracinesca*, so the Author, who has left the future of his two lovers wrapped in uncertainty, probably intends undoing the wrapper, and letting them out to have another run. Certainly, any one will ask at the end of the story, "What will he do with them?" and we "wish there was more of it," to create which effect on the mind of the reader may be the perfection of the art of letter-writing according to Mr. Samuel Weller; but, whether it is equally so of novel-writing, is another matter.



A Paper-Cutter.

## HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

LORD SALISBURY missed an opportunity of doing a graceful act in connection with the settlement of the Great London Strike. If he had offered Cardinal MANNING a Privy Councillorship, he would have done well. It is to be hoped that further mistakes will not be made by offering the LORD MAYOR a Knighthood. It should be a Baronetcy or nothing. That is the usual mark of Royal recognition of success in the City chair. No year of recent times has been better than Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD's. His royal entertainment of the SHAH was in the ordinary course of things; but he struck new ground in the establishment of the Volunteer Equipment Fund, and did the State signal service in bringing the Strike to a happy end. That was a striking conclusion to a splendid year, and we trust we shall soon be in a position to hail Sir Torpedo WHITEHEAD amongst our B. B. K.'s.



## UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMDEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."  
*Le Diable Boiteux.*

## VII.

"TRIMALCHIO has his antitypes to-day,"

Smiled my companion. "Modern orgies pay,

Although Petronian pictures Of vulgar wealth and gloating gourmandise

Might rouse the puling hedonists they please

To self-condemning strictures.

"DIVES at dinner with his chosen guests

Behold!" A long array of low-cut vests

And shirt-fronts snowy-shining

I saw disposed about a festal board.

A marvellous sight is man, or lout or lord,

When dedicate to dining.

Eyes eager, fingers fleet, and pendulous lips! Phœbus when feeding suffered some eclipse

Of dignity and beauty

E'en at Olympian banquet. But to eat

In company is, with the world's élite, A sacred social duty.

These are fulfilling it with zealous zest:

Each straitened soul beneath each spacious vest

Is solemnly concentrated

Upon the *plat* before him, or the glass

From which his gloating gaze should scarcely pass,

Though Egypt's omen entered.

What skeleton can haunt this gorgeous feast?

Wealth of the West and glitter of the East Most sumptuously are mingled.

And he who heads the board? Society's ear

At tales of fraud and furtive fear Now and again hath tingled.

His tale, at least as yet, is unrevealed, Behind that smooth and smiling mask concealed.

His pliant jackal yonder,

He of the wandering eyes and visage pale,

Could, and perchance may yet, unfold a tale Petronian art might ponder.

What know, or guessing, care his gathered guests?

He is "good form" by all the modish tests, At least to chat or wine with.

A man with millions must be *very* bad,

Who is not, though a charlatan or cad, Quite good enough to dine with.

No, his guests know him not, their Sphinxian host.

Not many of his confidence may boast.

If all the world could see us

At Wealth's *symposia*, as in a glass,

'Twould fit with themes for a new *Golden Ass* A modern Apuleius.

"London's young LUCIUS," sneered the Shade, "will meet

A scrutinising glance in every street.

He needs no transformation

Into the obvious *Ass* to point his tale,

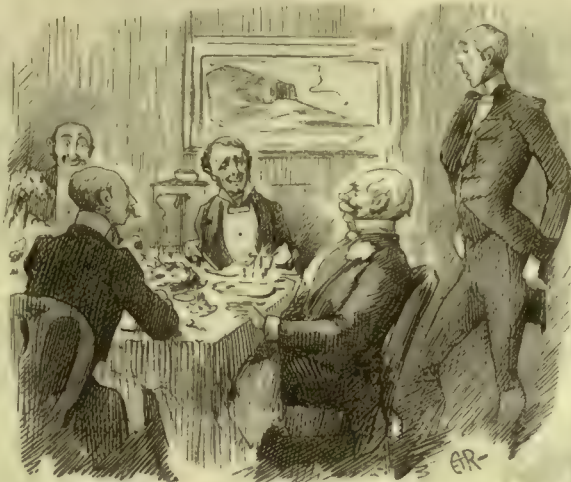
Which, told, might turn e'en polished prurience pale,

And stagger stark sensation.

"TRIMALCHIO knows his guests. The smooth young Lord

Who loves the wines and "weeds" he can't afford;

The doctor subtle, sinister,



But softly smiling, whom no man may plumb,

The potent critic, here discreetly dumb,

The cold, astute ex-Minister;

"All have their places—and their prices—here," [drear,

With the mixed mob of mashers, stiff and

Till wine, wit, song well chosen

Awake the slumbering animal within,

Then comes the cynic laugh, the satyr grin

To lips no longer frozen.

"The true Amphytrion is the Amphytrion With whom one dines." When all the

guests are gone,

Our host and his sleek henchman

Hold curious discourse, which, heard, might throw

Much modern light upon the pregnant *mot*

Of the ironic Frenchman.

"Say, shall we listen? How these *vauriens* scorn

The venal talent and the greed well-born

They fawned upon so lately!

How mock the tastes Boëtian, prurient, dense,

They pander to at such superb expense, And smile on so sedately!"

I hear, and hearing sicken. This, said I, Is modern modish hospitality

Glittering parade *plus* gulling,

Half ostentation, subtle scheming half,

How the coarse *cultus* of the Golden Calf

Man's finer sense is dulling!

Warmer the welcome of the Syrian tent

Than that on which this *parvenu* has spent His calculated dollars.

The host who o'er his guests' dull greed can gloat,

Is but an *Atræus* in claw-hammer coat,

And the last thing in collars.

"Those guests," the Shadow answered, "did you hear [fear,

Their chat as they disperse, you'd deem, I Than their Amphytrion meaner.

They mock the *nouveau riche*, his talk, his taste,

All but his Cook; exult that 'swagger' waste Must leave his coffers leaner.

"Lord LIMPET, puffing at that last cigar,

Whispers to NEWCOME of the 'Nenuphar'

Some toothsome private scandals

Anent 'our modern Midas.' JENKINS jeers

About the fitness of those 'fair large ears'

A stage-Titania handles."

And languid LUCIUS, in the latest cut Of coat and collar? "Nay, our ears may shut

To his sardonic chatter.

Our Golden *Ass*—we call him Gilded Youth—

Is ass all over, and his bray in sooth

Is no important matter."

(To be continued.)

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FOR the first time, in one of the volumes of Messrs. MACMILLAN's excellent re-issue, I have just read CHARLES KINGSLEY's *Plays and Puritans*. It was not by this Essay that KINGSLEY made his reputation as a writer. In it there is nothing fascinating in the style, and not much that any unprejudiced person—which KINGSLEY decidedly was not—with more than a superficial knowledge of the subject, would consider as trustworthy. Then follows his *Life and Times of Sir Walter Raleigh*, sketched with the pen of a rough-and-ready writer strong in graphic power. The volume concludes with an Essay on FROUDE. This perhaps KINGSLEY would not have written nowadays, in the face of recently discovered state-papers and authentic manuscripts which throw quite a new light on history that we have hitherto accepted as Gospel truth. KINGSLEY found that in this outspoken, manly, muscular-Christian style, lay his popularity, and, when it did not come naturally to him, he had to affect it, and the affectation is transparent and wearisome.

What on earth has happened to Mr. F. C. PHILIPS, the author of *As in a Looking-Glass*, that he should give us such an utterly weak, spun-out, stupid bit of a story as *Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship*? The Dean and His Daughter was second to, but a long way after, *As in a Looking-Glass*; and as for the others, *Little Mrs. Murray* was weak, and *Lucy Smith* weaker, and now Mr. Ainslie's *Courtship* is the weakest of all. The story could have been well and dramatically told in twenty pages of a magazine, but he spins two volumes. It is a thorough skipper's novel; and any novel-reader with an hour to spare, and absolutely nothing to do,—I won't say nothing better,—can skip through it very nearly as quickly as I tell the story, which briefly is this. Mr. Ainslie is accepted by Miss Keane; he loses his sight; Miss Keane throws him over, and marries Lord Helsham; Mr. Ainslie commits suicide. Then, in the last two pages, we ascertain that Lord and Lady Helsham's marriage is an unhappy one; that she goes back to her father; and that my Lord takes a "Mlle. STEPHANIE, of the Eden Theatre," out for a drive. *Voilà tout!* Has the hand of F. C. PHILIPS lost its cunning?

Capital number of the *Cornhill Magazine* for October. JAMES PAYN's Commentaries on the characters and incidents of his own Novel, *The Burnt Million*, very amusing; *Mostly Fools*, light and interesting; and *The Hundred Gates* is conceived and written in the true vein of humorous satire.

Most interesting and amusing are Mr. GEORGE AITKEN's two volumes about *Richard Steele*—the DICK STEELE, the scholar, the toping trooper for whom, among the wits and humorists of the past, THACKERAY entertained so strong an affection. The interesting illustrations are reproduced from photographs. They ought to have been STEELE engravings. "Dear PRUE," he writes to his wife, "I have been a little intemperate, and discomposed with it; but I will be very Sober for the future, especially for the sake of the most amiable and most deserving Woman who has made Me Her Happy Slave and Obedient Husband." DICK STEELE's life is summed up in this. BARON DE B.-W.



## TRANSVAAL TRANSFORMATION: OR. THE COLONIAL CINDERELLA.



"There are not wanting those who prognosticate a future for Johannesburg which is positively blinding in its brilliancy. They promise a million inhabitants in five years, an output of gold which shall gild the whole world, a commercial importance threatening the established trade-centres of the old world, and a political and social position second to no city in Africa, North or South."—*Daily News on the Gold discovery in the Transvaal.*

CINDERELLA sings:—

O HILLS, O valley! I rise, I rally. A radiant squadron of golden birds  
Of aureate feather all flock together in vision bright, which my soul engirds.  
I who was down now wear a gown of lustre not to be limned in words.

SWINBURNE sweet poet, you did not know it, when singing lately in words of flame  
Of South Coast splendour in tropes so tender, or else I'm sure you'd have changed the

Of your poem new, and have told—'tis true!  
—South Afric's title to flaming fame.

O goodness gracious! is it veracious, this tale of Ophir the New that's told?  
At Treasure Island I now may smile, and say STEVENSON'S fancy was brave and bold.

But at this minute he is not in it with Transvaal Truth and my Tale of Gold.

My Golden Treasure I'll delve at leisure, but for the moment I'm mad with joy;  
I'm all a-flutter, I scarce can utter the thoughts that fill me. My gold-decoy  
Will draw all mortals to my new portals, I'll witch the rich, and the poor employ.

O RIDER HAGGARD, your wit was laggard; yea, even yours, I am sore afraid:  
Your great romances may fill man's fancies, but I am as real as Truth, or Trade,  
And I you'll see am dark Afric's She, the real, "She who must be obeyed!"

Miss Kilmansegg with her Golden Leg, was a poor attraction compared with Me.

My Fairy Godmother is Gold! No other will mortal look at when her they see.

I'm CINDERELLA, but not prunella, or vair, or glass shall my slippers be.





### "SERMONS IN STONES."

*Tourist (of an inquiring and antiquarian turn).* "NOW I SUPPOSE, FARMER, THAT LARGE CAIRN OF STONES HAS SOME HISTORY?"

*Highland Farmer.* "OOH, AYE, THAT BUIG O' STANES HAS A GRAN' HISTORY WHATEVER!"

*Tourist (eagerly).* "INDEED! I SHOULD LIKE TO—WHAT IS THE LEGEND—?"

*Farmer.* "JUST A GRAN' HISTORY!" (*Solemnly.*) "IT TOOK A' MA CAIRTS FULL AND HORSES SAX MONTHS TO GATHER THEM AFF THE LAND AND PIT THEM THER-R-RE!!"

"Dem Golden Slippers" will draw all trippers;  
look at them shining upon my feet  
In aureate glory! My wondrous story will  
fly the world round than light more fleet,  
And very shortly, all brave and courtly,  
princes galore at my throne will meet.

My sisters jealous will puff like bellows their  
swarthy cheeks at my golden luck.

"All things that glitter not gold?" They're  
bitter because a gold-field they have not  
struck.

Ho! sound the tabor! Flock hither, Labour!  
Fairy Godmother, you are a duck!

[*Left pirouetting.*]

LEEDS FESTIVAL.—So great has been the success of Dr. MACKENZIE'S "*Pibroch*," written for SENOR SARASATE, that for next year the same composer has been commissioned to write an Oratorio for the Bagpipes only. The news has already got wind. Miss MAGGIE MACINTYRE has also been Macintyrelly successful at Leeds. Scots wha hae! Hurrah for the "Two Macs!"

"TRUTH WILL OUT."—So Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD commenced life as a bagman! All honour to him. We never suspected it. Curious that his brethren of the road, who recently presented him with a testimonial, should have waited till the close of his Mayoralty to let the cat out of the bag.

SUGGESTION FOR THE D. T.—Another objectionable use of Tobacco:—"Chew quoque."

### FORTHCOMING NOVELTY.

WE understand that arrangements are already made for the serious Opera by Messrs. SULBERT and GILLIVAN. The title of the piece has not as yet been settled. It is not improbable that it may be called *The Prince of Padua; or, The Sexton and the Suicide*; but at the last moment, or any other moment, for the matter of that, this may be changed.

The story is briefly as follows:—The young *Prince of Padua*, a youth of scholarly tastes and melancholy temperament, is much grieved and distressed by the hasty marriage of his mother, a widow, with the brother of her late husband, who had met his death under exceptionally suspicious circumstances. The one brother was, in point of fact, poisoned by the other, for the very purpose of succeeding to his throne and wife. The murder is revealed to the Prince, his son, by a Scotch relation, gifted with second sight. He immediately determines to revenge his father's death, and in order to accomplish this end with more certainty and safety to himself, he feigns idiocy. Among other ingenious devices for bringing home the crime to the guilty person, he hits upon the following plan. The murder having been committed by means of a well-known anæsthetic, administered aurally during an after-dinner nap, the Prince takes advantage of an evening party at the Palace to get up a charade—the word chosen being thus divided—*Clo'-Reform*. The climax of the scene, when the convicted assassin, suddenly guessing the

charade, shrieks out, "Chloroform!" and then goes into hysterics, is one of the most highly-wrought situations in the piece. We need hardly remark on the splendid opportunity for a grand finale which the situation affords.

At a later stage of the drama, the Prince, who has been sent abroad on diplomatic business by his step-father, returns unexpectedly, only to find that the lovely *Lady Dulcinea*, to whom he had been betrothed, has committed suicide by drowning. At this point the Village Sexton first appears. This part was originally intended for Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH. His humorous business (with a song), while engaged in digging a grave for the departed lady, would have afforded this eminent comedian a magnificent opportunity for the display of his peculiar talent.

The precise incidents which bring about the *dénouement* have not finally been determined on, but it is understood that they will include the death of almost all the leading characters in the drama. The opera is in rehearsal. GILLIVAN has already composed the first four bars of the opening song, which we have been permitted to hear, and, without betraying a confidence, we may just whisper to the music-loving public that the new work will probably be the popular composer's *chef d'œuvre*. The objection raised by one timid friend of the Management that portions of the plot too nearly resemble the incidents of a Shakspearian Play, has very properly been dismissed as frivolous, and the greatest success is anticipated for the forthcoming novelty.





### THE LATEST STRIKE.

FOR JUST A QUARTER OF AN HOUR'S ROMP BETWEEN BATH AND BEDTIME.

### HOW WE STRUCK AT OUR SCHOOL.

(By a Boy Burns.)

**Monday.**—Great indignation meeting in the Jimnasium. Harrangd the chaps on the iniquitous sistim of Impots, and the tirror of Iregular Virbs. All the fellows inthusiastic—except that young sneak FOOTLER. Organising unanimously resolved on. Donbs wanting to know *how* you organised. Told him not to bother *me*, but *do* it. Must be firm with chaps like DOBBS.

**Tuesday.**—Matturing plans. Our numbers rapidly incresing. Swore in two dayborders, in the box-room, over crossed pocket-knives and a scull tobacco-pouch one of the fellows had. Drew up Ultimatom with POTT Major. Our Demands are: (1) No corpral punishment, except on the hand. (*There isn't any at our School, but MORTERBORD might take it into his head to do it at any time, so we put it in.*)

(2) Reduced hours; no class to last over twenty minutes.

(3) No out of bounds; all games henceforth to be opshinal.

(4) Abbolition of EUKLID, Iregular Virbs, and Evening Prep.

(5) Better qualaty of Grub.

(6) Dismissle of GIGLAMPS and SPOONER. (*The housemasters—both beasts.*)

(7) Both sides to return to work as usual after tirmination of Strike, without ill-feling on *either* part.



"Maxima debetur pueris."

That was all the grevances we could remember, but we reserved power to add to the number, if nesessery.

**Wednesday.**—Read Ultimatom to the chaps. All thought it cappatal, except old DUMPS, who said "we should never get it." Told him he was a funk. One of the dayborders brought us a flag he had painted on glassed calaco, with the motto, "Death to Tirants! No Parsing!" A half holiday, so we could plot without attracting attention.

**Thursday.**—Posted inflammatry proklamation on blackbord where old MORTERBORD could see it. Thought we heard him coming, and tore it down. Felt we were not ripe yet for open Revilution. At evening prep. GASSITER Minor—like the young snipe he is!—called for "Three Cheers for Libaty!" and got kept in

by GIGLAMPS. How long will such outridges go on? Discontent general. Settled in the dormitries to go out after breakfast to-morrow.

**Friday.**—We have done it, all except a few blacklegs, like FOOTLER. Told off party to watch FOOTLER, and picket him—not too hard, unless he is obstinit. Marched in percasshun, with baners, round the town. Much sympathy from the plie and poppulus. Mass meeting outside tuckshop. Saw a fellow taking down all I said in a book, and thought he ment sneaking, but he was only reporting it for a London newspaper, which I don't so much mind. Slept pretty much where we could. One of the dayborders asked me home with him, and I was made pretty comfortable. His peple very respectful to me. Told them that I would sooner die than give in now!

**Saturday.**—More marching round. Some of the cads in the town asked to join us, and we let them, as they are too big to fight. Told them how we were made to do parsing and irregular virbs, and they were most indignant. Go round to other schools, to pursuade the fellows to come out. I believe they would have, too, if they hadn't seen the cads. Tell a chap they call "BLACK JOE" that we'd rather he and his friends didn't come round with us. He says they're going to see us through with it. Told him if I let them stay, I should expect strict dissipline. I hate the grin some cads have. Back to MORTERBORD's to bring out all the black-legs; deminstration in front of school-gates. Think MORTERBORD might come out and meet me, as man to man, in a parley—I hung out a white flag! Believe he's skulking in the schoolroom. Our skirmishers have siezed FOOTLER as a hostidge. Tell BLACK JOE that, if anyone is to kick FOOTLER, I prefer to do it myself. He says he'll kick *me* if he has any of my jaw. If only he was a size smaller! FOOTLER is blubbing—says he believes both his shins are broken. These cads do haek hard. . . . This is too bad! BLACK JOE, and a fellow he calls "LARRIKIN BILL" and some more, are shying stones at the windows! This will probaly delay a pieceable settlement with old MORTERBORD. BLACK JOE says "we haven't half pluck, and he and his mates will break into the school for us, and give the head-master a rare doing." Can't help seeing this *must* aliunate poppular sympathy with our cause. And Mother MORTERBORD and the kids too! I tell them we mean to strike like gentlemen, not cads, and we set our faces against violence. They only say "they'll smash our faces in if we don't take care," and go on shying. All the windows are smashed now—no more pocket-money for us this half! Hold a Council of War with the other fellows. We all agree that this sort of thing must be stopped. Ask BLACK JOE and his mates, quietly, how much they'll take to go away. They have taken all our watches, and knives, and pencil-cases, and every bit of money we had, and then gone off grumbling! Draw lots who shall go in and tell old MORTERBORD we are willing to listen to any propositions he may have to make. Glad old TWITTERS drew it, and not me!

**Saturday Night.**—Strike over. Agreed to refer justice of our demands to Committee of Arbatration, composed of fellows' parents. The ringleaders to submit to corporal punishment—not on the hand, which shows how corect my fourbodings were. All quiet now—except TWITTERS, who is snivelling. MORTERBORD took him first, certinly, but I don't believe he got it any hotter than me, and I didn't snivel—much. All the chaps in a bait with me—say I let them in for this! Ungrateful sneaks! Catch me sticking up for them another time, that's all!

**PROPHET AND PROFIT.**—MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH seems to have out the Savely and gone in for a musical entertainment round the country, which is most successful, as long ago we predicted it would be. No one heard us predict it, but we did. The entertainment must be an inexpensive, jog-trot, quiet kind of travelling-circus affair; a one-horse show, with a little "G. G." in it. When "Gee-Gee" makes "a pony" a night as his profit in the country, let him remember our prophet in London.

"*THE Day will Come*" is Miss BRADDON's new novel. From what we hear, its second title should be, *The Book will Go*. Our "Baron DE BOOK-WORMS" must see to this.

"O RARE 'BEN'!"—MADDISON MORTON's at the Haymarket. Matinée to-day.



## A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

THE best way of seeing the country, if you've anything like good weather, is to hire a sturdy Devonshire-trained horse, quite safe, and—as sound as you can get him. With a waterproof strapped on to the saddle, you can defy the elements to a certain extent,—though



Anne Trudger.

*Hints for Visitors.*—You can't do better than expend one penny in *Twiss's Pocket Guide*, in which the fares of hack conveyances of all sorts are given, the distances to all the principal places, and the excellent bye-laws regulating the conduct of the fly-men, who, if you're not prepared for them with a thorough knowledge of this handy volume, will impose upon the stranger's ignorance to any extent, and with a profession of the most engaging civility.

MISS BRONDESLEY is in raptures about her particular old donkey-woman, ANNE TRUDGER. Miss BRONDESLEY, after the first few days of walking and climbing, subsided into one of those bath-chairs drawn by a donkey and guided by ANNE TRUDGER. Seated in this, she makes triumphal progresses everywhere, laughing, nodding, waving the miniature pocket-handkerchief, and accompanied by a troupe of merry little COOKIES, generally enlivening the walk with smatches of melody which they have picked up from the Mysterious Minstrels, or from the black man in the Punch-and-Judy Show, and frequently by *Our Own Mrs. Cook* herself, in another similar chariot, with the smallest COOKY, sitting jubilantly astride the donkey as postilion, and at first making his mother very anxious for his safety, until she is convinced of his ability to hold on by the donkey's collar.

"I eat very little here," observes Miss BRONDESLEY, confidentially, to ANNE TRUDGER. "I think I want more exercise."

"Lor bless you, Miss, you don't want no more exercise than you takes with me," says ANNE TRUDGER, treating the case from not an entirely disinterested point of view.

"But I don't go climbing and walking, and all that sort of thing, you know," says Miss BRONDESLEY, playfully laughing.

"And you don't want to do it," replies ANNE TRUDGER, who has all the instincts of a courtier, if ever woman had.

"Oh!" exclaims Miss BRONDESLEY, "but I am not growing any thinner from eating so little."

"Ay coorse not, Miss," argues ANNE TRUDGER. Then she adds, decisively, "It's the air that's a nourishing of you. That's what it is," she repeats, as if confirming this opinion beyond all chance of dispute; "it's the air that's a nourishing of you."

Many of the donkey-chair proprietors, who are generally the drivers, reside in their neat cottages with considerable amount of garden, about a mile out of the town, at a place called Hele, at the foot of Hillsborough, or Hele's-borough. Though these donkey-chair people are a well-to-do and respectable class, you will generally find them "down at Hele."



People "down at Hele."

MRS. R.'s. METEOROLOGY.—She is sadly afraid that very much mischief has lately been done by the equally-noxious gales.

## THE DUTCH DOCTOR.

[An ingenious Dutchman has invented an Automatic Doctor, which, after putting a penny into slots labelled with the names of various organs, supplies the public with appropriate medicines.]

PUT a penny in the slot, and, no matter what you've got, Be it measles, gout, or jaundice, here are pretty little pills; Here's the Automatic Doctor, of cheap drugs a skilled concoctor, And he'll cure you for that trifle of all human aches and ills.

Is it liver, there's the place; just a penny cures your case; For no sooner has it entered than medicaments come out. You can get a pill or potion, plaster, ointment, draught or lotion; For the doctor, says the Dutchman, knows right well what he's about.

If you feel your nerve is gone, here's a tincture gives you tone. All the apertures are labelled after organs we possess; 'Tis a beautiful idea, you can find a panacea For all ailments for a penny, when a little knob you press.

You need call no doctor in for your heart, or spleen, or skin; Here are economic portions of all medicines for the sick: You can shirk a consultation, which oft causes perturbation; Just decide what organ's ailing—the machine can do the trick.

If you cannot sleep at night, here's a draught will put you right, You can cope with indigestion at this little copper fee; If you're "chippy" in the morning, after rules of diet scorned, You can purchase for a penny what will rival "S. and B."

But be sure to bear in mind what's the matter, or you'll find That you're treating the wrong organ, and that's not precisely fun; While your *Punch* will bet a tanner that you'll have to go to JENNER To repair the playful mischief the automaton has done.

## ECCENTRIC ART REVIVAL.

THE humorous monastic "carvers and sculptors" in Mediæval times used to amuse themselves and their brethren by "making faces," in the wood and stone of our ancient churches and cathedrals. Whether nowadays this mediæval example should be followed, and its scope developed so as to admit of general application, is a question which Mr. HANLEY, the sculptor of "the Corbel caricatures at Chester Cathedral," recently mentioned in the *Times*, seems to have settled in the affirmative. Mr. HANLEY has represented Mr. GLADSTONE, armed with a long crowbar, trying to upset the Church, which Lord BEACONSFIELD, that guileless child of Israel, is endeavouring to prop up.

Of course, were there any chance of such representations becoming objects of an idolatrous worship to Primrose-Leaguers, faculties would at once be applied for, in order to have these comic images defaced or removed. But as this is not likely, where is the line to be drawn? May we look forward to a comic Liberal Cathedral, in which the sculptured heads will be all caricatures of Tory opponents, beginning with Lord SALISBURY, who would make an excellent corbel, as would also the HOME SECRETARY, ARTHUR BALFOUR, and Sir RICHARD TEMPLE. We fancy the Tory Cathedral would have the best of it, their sculptor having such heads to deal with as those of Messrs. BIGGAR, LABOUCHERE, BRADLAUGH, three beautiful subjects, not to mention the G. O. M. himself, G. O. M. Junior M.P. for Leeds, JOHN MORLEY in a cap of liberty, and last but not least, Sir W. VERNON HARCOURT. The heads of Liberal Unionists could be executed by sculptors of both parties, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with his eyeglass would be invaluable on many a corbel. In a Church and Stage Cathedral, we should expect to find among several very comic corbel faces, specially those of Rev. STUART HEADLAM and Mr. EDWARD TERRY spouting at the Church Congress, where, both as Vestryman, Churchwarden and actor, he seems, being on his trial, to have acquitted himself uncommonly well.

AN EXCEPTION.—Although, from time to time complaints of immorality and indecency have been urged against the Stage and Music-Halls, who has ever heard one word against a Circus Entertainment? Isn't this form of amusement the very one to which children in the holidays are most attracted? They go there for pure amusement. Adapting DUCKROW's celebrated speech, purists might recommend everyone to "cut the Music-Halls, and come to the 'osses."

NEW Spelling of Name of well-known Common Councillor much insisted in Sewerage and in Music-hall morality:—THE MUCK DOUGALL.





## INFELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

*Mr. Plumpington.* "A—YES! I WENT TO NUREMBERG ON BUSINESS, YOU KNOW, AND LEFT MY WIFE IN LONDON! I THOUGHT THE JOURNEY MIGHT BE TOO MUCH FOR HER!"

*Tommy.* "AH, I SEE. 'THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET—THIS LITTLE PIG STAYED AT HOME!'"

## ORPHEUS LULLS CERBERUS.

(Modern Teutonic Version.)

"Cerberus barked a little, and stirred himself; but, when I quickly struck my lyre, he was at once charmed to silence by the melody."—*LUCIA'S Menippus.*

"'Tis sweet to hear the honest watch-log bark."

Well, that depends, my truly British BYRON. The triple-headed one is yelping. Hark! That will not suit the Man of Blood and Iron.

To keep a watch-dog, and to bark oneself, Is looked upon as quite the height of folly; [Guelph,

Perhaps—in that queer kingdom of the At present watched by my sagacious SOLLY. But here—well, Cerberus serves us best when napping—

I cannot have too much promiscuous yapping.

Good dog, and useful!—under due control.

An obvious "leader," or obtrusive muzzle Would hardly do. No, I must seek my goal By other paths that duller wits might puzzle. [here;

MONRO's frank mandate would not suit us To nab this dog would beat the average "Bobby;"

But I'll make shift to catch him—by the ear;

Lyre-thrumming, *à la* Orpheus, is my He and Apollo at the art might whip us, But—I'm as good a mimic as Menippus.

My own Eurydice.—I call her *Pax*.— I must secure, and mean to, at all hazards.

To soothe the triple heads my powers will tax;

I'd like to smite the monster "o'er the mazzards,"

As SHAKESPEARE says, but that will hardly do; They might resent it, and begin to wrangle.

No. I will try the charm of tootle-too, Likewise the subtle spell of twingle-twangle. [Orpheus,

And when I've patly played my part as Cerberus will soon be in the arms of Morpheus.

Two heads of him at least; as for the third, With that I have a private understanding.

That "OUTIDANOS," (he is most absurd), Fancies his skill at Cerberus-commanding;

Thinks he's a better Orpheus, far, than I: He may be—upon trees and (British) cattle;

But I should like to see the sophist try To soothe this creature; there would be a battle!

He'd soon be in the state—oh, *absit omen!*— Of him who angered those wild Thracian women.

He subtle and sagacious "OUTIS"? Nay, He's much more like a purblind Polyphemus,

Flinging big rocks about in his wild way. He may out-chat, but he can't out-scheme us.

Yes, I must keep my own dear Cerberus calm. My policy's not mad, but metamorphic.

*Tum-tum!* That falls upon his ears like balm *Twang-twang!* I think that strain is truly Orphic.

He thinks I'm really Orpheus and no stranger, And whilst he's in a drowse, there's little danger. [Left twangling.

## A LATE LOVE-SONG.

For me alone!

I know not why it should be so, She loves me—will not let me go; Yet I am—I will own it—slow, And round the waist inclined to grow. Yet glances she will at me throw, Which make my heart with rapture glow, And this is too absurd you know. The great world passing to and fro Was fain to leave her on the shelf. Whatso? She keeps her sacred self For me alone!

For me alone!

She is not fair to outward view; Her loveliness I never knew Until the girls were getting few Who took my vows *au sérieux*. And, fancy to affection true, Proceeded lavish to endue With every grace the pallid shrew, Who, like Diana, will pursue The heart, though not without an "E." And fixes her affections free On me alone!

For me alone! She will not brook Trim parlour-maid or comely cook; She shepherds me with shortest crook, And sees in my austere look Things that one reads in yellow-book. I should not mourn if she forsook This strain'd fidelity, and took Herself awhile to other scenes; Though well—though very well—she means, She grapples me with steely hook; Ah! would she leave our ingle-nook To me alone!





ORPHEUS-BISMARCK LULLS CERBERUS TO SLEEP.









### "BROTHERHOOD" PROSPECTS.

*The Rev. Quiverful (watching his Daughters at play). "BY THE WAY, MARIA, WHY DON'T YOU ASK YOUNG BROTHER ANSELMUS TO THE HOUSE SOMETIMES? HE'S SUCH A NICE MAN!"*

*Mrs. Q. "WHAT'S THE GOOD? HE HAS TAKEN VOWS OF CELIBACY!"*

*The Rev. Q. "ONLY FOR A YEAR, MY LOVE,—OF WHICH SIX MONTHS HAVE ALREADY EXPIRED!"*

### THE LIBERTIES OF LICENCE.

THE Committee of the London County Council again met at the Surrey Sessions House, Newington Causeway, yesterday, to hear applications for licences from the proprietors of out-door shows and street amusements; and the proceedings, owing to the persistent opposition of one or two members of the Committee, were of the usual lively character, and excited a considerable amount of local interest. The first case taken was that of Mr. MUGGINS, the proprietor of an itinerant Punch-and-Judy Show.

MR. NOLAND, in explanation, said that his client, the applicant, had, since he last came before the Committee, provided, as directed, fresh exit from his show in case of fire, and trusted that his licence would be renewed.

MR. McMUCHADOO rose and said, apart from all considerations of public safety, he strongly objected to the character of the exhibition altogether, as highly improper, degrading to public morality, and subversive of all regard and respect for law and order in the popular mind of the audiences who assembled to witness it. What was Punch? He was represented as a ferocious and bloodthirsty, gin-voiced villain, armed with a huge rolling-pin, with which he murdered, in turns, his wife, his friends, and the merest casual acquaintances who dropped in to see him.

A Butcher Boy, who said he frequently attended the performances, here observed that he thought it "a jolly good lark"—a remark which elicited a burst of prolonged cheering from the public in the Sessions House.

*The Chairman (excitedly).* If there is any further grossly indecent manifestation of this description, I'll have the Court cleared, and the entire audience thrown bodily out of window at once.

The Proprietor urged that Punch only knocked people about in a jovial, good-natured sort of way. Of course his ideas and those of the Committee might differ as to the meaning of jovial and good-natured. (*Laughter.*)

MR. McMUCHADOO said that was evident. He objected strongly, too, to the Beadle, as the representative of Authority, being knocked on the head together with the common crowd. It seemed to him that in this there was a covert attack on the County Council itself. But his complaints did not end here. On several

occasions on which he, in the discharge of his duty, had listened to the entertainment, he had noticed a song of a highly improper and suggestive character put into the mouth of a clown. What had the proprietor to say in defence of that song?

The Proprietor said he saw nothing in the song whatever. It was only one verse taken from an old nigger song book.

*Mr. McMuchadoo (to the Proprietor).* I happen to have taken it down, and I ask you whether the following words are fit to be uttered before a mixed audience of both sexes in the public thoroughfares (*reading*):—

"Lubly ROSA, SAMBO come,  
Don't you hear de banjo, tum, tum, tum.  
Someone in de copper wid Jo!"

*The Proprietor.* Well, I don't see what you've got to object to in that.

*Mr. McMuchadoo.* "Got to object to?" Why, the whole thing is most suggestive. Who is in the copper with Jo? It is open to anyone to infer that it may be the ROSA already mentioned, and that I consider a highly improper inference.

The Proprietor said the word should be altered to "no-one" in the copper with Jo. It would serve his purpose equally well, if it would suit the views of the Committee.

MR. McMUCHADOO said he thought the change smacked of subterfuge, but that the Committee would take it into consideration when discussing the matter presently. But he had still grave objections to make. It was bad enough to lower the general moral standard by the introduction of such features into an entertainment. What had he to say to bringing the Devil on the scene? Was not that a distinct attempt to tamper with public faith, as well as public morals?

The Proprietor said he certainly did not see it in that light. The Devil was only introduced as a sort of comic Bogey, as an appropriate finish to the whole affair. To take it in a serious light was, indeed, stretching a point. Why, to show the jocular vein in which the whole entertainment was conceived, Punch brought down the Curtain, so to speak, by twirling the Devil about on the top of his stick.

*Mr. McMuchadoo.* Yes, and I consider such a termination eminently horrible and theologically shocking.

The Committee then retired to consider their decision. In less than three minutes they returned, when the Chairman announced that they had decided on recommending the Council not to renew the licence. The Proprietor's application was, therefore, refused. The announcement was received with signs of consternation by an angry and threatening crowd, who, however, on receiving an assurance that there would be an appeal on the matter coming up for consideration before the whole Council, with "MR. ROSEBERRY" in the chair, when it was expected that the narrow and bigoted action hitherto followed by this Committee in this and other cases would be signally reversed, quietly separated, and the proceedings terminated.

QUITE PLAYFUL.—"A SUFFERER" writes,—*"Sir, I have a riddle to ask you. At Toole's Theatre a piece was produced on Monday last which taxed my patience to the utmost. It was adapted from the French. No doubt in the original it was full of risqué situations, and certainly, even after submission to the Licensor, it was still far from lacking suggestiveness. Well, it was very long, and very dull, and not too well played. And yet, under the title of The Bungalow, it was acted, and is still being acted (so far as I know), at Toole's Theatre. Now for the riddle that has been puzzling me ever since I saw the piece. Given the theatre and the play, why was the one used for the other? Do you give it up? So do I!—unless the joke was in the title—The Bungle O!"*

VERY SMART AND UP TO DATE.—We see advertised a new work by HAWLEY SMART, entitled, *Without Love or Licence*. Probably *à propos* of the Music-hall County Council question. If so, it should be announced as by MUSIC-HAWLEY SMART.

MR. SHARPER always dealt himself a good hand of trumps. Subsequently suspicions were aroused as to his not playing fairly. "Ah," observed a considerable loser at cards, "that accounts for a good deal."





### DRAMATIC CONTRAST.

*Portrait of Music-hall Proprietor (any time during the year except September, listening to Lionne Comique Songstress).*

"SHE'LL DO! RATHER SPICY! SONG AND DANCE! HA! HA! BY JOVE! THAT'LL FETCH 'EM! WHAT'S THE GOOD OF HAVING A LICENCE IF YOU DON'T TAKE A LITTLE NOW AND THEN!"

*Portrait of the Same on Licensing Day, before the Licensing Committee of the County Council.*

*Counsel (for the Licence).* "MY CLIENT AGREES THAT THE SONG AND DANCE WAS OF A MOST OBJECTIONABLE CHARACTER, AND THAT IMMEDIATELY HE HEARD IT HE FORBODE THE LIONNE COMIQUE SONGSTRESS EVER TO SING IT AGAIN, ON PAIN OF DISMISSAL." [*Licence renewed.*]

### FROM PARIS TO LONDON.

*(Comparison of Theatricals, with a Suggestion for "The Middleman.")*

THERE yet may be some things "which are managed better in France," but certainly theatres are not of the number. Except the Grand Opéra, there is not a comfortable theatre in Paris,—not even the Français; and, as to scenic effect, go where you will, it would be difficult to find the spectacle of Drury Lane, the Lyceum and the Adelphi equalled, still less excelled. Again, the way in which a comedy is placed on the stage of the Gymnase would not be tolerated at any one of our Comedy theatres.

And then the French *ingénues*! Take the best representative of the type, whom, as the Standard-bearer in the song says of "the Lady of his love"—"I will not name," and what a mass of affectation she is,—how coarsely painted, how artificial! As an example of what they cannot do better in Paris, I would instance the two young girls in *The Middleman* at the Shaftesbury. For simplicity of "make-up," for gentle pathos and sprightly humour, commend me to Miss MAUD MILLET for the first two, and to Miss ANNIE HUGHES for all three combined. Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES seems to have been unconsciously thinking of *Esther* and *Polly Eccles*,—though I doubt if he had a *Caste* in his mind's eye, while scheming out this really well-conceived and admirably-written drama,—when he designed these characters, and assigned to one of them the officer lover, and to the other the common artisan. But, be that as it may, here are two *ingénues*, two young middle-class girls, possessing some educational and social advantages, perfectly played by two young actresses without the over-Indian-ink'd, belladonna'd "lovely black eyes," without such adventitious aids to beauty as pink ears, coloured eyelids, powdered faces, pearl-whitened arms and hands, and rose-pinked nails, without which French actresses of no matter what age, young or old, ingenuous or crafty, never seem to consider themselves "fit to be seen" on the stage,—or, perhaps, off it.

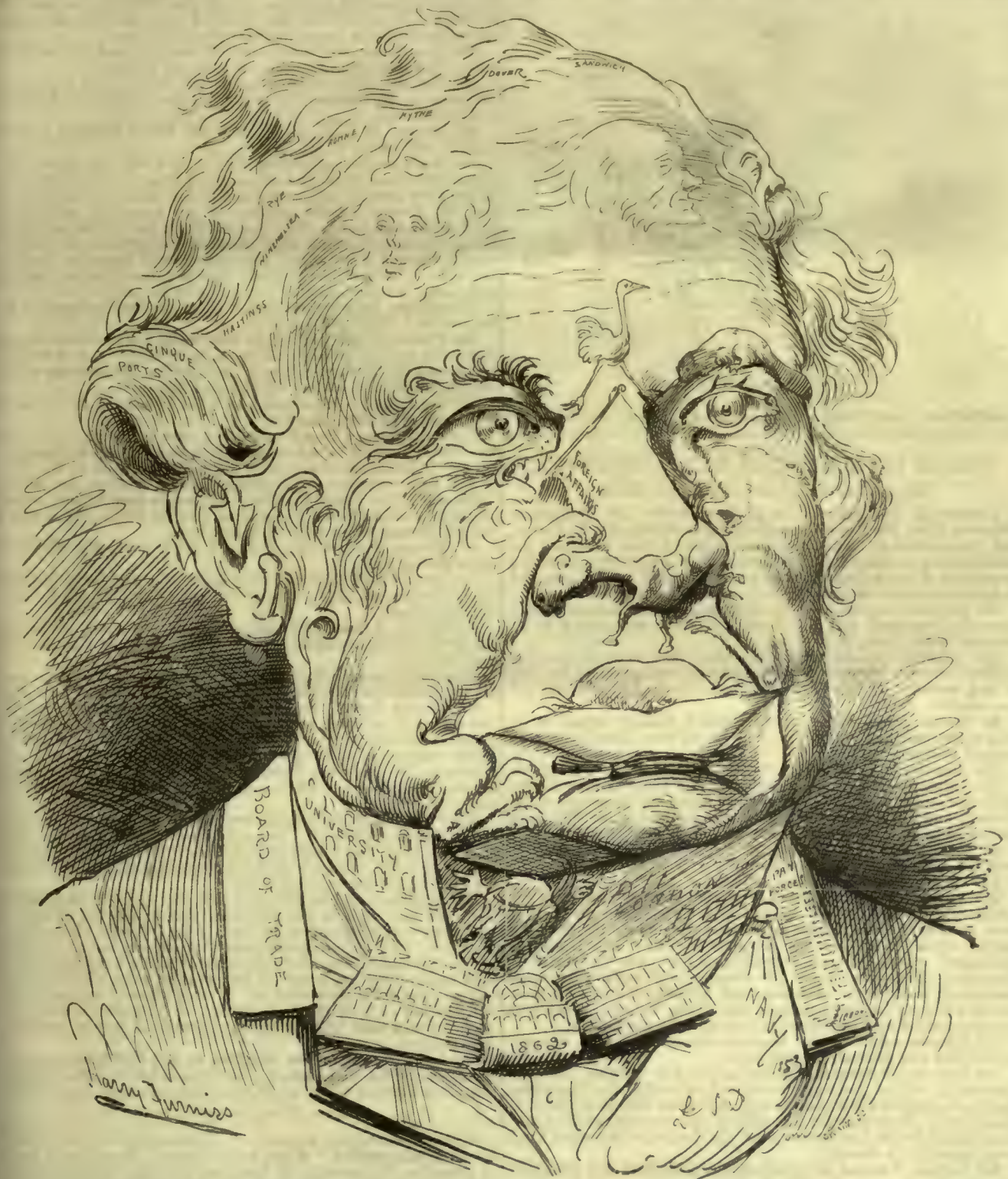
As to the play itself, which Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES tells me

was directly inspired by Mr. Punch's picture and poem about the Middleman,—this too is among the things that couldn't have been written better in France. Mr. MACKINTOSH is the Middleman he represents, who stands between the inventor and the public; *Batty Todd*, excellently played by Mr. CANE, battens on the Middleman. *Batty* (O Shades of Astley's Amphitheatre!) rides the Middleman.

Could the representative of *Cyrus Blenkarn* be improved upon in Paris anywhere? No. Mr. WILLARD's is a powerful performance, never exaggerated, never obtrusive, and only once theatrical, and that, I should say, is probably the fault of author and actor. I allude to the last situation:—A letter arrives, the contents of which the audience may subsequently guess from the events, but do not know at the time, and never do really know, as only Miss HUGHES and Mr. GARDEN (excellent!) are in the secret; then *Captain Julian*, who has now married *Blenkarn's* daughter, whom he had previously betrayed, comes in alone, for the evident theatrical reason of affording Mr. WILLARD a chance to give *Julian* a violent shaking, as if about to take his life; then a second chance of showing how he can suffer from a sudden revulsion of feeling (perfectly unintelligible on any but theatrical grounds), when he commands the Captain to produce his wife, of whose identity with his daughter he is unaware; and a third chance, of course, when his daughter *Mary*, whom he believes dead, and who is now Mrs. *Captain Chandler* (of the first Night Lights), enters, when there is nothing left for Mr. WILLARD except to go off his head (which wouldn't do), or to be killed by the sudden shock, which of course would be too tragical an ending, or to go through a whole cycle of emotions in half a minute, and fall speechless on his daughter's neck. It is the last alternative which the actor selects, and does it admirably, and, on this touching situation, reached by a conventional theatrical process, the Curtain descends.

Success condones this employment of theatrical artifice, which is the only blot on the piece; that is, as it seems to me. Here is the remedy. Why shouldn't that first-rate old scoundrel, Mr. MIDDLE-





MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 3. L-RD GR-NV-LLE.

MAN MACKINTOSH, have cleared his son's character, and confessed to his having destroyed the letter in which his son offered marriage. When *Chandler* the Bankrupt wants to ingratiate himself with *Blenkarn* the Capitalist, isn't this exactly what he would have done, so as to wipe off the heaviest item in the score that *Blenkarn* has against him? Then when that secret information is received by Miss HUGHES and Mr. GARDEN, couldn't AUTHOR JONES have contrived some situation analogous to the one in *Caste*, where the lively sister gradually prepares the sad widow for the re-appearance of her

husband? Imagine a similar scene, played by Miss HUGHES, Mr. GARDEN, and Mr. WILLARD, leading up to the entrance of the daughter, followed by her husband, both of whom have already arrived, have been seen by the audience, and kept in the background until the psychological moment. I have no hesitation in saying that this would have been a grand scene and a strong situation worth a dozen such stereotyped theatrical makeshifts as is the one which now brings down the Curtain. But I don't suppose that HENRY AUTHOR will alter this at the suggestion of THE MEDDLE-MAN.





SUPEREROGATION. (A Recent Sketch in Holborn.)

## POLICE INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

(Supplied by our Prophetic Reporter for 1895.)

YESTERDAY, the Duke of SOUTH KENSINGTON, the Marquis of BEDFORD PARK, the Earl of AQUARIUM, Lords BELGRAVIA, TYBURNIA, and BURLINGTON OF ARCADIA, with some thirty other Noblemen and Gentlemen, were charged before the presiding Magistrate with being proprietors of a gambling Club known as "Black's," and taking part in certain games of chance called whist, *écarté*, and billiards.

The Inspector-General of Police (instructed by the London County Council) prosecuted, and the Defendants were represented by Sir GEORGE LEWIS, Bart., M.P.

The Inspector-General of Police stated that, from information received from the Inquisitor-in-Chief of the London County Council, he had caused "Black's" to be watched night and day for the last two months.

*Sir George Lewis.* What has the London County Council to do with a prosecution of this character? Surely their jurisdiction only extends to Music-Halls?

*The Magistrate.* I will make a note of your objection, Sir GEORGE.

The Inspector-General explained, that he believed that Music-Halls had ceased to exist for some time, owing to the action of the Council, and that several of the larger establishments had been purchased by the same body and converted into workhouses.

*Sir George Lewis.* And I suppose the workhouses are now filled with the employes of the Music-Halls?

*The Inspector-General.* I believe so.

The Prosecutor then described how the raid upon the Club was conducted. It appears that, at half-past eleven, after the theatres were over, half-a-dozen police-constables made a rush for the hall-porter, whom they succeeded in gagging with "the latest intelligence," which had just arrived on a slip from the House of Commons. Having overcome this obstacle (who made a desperate resistance), thirty more constables were introduced, and a vigorous search was made for the page-boys, who, it was believed, would give an alarm, and thus frustrate the intention of the Authorities.

SIR GEORGE asked if the Inspector-General had any warrant authorising him to arrest the page-boys.

The Inspector-General replied that he had not—but this point was immaterial, as the page-boys were out on strike, the Committee having declined to allow them to wear tail-coats instead of buttons. (Laughter.) He continued: The coffee-room was then searched, and the Duke of SOUTH KENSINGTON, and the Marquis of BEDFORD PARK were immediately arrested.

*Sir George.* Were not His Grace and the noble Earl only partaking of grilled bones, and a pint of light champagne?

The Inspector-General (who promised to produce the supper-bill) said this might be the case, but His Grace was heard to offer to challenge the noble Lord to "match him" who should settle with the head waiter.

*Sir George.* Surely "Matching" is not a game of chance?

*The Magistrate.* I have been looking through the Act of HENRY THE EIGHTH, upon which these proceedings seem to be founded, and I fancy that "Matching" would come within the meaning of the statute. I am not sure, but I fancy that Cardinal WOLSEY used to indulge in some such game at Hampton Court; but I will consult the Authorities at the British Museum.

*Sir George.* And these Noblemen and Gentlemen are to be put to

the inconvenience of appearing before your Worship because some statute was passed three or four hundred years ago with the evident intention of causing annoyance to Cardinal WOLSEY!

*The Magistrate.* Well, you know, Sir GEORGE, we do not make the laws. We have only to see that they are not infringed.

*The Inspector-General (continued).* The Police, after leaving the supper-room, then entered an apartment where a game of Pyramids was progressing.

*Sir George.* Is it suggested that the Police actually saw the billiard-balls on the table?

The Inspector-General replied that it was not, but on searching the pockets of one of the Defendants (Lord BURLINGTON OF ARCADIA), no less than five red balls were found in his Lordship's coat-pockets, and the Marker, on the entrance of the constables, was seen to swallow the remainder. Twelve of the Defendants were taken in the billiard-room, but several other Members (not at present in custody) escaped through the window. One person, well known to the Police as a prize-fighter, of the name of "JIM the Infant Slogger," made a determined resistance that he made good his escape.

*Sir George.* Is it suggested that "JIM the Infant Slogger" is a member of "Black's"?

The Prosecutor said that he had been given to understand that the gentleman in question was an Hon. Member under a rule of the Club which permitted the Committee to elect to Hon. Membership person distinguished in Literature, Science, and Art.

*Sir George (after consultation with his Clients).* I find that the gentleman is an Hon. Member.

*The Magistrate.* I am not surprised to hear it. As a pupil of "JIM the Infant Slogger," I can myself testify to his claims to Science.

[Cheers, which were with difficulty suppressed by the Usher]

*The Inspector-General (continued).* After leaving the billiard-tables, the Police visited the card-room, where they found a number of the Defendants busily engaged in playing whist. There was no attempt to conceal the cards up their sleeves.

*Sir George (indignantly).* I should think not! My clients are not card-sharpers!

The Inspector-General said, that *écarté* was also being played in the card-room, and there was one old gentleman fast asleep over a cribbage-board.

*Sir George.* I think you were present at this point. Why were not the Members arrested at once? I am instructed that there was some delay.

*Inspector-General.* Well, I am an old whist-player myself, and did not like to interrupt the game until the conclusion of the rubber.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS then addressed the Bench, contending, that the case had not been made out. Pyramids and Whist were no games of chance, and as for "Matching," with the assistance of a lucky halfpenny, that also might be removed from the same category. No doubt his Worship would remember that a kindred amusement known as "Pitch-and-toss" had been decided not to be a game of chance.

*The Presiding Magistrate.* Can you give me the case you are quoting?

*Sir George.* Certainly. You will find it in Q.B.D., page 11,897. It is the case of *Coz versus Box*, *Bouncer* interpleading. However, if your Worship decides to send the matter for trial, I, on behalf of my clients, will reserve the Defence.

The Magistrate said he had given this case very careful consideration, and had come to the conclusion that he had no option, but must send the Defendants to be tried at the Central Criminal Court. He did not wish to increase the pain that an appearance before him under such humiliating circumstances must cause to so many men of light and leading, but it was his duty to point out to them that there was no excuse for their conduct. If they wanted to gamble, why did they not go to the Stock Exchange, or Tattersall's, where the might indulge their taste to the utmost without fear of unpleasant consequences.

The Defendants were then admitted to bail in £20,000 each, with one surety for the same amount. SIR GEORGE LEWIS having tendere himself as security for all his clients, the proceedings terminated.

A NEW "TEACHER'S ASSISTANT."—Last week's *Saturday Review* has an article entitled "Music hath Charms," describing a system of education "apparently of American devising," that shows how easily boys may be taught by the teacher singing the instruction and his pupils joining in chorus. Among the examples given the following, where the teacher sings, recitatively:—

"Black and wintry is the sky,"

and then the boys are to sing it all together. There is nothing novel in this. In *Betsy* the tutor adopts this plan for teaching dynamics and mechanics, and selects the air of "Said Aaron Moses," his pupils answering their instructor with "Right you ar says MOSES," which would be very appropriate, by the way, if the tutor were demonstrating the agreement of scientific geological theories with the Biblical cosmogony.



## UNFILED; OR THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."  
Le Diable Boiteux.

## VIII.

DULNESS, unmitigated dulness,  
reigns [Wearied brains,  
in this grey southern suburb.  
Dead hearts, and pallid faces,  
seem native to this worse than  
desert waste  
Of stony streets untouched by  
human taste,  
Untoned by Nature's graces.

Even decay and desolation lone  
Some semblance of the pictu-  
resque put on;

But these rectangular ranges  
Of close-packed dwellings never  
seem to know

Dawn's radiance gay, the even-  
ing's golden glow,  
The seasons' kindly changes.

Unroof these sordid sheds spread  
on the sight [mirk of night,  
In miles monotonous through the  
And what will greet our vision?  
Close toil, keen pain, coarse mirth, and vulgar  
vice,  
All that might move sleek Culture's soul of  
ice

To cynical derision.

Beneath yon glimmering garret's sloping  
slates,

What sordid scene our searching eye awaits?  
"See!" sighed the Shadow. Slowly  
Through the thick gloom a tragic *tableau*  
shaped.

Not with fine trappings of the stage are  
draped

The dramas of the lowly.

"The secrets of the strong," remarked my  
guide,

"Like basking sharks, lie hid beneath the  
tide

That ripples calm above them.

This is the day of 'Booms,' of those 'Big  
Things'

The leader-writer, our true Laureate, sings.  
How lesser things must love them!

"The little things of life await the doom  
Of yeomen and the dodo. Where is room  
In the great huckster hustle

For petty independence? Though it strive  
How can it hope to conquer and survive  
'Midst Trade's belligerent bustle?

"The world adopts the great Darwinian test;  
The fittest are the strongest, not the best.

What use to war with Nature?

The Town is strewn with scattered wrecks of  
those

Who strove to hold their own with giant foes,  
Though dwarfs in strength and stature.

"See one of them, in this dismantled room,  
His grey head bowed in dull despairing gloom  
Upon the scant-spread table!

No, friend, the Tragedy of Trade-to-day  
Has not the dignity of classic play,

The grace of epic fable.

He was a prosperous petty tradesman once,  
And held his head up—poor deluded dunce!

With quite amusing vanity.

'Tis low enough at present, is it not?  
How should the earthen brave the brazen pot?  
The effort shows insanity.

"He serves a Big Store bully humbly now,  
A gorgeous creature whose Olympian brow

Scowls, and he shrinks and shivers.

The bully sold him down and bought him  
up."— [sup,

"Strange," muttered I, "how souls on sorrow  
Whilst there are ropes and rivers!"



"Friend," said the Shadow, "yonder black  
Thames stream

Holds more crushed pride than pride un-  
crushed may dream;

But this poor broken 'duffer'  
Possessed a conscience and six children; ties  
Which nerve e'en his unheroic energies  
To live,—which means to suffer.

"'Duffer' his rich supplanter calls his tool.  
Knaveish success dubs honest failure fool,

A charge the world endorses."—  
"Is it," I asked, "Leviathan's fault, or fate's?"

Tends not our world to huge compacted states  
And concentrated forces?"—

The Shadow smiled. "'Tis scarcely strange  
to find

BISMARCKS and Big Store bullies of a mind.

Yet Behemoth may bellow,

Loudly and long about the glorious goal

Of the Absorbing Arts ere he'll console

Their prey—like this poor fellow.

"Could you have seen him, pompously polite,

Behind his counter trim with apron white,

Sealing out lard or gammon,

Watching him now you'd question the great

gain

Of sweeping him, sad slave, in the huge train

Of all-absorbing Mammon.

"Him, and so many like him. Yonder dines

Mammon himself. Fair women, dainty wines

Adorn his glittering table.

How bright eyes gleam upon the lord of gain!

So some would smile upon full-coffered Cain

Fresh from the grave of Abel.

A huge Trade-Octopus he knows the arts  
Which make such monsters masters of our

marts.

Mere huckstering will not fatten

The creatures fast enough; they must pull

down

In herds the peddling toilers of the Town,

And on them gorge and batten.

"So swell huge fortunes; by such spider-craft  
Wealth plumps on wreckage, and no tainted

wart

From the trade shambles reaches

Society's dainty nose. There CROESUS sits,

Admired by women and amused by wits,

Amidst his pines and peaches.

"And one poor broken tool, whom but to-day

He flung with words of callous scorn away,

Bows there, in hopeless ruin.

Redress? Resistance? He as well might hope

To strive with CROESUS, as a child to cope

With the brute-clutch of Bruin.

"His daughter—she was once a trim  
coquette,

Is now a haggard slattern, comely yet,  
But chill from long despairing—  
Out of her cheerlessness essays to cheer  
Greed's victim, but his eyes are dim, his ear  
Is dull, well-nigh past caring."

"Father!"—I hear her voice—"Take  
heart, look up!

You'll need your strength to-morrow, rouse  
and sup.

See, father, I've forgotten  
Our tyrant's words of insult. Years ago  
He flattered me on my good looks, you  
know."

"Base brute, and misbegotten!"  
(So the poor father, stung at last, outflames)

"Flattery from him is worse than scorn; it  
shames

Me—you—but to remember  
The glosing words which schemed your ruin.

Yes!  
Now you've no witchery,—in that draggled  
dress—

To fan dead passion's ember.

"Shrink not, girl! What have you and  
I to do

With sensibilities? Put on the screw,  
Rich brute, turn hard, turn often!

What matter though our hearts, our lives it  
crush? [blush

Your heart nor man's appeal nor woman's  
Hath any strength to soften."

"Let us be gone!" I cried. "I little care  
To play eavesdropper upon mad despair,

Or spy on passion's anguish."

"So be it!" sighed the Shade. "He thrives,  
yon knave,

Whilst his poor victim to a pauper's grave  
Must lingeringly languish!

"Said I not that the secrets of the strong  
Were sinister? The ceaseless tale of wrong

Hums through this opulent City  
In scarce-heard undertones. The countless  
slain [plain,

Cumbering the clods of Mammon's battle-  
Few mark, and fewer pity."

(To be continued.)

A "UNIVERSAL" AND A "PARTICULAR."—  
HARRY QUILTER of the ever Red-y *Universal*  
*Review* has attacked MERRY ANDREW LANG,  
under the impression that he had been pre-  
viously attacked by the latter in an article on  
WILKIE COLLINS in the *Saturday Review*.  
The *Saturday* replies denying that MERRY  
ANDREW wrote, or knew anything about the  
article in question. Instead of being neat of  
fence, and pinking the Red 'Un with a rapier,  
as we should have expected of the *Saturday's*  
Editor, he goes in for quilting QUILTER. The  
quarrel is a very pretty one as it stands, till  
next month, when we shall see if it's a case  
of "Q. in the corner" or not. Logically, the  
"particular" upsets the "Universal."

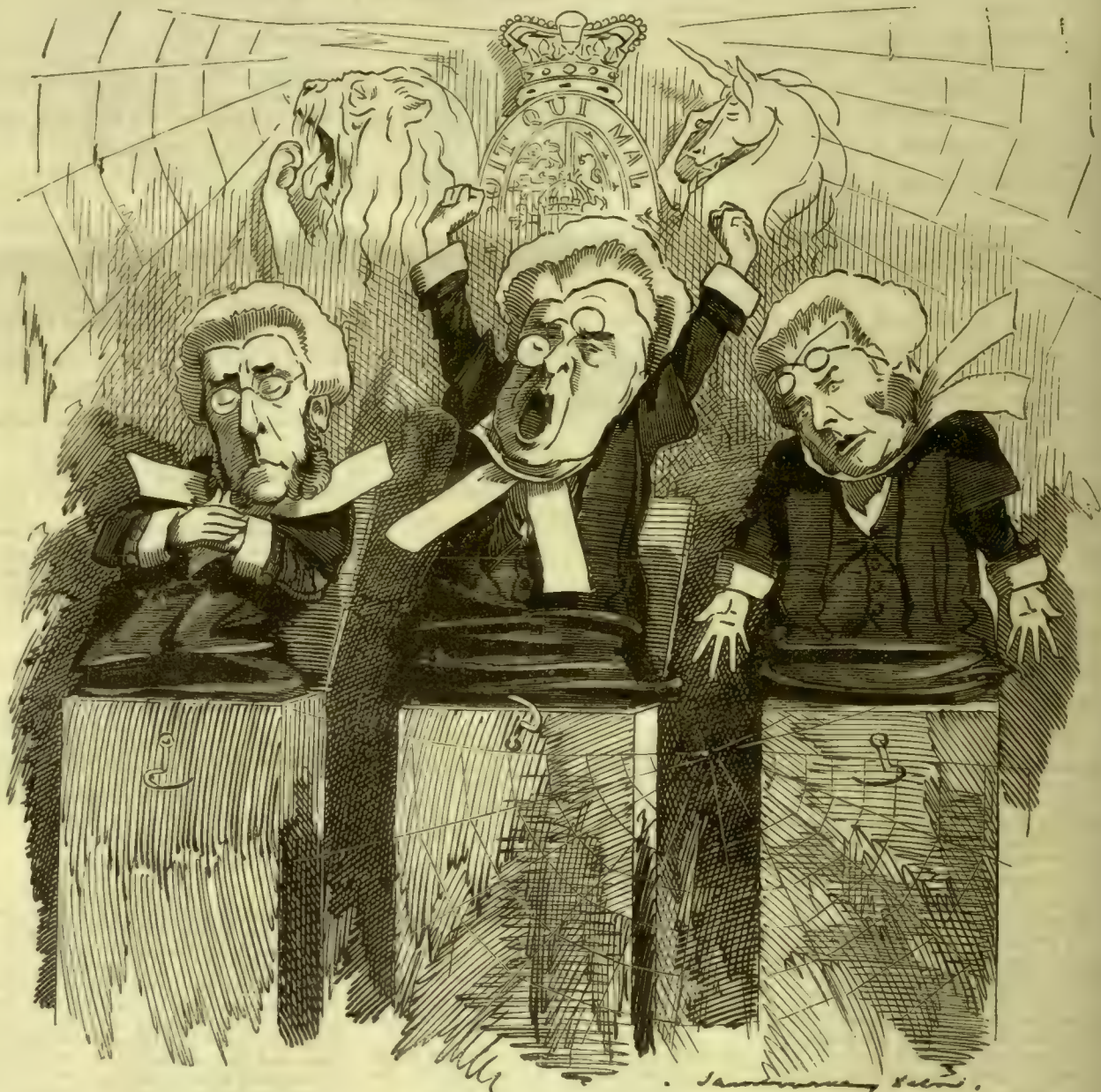
MANSEFIELD COLLEGE.—Those benighted  
Londoners who only connect the name of  
"Mansfield" with a memorable occupation  
of the Lyceum, ask if the two leading pro-  
fessors in this Educational establishment will  
be Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, both taken by  
one person to save a salary? We beg to inform  
these ignorant individuals that Mansfield  
College is not theatrical but Nonconformist,  
and the artful Dissenters are congratulating  
themselves on having been able to "take a  
site" at the Old University.

MEM. FOR THE DIRECTORS.—The Aquarium  
ought certainly not to be a place for "loose  
fish."



## THE THREE JUDGES.

A SONG OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION. AIR—'The Three Ravens.'



"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

THERE were three Judges sat on a Bench,  
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;  
And from their task they all did blench,  
With a down.  
And one of them said to the others,  
"Oh, here's a bore, my learned Brothers;  
With a down derry, derry, derry down  
down."

Behold! alas, at yonder table,  
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;  
Gather the counsel sage and able,  
With a down!  
They rouse us from Vacation sleep,  
Us many a day they yet may keep;  
With a down derry, derry, derry down  
down."

The faithful public hither hie,  
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;

To hear Sir HENRY by-and-by,  
With a down.  
And see there comes G-RGE L-w-s! Oh!  
DAY, SMITH, this is an fearful go!  
With a down, derry, derry, derry down  
down."

DAY lifted up his drowsy head,  
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;  
He sighed, "I would I were in bed,  
On the down."  
SMITH said, "It takes an awful time  
To search the source of Irish crime;"  
With a down, derry, derry, derry down  
down."

Grave HANNEN yawned, and said, "I wis"—  
Down a down, hey-down, hey-down;  
"'Cute RUSSELL is well out of this;"  
With a down."

"Heaven send we soon may close the Court,  
And give our minds to our Report!"  
With a down, derry, derry, derry down  
down."

INTERESTED SUPPORTERS.—The Chaplain, the Recorder, and the Mace-bearer, are most anxious that Sir HENRY ISAACS should stick to his principles, and walk the whole way along the line of procession. Individually, each of these distinguished personages thinks that the other two ought to accompany the LORD MAYOR, so that the remaining one of the City trio would have the State Coach *all to himself!*

THE BRIGHTON ELECTION.—Is it quite a toss-up? As the French say, "*PEEL ou face?*"



# "THE MAN WHO SAID HE WAS SALA."

**"CHARGE OF IMPERSONATION.**—At Worcester Quarter Sessions yesterday a man named STEVENSON was sentenced to three months' hard labour for having obtained board and lodging by false pretences. In June last he went to several hotels in Worcester and Malvern, representing himself to be Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. He said he was a very comical fellow, and would give the hotel-keepers good notices in a book he was writing. His luggage consisted of a dog-whip, a time-table, a cucumber in brown paper, and a hamper of vegetables. He said he had a grand house in London, and had dined with DICKENS and THACKERAY. He denied any intention to defraud, and said he had been driven to it by drink and domestic trouble."

—Times, October 17.

O HAVE you heard the news of late?  
If not, I'll post you up to date,  
And tell you of the wretched fate  
Of the Man who said he was SALA!  
He went about with lots of chaff,  
He said he wrote for the *Telegraph*,  
And that he'd give you a hearty laugh  
If you stood him a pint of half-and-half,  
He went about to every town  
With luggage packed in paper brown;  
But he claimed to himself world-wide renown,  
Did the Man who said he was SALA!

He boarded and lodged at Worcester, whence  
To Malvern he went, at great expense  
He lived, without paying, which showed the sense  
Of the Man who said he was SALA!

They took him in at the best hotels,  
They thought he was the biggest of swells,  
Then he took them in, so history tells,  
Which was but fair in the way of "sells."  
His luggage,—a time-table, whip with lash,  
A cucumber, hamper of green-stuff, trash,  
But not so green as those who lent cash  
To the Man who said he was SALA!

He'd stories of DICKENS and THACKERAY too,  
And all the distinguished men he knew  
Were boon companions, good and true,  
Of the Man who said he was SALA!

He promised that he, in return for each gift,  
Would write 'em a puff which would give them a lift,  
But some one, suspecting the lute had a rift,  
Prosaic, determined the matter to sift,  
Alas! how impersonation may fail!

The Magistrates, after they'd heard the whole tale,  
Decided on sending for three months' to gaol  
The Man who said he was SALA!



## "WELL OUT OF IT."

Uncle. "AND YOU LOVE YOUR ENEMIES, ETHEL?"

Ethel (promptly). "YETH, UNCLE."

Uncle. "AND WHO ARE YOUR ENEMIES, DEAR?"

Ethel (in an awful whisper). "THE DEV—"

[The Old Gentleman doesn't see his way further, and drops the subject.]

## COURT SHIFTS.

From a Very Well-informed Correspondent.

It is reported that the CZAR has just written a private letter to the EMPEROR WILLIAM cordially thanking him for the precautions he took to protect his person during his two days' recent visit to Berlin. It is not, however, generally known that the Russian Police Authorities more than met the EMPEROR half-way, by having no less than three doubles of their August Master ready for any emergency. It was owing to the fact that, through some blunder, one of these who had been substituted for the real CZAR could not be changed again in time, and so was borne on by the official programme, and had to take his place at the Imperial Luncheon-table, that the untoward incident over the reply to the EMPEROR's speech arose. What the confused substitute really said was not in French, but in broad Russian. The words, too, of which he made use were not as reported:—"I reciprocate the sentiments of my beloved brother and ally, and empty my glass to the glorious traditions of the two armies. Hurrah! Hurrah!" But, "Goodness gracious! I don't know what to say. It's too bad of them to have let me in for this!" This he mumbled out in a low voice, much at first to the surprise of his host, who, however, on getting a wink from BISMARCK, soon discovered what had happened, and only took care the incident should not leak out, by himself revising and correcting the proof-sheets of the Court Circular for the official journal. Again, later in the evening, a similar hitch occurred, another of the doubles having, by some mismanagement, been taken, instead of the CZAR himself, to the Gala Performance at the Theatre.

The newspaper reports of the evening's proceedings had noted the fact that there seemed a decided coldness of manner in the conduct of the EMPEROR to the CZAR. This, of course, was accounted for by the circumstance that the EMPEROR discovered he had been again told off to entertain a dummy. Later in the evening, the sham CZAR was smuggled out, and the real one took his place; and it was laughing

over this incident that gave the character of "jovial intercourse" to the conversation between the two potentates on which the papers next morning indulged in such favourable comments.

The departure of the CZAR from Berlin was conducted with more than usual precaution. Three sham Imperial trains, with a dummy CZAR ostentatiously displayed at the windows of an Imperial saloon carriage in each, having been started simultaneously respectively from three stations in different directions, while His Majesty, disguised as a common droschky-driver, really departed half-an-hour later in a horse-box attached to an ordinary third-class mail.

But the precautionary measures did not end here. On his arrival at Neufahrwasser, the CZAR instantly made for the beach, and passing the night in a bathing-machine, hung about on the look-out for the arrival of the *Derjava*, which was bringing the CZARINA and his children to meet him. Here, again, he had recourse to his doubles; and, leaving one to represent him in the bathing-machine, and another lunching in his own saloon carriage, drove through the back streets of the town in a common cab, catching the third-class train for Königsberg, at which place, disguised as a commercial traveller, he arrived at twenty minutes after six.

Still preserving his *incognito*, at one time appearing in a long white beard and spectacles, and at another donning a red wig and bagpipes, personating a travelling Scotchman, His Majesty at length touched the Russian frontier. Here, having assured himself that Mounted Cossacks, three yards apart, guarded the whole line on both sides all the way to St. Petersburg, and, having dispatched the three dummy Emperors in three sham Imperial trains in front of him, he donned his own proper dress, and following them in a luggage van, drawn by a pilot-engine, somewhat fatigued by the changes of his continued "variety entertainment," reached his home once again in safety.

ANOTHER TITLE TO DISTINCTION.—*The Birds of Mr. Marks, R.A., or, The Birds of Aristophanes, R.A.*



## A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

"Is this the hend?"—Miss Squeers.

Of the local Guide-books *Twiss's*, which I have already mentioned, is by far the best, but the ordinary



Down to Lynmouth.

—and I cannot find it in its pages,—is certainly incomplete."

The guide-books give the distances accurately, but rarely do they give you more than one route to any place, and still more rarely do they inform you of public foot-paths across fields. MURRAY's young men should be sent out again, some on bicycles, and some walking, and some riding, and let the result be a good, clear, well-defined map of North Devon, with short cuts distinctly marked, and let the instructions tell us whether a town or village is supposed to be at the end, in the middle or at the beginning of its name on the map, as an eighth of an inch on the map makes about four miles difference on the road.

*Essential for North Devon.*—A good waterproof. Not one of your showy, flimsy, so-convenient, roll-up-to-nothing-and-weigh-less-than-that, which will tear and split like rotten rag, and costs from three to five guineas, but an ample, long, stout waterproof, made to brave the Scotch mists that have gone astray in North Devon, the torrents, the showers, the after-dripping from the trees, and that won't tear on its catching in any obstacle when mounting a coach or embarking in a boat.

Time's up! Our Own Mr. and Mrs. COOK and all the little COOKIES must depart for town. COPLEY MARKHAM has left us for Paris. Young SKRYMMAGER is climbing the Welsh Mountains. The Poet has gone to stay with his publisher. Miss BRONDESLEY has been sent for, and she parts from ANNE TRUDGER with "cheers, tears, and laughter." One more breaking-up. Sad thing, all breaking-up gradually. The Ilfracombe holiday is at an end.



"Down Again!" The Last Ha'porth of Sunset. Grand Finale.

SHALL WILKIE COLLINS HAVE A MEMORIAL?—Certainly: otherwise he may be forgotten, as he left *No Name* worth mentioning.

## A GRIEVANCE AT THE GROSVENOR.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I SHOULD like to know what the world is coming to. The Art-world is undoubtedly tottering to its fall, and will shortly cease to exist. You have doubtless heard of the disastrous catastrophe that took place last week, which came upon us like a thunder-clap, and which has undoubtedly sealed the fate of the Grosvenor Gallery, and has removed for ever Sir COUTTS-LINDSAY from the exalted pedestal on which We had placed him. At the very last moment I was informed that there would be no *Private View* at the Grosvenor Gallery! It is too bad! This is the reward for years of faithfulness. I who—by reason of my extraordinary costumes, by my weird expression, by my high voice, and by my striking attitudes—along with my band of devoted disciples—who have been the making of Sir COUTTS—to find that we were disestablished at one rough blow, and to hear that we could come in with the *Common Shilling Public*. That, my dear Sir, is what I absolutely refuse to do! What do I care for Pastels? What do I care for Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, or GAINSBOROUGH, or Sir JOHN MILLAIS, or VANDYKE, or Old Masters, or Young Masters, or Middle-aged Masters? What does anybody care for them? The object of the Grosvenor Gallery, Sir, is *Art*. And the real meaning of Art is a crowded *Private View*, in a hot room, and the feeling that you are a celebrity! Oh, the glow of glory that comes over me when I hear people audibly whisper, "There goes Mrs. SHAD-THAMES!" Oh, the delight, when one knows that the name of Mrs. SHAD-THAMES will be chronicled amid the host of distinguished people who were "observed." Oh, the rapture when one feels a dozen

*Lady-journalists* are minutely taking down every detail of one's costume! Again, I ask, is the Profession of *Private-Viewer*—a profession, which, by the way, requires neither taste, beauty nor intellect, but something beyond all; a *Private-Viewer*, like a poet, is born not made—to be ruthlessly crushed by some silly fad of the Head of the Grosvenor? If Sir COUTTS thinks he can compensate Society for his unceremonious treatment of Us, by inviting a few of his private friends to take tea in the Gallery on Sunday—all I can say, is, Sir COUTTS is most egregiously mistaken. And when the time comes, as it surely will come, when he sits alone in his Gallery while the public no longer pay their shillings, and he will have the satisfaction of enjoying the very *privatist* of *Private Views*, I trust his conscience will smite him for his scandalous treatment of WE, who, have made him! When I look at my terra-cotta gown, my slashed canary sack, my artistically bulged fluffy hat, especially prepared for last week, when I think I shall no longer be chronicled as a celebrity three or four times a year, and that my occupation is gone for ever, I declare I could cry with vexation! Believe me, to be,

Yours wrathfully,

SOPHONISBA SHAD-THAMES.

## QUITE THE STILTON!

Suggestion for the Lord Mayor Elect should the Ninth of November be a particularly dirty day.

FOR LODGE OR PEEL ("WHICHEVER YOU LIKE, MY LITTLE DEAR") ON FRIDAY NEXT:—

"And all his prospects Brightening to the last."  
Quoted from "Resignation."

**G**REAT BARGAIN.—SECOND-HAND GOLD STICK TO BE DISPOSED OF.—Owing to recent changes at Court involving the suppression of the functionary who has hitherto made use of the above-named useful and ornamental article, he is now willing to part with it at a merely nominal value. It would cut up into a couple of elegant walking-sticks or umbrella handles, or, subdivided into three, would furnish a handsome and showy set of presentation cricket stumps. Would also chop up into an effective set of drawing-room ninepins. Might still be used with effect at a cannibal court ceremony, and if any enterprising Missionary wished to purchase it with a view to utilising it in this fashion, the Advertiser, who is a thorough Master in the Art of carrying it with becoming effect, will be happy for the purchase money, to throw in, as well, a few lessons in "Official Deportment!"





### HOW DOES HE LIKE THIS?

*Dedicated to the Rev. Hes-Haweis, who thinks dogs ought to be used for draught purposes, "because they like it."*

### BIRDS AND BONNETS.

MR. H. S. MARKS, R.A., on the subject of birds is bound to be interesting. Says the great Bird-painter:—

"I always say that people like birds for three reasons:—To shoot—To eat—To wear."

Quite so. Mr. MARKS doubtless thinks, and Mr. *Punch* agrees with him, that birds were not intended only to be shot, eaten, or even worn. Indeed, the latter custom rouses Mr. MARKS's indignation, as it often has Mr. *Punch*'s. Says the former:—

"There is nothing makes me so furious as this miserable fashion of birds in bonnets."

Hear! Hear! But Mr. MARKS adds:—

"Next to a Woman, a Bird is the loveliest thing in creation."

Humph! Perhaps lovely Woman might ingenuously retort, that that is just the reason why she likes to wear them *next to her*! A woman, who is capable of "killing birds to enhance her beauty," is quite capable of turning Mr. MARKS's words against him. But the outspoken R.A. is right. Birds in bonnets (like dirt), are just "matter in the wrong place." Perhaps, if people knew more about birds, as much as Mr. MARKS does, for instance, they would not be so eager to decorate themselves *à la Chocktaw*, with their stolen plumes and wantonly slain bodies. Mr. *Punch* is quite ready to join the good painter in a crusade against the beautiful (but barbarous) bird-slaughterers:—

Hang me, Ladies fair, if tell I can  
Why you'd slay the blameless pelican,  
Or—to utilise slang lingo—

"Spifficate" the poor flamingo,  
Give the "adjutant" his gruel,  
And, with faces blandly cruel,  
Cause the stork, the crane, the gannet,  
To skeddaddle from our planet,  
Like the dodo, prematurely,  
Just to deck your bonnets! Surely  
In pursuit of Fashion-culture  
To kill out the useful vulture,

Or exterminate the eagle  
Bird (excuse the rhyme) so regal  
Rob, as it is feared your manner is,  
Of its snowy plumes our swanneries;  
Needlessly "wipe out" macaws,  
And, without sufficient cause,  
Lessen, as by annual inches,  
Our supplies of tits and finches.  
Surely all this ruthless slaughter  
Means disgrace to each EVE's daughter;  
All these birds are found you know  
In friend MARKS's great "Bird Show."  
These and more in great variety  
See at the Fine Art Society,  
One, four, eight, New Bond Street, W.  
Ladies, Mr. *Punch* will trouble you  
To attend this fine display,  
Which you'll owe to MARKS, R.A.  
Oddities in Ornithology  
There you'll see. Then make apology  
To your Mentor, Mr. P.,  
And all join the S. P. B.!

The S. P. B., or Society for the Protection of Birds, Mr. *Punch* may inform repentant bird-slaughterers, was formed at the beginning of the present year to "discourage the enormous sacrifice of bird-life at present exacted by the milliners," and, of course, acquiesced in by the matrons and maidens the milliners cater for. "The sole obligation of members is that they shall refrain from wearing the feathers of any bird that is not killed for purposes of food, the ostrich only excepted." Not a *very* severe self-denying ordinance that, Ladies? "It is hoped" (says the Hon. Sec.), "that many women will feel induced to join the Society (to which there is no subscription), and so make a protest against the present wholesale destruction of wild and singing birds."

Mr. *Punch* heartily echoes this wish. So, he is sure, does Mr. MARKS. The Hon. Sec. says she shall be happy to receive the names of intending members; and she signs herself, EMILY WILLIAMSON, The Croft, Didsbury, near Manchester. *Verb. sat*, Ladies!

### TO A FAIR NICOTIAN.

(WITH A WHIFF OF LORD TENNYSON.)

DEAR Lady CLARA, let me, pray,  
Remonstrate. It's beyond a joke,  
When your flirtations, so you say,  
Begin, as oft they end, in smoke.  
You're beautiful, but fairer far  
You'd be, if only you would let—  
Your male friends smoke that big cigar,  
And yield them too that cigarette.

You smoke because you think it's fast.  
How sad the day when you began  
To bridge the difference—so vast—  
Between a woman and a man.  
The heroine of idle tales,  
Of scorn, of slander, and dispraise;  
Your womanhood is lost 'mid veils  
Of smoke, your foolish lips upraise.

And, Lady CLARA, though mayhap  
These words may never reach your ear;  
Young LAURENCE was a decent chap,  
And his old mother held him dear.  
Why did you teach the hapless boy  
To smoke?—'twas quite against his will;  
Tobacco, you so much enjoy,  
Made him, we know, extremely ill.

Oh, trust me, CLARA, though I like,  
Myself, my yard-long Brosely clay,  
Your lovers all will go on strike,  
If you smoke in this awful way.  
How'er it be, it seems, my girl,  
Your ladyship too oft forgets  
A maiden's lips were meant to curl  
And kiss, and not smoke cigarettes.

Dear Lady CLARA, as I've said,  
If time be heavy, work and play;  
Try going earlier to bed,  
With some lawn-tennis every day.  
Don't give the orphan boy bird's-eye,  
The orphan boy a pipe. You know  
How ill they made you first. Good-bye!  
Remember ALFRED told you so.

RE-ENGAGEMENT REQUIRED IMMEDIATELY BY A NOBLE EARL who has had, through no fault of his own, but owing to the desire of his late employers to cut down excessive expenditure, to resign his situation as Master of Buckhounds. The Advertiser would be willing to take any place involving the discharge of similar duties. Can furnish excellent references testifying to his fitness for the post. Would not object to the charge of a pack of Beagles. Salary in last place £1500, but might take less. Thoroughly understands "whipping in," and all the subordinate business of the profession. Would be glad to hear from *Dogs' Home*.

AN EX-ASSISTANT MARSHAL OF THE CEREMONIES, who can bring an excellent character from his last place, which he has, however, been compelled to leave, owing to his services having been dispensed with in conformity with certain new regulations of retrenchment, is anxious to meet with some kindred occupation in which the special acquirements with which his calling have rendered him familiar could be usefully and adequately called into requisition. Thinks he could undertake a provincial stage management, or arrange an effective parade of "Salvationists." Would also undertake to organise striking processions of Ritualistic Clergy. Foresters' Clubs might communicate.

AN ASSISTANT FIRST GENTLEMAN PORTER, suddenly thrown out of employment at Buckingham Palace, is anxious to hear of any light job-work by the day or hour. Would be glad of any opening. No objection to a little cab running.





## FILIAL PIETY.

*Ingenuous Youth.* "MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE?"

*The Bishop's Daughter.* "THANKS—NO! I NEVER DANCE ROUND DANCES IN MY FATHER'S DIOCESE!"

## "COOPED UP!"

*Grecian Game-cock loquitur:—*

Oh, Cockadoodledo! Could I only get at you,  
You big and brutal Turkish Bubblejock,  
I would make your feathers fly! But they will not let me try,  
And these bars my eager efforts foil and mock.  
Those old buffers at Berlin cooped me up to keep me in,  
For they knew my spurs were fretting for the fray.  
Now, like STERNE'S immortal Starling, though that Cretan chick's  
"I can't get out" to help it any way. [my darling,

It is really quite too bad. That confounded feathered cad  
Of a Turkey is the barnyard's scourge and pest.  
Surely every other bird should boycott him. It's absurd!  
He only feeds and feathers his own nest.  
He is not a mite of good, not as ornament or food,  
And he's always getting someone in a row.  
He's the tyrant of small coops, but to bigger birds he stoops,  
With a meanness which is horrid anyhow.

Though I'm but a small game-cock, yet I come of fighting stock,  
And I'd lick that Bubblejock into fits.  
The big bully I don't fear, yet behold me cooped up here,  
Whilst he's picking that poor chicken there to bits!  
A callow chick from Crete he can buffet, bang, and beat.  
He will pull the little creature limb from limb.  
You tyrant, let him be! Come and have a turn at Me!  
Only wish that I could have a turn at him!

Oh, I feel so cock-a-whoop. But for this confounded coop,  
"Grecian game-cock to the rescue!" it should be.  
My opinion is emphatic: a small rooster, if he's Attic,  
Is a match for such a lumbering brute as he.  
He is killing him! Oh dear! Will no one interfere?  
What a callous lot of cowards they all are!  
If this coop I can upset, I'll get at the bully yet,  
Then, by Jove, you Barnyard shirkers, there'll be war!!!

## THE NEWEST THING IN CYCLES.

SIR,—Every schoolboy knows what great events from little causes spring; how Dr. WATTS discovered his hymns while listening to the singing of the tea-kettle; and how little ROWLAND HILL, while watching the cook ornamenting a pie-crust, hit on the idea of the perforated postage-stamp, which has generated the Christmas-card and touting circular nuisance, and ruined the art of polite letter-writing. I was coming in weary yesterday from a long tricycle ride over heavy roads, and was revolving schemes for an automatic cycle, when my attention was caught by the sound of rapidly galloping hoofs, and the excited cries of an enthusiastic driver. Coming towards me at a surprising pace, I beheld a trim and vigorous donkey, attached to a light cart, on which were perched two genial-looking persons of the costermonger class. They were not beating their willing little steed. Far from it. They were exciting his emulation by moral suasion—a bunch of carrots on the end of a pole was held in front of his nose, and the intelligent creature was making every effort to secure the dainty but delusive bait. Then in one flash my great invention came to me.

A powerful magnet on the end of a pole in front of the tricycle, and a light steel bar fixed to the machine, so as to come within the sphere of the magnet's greatest influence! You mount your tricycle, whip off the neutralising cover of the magnet, and off you go. The bar, of course, is drawn to the magnet, and the tricycle is fixed to the bar. The magnet being also fixed, the more the bar tries to reach it the faster the tricycle goes. To stop, you have only to turn the magnet by a simple lever arrangement alongside the saddle, and the red end is presented to the bar. Every observer of the habits of toy-ducks and fishes in a basin will see at once what will happen. The speed will immediately be checked, and if the opposing force be kept at work long enough, a retrograde motion will be established. With a little practice, however, the cap will be clapped on at the right instant, and the machine will be at rest. This seems to me not only an invaluable invention for the wheelman, but also to come very near solving the problem of perpetual motion. MANGNALL BREWER.

P.S.—I hope to form a company forthwith. My son PONSONBY declares that a man will be necessary to run in front with the magnet. This is ridiculous. No one ran in front of the donkey with the carrots.





“COOPED UP!”









"MY HORSE HE LIKE NOT YOUR WALL OF STONE—I GO TO MAKE IT MORE LOW!"

"HÉ! LA BAS!!"

### WHEN YOU COME TO THINK OF IT.

(Modern Hypnotic Thaumaturgist's Version, as sung by the Rev. A. Tooth.)

[The Rev. ARTHUR TOOTH has introduced a form of neo-hypnotic treatment for dipsomaniacs and others, which he calls "Cure by Suggestion."]

I'm a nineteenth century thaumaturge, with "will-force," and a lot  
When I come to think of it, [of it,  
There *might* be happiness in life, though little man 'a yet got of it,  
When I come to think of it.

They talk to me of Science,—humph! I do not think a deal of it;  
Tooth-a-oh (no pun!) is a great scourge; I do not like the feel of it.  
I have a sort of fancy, now, that I could make a heal of it,  
When I come to think of it.

Mesmeric force, hypnotic power?—men do not like the names of them,  
When they come to think of it.  
Reminds them of 'cute charlatans, and all the little games of them,  
When they come to think of it.

But mental power o'er matter?—there can surely be no harm in it,  
Give it a nice new name, and none will find cause for alarm in it.  
"Cure by Suggestion!" That's the very thing, there's quite a charm  
When you come to think of it. [in it,

If TOMMY's got the toothache life is troublesome and slow to him,  
When he comes to think of it;  
He needs the dentist's services but does not like to go to him,  
When he comes to think of it.

But what if I "suggest" to Tom when forceps get a bite of it,  
That molar or incisor, he will howl—with the *delight* of it?  
TOMMY of course, at once will feel that I am in the right of it,  
When he comes to think of it.

The dipsomaniac again!—he likes rum as a beverage,  
When he comes to think of it;  
But by this same "Suggestion" on his will I get a leverage,  
When I come to think of it.

I hint to him that Zoedone much nicer than "Pine-apple" is  
(Suggestion the best manner with his morbid taste to grapple is)  
He'll own that Zoedone *the* thing to titillate his thrapple is,  
When he comes to think of it.

Repressive laws are hateful to JOHN BULL, he loathes the style of them,  
When he comes to think of it;  
He has a fad for freemen, and he thinks he has an Isle of them,  
When he comes to think of it.

But surely mere "Suggestion" freedom cannot bind, or shackle it.  
No, "Local Option" sounds not sweet though Temperance men be—  
Sir WILFRID *must* prefer my way, if he will fairly tackle it, [cackle it,  
When he comes to think of it.

### HAMPERING HYMEN.

[A Bill is to be introduced into Parliament next Session—so it is said—to stop improvident marriages by forbidding anybody below twenty-five years' old to contract a matrimonial alliance.]

**Monday.**—After a sleepless night, summoned up enough courage to declare myself (sounds rather as if I was accused of carrying contraband goods), to the object of my affections, Miss CLEMENTINA TAILBOYS. Had rather a bad five minutes—of vacillation on CLEMENTINA's part—but at last was accepted. Rapture! Presented her with the brass coal-scuttle (which I had left out in the hall, and should have taken away with me had I been rejected), as an engagement gift. CLEMENTINA looked as if she might have preferred jewellery. However, the coal-scuttle will be useful when we begin housekeeping.

**Tuesday.**—Curious! CLEMENTINA anxious to have my exact age. Tell her, twenty-seven and nine months. She seems doubtful. Can she distrust me? She explains that, by the new law, I should be sent to prison for any time not exceeding five years (gracious!) if I married before the age of twenty-five. CLEMENTINA actually sheds tears as she mentions it. I tell her how glad I am to find that she cares for me enough to weep at thought of my imprisonment. She replies—"Oh, it's not that so much, but anybody aiding and abetting would also be punished; and so I might have to go to prison too!" I suggest that "love would make even a gaol pleasant." She answers (coldly I think) that "she would prefer to spend her honeymoon somewhere else."

**Wednesday.**—CLEMENTINA's father has written to ask for my Baptismal Certificate! Query—insulting? He tries to explain his request by saying, "it would be so awkward if you had made a mistake about your age. You have a young look (rather flattering, that), and CLEMENTINA naturally wishes to avoid committing a misdemeanor."

**Thursday.**—CLEMENTINA trying to pump me about money-matters. I should not have thought of it her! Says, blushing, "her Papa would be glad to see me about settlements." But I haven't anything to settle!

**Friday.**—No letter to-day from either CLEMENTINA or her father! Have they discovered a flaw in the Baptismal Certificate? Call, and am told "the whole family's not at home." Query—a whopper?

**Saturday.**—Frigid note from CLEMENTINA herself, saying "she has just happened to remember that, though I am twenty-five, she is only twenty-two, and therefore, by the new law, she cannot marry for three years. She begs accordingly to break off our engagement, and returns the coal-scuttle." Believe, myself, she's thirty, if she's a day. This excuse of age is a subterfuge. I am rejected for lack of money—settled by settlements! If Parliament had not passed that idiotic law, I should take immediate action—a Breach of Promise one—against CLEMENTINA's perfidy.





MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 4.

## STATESMEN AT HOME.

No. I.—MR. GOSCHEN AT 69, PORTLAND PLACE.

You approach Portland Place from different avenues according to the point from which you start. Supposing you go along the Marylebone Road, it would be necessary, on reaching Park Square, to turn to the right by Park Crescent, which gives upon a broad road "that does not always lead to destruction," as the Gentleman in difficulties said, when he was going to call upon Mr. GEORGE LEWIS at No. 88. If, on the other hand, you approach Portland Place from the South, it would be necessary to pass up Regent Street through the narrow gully by the Church, and so into Portland Place; on

beholding which, especially if it be a hot day, you will wonder that the genius of English people lacks the inspiration which might clothe this noble thoroughfare in verdure. In any other city but London, Portland Place would be planted on either side with avenues of trees, under which you might carelessly loiter at high noontide. Mr. GOSCHEN presently tells you that he has thought of this, and had at one time half elaborated a scheme whereby each householder was to be compelled to plant before his doorway one or more trees.

"Under the Municipal Acts," this great authority says as he toys with a tassel of the priceless Chippendale chair which you learn has a quaint history, "householders are compelled to clear away the snow before their house-fronts. Why should they not be obliged



by an extension of the Act to plant a tree? The principle of Every Man his own Tree-planter once firmly established, London would blossom as a garden."

Standing on the steps of No. 69, regarding the still treeless waste, you notice an inscription on the door-plate, whose polished surface would certainly shine in the sun if there happened to be one. Bending forward you read the legend, "Knock and Ring." You feel at once how strikingly characteristic this is of the eminent statesman whom you presently find seated on the sofa, the saddle-back sacking whereof tones gently from deepest blue to liveliest red. For some people it would be sufficient to knock at a door through which they desired admission. Others, differently constituted, would ring. The Right Honourable GEORGE JOACHIM GÖSCHEN, now Chancellor of Her Majesty's Exchequer in the Ministry of Lord SALISBURY, as he at one time was in the Ministry of Mr. GLADSTONE, leaves nothing to chance. "Knock and Ring" is his motto.

You do so accordingly, and are promptly admitted within the hall, where Jokim, a half-bred retriever, salutes you with transports of affection. You observe that he is not muzzled, and you cannot help permitting your mind to trifle with the inquiry, Has the Dog-tax been duly paid? Your meditations are, however, broken in upon by the appearance of your host, clad in a long dressing-gown of purple silk, turned up at the sleeves with azure velvet, and picked out at the collar with tasty splashes of red. Your host wears a smoking-cap, thickly tasseled with gold lace, and in his mouth, cleverly held between his teeth, is a short clay pipe. Busy as he is, occupied with the affairs of an Empire compared with which that of ancient Rome was nought, your host can still spare a few moments to warmly welcome you. There is no misunderstanding the cheery twinkle in the orb half obscured by the eyeglass.

"Very glad to meet you here, dear TOBY," he says, gracefully removing the short clay from between his shining rows of teeth. "Haven't seen you since the House adjourned. Hope you've had a good time. But what's this you're up to now, going about interviewing your friends at home? Is this what's called the New Journalism? As far as I have looked into the matter, it seems to me that New Journalism is simply Old Americanism."

You take the seat which your host warmly proffers you, and look round the room, somewhat surprised to find a poker and tongs lying within the well-cut fender, that incloses a hearth in which, in spite of October chills, a coal fire brightly burns. Your host, walking up and down the cosy room, and seizing the opportunity of dusting the chairs with the skirt of his dressing-gown, tells you the history of his life from the day he retired from the firm of FRÜHLING AND GÖSCHEN, of Austin Friars, E.C., through his experiences at the Poor Law Board, as First Lord of the Admiralty, and in various other more or less lucrative offices.

"I have," says your host, as he gently but firmly knocks out the ashes from his pipe on the mirrored surface of the oak sideboard that stands under the line engraving of MILLAIS' portrait of Mr. GLADSTONE, "no sympathy with men who decline to serve their country only in certain circumstances. Some people, because they came to the front under GLADSTONE, would decline to take office with Lord SALISBURY. I am not one of those, TOBY, dear boy. All I ask for is opportunity of doing good; and, whether with SALISBURY as chief, or GLADSTONE, that is an accidental circumstance having no particular bearing on the case."

As there is no mention of luncheon, or even inquiry as to your disposition towards sherry and bitters, you lightly turn the conversation in the direction of the bye-elections. Your host (if, in the painful circumstances alluded to, you may still call him so) energetically flicks a fly off a costly blue china vase, that stands beneath a well executed portrait of the Marquis of SALISBURY as CINCINNATUS.

"Bye-elections," he said, "vary with circumstances. If we win it is irrefragable proof that the adversary is getting deeper and deeper into the mire, and that the country as a whole is with us. If we lose, bye-elections are a delusion and a snare having absolutely no value as a test of current public feeling. As to the series that have recently taken place and led to such indecent exultation among the Gladstonians, it is true that they have resulted in the transfer of two seats counting four on a division. But that is a mere incident. If you take the figures as a whole you will see that we have had one of the greatest triumphs in recent political warfare. In 1885, there polled in the three Constituencies of Peterborough, Sleaford and North Bucks, 77,000 voters. Well, divide that by four, add ten per cent. for out-voters, take off 750, say, for electors who have for various causes been removed from the Register, add one per cent. for spoiled votes, and you will see at a glance that the preponderance of the Unionists is so great as to make the return of Lord SALISBURY after a General Election an absolute certainty. Mr. GLADSTONE isn't in it. You will see that, if you work out my calculation."

You promise to do so, and as at this juncture the white-haired butler enters and announces the arrival of Lord SALISBURY on urgent business, you take your leave of your host, noticing as you pass out the admirable contrast of the purple silk dressing-gown, with the



### HAPPY THOUGHT.

"WHY, MY BOY, YOU'VE SEEN WINDOW WITHOUT AN N! DON'T YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A WINDOW AND A WIDOW?"  
 "YES, SIR. YOU CAN SEE THROUGH ONE—AND—AND—YOU CAN'T SEE THROUGH THE OTHER, SIR!"

rich grass-green hue of the curtains that heavily drape the oriel windows. As you slowly walk down-stairs, ready to return if what you think is an obvious idea should occur to your host (it being just half-past one o'clock) it strikes you as strange that Lord SALISBURY, who is understood to be at Hatfield, should have called at this precise moment. But you decline to entertain the suspicion that the hidden meaning of the butler's message is, that luncheon was served, and that your host selfishly desired to be alone.

### POETIC LICENCES.

#### A FORECAST.

SCENE—A Committee-room of the L. C. C. Sub-Committee of Censors, (appointed, under new regulations, to report on all songs intended to be sung on the Music-hall Stage,) discovered in session.

Mr. Wheedler (retained for the Ballad-writers). The next licence I have to apply for is for—well, (with some hesitation)—a composition which certainly borders on the—er—amorous—but I think, Sir, you will allow that it is treated in a purely pastoral and Arcadian spirit.

The Chairman (gravely). There are arcades, Mr. WHEELER, I may remind you, which are by no means pastoral. I cannot too often repeat that we are here to fulfil the mission entrusted to us by the Democracy, which will no longer tolerate in its entertainments anything that is either vulgar, silly, or offensive in the slightest degree.

Mr. Wheedler. Quite so. With your permission, Sir, I will read you the Ballad. [Applause.]

#### "MOLLY AND I.

"Oh! the day shall be marked in red letter——"

The Chairman. One moment, Mr. WHEELER, (conferring with his colleagues). "Marked with red letter"—isn't that a little—eh? liable to— You don't think they'll have read the book? Very well, then. Go on, Mr. WHEELER, please.

Mr. W. "Twas warm, with a heaven so blue."



*First Censor.* Can't pass those two epithets—you must tone them down, Mr. WHEELER—much too suggestive!

*Mr. W.* That shall be done.

*The Chairman.* And it ought to be "sky."

*Mr. W.* "When amid the lush meadows I met her,"

My MOLLY, so modest and true!"

*Second Censor.* I object to the word "lush"—a direct incitement to intemperance!

*Mr. W.* I'll strike it out. (*Reads.*)

"Around us the little kids rollicked,  
Lighthearted were all the young lambs—"

*Second Censor.* Surely "kids" is rather a vulgar expression, Mr. WHEELER? Make it "children," and I've no objection.

*Mr. W.* I have made it so. (*Reads.*)

"They kicked up their legs as they frolicked—"

*Third Censor.* If that is intended to be done on the stage, I protest most strongly—a highly indecorous exhibition!

[*Murmurs of approval.*]

*Mr. W.* But they're only lambs!

*Third Censor.* Lambs, indeed! We are determined to put down all kicking in Music-hall songs, no matter who does it! Strike that line out.

*Mr. W.* (*reading.*) "And frisked by the side of their dams."

*First Censor* (*severely*). No profanity, Mr. WHEELER, if you please!

*Mr. W.* Er—I'll read you the Refrain. (*Reads, limply.*)

"MOLLY and I. With nobody nigh.

Hearts all a-throb with a rapturous bliss,

MOLLY was shy. And (at first) so was I—

Till I summoned up courage to ask for a kiss!"

*The Chairman.* "Nobody nigh," Mr. WHEELER? I don't quite like that. The Music-Hall ought to set a good example to young persons. "MOLLY and I—with her chaperon by," is better.

*Second Censor.* And that last line—"asking for a kiss"—does the song state that they were formally engaged, Mr. WHEELER?

*Mr. W.* I—I believe it omits to mention the fact. But (*ingeniously*) it does not appear that the request was complied with.

*Second Censor.* No matter—it should never have been made. Have the goodness to alter that into—well, something of this kind. "And I always addressed her politely as 'Miss,'—Then we may pass it.

*Mr. W.* (*reading the next verse.*)

"She wore but a simple sun-bonnet."

*First Censor* (*shocked*). Now really, Mr. WHEELER, really, Sir!

*Mr. W.* "For MOLLY goes plainly attired."

*First Censor* (*indignantly*). I should think so—*Scandalous!*

*Mr. W.* "Malediction I muttered upon it,

One glimpse of her face I desired."

*The Chairman.* I think my colleague's exception is perhaps just a little far-fetched. At all events, if we substitute for the last couplet,— "Her dress is sufficient—though on it

She only spends what is strictly required."

Eh, Mr. WHEELER? Then we work in a moral as well, you see, and avoid malediction, which can only mean bad language.

*Mr. W.* (*doubtfully*). With all respect, I submit that it doesn't scan quite so well—

*The Chairman* (*sharply*). I venture to think scansion may be sacrificed to propriety, occasionally, Mr. WHEELER—but pray go on.

*Mr. W.* (*continuing*). "To a streamlet we rambled together.

I carried her tenderly o'er.

In my arms—she's as light as a feather—

That sweetest of burdens I bore!"

*First Censor.* I really must protest. No properly conducted young woman would ever have permitted such a thing. You must alter that, Mr. WHEELER!

*Second C.* And I don't know—but I rather fancy there's a "double-intender" in that word "light"—(*to colleague*)—it strikes me—eh?—what do you think?

*The Chairman* (*in a conciliatory manner*). I am inclined to agree to some extent—not that I consider the words particularly objectionable in themselves, but we are men of the world, Mr. WHEELER, and as such we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that a Music-hall audience is only too apt to find significance in many apparently innocent expressions and phrases.

*Mr. W.* But, Sir, I understood from your remarks recently that the Democracy were strongly opposed to anything in the nature of suggestiveness!

*The Ch.* Exactly so; and therefore we cannot allow their susceptibilities to be shocked. (*With a severe jocosity.*) MOLLY and you, Mr. WHEELER, must either ford the stream like ordinary persons, or stay where you are.

*Mr. W.* (*depressed*). I may as well read the last verse, I suppose:—

"Then under the flickering willow

I lay by the rivulet's brink,

With her lap for a sumptuous pillow—"

*First Censor.* We can't have that. It is really not respectable.

*The Ch.* (*pleasantly*). Can't we alter it slightly? "I'd brought a small portable pillow." No objection to that!

[*The other Censors express dissent in undertones.*]

*Mr. W.* "Till I owned that I longed for a drink."

*Third C.* No, no! "A drink"! We all know what that means—alcoholic stimulant of some kind. At all events that's how the audience are certain to take it.

*Mr. W.* (*feebly*). "So MOLLY her pretty hands hollowed

Into curves like an exquisite cup,

And draughts so delicious I swallowed,

That rivulet nearly dried up!"

*Third C.* Well, Mr. WHEELER, you're not going to defend that, I hope?

*Mr. W.* I'm not prepared to deny that it is silly—very silly—but hardly—er—vulgar, I should have thought?

*Third C.* That is a question of taste, which we won't dispute. I call it distinctly vulgar. Why can't he drink out of his own hands?

*The Ch.* (*blandly*). Allow me. How would this do for the second line? "She had a collapsible cup." A good many people do carry them. I have one myself. Is that all of your Ballad, Mr. WHEELER?

*Mr. W.* (*with great relief*). That is all, Sir.

[*Censors withdraw, to consider the question.*]

*The Ch.* (*after consultation with Colleagues*). We have carefully considered this song, and we are all reluctantly of opinion that we cannot, consistently with our duty, recommend the Council to license it—even with the alterations my colleagues and myself have gone somewhat out of our way to suggest. The whole subject is too dangerous for a hall in which young persons of both sexes are likely to be found assembled; and the absence of any distinct assertion that the young couple—MOLLY and—ah—the gentleman who narrates the experience—are betrothed, or that their attachment is, in any way, sanctioned by their parents or guardians, is quite fatal. If we have another Ballad of a similar character from the same quarter, Mr. WHEELER, I feel bound to warn you that we may possibly consider it necessary to advise that the poet's licence should be cancelled altogether.

*Mr. W.* I will take care to mention it to my client, Sir. I understand it is his intention to confine himself to writing Gaiety burlesques in future.

*The Ch.* A very laudable resolution! I hope he will keep it.

[*Scene closes in.*]



"CULTURE IN OLE VIRGINNY."

Probable result of importing Millet's "Angelus" into the United States.

EX ANTHOLOGIA.—Excerpts from Mr. GRAHAM R. TOMSON'S edition of *Translations from the Greek Anthology* will be known in future as "Ex Antho-(roll)-logia." One epigram of XYLOKYLINDROS of Sidon has escaped the Editor. It runs as follows:—

Though till now unfamed in story,	Alma, spread thy verses freely
Modern tho' thy method be,	Through the Greek Anthology.

HORSEMANSHIP AND CHAIRMANSHIP.—Mr. Punch sincerely congratulates "Mr. ROSEBURY" on his recovery, and on his pluck in taking the Chair at the London County Council, and sticking to the business in such a thorough manner as he did last Friday. The MUCK DOUGALL and Charitable CHARRINGTON must feel that "approbation from 'Mr. ROSEBURY' is praise indeed!" As an equestrian, may he never experience a tumble, and, as Chairman of the L. C. C., may he long be able to keep his seat.





QUANTUM SUFF.

Brown (just returned from a trial ride on his new Mare). "TAKE THE BRUTE AWAY! TAKE HER TO THE STATION! PUT HER ON THE FIRST TRAIN. DON'T ASK WHERE IT'S GOING TO. NEVER LET ME SEE HER AGAIN!"

LARGE FORTUNES FOR EVERYBODY.

MR. PUNCH, SIR.—You have on several occasions allowed me to ventilate the domestic or financial difficulties by which I have occasionally found myself surrounded; so I again venture to ask you to permit me, for the sake of all impecunious gentlemen, to state my present difficulty, which I think I may fairly designate "*Un embarras des richesses*," not exactly in possession, but most certainly in prospect. I have already stated that, thanks to the discriminating liberality of a distant relation, I am the happy possessor of a sum of £20,000, invested in Her Majesty's Consols. Until the great financial authority, Mr. JOKEH GOSCHEN, so unexpectedly deprived me of one-twelfth of the income I derived from my little fortune, I was well able to accomplish what so many find the very difficult task of making both ends meet. The many blessings that must be quarterly showered upon that great Financier's head by the many thousands of people who share my disgust at his proceedings, and which I am informed by my Stockbroker ROBINSON is to be repeated in a few years' time, I do not envy him. But to proceed.

Finding it most desirable to increase my income, I have applied to ROBINSON, who is, I believe, what is called an Outsider, and who, I am happy to say, informs me that it is the easiest and simplest thing in the world. I am at once to sell out my old-fashioned and shinking Consols, and to invest the proceeds under his directions. He brought me about a dozen Prospectuses of new Companies, the most modest of which promises a dividend of at least 10 per cent., and some as much as 30! One of them, I see, has purchased something like half a million acres of land, all surrounded with gold mines, in such well-known places as Poteshofabroom, Shoutstanburger, and Pinaforenstine; another, so far as I can understand the Prospectus, has purchased a mine in the Planet Uranus, whence any quantity of the metal called Uranium can be obtained, and sold for £3,000 per ton; but, from what I have since learned, I think I must have made some mistake as to the locality, as it is now stated to be in Cornwall, which is of course very much nearer. This is to pay 30 per cent. Then I have another fortune offered to me in the shape of a Company for purchasing any number of Coffee Shops and Eating Houses; but this only offers 25 per cent., so Uranus "takes the cake," as ROBINSON says. Then there is a Company for buying

up dozens of American Warehouses, which appear to have been used for the purpose of elevating the price of corn; thence called Elevators; and the shareholders in this little affair, with its quarter of a million of capital, are expected to be satisfied with a poor 15 per cent.

I had been spending many weary hours over these several glowing offers, and had arrived at the conclusion that by selling out my Consols and distributing the proceeds fairly among these four Companies I should at once raise my income from a paltry 2½ per cent. on my £20,000 to something like 22½ per cent., an increase of nearly tenfold its present amount!

Full of this grand idea I had commenced filling up my various applications when ROBINSON looked in. He was unfortunately in a great hurry, as it was, he said, Account Day, whatever that may mean, but his advice to me was couched in some such mysterious language as this:—

"Distribute your capital over a larger number of Companies. Buy nothing. Apply for shares and then sell them at a large profit for the account." (He forgot to say whose account.) "Then take the Contango or the Backwardation, whichever it may be, and apply to the Bank of England to carry them forward to the next account at Bank Rate. Then repeat the operation as before, and, as the account is fortnightly, you will possibly double your capital in twelve months. Continue this splendid game until you are quite satisfied—and then stop for ever!"

The amount of time I have devoted to endeavouring in vain to comprehend these puzzling phrases none will ever know. I search in vain in *Johnson*, and *Nuttall*, and *Chambers*, for the meaning of a Contango. I bore my friends for an answer to my repeated question, "What is a Backwardation?" One frivolous fellow boldly asserted that Backwardation was the thief of time, and recommended me to collar him! And when I seriously asked a rather solemn friend of mine what was the Bank Rate at which they would carry my shares to wherever they were destined to go, he replied Five, which, presuming he meant five miles an hour, I take the liberty of doubting, not thinking it could be done at the pace in that busy neighbourhood. If any specially clever fellow among your tens of thousands of readers can kindly assist me with a solution of my conundrums, I should feel deeply obliged to him—the more so as ROBINSON has left rather hurriedly for Paris. JOSEPH GREENHORN.



## A BIG BATTLE PICTURE!

*Sketch of a Grand National Historical Painting, by Sir W. Historicus Artcourt, R.A.*



## EXTRACT FROM DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

We have it upon a great authority that "It is the habit of Englishmen, when they are satisfied with themselves and with the rest of mankind, to dine." It is the nature of that great and magisterial, if rather *flamboyant* English artist, Sir W. HISTORICUS ARTCOURT, R.A., when he is "satisfied with himself"—which is often—to paint a big picture, in very unctuous oils, and generally *couleur-de-rose*.

The latest large picture of this Master, presented by him to the National Liberal Club, but exhibited *urbi et orbi* in the present Exhibition, is entitled, "*The Battle of Westminster! Critical Moment!*"

It is decidedly "*un œuvre de longue haleine*," painted on a large

canvas with a full brush, and in the flowing, florid style so characteristic of the artist.

It represents that scene in the great battle referred to when F.M. Commander-in-Chief GLADSTONE, the "Great Leader" of the Liberal Army, is awaiting the psychological moment for giving the decisive signal, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" Reinforcements, including welcome recruits from such patriotic places as Dundee, Elgin and Nairn, Peterborough, and North Bucks, have come in sight, to the great encouragement of the Liberal Chief, and the equally great disappointment of the leaders of the rival hosts. "Coming," says the Historian of the Epoch, "at the close of a long and hard-fought field, they arrived at a critical moment of this great action, and justified the leader of the Liberal Army in ordering a general advance of his host, and in giving the word, 'Up, Guards,



and at 'em!' The graphic style of the great Historian here quoted from is singularly akin to that—in another medium—of the illustrious HISTORICUS, R.A., as displayed in this imposing picture.

Sir HISTORICUS has seized, for the purposes of his *chef d'œuvre* of historical art, upon the exact moment when the Commander-in-Chief, having murmured to himself, "Night, or LABOUCHERE!" and shut up his umbrella—we mean telescope (mixed historic reminiscences connected with an incident in the career of another great Commander-in-Chief have here a little muddled our critical mind)—having, we say, just shut up his telescope, has reopened that glass in order to take a final survey of the field. He sees the enemy under the leadership of F.M. Lord SALISBURY, and Generals ARTHUR BALFOUR, GOSCHEN, and SMITH, making a gallant but final stand against his own forces. The flower of his troops, the pick of his guards, are lying down behind him, hidden by slightly rising ground, in which somewhat uneasy position they have for some time been awaiting with cramped limbs, but eager hearts, indomitable patience, and invincible resolution, the expected word of command, which welcome signal, the Commander-in-Chief, motioning them with his left hand to keep still, and, in the words of BRER RABBIT, "lay low" yet a little longer, has not yet given, but appears upon the point of uttering.

This Grand Historical Picture will doubtless be the cynosure of all eyes during the Season, and will increase the already high reputation, as a painter of what may perhaps be called "Sensational Historic Scenes," of Sir W. HISTORICUS ARTCOURT, R.A.

## LYCEUM PIT.

(To the Crowded-out, and those waiting for their Turn for Admission.)

SCENE FROM NEW PIECE, "VICTORIAN!"  
AT THE LYCEUM.



Mr. Henry Irving as Robert Mangle.

Expiring Pittite. "Crushed! but unconquered!"

## NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Manager of the Lyceum Theatre, whose fatherly attitude in relation to the patrons of the Artistic Establishment over which he presides is well known, and who, from beyond the footlights, is ever stretching out loving arms to greet, rather as very dear



## "DECEIVERS EVER."

Goldsmith. "WOULD YOU LIKE ANY NAME OR MOTTO ENGRAVED ON IT, SIR!"  
Customer (who had chosen an Engagement Ring). "YE—YES—UM—'AUGUSTUS TO IRENE.'  
AND—AH—LOO' HERE—DON'T—AH—CUT 'IRENE' VERY DEEP!"

brothers, than as the casual acquaintances of a mere passing evening's entertainment, the audiences who nightly throng his Auditorium, having heard with a chagrin that has moved him profoundly, that that portion of them who visit the Pit experience much difficulty in gaining admission, and have to wait, he has been informed, when not robust, and of sufficient stamina to endure the prolonged struggle, sometimes days before they are able to secure a place, wishes it to be known that, to provide for their necessities, he has secured several houses in the immediate neighbourhood of the Theatre, which he is having with all possible speed thrown into one large and Commodious Establishment, which he hopes, in a few days, to open for their use, as a "Non-Bookers' Family Hotel and Boarding-house." Every modern contrivance and convenience, including billiard-tables, a swimming-bath, a resident dentist, and all other recognised Club comforts, that cannot fail to render it attractive to his patrons, who are waiting their turn for admission to the Pit, have been lavishly provided regardless of cost. Arrangements will be made with families; and, to meet the case of parents bringing their children, an educational prospectus is being prepared, for further particulars concerning which application may be made to the Secretary. A small nominal fee will be charged for stamps and boot-cleaning.



## UNFILED: OR THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."  
Le Diable Boiteux.

## IX.

"ARE all scenes sombre in this Titan town?"

I asked, as noiselessly we flitted down,

My heart oppressed with pity.

"Nay," smiled my guide. "There is, indeed, no dearth Of garish glitter and metallic mirth In the night-curtained city."

"You mook," I murmured. "'Tis your métier. I,

For all these scenes of sordid misery And hollow, heartless glitter, Have no sardonic smiles, no cynic quips

Such as so lightly leave your shadowy lips,

O Spirit keen and bitter!"

"Nay," said the Shade, "I seek but truth—like you;

And if, perchance, I hold a *passee-partout* To human hearts and cupboards,

I scoff not at their hidden skeletons, And some I know—a few—of spectral bones As bare as—Mother Hubbard's."

It was a wet and murky winter night, Yet through the fog and rain we held our Unwearied and unwetted. [flight,

"This style of travelling," I said, "is strange,

Though pleasant. For such privilege to range, To what am I indebted?"

"How do you manage it? Can it be true That you're a Brother—a Mahatma?"

"Pooh!"

Cried he, "don't be a noddy. You have been reading Esoteric rot?"

Well, be assured, good friend, that I do not Possess an Astral Body.

"'Tis my one secret; pray why should you seek

To fathom it? That intellect is weak Which dares not face some mystery.

With mystery the universe is rife, It forms the major part of human life,

Fills more than half of history."

His crackling mirth appeared infectious. "Lo!"

I laughed, "the faces lit with lambent glow Gathered round yonder table.

It looks like some strange incantation scene, Some vision of weird gloom and spectral sheen

From the wild world of fable."

Grave faces, full of wide-mouthed wonder, eyes

Dilated in hysteric ecstasies, White fingers, slender, tremulous;

Rapt souls in curious raiment, spirits dense, Enamoured of the charms of the Intense,

Of Mystic Muddle emulous.

And two keen vulpine visages, elate With power, the strange symposium dominate.

"Is it," I cried, "infernal, Or merely foolish, all this mummary mad,

Its Mumbo Jumbo that fat fox-faced cad, Wrought amidst shades nocturnal?"

"What is't they do? A deed without a name?"

"Nay," scoffed the Shade, "you misdirect your blame.

Default of terminology Is not the modern necromancer's lack;

In jargon modish Magic, White or Black, Beats orthodox theology.



"What do they, this wolf-shepherded tame flock

Of Panurge sheep? Well nothing much to shock

The conscience of Society. They add, these callow prophets oiled and

curled, To the uncounted Credos of the world One other new variety.

"A sceptic age must multiply its creeds; 'Tis therefore Neo-Nonsense so succeeds!

A Paradox? Precisely! In paradox the boudoir Pyrrho finds

The piquant pabulum of muddled minds. It flavours fog so nicely!

"These quidnuncs, under guidance of a quack

Founding a new religion? Earth harks back, In spite of civilisation,

To the brute epoch of the Medicine Man. Was any cant-soared squaw more credulous

than That girl of birth, wealth, station?

"Mark her tranced awe, as the soft-glosing knave,

With gleaming eye, and accents blandly grave,

Mouths out his mystic platitudes. Observe the quaint-robed, fashionable dames

Hanging upon his maze of nebulous names, In half erotic attitudes!

"Effluxion—esoteric—ministrant,— Absorption—Ego,—all the mystic cant,

And all the misty cackle, With which the spiritual Seingalts strive

Their dupes' credulity to keep alive, Their common-sense to shackle.

"That girl has eyes in which there lurks the gleam

Of soul-delirium; her hysteric dream May know a woeful waking.

A sort of pious orgie surfeits now Her spirit, in a semi-sensuous slough

Its morbid thirst she's slaking.

"And what of that blind ecstasy's sure goal? Heart-souire, an asylum! She hath soul.

As for the modish midgits, The fashionable fribbles,—they at best

Aim to give social boredom some new zest. Frenzy allays the fidgets.

"This, friend, is Culture's piety. Now look!"

—I saw a face above a well-thumbed book In solemn rapture bending;

A radiant face that scarce the head-gear quaint

Could spoil; 'twas half coquette, and half seemed saint,

There's charm in that strange blending.

A charm equivocal, obscure. "It won The interest of suburban shopdom's son

In a so subtle manner That he, the Cockney masher, blatant, vain,

Enrolled himself in the enthusiast train That bore the flaming banner."

So said the Shadow. "Could you plumb her thought,

With what wild blend of passions were it fraught?

Her life was grey, flat, dreary, Till the wild ecstacy of faith inspired

An eager heart, of sluggish pulses tired, Of wan monotony weary.

"And now? One hand her sect's wild hymnal clasps,

The other holds his portrait. Ennui gasps For keen excitement ever,

Whether the thrall of empty boredom be Garbed in the low-born zealot's livery,

Or quaintly clad, and clever.

"The end of the queer cants that Caste enjoys?

Of the coarse orgies of blind zeal and noise That move the mob so madly?

Not so dissimilar, good friend, perchance; The Agapemone and the Bacchic Dance

Both finished rather badly.

(To be continued.)

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FIVE Months' Fine Weather (SAMPSON Low) suggests a brewery to the mind familiar with Johnsonese. It promises in the climatic department "potential riches beyond the dreams of avarice." Of course it was not in England that Mrs. E. H. CARBUTT found this treasure. She crossed the Atlantic, dashed through Canada to Vancouver, thence by the Western States to Mexico, and home by New Orleans and New York. A capably devised trip, the every-day incidents of which are told in this charmingly got-up volume in a style that makes the journey almost as interesting to the reader as it was to the *voyageurs*. With such opportunities of seeing interesting places in fine weather, we regret to observe that contentment was not universal with the little party. On page 31 it is written of an hotel in Chicago: "The only place where drink is sold is the bar of the hotel. On the whole, EDWARD was rather disappointed." Now why should EDWARD, on making this discovery, have been plunged in melancholy? There are obvious objections to having drink sold all over a well-ordered hotel. EDWARD might, we presume, have had a cocktail specially conveyed to his room. If not, he should have manfully borne up against the trial. The true secret of successful travelling is to make the best of everything, as Mrs. CARBUTT does, with the added gift that she can pleasantly chat about its episodes.

MR. FARJEON's shillingsworth, *The Blood-White Rose*, can be strongly recommended for the hour before dressing-time for dinner. Ingenious story; quite one of the Skipper Series; you can hop on from point to point deeply interested until you come to the finish. It is dedicated to Mr. J. L. TOOLE, which is quite appropriate, seeing that the story is of a most sensational and melodramatic character. MR. FARJEON would probably dedicate a light, airy, humorous work to MR. HENRY IRVING.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER, in *Buttons* (F. V. WHITE & Co.)—(sounds as if he were a page-boy, doesn't it? Doubtless he is a boy of a good many pages)—is by no means "the Winter of our discontent." On the contrary, though the plot is simple, the story is charmingly told. While many of



the characters are but sketches, they are touched with a light hand, and are fresh and lifelike. The whole story is bright, breezy, and healthy. If short, it is undoubtedly sweet, and the best his (or, rather, "her") pen has given us since *Boodle's Baby*.

In a well-arranged volume, entitled *How Men Propose* (T. FISHER UNWIN), Miss AGNES STEVENS gives us a collection of various ways of popping the question, according to different authors from DICKENS and THACKERAY downwards. She has not, it appears, consulted any of the poets on the subject. Possibly she holds that when the proposal has been made, and the suitor accepted or rejected, as the case may be, there is but little poetry remaining. This volume cannot fail to be popular, and the compiler, having given us question-popping according to the highest literary authorities, should publish another book detailing the forms of proposal according to actual fact. This would be vastly entertaining! "How Men Really Propose" would be a superb subject for the next autumnal "boom" in the *Daily Telegraph*. Besides it has been whispered—though of course Mr. Punch would be the very last person to believe it—that proposal is not always confined to the sterner sex!

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & CO.

### ALL WORK AND NO PLAY.

"There's *Ruy* for you."—*Ophelia on the Gaiety Entertainment.*

THE Gaiety Variety Show, entitled *Ruy Blas* or *The Blasé Rôlé*, is everything, in the singing and dancing line, by turns,—in this respect resembling a Music-hall show, where all have their "turns,"

—and nothing long; not too long, that is, including the skirts. Miss ELLEN FARREN and Mr. LESLIE enter, and you ascertain from the bill that one appears as *Ruy Blas*, and that the other is impersonating *Don Cesar*; while Mr. DANBY, strongly reminding me of Mr. DALLAS, is supposed to be a burlesque *Don Sallust*. The last-mentioned is a toper, and all his allusions are to drinking more than is good for him; but he has not a monopoly of this humorous jest, as a considerable portion of the entire dialogue seems to be on the subject of liquor. Then Mr. LESLIE observes, that if he takes much more he will be all "razzle-dazzle," or "words to that effect," as *Serjeant Busfuz* observed, in the *Bardell v. Pickwick* trial. Whereupon "razzle-dazzle" apparently suggesting a musical idea, the three sing a few verses about "razzle-dazzle;" and then execute a dance of inebriates, which, as far as Mr. LESLIE is concerned, is dramatically clever.

After this, Miss MARION HOOD, of the merry green-wood, sole descendant of ROBIN and MARIAN, comes on as a fair-haired, highly-coloured Queen, and sings,—not so freshly as she used some few years ago; but nothing of any importance occurs until the reappearance of Mr. LESLIE and Miss FARREN, and these two, dressed as girls,—in which costume Miss ELLEN FARREN really seems as much at home as if she had worn petticoats all her stage-life,—do another ingenious dance on their slates. If wanting in plot, the entertainment possesses, at all events, a first-rate STOREY, whose eccentric antics with his legs are marvellous. Everything is encored, more or less. In the Second Act Mr. LESLIE exclaims, "Pshaw!" which immediately reminds him of *La Belle Siffreuse*, Mrs. SHAW, and he then whistles an air, accompanied by the orchestra, nearly as perfectly as Mrs. SHAW could do it herself.

All HERR MEYER LUTZ's music is as pretty and appropriate as usual. He is a past master in the art, and no one can touch him in this particular line. The scenery is excellent, and the *mise-en-scène* effective.

After a pretty Ballet of children, Mr. LESLIE, in answer to the applause, enters from the prompt-side dressed as Madame KATTI LANNER, and accompanied by some audacious person who dares to impersonate AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS. This is very droll, though I trembled lest DRURIOLANUS should march down on us with his legions, and his "Company Limited," to take summary vengeance. I have forgotten to mention the Salvationist dance by Mr. LESLIE and Miss FARREN, which goes immensely, and is encored at least twice. I should like General BOOTH to see this, as I question whether the

absurd caricature of the tricks and manners of his followers has any basis in fact. The humour, I suppose, as usual, lies in the incongruity of the association, as was the case years ago with the Dancing Quakers at the Music-Halls.

Perhaps, when Mr. LESLIE comes out of the Gaiety Nursery, and



A sort of "Booth" Performance.

has grown out of "dressing up" and playing at acting, we may yet see him in some such artistic impersonation as was that of *Rip Van Winkle*, played, as one must suppose, by quite another Mr. LESLIE some years ago. Mr. LESLIE and Miss FARREN "draw," but the piece drags.

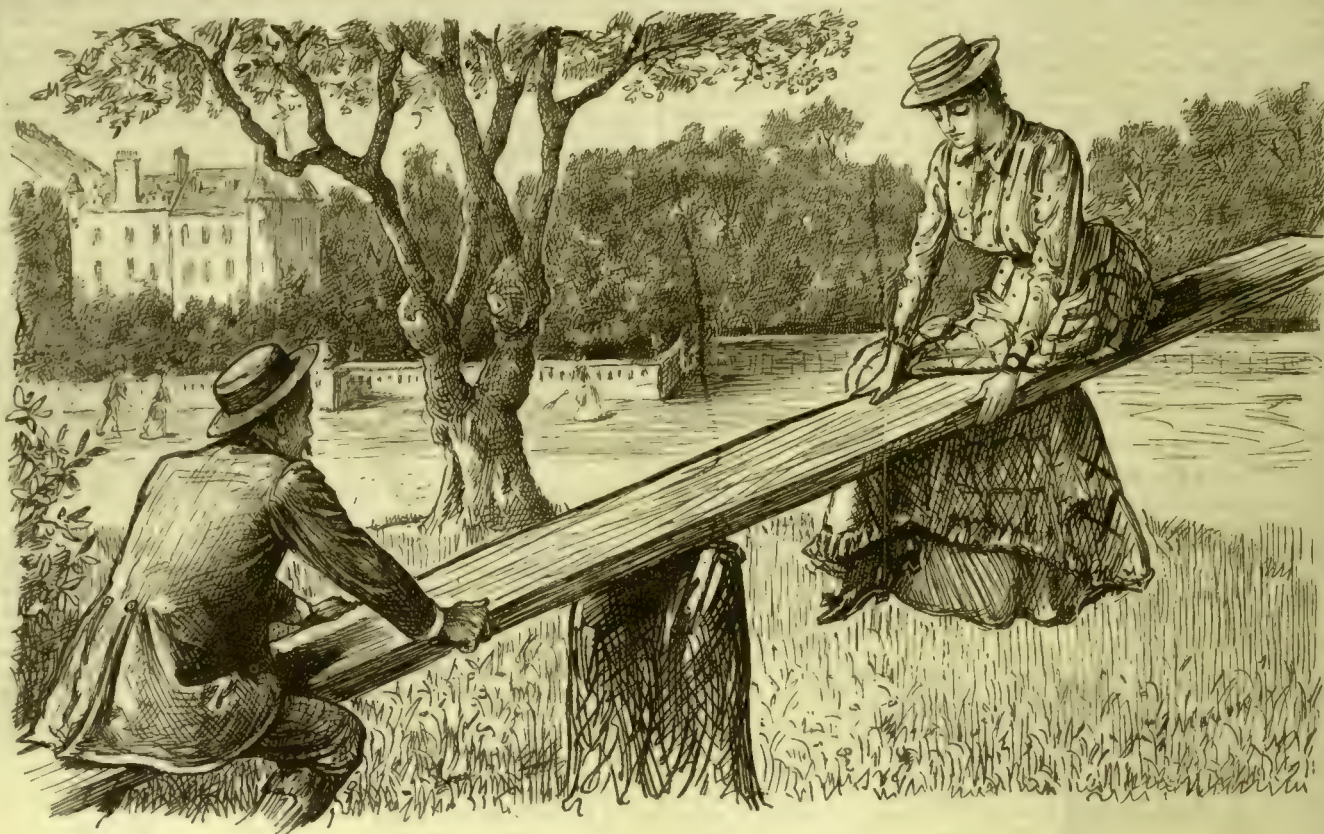
At the Avenue, *La Prima Donna* is not the work that will make Signor TITO MATTEI's reputation as a composer of light opera. The light opera is heavy. If it were not for Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER as the Manager of a travelling troupe, there would not be a spark of fun in the piece. He sings a song which is encored five times, and he gives a fresh verse for each encore. There is a trifle too much of his repetition as to his being "Such a wonderful Stage Manager," but this isn't the actor's fault. It is true that when a man prides himself on being first-rate at something or other, his conversation is inclined to become monotonous, and perhaps in no instance more so than in that of a professional or amateur actor who believes in himself as a "really marvellous stage manager." I remember the story in *Blackwood* as "The Duke's Dilemma," and I fancy it has already been dramatised. Be this as it may, the materials for a really good Comic Opera, which might have been made as telling as *La Grande Duchesse*, have been entirely thrown away, and all the excellent opportunities—or as H. J. BYRON used to say, the "Opera-tune-it-is," have been utterly lost. Except in a burlesque piece,—and this Opera ought not to be so considered,—what possible humour is there in making characters dressed in mediæval costume speak the slang of the nineteenth century, all the allusions in the dialogue being up to the present date? Mr. ALEC MARSH and Mr. JOSEPH TAPLEY sing what is set down for them well, but they cannot help exhibiting the effects of depression. Miss ALICE LETHBRIDGE looks like KATE VAUGHAN and dances most gracefully. Scenery good: costumes not so good. Better luck to Titotum in his next spin.



"NUTS FOR THEM."—A Grand Hotel Official informed the *Pall Mall* interviewer, last Saturday, that the Royal Guests were put "in what we call the Walnut Rooms." What is the speciality of Walnut Rooms? Must the guests eat only walnuts and walnut pickles? Do the attendants let off crackers in their honour? Perhaps the Walnut-Room official expressed himself hazel-y.

MAKING HISTORY.—MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, as we may gather from his recent speeches, is engaged in writing a new History of Ireland and the Colonies. It will probably appear under the *nom-de-plume* of "JOSEPHUS HERODOTUS," and will be quite remarkable for its accuracy.





## POPPING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WHATEVER GUS HAD TO SAY TO LUCY, HE HAD TO SAY IT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES DEPICTED ABOVE.

*(They were both much moved.)*

## A STRANGE PAIR OF PETS;

*Or, Fondling and Feeding.*

"By the simplicity of Venus' doves,"

This is indeed a spectacle of the oddest!

Ours is a day of strange-assorted loves,

But that poor dove so soft, and mild, and modest,

Paired off as pet with yon fierce bird of prey,  
Is quite the strangest portent of the day.

The proud Imperial Fosco pouts his lips,  
And to his peaceful petting chirps and chirrups;

He, the stark paladin, with belted hips,  
Steel brand at side, and feet fresh from the stirrups,

Armed Mars, petting the bird of Pax—and Venus!

'Tis strange as Psyche flirting with Silenus.

The twittering Teuton Titan loves the bird—  
He says so, and his preference to question,

Watching his attitude, would seem absurd.  
And yet it seems a sinister suggestion

That thus so near the war-fowl Fate should find him,

Fondling the dove—but with one hand behind

What does he with that hand? Ah! what but cram

The ravenous creature's craw with carrion  
That act at least's no sentimental sham;

It makes the spectacle a trifle odder.  
Himself with the sweet cushat he'd ingratiate,

Yet feeds the eagle's appetite insatiate.

That bird athwart the European skies  
Has long time spread his wings in threaten-  
ing shadow;

Flies as he feeds, still feeding as he flies.

To gorge him might o'ertax an Eldorado.

Still proffering food! And is there more to follow,

O Teuton Chief, for that prodigious swallow?

Protector of the Dove? A pleasant plea!

The bird of Jove protect the bird of Venus?

Much as the wolf might a protector be

Of lambs and creatures of such gentle genus.

If, free to strike, that eagle soared above

The cushat's nest, what chance for the poor dove?

The snowy-pinioned bird, you say's secure.

For,—you but vaguely indicate how long.

Yes, whilst you pet the flutterer timid, pure,  
And stand beside it twittering, yet strong.

But which, young Kaiser, has your love indeed,

The pet you fondle, or the pet you feed?

THE COMING NINTH.—Why does Sir HENRY ISAACS walk instead of ride in the Show of November 9th? Because he conscientiously follows in the footsteps of his ancestors. "*Pickwick* and Principle!" But why not "go the whole"—beg pardon!—why not walk the entire way? If it is against the Sabbatical rule to take a horse out on that day, why give the Mayor so much exercise? We've often heard of "the Jewish Dispensation," but it appears that there is no such thing, and Sir HENRY can't be "dispensed" from the obligation of the Sabbath. That being so, foot it with the best of them Sir HENRY. Lead them a pretty dance, and trust entirely to "Shanks's Mare."

## NORTHERLY.

ON the 7th of November the Jubilee Dinner of the General Theatrical Fund will take place with—who do we see is to be in the Chair? IRVING? Oh, no. TOOLE? WIL-LARD? Oh, no. BEERBOHM TREE? HENRY NEVILLE? O dear no. SHERIDAN KNOWLES was the first Chairman of the Committee of the R. G. T. F., but he was actor as well as author, and we fancy that Dramatic Authors, and some noble Un-dramatic Authors not unknown to art and literature, have been in the Chair before now. So, who takes it this time? Mr. GLADSTONE? Lord SALISBURY? Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who presided at the Kendal Dinner? No—no—no. You'll never guess. It is Colonel NORTH. What has he written? Cheques to any amount. Good; and his wealth, we trust, will benefit this and many other charitable institutions. But why in the Chair? Why not simply in a chair at the Dinner? What next will he be offered? The Presidency of the Royal Academy? The Archbishopric of Canterbury, or of York as the Northern Province? By the way, of what Regiment is he Colonel? If not a Colonel of "Ours," he is certainly a Commander of "Mines." Still, why has he been asked to take the Chair at the Royal General Theatrical Fund Dinner? Will the title of the Association be altered, out of compliment to the gallant Millionaire, and be known henceforth as the "Royal 'Colonel' Theatrical Fund?"

NEW "BLUE BOOK."—*The Blue Fairy Book*, by MERRY ANDREW LANG. N.B.—The most scrupulous London County Councillors may read it aloud in their domestic circles.





THE RIVAL PETS; OR, FONDLING AND FEEDING.







IN MEMORIAM.

Percival Leigh.

BORN, NOVEMBER 3, 1813. DIED, OCTOBER 24, 1889.

LAST link with a dead past, the earlier day  
Of LEMON, JERROLD, LEECH and THACKERAY,  
Now sundered suddenly!  
With what a shock it comes of yearning pain,  
The thought that we that presence ne'er again  
At the old board may see!

The pen of *Pips's Diary* now is still,  
The thoughtful face, the heart of warm goodwill,  
Pass, with thy passing bell,  
From thy old haunt of friendship lit by fame,  
Leaving a memory fair, an honoured name:  
PERCIVAL LEIGH, farewell!

COMFORT IN A STORM.

MIGHTY pleasant are the minor Galleries this gruesome weather. Truly delightful is it to run into any of these snug, comfortable little havens, and forget for awhile the muddy streets, the pouring rain, and the dismal atmosphere. Pay a visit to McLEAN's, and see Sir JOHN MILLAIS' delightful little damsels at their *Five o'clock Tea*; enjoy a fresh breeze under the guidance of Mr. J. C. HOOK beside his *Sea-Pools, Arran*; have a good laugh over M. V. CHEVILLIARD's *Critical Moment*; study Mr. EDWIN LONG's *Choosing a Deity*; and do not omit to congratulate Mr. MARCUS STONE on his *Return*. He is the unproverbial STONE that has always kept rolling, and yet must have gathered a lot of moss. You will find plenty to amuse you if you go to Venice in company with Signor STEFANO NUOVO, and inspect his *Naughty Boy*, and you will thoroughly relish the breeziness of *A Fresh Morning off the Isle of Wight* with Mr. HENRY MOORE. After this wandering you will welcome a touching poem, a symphony in a minor key, M. C. DELORT gives you in *The Return of the Exile*; and there are plenty of other clever painters who will cause you to forget for awhile our dismal climate.



FOND BUT FOOLISH.

"LET ME PUT HIS MUZZLE ON FOR YOU, AUNT TABITHA."  
"HUSH, DARLING! WE NEVER USE THAT WORD HERE—IT HURTS HIS FEELINGS. WE CALL IT HIS RESPIRATOR!"



"A BOLT FROM THE BLUE."

NO MORE SAFES.

[An Insurance Company has been started for securing compensation to the victims of burglarious enterprise.]

Yes, that curious grating sound just outside the drawing-room window does, as you say, certainly seem as if somebody were trying to break in.

No, I do not intend to adopt your further suggestion that I should take the kitchen-poker and go round the premises with a lantern.

The burglars, who have succeeded in effecting an entrance with conspicuous ease through my patent roller steel shutters, appear to

be a merry crew. I can distinctly hear them cracking jokes and opening champagne bottles in the butler's pantry, preparatory to beginning their real work among the spoons and forks.

I should rather like to join the burglars' little "At Home" in my drawing-room, only in that case the Insurance Company would probably say I was in collusion with the housebreakers, and refuse to pay me my money.

What a pleasure it is to know that there are four dogs in the house—a dog to every burglar, probably! They have not, as yet, uttered a sound of protest.

Perhaps a long course of muzzling has taken away their spirits.

Anyhow, the simplest and wisest course for me to adopt is to lock my bed-room door and go off to sleep again.

You may call me a coward, my dear, and ask me "how I can bear to let a thief carry off the silver salver which was a wedding present from dear Mamma?"—but as I am insured for £2,000 in the new "Anti-Burglar Assurance Association," I do not feel in the least degree disposed to enter into a personal encounter with a band of healthy (and probably armed) felons.

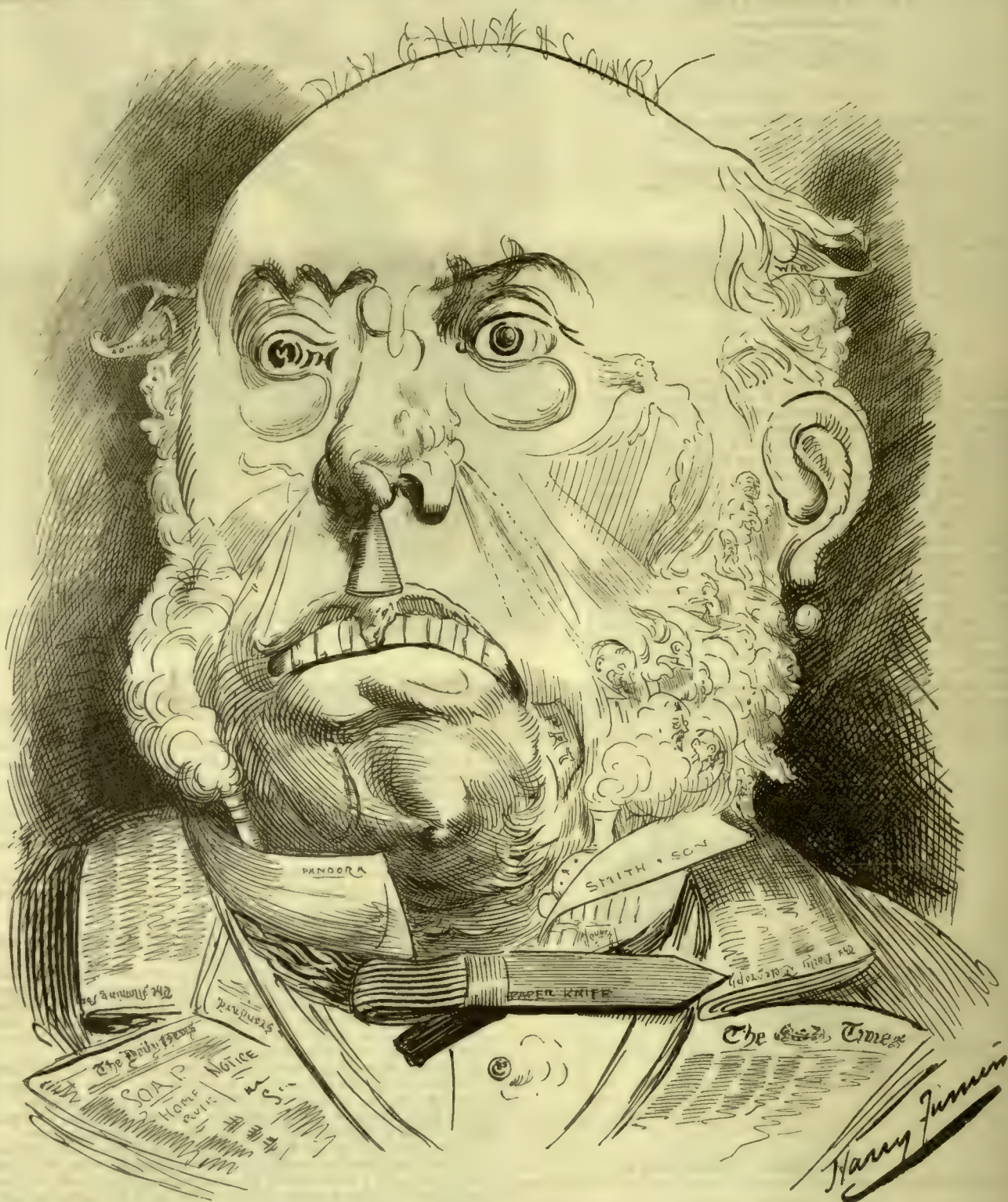
Am rather surprised, when I call on the Association to tell them of the loss of all my plate, to be informed that "The Company of course expects the assured to do something to repel a burglar." I ask, if they expected me to run the risk of being shot? Agent replies, "Oh, yes, certainly." This is something like assurance!

It also looks bad for the Agent to come back to the house with me (as he does) and hunt all about the place, apparently with the object of discovering if I have hidden the stolen things anywhere, and am merely inventing the burglar story in order to get the compensation.

It looks still worse (for me) when the Agent really finds all the plate buried in a hole in the back garden! I remark that the burglars must have intended to return for it. Agent winks, and says something about its looking "precious fishy." Am really sorry the burglars have made such fools of themselves, and also of me. Never liked the pattern of that salver, and should have quite enjoyed getting heavy compensation out of the Company.

ASTROLOGY.—Mr. TAY PAY O'CONNOR says he has the firmest faith in his "lucky Star."





**MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 5.**

## STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXII. MR. W. H. SMITH AT GREENLANDS, HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

As you walk along the gravel-path, under the immemorial elms, towards the baronial residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, you have time to reflect that it is no new thing for Henley to be on

Thames. It has been there from time immemorial, certainly from the days when the **Sieur DE SMEETH**, founder of the branch of the well-known family of which your host is now the head, received a neighbouring manor from the mailed hand of **WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR**. As you stand in the latticed porch, buried in a picturesque tangle of creepers, gazing upon the projecting gables, you still find trace in the leaded casement of the old Norman-French motto of the



early SMEETHS—"Excusez mon gant." Amongst the rare documents your host presently shows you is a faded copy of the local newspaper giving an account of the attempt made by the Sieur to cross the Thames in a coracle. It is the same Thames still, and Henley is on it. But many other things are changed, including the proprietor of Greenlands.

You are examining the umbrellas in the hat-stand of carved oak, and the engravings of knights in armour in the staircase beyond, when a pleasant voice salutes you.

"Good morning," it says; "have you used—I mean, it is very good of you to come out so far. Any news in Town? Any more bye-elections? You know what the MARKISS says on the subject? 'Mr. SMITH,' says he (always calls me 'Mr.')

'if there are any more of these moral victories for Unionism, there will be only one bye left for us, and that will be good-bye.' Ha! ha! MARKISS has a certain mordant humour which endears him to his friends."

You look up in the direction of the voice, and find your host beaming upon you from the mullioned staircase. You note that his dress is a happy mixture of the modern country gentleman and the Georgian Era; a frock-coat of bright blue, on which brass buttons boldly flash; whilst a flamboyant waistcoat is superarched over a pair of kerseymere trousers tied at the knee with black bows. Steel buckles glint on black shoes; a pair of ruffles lie at the wrists like wreaths of snow; whilst a pin, curiously fashioned, showing CHARLES THE FIRST with his head under his arm, fastens at the throat a lightly-tied kerchief. This pin, which has been in the family many years, has attached to it a curious history, which your host relates, as he sits by the open window at his desk, looking down on a grass-plot some eighty feet square, with a tiny greenhouse in one corner, and a still tinier grotto in the other, whilst far in the rear flows the lordly Thames.

"I have always liked a Grotto," your host says, as he turns over a new leaf in one of the numerous copy-books that fill an entire side of the rosewood and marqueterie book-case that rises from the floor to within an inch or so of the corniced ceiling. "POPE had a Grotto you know, and LABBY lives in it, which, BALFOUR says, accounts for the coolness of his impudence. But BALFOUR is always making remarks tinged with acerbity. For myself, I never forget how in earlier days I used to write out the observation, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

You follow the direction of your host's eyes which, lightly passing over the Flemish buffets tenanted by a collection of Dutch pottery, alight on a picture hung over a bronze bust of Lord BEACONSFIELD. It presents to view a little boy seated at a school desk. You notice that his head is turned on one side as if he had a crick in the neck; the tip of his tongue protrudes from the side of his mouth; his elbow has an agonised turn; the expression of the young face is one of anxious application. Underneath you find, written in flowing hand, "Master W. H. SMITH, *etat. six.* His first copy-book."

Your host sighs as he turns away from this picture, with all its tender recollections of a troubled past. It draws him into a reminiscent mood, and, as you take your seat on the Louis-Quatorze sofa, with its blue edging and imperial gold, and its tassels redolent of the Heptarchy, your host tells you the story of his life, which appears to have been a series of gentle surprises.

"Sometimes, my dear TOBY," your host says, "when I find myself sitting on the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons, Leader of the Great Conservative Party, I pinch myself to ascertain if I am really in a state of wakefulness, or whether I am in a condition of somnolency. Once, by the way, I remember, in a fit of absence of mind, I pinched GOSCHEN's leg by mistake, which led to a slight misunderstanding."

You take the opportunity to inquire whether there is any truth in the current rumour that the House of Commons is about to lose the companionship of your host, the House of Lords being the gainer by the transition. Your host gazes reflectively at the book-case within easy reach of his chair, where Sandford and Merton lie *dos à dos* with Dr. Brewer's *Guide to Science*, and Mangnall's *Questions* turns an interrogative countenance upon Little Henry and his Bearer.

"My only desire in life," says your host, toying with



### THE REAL ROUGE-DRAGON; OR, "CHERCHER LA FEMME."

the paper-knife, which bears the title of a well-known firm, "is to do my duty—my duty to the QUEEN, and, I may add, to the country. Whether that duty is performed in one chamber or in another, is a matter of perfect indifference to a mind thus isolated in its ambition. I endeavour to do my duty in all circumstances, and when my task is accomplished, I hope to be able to say with TALLEYRAND—or was it LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH?—" *Le déluge, c'est moi!*"

Your host has risen as these words of burning eloquence, capped by the apt quotation, fell from his lips. He paces with leonine stride across the room, his foot falling noiselessly in the three-piled Persian carpet, which you observe does not entirely cover the floor, leaving a border of bare wood, the painful polish of which makes rather abrupt transition. You feel you are not much wiser as to your host's intentions, and would return to the subject, but just then your host's Secretary enters with an armful of letters, and as your host does not resume his seat, you think perhaps you'd better go. Walking to the railway station you call in at a confectioner's, and as you munch the bountiful bun and sip the succulent milk, you brood over man's inhospitality to man, and wonder what they are going to have for luncheon at Greenlands.

THE *Memoirs of Edward Askew Sothorn* are just out. "ASKEW" seems indeed a happy description of Lord Dundreary's very eccentric ways.

"WITH EMILE AUGIER," observed the *Observer*, last Sunday, "who died at Croissy only forty-eight hours ago, the greatest living Dramatist of France has passed away." Does Mистер O'TRAILL edit it now? Anyhow, 'tis good Irish style, and more power to his elbow!



## GRANDOLPH'S REPLY TO THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.

AIR—"In Cellar Deep."



GR-

Grandolph refuses to become a Teetotaller.

**MOST APPROPRIATE.**—It is announced that the Christmas Course of Lectures at the London Institution is intended for juveniles, and will be given by C. V. Boys. If very little chaps are taken there, in front of him he'll see Vee Boys. (Oh! Oh! Police!)

## NATURAL REFLECTION.

"I find that figures annoy our opponents so much—"  
Sir W. V. Harcourt, at the Nat. Lib. Club.



Sir W. V. H. "What can they see to object to in this figure?"

## BURST!

Fragment from a Coming War Romance.

"The delay in completing the armaments of those of our battle-ships intended to carry 111-ton, and 57-ton guns, scandalous and inexcusable as it is, is a mere fleabite compared with the grave doubts that have, from recent experience, been forced upon us, whether the guns, when we get them, will be worth the having."

"If such a number of guns have collapsed after a few rounds, what may we expect with rapid and continued firing in action? He would be a bold man who would guarantee that half our existing guns would escape self-destruction in such a case."

"The ordinary British tax-payer \* \* \* little knows how much occasion he has for anxiety in this one matter of guns. He would be most profoundly anxious if the real facts were disclosed."—*Times*, Oct. 26.

HER Majesty's good ship *Dunderhead*, with her armament of two 111-ton guns, had figured long on paper as one of the most formidable ships produced by the Department of Naval Construction, and in Annual Reviews and occasional manoeuvres had been proudly pointed to as typical of that British supremacy at sea that official optimism maintained was in no danger of being questioned as long as the defence of the national flag was entrusted to such triumphs of dock-yard skill and scientific ordnance construction as was made manifest in her and her sister vessels. So at least ran the story some six years since; but on this, the first day of April, 1895, it had, somehow, a different sound. The country was involved in a great naval war, and Her Majesty's ship *Dunderhead* had had her work cut out for her, attached to the Channel Squadron, from which, however, on the afternoon of this first day of April, 1895, she had managed, owing to some misunderstanding, to stray away.

But on board the *Dunderhead* a curious scene was being enacted. It was known to everyone on the ship, from the look-out-man on the top-royal to the powder-monkey in the hold, that the craft of the enemy were gradually closing round her, advancing slowly but stealthily from every point of the compass, and that her capture, unless she broke through them, or made a good fight of it at close quarters, was an inevitable necessity, yet the Rear-Admiral who had command of her appeared totally unconscious of the critical nature of the situation. At least so judged his superior officers, for as first one and then another rushed in turns pale and trembling into his cabin to announce to him the appearance of some fresh ship of the enemy threatening on the horizon, he only met them with a little imbecile grin and familiar nod, saying, "That's all right," and then, thrusting his hands in his trousers' pockets, and stretching himself back upon his cabin sofa, he relapsed again into the vacant stare through the opposite porthole, from which their entrance had momentarily disturbed him.

The truth is he had just looked into his sealed orders, and they

were not encouraging. They merely contained these words, "You had better not fire your guns!"

"The same old game!" he had remarked to himself, in acid meditation. And he had fallen again into his reverie.

"We must stir him," said a scared First-Lieutenant, in a feeble, whining voice, addressing the trembling crew of superior officers as they gathered instinctively outside his cabin-door. "But how?"

The question was soon answered.

"Two fresh cruisers bearing down on the larboard tack," shouted a voice from the deck above, down the cabin-stairs.

A visible tremor ran through the little palpitating crowd.

"We'll tell him that," they all shouted with one voice; and with one accord they thrust open the door and burst wildly into the cabin.

"Well, what is it now?" asked the Rear-Admiral, once more pausing in his reverie.

"Two fresh cruisers coming down to larboard," was the eager but hysterical reply.

"Then make for starboard," answered the Rear-Admiral.

"The enemy already close that," quavered the First-Lieutenant.

The Rear-Admiral made an impatient gesture.

"Then go ahead," he said.

"Useless," was the reply; "they lie across our bows."

"Then turn astern, or anywhere you like," continued their superior.

"Sir, there is no turning anywhere," they responded, with a low wail; "we are surrounded, and must fight for it."

There was a deadly pause.

"By that you mean fire the guns?"

"Ay, ay, Sir, fire the guns, that's our game. Three cheers for the old *Dunderhead*!" and they gave a miserable, quavering hurrah.

The Rear-Admiral surveyed them sadly for a moment. "Very well, Gentlemen," he said, "as you wish; but remember, if anything happens, it was you who were for having recourse to the guns, not I. And now, Boatswain, please man me the dingy!"

Twenty minutes later the Rear-Admiral, unnoticed in the little dingy, had escaped beyond the outer line of the advancing enemy, and was surveying the scene through a powerful binocular. The hostile fleet had advanced slowly, and at length surrounded the *Dunderhead*, but, terror-struck at its colossal strength, and formidable armament, had not, as yet, had courage to fire a shot. Presently there was a terrific explosion. The *Dunderhead* was seen to be blown bodily out of the water, and then, with a gigantic splash, to disappear beneath the Channel waves.

"Dear me!" said the Rear-Admiral, shifting his binocular with much interest, "those orders were correct, after all! It seems to be a case of BURST!"



## UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."  
*Le Diable Boiteux.*

X.

"EASTWARD!" the Shadow murmured. "Not the East  
 Whose every aspect is an optic feast  
 Of rich and radiant colour.  
 The orient rather of dim light and dun,  
 Of shadowed lives and a smoke-hidden sun,  
 Of poverty and dolour."

'Twas not the reek of the flower-spangled swamp,  
 This thick miasma, deadly chill and damp,  
 That rose as down we flitted  
 O'er dull, rain-sodden roofs and chimneys black,  
 Wastes where the stretch of poverty's soul-rack  
 Is never intermitted.

No gleam, no gladness, save the garish glare  
 Of taverns, whence shrill laughter smote the air,  
 Mirthless, half maniac laughter.  
 The huddled houses ranged in dismal rows,  
 Seeming the sordid homes of wasting woes  
 From cellarage to rafter.

"Yon southern suburb," said my shadowy guide,  
 "Held remnants sparse of squalid human pride  
 And piteous human passion;  
 Here all seems subter-human. Yet the slum  
 Holds hearts and heroes, though in rhetoric dumb,  
 In raiment out of fashion."

"Look down!" I looked, and in an attic lone,  
 With blank foul floor, and hearth of bare cold stone,  
 A grey-faced woman, grizzled  
 By years and sorrows, sat and shrank, in vain,  
 From the damp walls whence oozed the ruthless rain  
 That through the dark night drizzled.

The rifted roof leaked misty moisture down  
 On her grey locks; her frayed and scanty gown  
 To her shrunk bosom huddled,  
 Stilled not the shiverings of her ill-fed frame,  
 Chilled by the rusty grate devoid of flame,  
 The rotting floor rain-puddled.

Yet worked she on. Ah yes, she worked, worked, worked;  
 The one dead burden that may not be shirked,  
 Whilst lingers life's last ember,  
 Is drudgery. That still weights her morn and noon,  
 Through the rare gleams of London's leaden June,  
 The fogs of drear December.

Alone, age-stricken, grey and silent, she  
 Stitches on there. A mug of cold pale tea,  
 A slice of bread, sole diet  
 Of the poor struggling solitary, stand  
 Hard by her; so, with work and food at hand,  
 She plods on, pale yet quiet.

This is her world; from year to year she sits,  
 Headless of Babylon's wealth as of its wits,  
 Its pleasures, panics, prophets;  
 All pass her by, she never sees the sun  
 Shine on a field; her home is this damp, dun,  
 Most desolate of Tophets.



Ten years of this grim life of want and toil  
 Have left her premature and hopeless spoil  
 Of age and grinding labour.  
 Her needle and her garret she leaves not,  
 Save for "the Shop." Mute drudgery is her lot

And venal vice her neighbour.

"What is her work?" I cried, "if that be work

Which is a worse task-master than the Turk?"

"Look closer," said the Shadow,  
 "Oh, shrink not! Wise Economists will say  
 Her fingers must wax thin, 'tis the sole way  
 To stock Trade's Eldorado."

"'Shirt-finishing,' good friend, at three poor pence

The dozen garments; and, with toil intense,  
 Unceasing, superhuman,  
 She may earn some three shillings in the week.  
 Hideous? Nay, eager hundreds vainly seek  
 The 'luck' of this lone woman!

"Hard-by are harsher scenes, sick husbands prone,

Dead children coffinless. She is alone  
 This slave, and so half happy. [box,

And now look yonder!"]—In his snug stage-  
 With sheeny front, trim shoes and flaming  
 socks,

Lounged what slang dubs a "Chappie."

That means a callow, callous cad, a thing  
 All dandy insolence and diamond ring,  
 And cynic cockney "patter."

"There," said the Shadow, "sits the ghoul  
 who thrives

Upon the labour of such lingering lives.

Could he look rosier, fatter?

"He owns the rookery whence, by roguish sleight,

From bodily ill and spiritual blight  
 Greed sucks a rich subsistence.

Ten thousand needles flash, with brush and paste

A myriad match-slaves drudge dull years  
 To yield such brutes existence.

"Ill-paid they are, half famishing may be,  
 Bare are their lives of comfort as of glee;

But one thing they must offer  
 To the new Moloch. Yes, the Rent! the  
 Rent!

Must come, the maw of Mammon to content,  
 And cram his gaping coffer.

"No, eighteen-pence a week may not seem much

To yield to the edacious monster's clutch;  
 But for this hideous hovel

To halve, not tithe, yon broken woman's wage,

Proves that the master deity of the age  
 In greed's worst slough can grovel.

"Yet she complains not, but—is't not absurd?"

Laments the losing of the poor starved bird  
 Dead in the cage hung yonder.

How foolish are the poor! What shred of sense

In moaning o'er the loss of an expense?

A question this to ponder!"

(To be continued.)

## A LEGITIMATE GRIEVANCE.

*The Charnelhouse,  
 Kensington Gore.*

MR. PUNCH, SIR,  
 I WRITE to protest, in the strongest possible manner, against a gross breach of faith on the part of the Management of one of our most fashionable, popular, and select places of enter-

tainment. They are exhibiting Cannibals, Sir, genuine Cannibals, from Tierra del Fuego. So far, I have no complaint to make. Nothing can be more, im-

proving to a cultivated mind than the contemplation of genuine Cannibals. But the Management advertise as follows:—"The Cannibals will be fed at 2'30, six, and ten o'clock." I went there, Sir; I took my wife, my wife's mother (who is now on a visit to us), and a young family, of ages varying from eleven to three-and-a-half. I reached the hall some time before 2'30, and engaged front seats, being naturally anxious not to miss so rare and interesting a spectacle. Conceive my feelings, imagine the keen disappointment of my wife and children, the indignation of my mother-in-law, when we found that we had been made the victims of what I must really take the liberty to characterise as a most unprincipled deception! The Cannibals were fed, Sir, and I fully admit that their manners at table were as uncivilised and repulsive as could be possibly desired—but of what did their repast consist? I do not hesitate to say—and I challenge the Proprietors to contradict my statement—that those Cannibals were not supplied with their natural sustenance. To avoid all possibility of mistake, we spent the entire day there, revisiting the entertainment at six and at ten, and occupying places from which an uninterrupted view of the performance could be obtained. Sir, there was not so much as one solitary baby provided for those anthropophagists! Need I say that we came away disgusted by the imposition that had been practised upon us, and determined to expose it forthwith in your hospitable columns. My youngest daughter, aged six, positively shed tears at finding the reality so far from her anticipations; and I believe I am correct in stating that the majority of the audience fully shared our emotions.

The Public must not be trifled with in this manner. Let the London County Council see to it, and insist that those who cater for popular amusement should faithfully perform their side of the contract, or take the natural consequences!

I am, Sir, yours, indignantly,  
 GLOATINGTON GOOLE

(Fellow of the Royal Vegetarian Society).

P.S.—They would not even return the money at the doors!







MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR OCTOBER.



"LABBY IN OUR ABBEY."

(By a Westminster Chorister, to the Air of  
"Sally in our Alley.")

I.

Of all the Rads that are so smart  
There's none like crafty LABBY,  
He learns the secrets of each heart,  
And lives near our Abbey;  
There is no lawyer in the land  
That's half as sharp as LABBY,  
He is a demon in the art,  
And guileless as a babby!

II.

For "Bomba BALFOUR" in the week  
There seems to be no worse day,  
Than is the one that comes between  
A Tuesday and a Thursday.  
For then we read each foul misdeed  
"Unmanly, mean and shabby,"  
Exposed to view in type so true  
By penetrating LABBY.

III.

LORD SALISBURY and the Tories, all  
Flout, gibe, and jeer at LABBY,  
Though but for him 'tis said they'd be  
A sleepy set and flabby;  
And ere their seven long years are out,  
Could they be rid of LABBY,  
"Snug lying" they might find for him;  
But not in our Abbey!

RESEARCH AT CAMBRIDGE.

Trumpington Street, Cambridge.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

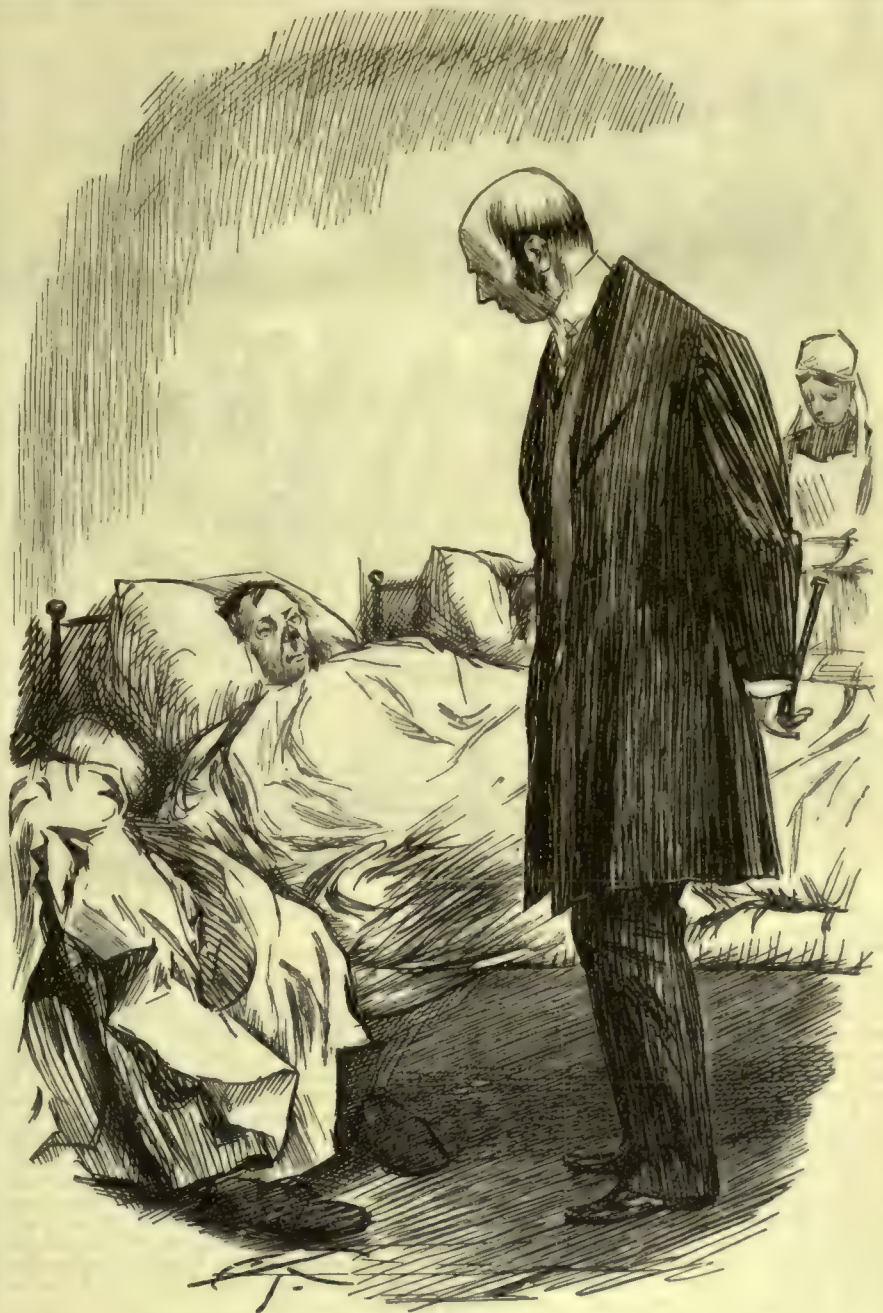
I DO not remember ever having read a copy of your paper, but I have been told that it is chiefly devoted to Psychical Research; so you will probably be glad to receive an account of an experiment which I made the other day. Although I am only reading for the Pass Degree, I am a man of considerable intellectual attainments, and I have devoted a great part of my time to the study of Hypnotism, and Transcendental Medicine.

Now, on the evening of Monday, October 21, I happened to pick up a Number of a Cambridge Periodical, *The Granta*, in which the Editor offered a money prize for the best definition of—(1) a Dean; (2) a Tutor; (3) a Father; (4) a Senior Wrangler; (5) a Freshman; (6) a Bedmaker. The only definitions I had ever read were in a little book bearing the fanciful title of *Euclid*, and written by a Mr. TODHUNTER; and although the work is generally considered sound as far as it goes, I found that there was absolutely no mention in it of Deans, or Bedmakers, or anything of the sort. Feeling sure that the omission was purely accidental, I determined to discover what Mr. TODHUNTER would have written if he had thought of it.

I therefore took a *Euclid* paper, and, with the assistance of a sporting friend, selected the hardest rider in it. I obtained from a good mathematician, a strong solution of this rider, which I injected into my left arm. I then hypnotised myself by attending a meeting of our College Essay Society, having previously taken the precaution of placing a pencil and paper in my hand. My friend BINDLES had hardly commenced his duties as Chairman, before I fell into a trance. Upon recovering, I found the following on the paper before me, in my own handwriting:—

(1) A Dean is the Deometer of a college parallelogram. (Hence the Porter's formula, "The Dean's compliments, Sir, and would you kindly be more regular, &c.")

(2) A Tutor is the mean between the lowest common Undergraduate and the Master of the College. (Acknowledgments to a recent Master of Trinity.)



HOSPITAL-ITY.

Hospital Physician (with a view to diagnosis). "WHAT DO YOU DRINK?"

New Patient (cheering up at the proposal). "OH, SIR!—THANK YOU, SIR—WHATEVER YOU—I LEAVE THAT TO YOU, SIR!"

(3) A Father is a plain figure called the Boss, and is such that, when properly squared, cheques will be drawn by him up to a certain point. (Show that the father's banking account varies inversely as the altitude of the son.)

(4) A Senior Wrangler is the projection of Mr. WEBB upon a gifted Johnian.

(5) A Freshman is one off whom, if any two points be taken, the appreciation of those points lies wholly with the man who took them. (6) A Bed-maker lies evenly upon any point.

I hardly think it necessary to call your attention, Sir, to the remarkable nature of this experiment. Personally, I attribute it to my peculiarly sensitive temperament. My friend BINDLES thinks it is the college beer, which has not been quite up to the mark lately. But BINDLES knows nothing of Psychology.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

MARIADA LILLIAN.

"STORIES BY BRET HARTE."—Every reciter, amateur and professional, will do well to master them, as he is expected to know "stories by heart."





### METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

ADVANTAGE MIGHT BE TAKEN OF THE MOUNTAINOUS CONDITION OF ANY PUBLIC THOROUGHFARE, WHEN "UP," TO RUN A SWITCHBACK RAILWAY FROM, SAY, CHARING CROSS TO THE BANK.

### "GIBBING."

It is said that the Bishop of GIBRALTAR,—whose see *in partibus* includes the Mediterranean Sea and "all round and about that quarter," so that St. Peter's is a kind of parish church in his Lordship's diocese, and the POPE an aggrieved parishioner,—is about to fulminate once more, or ere this has already fulminated, against the iniquities of Monte Carlo, where it is not improbable a few members of Archdeacon FARRAR's new Anglican Monastic Brotherhood Co. Limited, will take up their residence in order to convert the gambling lambkins and black sheep from the error of their way. The last time we were at that horridly delightful, infernally paradisiacal, but certainly not pharisaical place, we saw eminent English statesmen, all sorts and conditions of men, ladies with their winning ways, musical, literary and artistic celebrities, planking down their money on the red and black, the numbers and the *zéro*, thus amusing themselves by doing with their own just exactly what they have a right to do. Hadn't the Bishop of GIBRALTAR better take a leaf out of his Brother of Peterborough's betting-book? Dr. MAGEE doesn't see what material difference there is between betting on a horse, or on a colour, or speculating on a Stock Exchange chance. Why should that be vicious at Monte Carlo which is honest and fair in Capel Court?

The pharisaism of the Bishop of GIB is resented as an insult by the native Monte-Carlists, who, under their legitimate Bishop of MONACO, have their own chapels and churches, and plenty of hospitals and charitable institutions, founded and endowed by Mlle. ROULETTE and Messrs. ROUGE ET NOIR & CIE., represented, in effect, by the BLANC family, whose name should suggest to the Bishop of GIB that Monte-Carlists are not so black as his Lordship would like to paint them, and no less is the Bishop's action resented by the English at Monte Carlo, who feel inclined to ask the Bishop why he doesn't attempt the evangelisation of TATTERSALL'S, Doncaster, Newmarket, Ascot, and other head-quarters of horse-racing and betting? and why he does not go out and preach to the Bears and the Bulls of Capel Court? Of course there's evil there as everywhere, and, of course, all need conversion, even the Three Per Cents., so Mr. GOSCHEN thought; but the poor players of Monte Carlo are not worse than their fellows in and about the great English centres of commerce.

### SAMSON AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

FIRM as a rock, of moderate height and girth, Posed SAMSON as "the strongest man on earth." A modest challenge. *Solvitur ambulando*—The rock was staggered by a little Sand oh!

It would reduce the strongest men to shadows to lose a hundred pounds every night. In Tom-and-Jerry days, when a man got worsted, the slang was "There he goes with his eye out!" SAMSON should change names with CYCLOPS, and retain the latter as "his only pupil."

SAMSON among the Philistines caused mirth, Proving he's not "the strongest man on earth;" Or if he be, then he, who gained the prize, SANDOW, must have descended from the skies.

### CAVE CANEM!

OH, DR. JOSEPH PARKER,  
You're a tremendous barker!  
And if your bite  
Is equal quite,  
You must have teeth like Carker.  
Your skill at advertising,  
And all the world advising,  
BARNUM can't flog.  
If not a dog,  
You're good at dog-matising!  
No doubt your stentor yap'll  
Fill—if not space—your chapel.  
You're always game  
To shout—like Fame—  
And with all foes to grapple.  
Were ever you a puppy?  
Great gun, with bore quite Kruppy,  
Your roar's high art—  
Then you're as smart  
As the young man named Guppy.  
There's nothing in creation  
Escapes your observation.  
They ought to take  
You straight, and make  
You watch-dog of the Nation!  
Then how you'd bark! Sense urges  
Us to the step. It verges  
On madness not  
To make a lot  
Of such a Boanerges!  
No muzzle then, no fetter  
On sermon, speech, or letter!  
(Mem.: One thing "log"  
"Brag's a good dog,  
But Holdfast is a better!")

### GUIDING STARS.

PEOPLE who think there are no guides but Murray, Bradshaw, and Baedeker should at once pay a visit to the new home of the Lady Guide Association in Cockspur Street. If they will have ten minutes' chat with the Acting Manageress, Miss EDITH DAVIS—a *rara Davis in terris*—she will tell them all about the object and scope of the Institution, and will show them how useful these Lady Guides are, and how necessary they will be to Country Cousins and others who do not know their way about, but want to see as much as they can in a very little while. The only danger to the susceptible male tourist is from the glances of the Shooting Stars. The number of Lady Guiding Stars, who, however brilliant they may be, must wander occasionally, may be reduced by their becoming Fixed Stars. Mr. Punch raises his strongest glass to these Stars, and wishes them success.

### THE KAISER AT ATHENS.

"Ancient, beautiful Athens."—The German Emperor to Prince Bismarck.

ANCIENT Athens, beside you  
Berlin seems extremely new;  
Beauteous Athens, on the Spree  
There's no city like to thee.  
Hear me swear before I go,  
'Αθήναι σὺς ἀγαπῶ!

Prince VON BISMARCK, if you please,  
This, the town of PERICLES,  
Quite excites your Kaiser on  
Pillars of the Parthenon:  
Fairer sight I do not know,  
'Αθήναι σὺς ἀγαπῶ!

"Ιουστέρωνος," men say,  
You were dubbed in olden lay;  
City of the Violet Crown,  
Now you gain a new renown,  
Since a Kaiser's blessings flow,  
'Αθήναι σὺς ἀγαπῶ!



## THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL.

"If health and spirits you'd recruit, Just look in for an hour at the Institute!" Why, cert'nly! Don't see why I shouldn't sing in a Picture Gallery if I please. Severe critic wags the head at me. I look at him through my hand as if he were a picture. He scowls and leaves gallery. More room for me. What a lot of pictures! "Six hundred pictures I compute, Are hung upon the walls of the Institute!" "Self-sown Firs," by FRANK WALTON. Good! Might go firser and fare worse. Sort of picture I pine for. "The Swings of Alderney." A swingeing good sea-scape, by HARRY HINE. "A Royal Palace," a delightful study of Hampton Court, by JOHN FULLEYLOVE, and I'm full o' love for the picture. "Under the Silver Moon"—real moonlight, not theatrical effect, by E. F. BREWSTALL. "Twilight," by A. HARRISON, also good and true. "Babes in the Wood." Poor dears—no fine deer—by S. E. WALLER. "Our Ducks"—not in frocks, but in feathers, and capitally rendered, by TOM LLOYD. "Evening." Delightful bit of Thames, by C. J. LEWIS. "O long may LEWIS con-tribute, Such pictures to be hung at the Institute!" "Rook and Pigeon"—full of force and character. A capital study of "military men." Ha! ha! Tells its own story well with the aid of its painter—F. D. MILLER. "Intruders." Two little girls on the sea-shore, apparently looking for their clothes, which probably the intruders have stolen. Figures deftly limned—that is to say, limbs well drawn—by W. H. BARTLETT. "Each child should have a bathing suit! For they'll find it somewhat chilly at the Institute!" "The Lull before the Storm," W. L. WYLLIE. "O WYLLIE, we've not missed you!" Glad we haven't, or we should have missed one of the best pictures in the show. "From Shipplake Hill," by ALFRED PARSONS. Bright, breezy, delightful, and just like the place. "The Evening Mist," by S. J. SOLOMON. Why mist? The meaning is somewhat misty, unless it means that the young lady has missed all her clothing. "Twould quite strike Mr. HORSLEY mute! If he saw this merry maiden at the Institute!" "An Improvisatore," by J. W. NICOL. Despite the name of the artist, it is sterling metal and no nickel about it. Looks like our old friend who used to sing at race-courses. "Penarth, from Cardiff," by E. HAYES. A bit of real fresh sparkling sea. Almost makes you onaisy to look at. Very clear, though undoubtedly hayesey. How's that, Umpire? "A Summer Day," by KEELEY HALSWELLE, Capital! All's well when he wields the brush. "Oh, weel may the KEEL"—paint! Qu'est-ce KEELEY, ah! But no matter! "Jeanie," by Miss C. E. PLIMPTON, a delightful little maiden, charmingly painted! "I'd like that damsel to salute!—But it wouldn't be quite proper at the Institute!" "Passing Clouds," by ERNEST PARTON, an earnest study from Nature, delightfully rendered. "Henry Russell at 77," by WALTER GOODMAN—two good men together. Why, bless me! I recollect HENRY RUSSELL singing "The Ship on Fire" at the very first public entertainment I ever was at. "I'd like to hear him execute.—Another of his songs at the Institute!" "Flowers of the Field," by J. CLAYTON ADAMS—bright and fresh. "The Proposal," by HAYNES WILLIAMS—another rendering of *How the Men Propose*.

And there is plenty more to look at. "Venice," by OSCAR WILSON; "Haycocks," by EDGAR ELLIS; "Bookbinders' Work-room," by HERMAN G. HERKOMER; "Half Afraid," by F. MORGAN; "Sunset—Low Tide," by A. HELCKE; "A Corner of the Studio," by LEONARD WYBURD; "An October Storm," by T. H. McLACHLAN. I haven't seen half the pictures as yet. "Oh, had I only brought my lute—I would sing all the glories of the Institute!" Secretary says I mustn't sing. Here's SIR JAMES LINTON—he objects to my singing—I object to his not exhibiting a picture. We come to words, and from words we come to a Policeman. Sir JAMES pretends he doesn't know me. Secretary looks other way. Policeman says, "Now then!"—"The Peeler he looks resolute,—So I gracefully retire from the Institute!"

THE WARBLING CRITIC.

## "TIS GOOD TO BE MURRAY AND WISE."

THE most interesting article in *Murray's Magazine* for this month is Mr. JOHN MURRAY's brief and well-written account of "The Origin and History" of his own celebrated *Handbooks for Travellers*. He justly complains of Herr BAEDERER and all his works. He would not have been angry with Messrs. BAEDERER had they only contrived to infringe the laws of copyright, and so brought themselves within reach of the law. But they have cleverly avoided this, while availing themselves of the information which MURRAY had collected; and they added insult to injury by sending out BAEDERER bound "in the same Red Cover."

No matter, Mr. JOHN MURRAY, evil doings never prosper, and, after all, your work is known all over the world as "The Travelling Englishman's Bible," without which no tourist's luggage is complete. So henceforth be our touring metto, "A bas BAEDERER, and St. George for Murray England!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IF Mr. J. L. STEVENSON told me that after a course of *John Inglesant*, *Barry Lyndon*, and *Esmond*, the idea had occurred to him of writing *The Master of Ballantine* I should not be in the least surprised, for the story has the pedantry without the charm of *Esmond*, the gloom without the wit of *Barry Lyndon*, and some of the picturesque and all the tediousness, but very little of the fascination of *John Inglesant*. How it has come to be praised so highly as I am informed it has been I am unable to understand, thereby, of course, admitting an intellectual defect in the presence of very superior persons.

*The Pariah*, by Mr. F. ANSTEE, is one of the cleverest books that has appeared for many years. As ZOLA extracted a drama out of *Le Bonheur des Dames*, so has the author of *Vice Versa* produced a tragedy from scenes in the life of a shop-boy. Anyone who can read unmoved the trials of *Allan*, the poor persecuted hero, must have a heart of stone. Of humble birth and cruelly neglected education, he sacrifices his life for the sake of the woman he adores with all the chivalry of a Bayard. And the wretched selfishness of the girl for whom the sacrifice is made renders the act of devotion the more touching. The story is full of interest, and has been built up with infinite care. The sketches of character are admirable. Volumes One and Two are more interesting than Volume Three, because in the latter *Margot*—the hateful, contemptible heroine of the book—is more in evidence than her heroic step-brother. Mr. ANSTEE very skilfully attempts to tone down the repulsiveness of *Margot's* character by suggesting that she is not quite so bad as she seems, and marrying her to a gentleman with an appointment in Japan. As *Margot* is morally responsible for her step-brother's death, and, strictly speaking, deserves hanging, there are few who will not stealthily hope that her husband, when he gets her back to Japan, will lose his temper, and give her a thorough good shaking. Poetic justice demands that she should have such a fate. *The Pariah* is a decided advance upon *The Giant's Robe*, and marks a turning-point in its author's life. Henceforward, Mr. ANSTEE will take his place as a novelist of the first rank.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS &amp; Co.

## LONDON COUNCIL COMMITTEES.

(Suggestions for appropriate Chairmen.)

COMMITTEES.	CHAIRMEN.
Fire Brigade Committee . . . . .	Mr. BURNS.
Parks and Open Spaces Committee . . . . .	Mr. BRANCH.
Contagious Diseases (Animals) Committee . . . . .	Mr. HOGG.
Housing of Working-classes Committee . . . . .	Mr. HOLMES.
Finance Committee . . . . .	Mr. MARKS.
Bridges Committee . . . . .	Mr. FORD.
Highways Committee . . . . .	Mr. RHODES.
Taxation of Land Committee . . . . .	Mr. RENTOUL.
Parliamentary Committee . . . . .	Mr. LAWSON.
Sanitary Committee . . . . .	Mr. STRONG.
Valuation of Land Committee . . . . .	Mr. COSTELLO.
Main Drainage Committee . . . . .	Mr. MYER.

## New Nursery Rhyme:

(For the Bakers on Strike.)

Co-OPERATE, overworked Baker's man!

Make it ten hours a day if you can.

"Not to-day, Baker!" the Sweaters agree:

But "Death in the Oven" disgusts Mr. P.

CURIOUS ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.—On the day that the report of the settlement of the *Miss Phyllis Broughton v. Lord Dangan* Breach of Promise case for £2,500 appeared in the papers, the advertised programme of the Covent Garden Concerts contained this item of attraction: "Mr. JOHN VOYSEY will sing this evening, 'Phyllis is My Only Joy!' and 'Good-bye, Sweetheart' (HATTON)." Certainly—a good finish; hat on, and walk off.





## A SOFT ANSWER.

"JANE, I SAW THAT POLICEMAN SPEAK TO YOU. THAT'S THE THIRD POLICEMAN I'VE SEEN SPEAKING TO YOU THIS MORNING. I CAN'T ALLOW THAT!"

"NO, MA'AM. BUT THE POLICEMEN ALWAYS DO ADMIRE BABY SO—THEY CAN'T 'ELP STOPPIN' AND ASKIN' ABOUT 'IM. THEY ALL SAY AS THEY NEVER SEE SUCH A FINE CHILD!"

## "ADIEU!!!"

*La République loquitur :—*

"PARTING is such sweet sorrow,"  
Yet must we part, I fear.  
How dull will be the morrow  
With *you* no longer here!  
I really am half frightened,  
The sun scarce seems to shine—  
Without you. You have brightened  
Our Great Year, Eighty-Nine;  
The year of Celebration  
Of—well of certain things,  
To which not every nation  
The warmest welcome brings.  
In fact, dear, Revolution,  
When it is tinged with Red,  
(Though but in retribution)  
Fills timid souls with dread;  
And it was rather risky  
Your fortunes to combine  
With forces fierce and frisky  
That ruled in Seventy-Nine.  
But you, as the fair sequel  
Has very plainly shown,  
Were to the occasion equal,  
My beautiful, my own!  
Yes, *you* conciliated  
My disingenuous foes,  
I saw them, who so hated,  
Half friendly ere your close.  
Your wondrous fascination  
Was all too much for them;  
For English affectation,  
And eke for German phlegm.  
Italians, jealous, cranky,  
Grew courteous, for your sake;

As for the swarming Yankee,  
He fairly "took the cake."  
You softened the stiff Spanish,  
And warmed the stolid Dutch,  
And now, my dear, you vanish!  
It is indeed too much!  
Pardon this deliquescence!  
You never made me weep,  
Until I felt your presence,  
I could no longer keep.  
You filled the Beauteous City  
With nearly half the earth.  
The world should be more witty,  
More capable of mirth,  
For these mad months of revel  
In the great Champ de Mars.  
It may not reach *my* level,  
It may not "shock the stars;"  
But sure your crowded acres,  
Your dances, and your drinks,  
Might stir the dullest Quakers  
To wit, and warmth, and winks.  
The "*Orient*," in your pictures,  
Was *piquant*, *chic*, and *pschutt*!  
And as for prudish strictures  
On them we may be mute.  
You sent us up like rockets,  
*Nous autres*. The Great City  
Filled all its streets—and pockets.  
'Tis past, dear,—oh! the pity!

And one thing more I owe you.  
Hardly till you depart  
I really, fully know you,  
O mistress of my heart!  
That ancient Bastille business  
Might have set fools agog,

Now charmed—by you—to dizziness,  
Contentedly they jog;  
And then, dear, the Elections!  
The chances of the Urns  
Roused me to strange reflections,  
Hopeful and sad by turns.  
Thanks to you, *pas de danger*!  
Reaction you disarmed;  
You bottled up BOULANGER,  
And the Red Spectre charmed.  
Despite all cynic snarling,  
"Twas you and your great Tower,  
"Saved the Republic," darling!  
I owe you peace and power;  
Safety—*pro tem*.—from faction,  
From zealots coarse and crude,  
Mad Reds and crass Reaction.  
Accept my gratitude!  
And so, adieu! It must be!  
The hour is struck! I fear!  
In whom shall now my trust be?  
What bodes the coming year?  
Hushed is the brilliant Babel,  
Though you have left its Tower.  
As popular and stable  
Be *La République's* power!  
No fault of yours, at any rate,  
Should History say, "She fell  
Enfeebled foul, degenerate."  
Farewell, *ma chère*, farewell!!!

"OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION'S GONE."—Now that the annual Licensing Day is past, and the Music-hall Inspection is of no present value, what a dull time the MUCK DOUGALL must be having! He will have to take up the drains again. Yes, to be sewer.





“ADIEU!!!”

MADAME LA FRANCE. “GOOD-BYE, MY DEAR! DELIGHTED TO HAVE SEEN YOU! DON’T KNOW *WHAT*  
I SHOULD HAVE DONE WITHOUT YOU!!”







# A SONG OF SLAUGHTER.

(Disrespectfully dedicated by Mr. Punch to the Songbird Slayers.

"Blackbirds are a very popular decoration just now. They are placed singly on the bonnets and collectively on the hats, being in some instances poised as if for immediate fly, and in others, perched in all manner of attitudes. No other bird is as well liked as the blackbird, for none can give the same air of smartness to a hat or bonnet."—*Fashion Review*.

AIR—"A Song of Sixpence."

SING a song of slaughter

Worthy a wild cat!  
Four - and - twenty  
blackbirds  
Perched on a hat!

When the Summer  
opened  
Blackbirds began to  
sing,

But by gentlewoman's  
wish  
They were shot a-wing.



The Milliner in her  
counting-house  
Counting out her  
money!  
The swell dame in her  
drawing-room,  
Looking sweet as  
honey!

Punch walked in his  
garden, [close.  
At the Autumn's  
In sick despair that  
women fair  
Should be the birds' worst foes!

# CONCERNING, MORE OR LESS, THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.

(An Extract from a City Catechism.)

**Question.** Can you tell me anything about the Lord Mayor's Show this year?

**Answer.** Not much, save that the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD and Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS are both to have something to do with it.

**Q.** But, will not that fact argue that the costumes will be correct, and the *mise-en-scène* perfect?

**A.** Certainly. Mr. WINGFIELD will never cease to be remembered as the designer of the dresses worn in the *Maske of Flowers*, at Gray's Inn, and the stage-management of AUGUSTUS DRURY-LANUS is not to be equalled, much less surpassed.

**Q.** Will there be any particular novelty in this year's Show?

**A.** Certainly. Major BURNABY will no longer appear in a magnificent uniform on a charger, as the City Marshal, but will join the crowd in the Lord Mayor's coach, wearing a barrister's gown and wig?

**Q.** Dear me! Why this change?

**A.** The gallant Major has retired from the military duties of the City to become the Common Crier.

**Q.** Is it not true that the LORD MAYOR Elect wished to walk in the procession, instead of using the State Coach?

**A.** Yes, when Mae and Sword would both have had a bad time of it, especially if it had rained!

**Q.** How could the LORD MAYOR Elect have avoided riding in a carriage on the Sabbath, without causing comment or commotion?

**A.** By allowing someone else to have been Chief Magistrate this time, and waiting his turn until a year arrived when the Ninth of November did not fall on a Saturday.

**Q.** What startling piece of information has the incident revealed?

**A.** That, in spite of his name and general appearance, Sir HENRY AARON ISAACS is a member of the Hebrew persuasion!

**Q.** Did not the LORD CHANCELLOR refer to this fact in congratulating the LORD MAYOR upon his existence in the Nineteenth Century instead of the Twelfth?

**A.** Yes, for seven hundred years ago the LORD MAYOR, had he been a Jew, would have been treated to a stake instead of a turtle!

**Q.** I believe that Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD celebrated the 700th anniversary of the Mayoralty by giving a ball at the Mansion House last week?

**A.** He did; but, somehow or another, it fell rather flat.

**Q.** Is not the Lord Mayor's Show to include FITZALWYNE in the character of the First Mayor of London?

**A.** So it is said, a fact which argues that GILBERT BEKET, father of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Portreve of London, and a member of the community which subsequently became known as the Mercers' Company, can be little known east of the Griffin.

**Q.** Is historical accuracy absolutely necessary in the Lord Mayor's Show?

**A.** Certainly not, so long as the *oi πολλοι* have something strange to see, they will be satisfied.

**Q.** What great historical character could have been appropriately introduced into this year's Procession?

**A.** Mr. P. T. BARNUM, who would have found himself quite at home amongst such surroundings.

**Q.** And now one more question. The LORD MAYOR of London appears in two aspects. In the first he is worthily the Chief Magistrate of the greatest City in the World, a person of infinite importance. In the second, he is merely an uncouth gormandiser of turtle. Which is the correct view?

**A.** Both! It depends upon the holder of the office to falsify either!

# MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. XI.—THE PANEGYRIC PATTERN.

THIS ditty is designed to give some expression to the passionate enthusiasm for Nature which is occasionally observable in the Music-hall songstress. The young lady who sings these verses will of course appear in appropriate costume; viz., a large white hat and feathers, a crimson sunshade, a pink frock, high-heeled sand-shoes, and a liberal extent of black silk stockings. A phonetic spelling has been adopted where necessary to bring out the rhyme, for the convenience of the reader only, as the Singer will instinctively give the vowel-sounds the pronunciation intended by the author.

First Verse.

Oh, I love to sit a-gyizing on the boundless blue horizing,  
When the scorching sun is blyzing down on sands, and ships, and sea!  
And to watch the busy figgers of the happy little diggers,  
Or to listen to the niggers, when they choose to come to me!

Chorus (to which the Singer should sway in waltz-time.)

For I'm offlully fond of the Sea-side!  
If I'd only my w'y I would de-side  
To dwell evermore,  
By the murmuring shore,  
With the billows a-blustering be-side!

Second Verse.

Then how pleasant of a morning, to be up before the dorning,  
And to rally forth a-prorning—e'en if nothing back you bring!  
Some young men who like fatigue 'll go and try to pot a sea-gull,  
What's the odds if it's illegal, or the bird they only wing?

Chorus—For it's one of the sports of the Sea-side! &c.

Third Verse.

Then what j'y to go a bything—though you'll swim, if you're a sly thing,  
Like a mermaid nimbly writhing, with a foot upon the sand!  
When you're tired of old Poseidon, there's the pier to promenade on,  
STRAUSS, and SULLIVAN, and HAYDN form the programme of the band.

Chorus—For there's always a band at the Sea-side! &c.

Fourth Verse.

And, with boatmen so beguiling, sev'ral parties go out siling,  
Sitting all together smiling, handing sandwiches about,  
To the sound of concertiner,—till they're gradually greener,  
And they wish the ham was leaner, as they sip their bottled stout.

Chorus—And they cry, "Put us back on the Sea-side!" &c.

Fifth Verse.

There is pleasure unalloyed in hiring hacks and going roiding,  
(If you stick on tight, avoiding any cropper or mishap.)  
Or about the rocks you ramble; over boulders slip and scramble;  
Or sit down and do a gamble, playing "Loo" or "Penny Nap."

Chorus—"Penny Nap" is the game for the Sea-side! &c.

Sixth Verse.

Then it's lovely to be spawning, all the glamour of the mewn in,  
With your love his banjo tewning, ere flirtation can begin!  
As along the sands you're strowling, till the hour of ten is towling,  
And your Ma, severely scowling, asks "Wherever you have bin!"

Chorus—Then you answer "I've been by the Sea-side!" &c.

Seventh Verse.

Should the sky be dark and frowning, and the restless winds be mowning,  
With the breakers' thunder drowning all the laughter and the glee;  
And the day should prove a drencher, out of doors you will not venther,  
But you'll read the volumes lent yer by the Local Librarree!

Chorus—For there's sure to be one at the Sea-side! &c.

Eighth Verse.

If the weather gets no calmer, you can patronise the dramer,  
Where the leading lady charmer is a chit of forty-four;  
And a duty none would shirk is to attend the strolling circus, [dror!  
For they'd all be in the workhouse, should their antics cease to

Chorus—And they're part of the joys of the Sea-side! &c.

Encore Verse (to be used only in case of emergency).

Well, I reelly must be gowing—I've just time to make my bow in—  
But I thank you for allowing me to patter on so long.  
And if, like me, you're pining for the breezes there's some brine in,  
Why, I'll trouble you to jine in with the chorus to my song!

Chorus (all together)—Oh, we're offlully fond of the Sea-side! &c.





## CHILL OCTOBER.

Fair Lady. "WHAT BEAUTIFUL CHRYSANTHEMUMS YOU'VE GOT, SIR GORGIUS!"  
 Sir Gorgius (who is no Botanist). "A—YES, I FLATTER MYSELF THEY'RE NOT  
 BAD—CONSIDERING THE TIME OF YEAR!"

## RACING THE "RECORD."

(Suggestion for a brief Mid-Atlantic Cantata.)

"Tearing a-head with the green sea sweeping the decks from end to end, never slackening speed in the face of the heaviest weather, regardless alike of the risk of crashing into some coming vessel and of the chance of splitting in half on some suddenly appearing ice-berg, as of the dense fog which conceals both; with fires blazing and stokers fainting over the stress of work that is wrong out of them—the passage is made, from start to finish, at high-pressure pace. What is gained is a few hours' triumph in time over the performance of some rival Company, and the cost, if the practice be not speedily checked, will, sooner or later, most assuredly be the loss in Mid-Atlantic of a whole shipload of loudly-protesting but as yet helpless and totally unheeded passengers."—Notes of some recent Atlantic Passages taken at random from the Daily Papers.

The Scene is supposed to represent the quarter-deck of the Blue and White-Spangled Ball Company's celebrated liner, "Spasmodic," making her way at full speed across the Atlantic in the face of an opposing hurricane. Most of those on board have been driven to their berths by the terrible weather, but a small and desperate remnant, who have noticed that though a blinding snow-storm has just set in and lent additional danger and horror to the situation, the Captain instead of slackening speed has only shouted down the pipe to the Engine-room, "to pile on the coal, open all the draughts, and get if possible another couple of knots an hour out of her," summoning all their remaining energies, and maddened with terror and physical discomfort, pursue him to the bridge, where, surrounding him as well as they can by clinging to the bulwarks, they denounce him in the following chorus:—

## CHORUS OF FRANTIC PASSENGERS.

HEAVENS! we are wild with witless wonder!  
 Dazed with terror! sickened with the Dragging-over, through, but mostly under  
 Volumes of this cursed Atlantic  
 We care not to go a little faster,  
 At the cost of danger or disaster—  
 Yet, like slaves, bound to a despot  
 We've no appeal.

On through fog and snow-storm madly dashing,  
 And 'mid broken ice-drifts wildly Boilers hissing, and with furnace flashing,  
 Your way you feel!  
 A precious way!—which we, alas! must For we are bound to follow in your wake!  
 Now, if to argue you would dare

[A tremendous sea breaks over the deck, and flooding everything, sweeps half the Chorus away.

Excuse us,—but there's some one overboard—  
 A boat, a line,—a life-buoy you'd best drop.

THE CAPTAIN, (looking gloomily at the sea and then consulting his watch.)

Perhaps! (hesitating). But no! I haven't time to stop!

FRANTIC PASSENGERS (struggling to get together, and though dripping and disheartened, assuming, as well as they can, a threatening attitude.)

Inhuman! Monstrous!

CAPTAIN (reflectively).!

P'raps you may be right.

(Still turning it over.)

And yet, perhaps,—on second thoughts,—not quite!

FRANTIC PASSENGERS (with much interest).

"On second thoughts!" Those mystic words make clear.

CAPTAIN (with alacrity).

With pleasure! if you'll kindly lend your ear.

In matters personal I needs must dip

To show you how I have to "boss" this ship.

But as your language has been somewhat strong,—  
 I think I'll sing to you the "Captain's song."

FRANTIC PASSENGERS.

Arranging themselves in attitudes of profound attention.

You cannot well make right come out of wrong,  
 But, never mind! we'll hear the Captain's song."

THE CAPTAIN'S SONG.

When I was a sailor lad, don't you know,  
 I thought it all right to act on the square:  
 But that was a precious long time ago,  
 And life seemed then quite another affair!  
 For to bring home your cargo safe and sound  
 Was the game we played, acting fair all round;  
 But in those days no foe had you to meet,  
 Nor hour to save, nor Record to beat!  
 And just to give all sound seamanship the slip,  
 Was never the way to become Boss of your Ship!

But now that I've grown older, don't you know,  
 I'm bound just to see which way the wind sets.  
 Well,—it's dead against the passage that's slow,  
 Which judgment falls in with the hints one gets.  
 "Pile on the coal, and never mind the bill!"  
 "Burst on through fog, mate, you won't have a spill,"  
 "And if another craft you chance to meet,—  
 Cut it down,—but the Record you must beat!"  
 "Let the six days prove a downright racing trip;  
 See to this,—and you shall be Boss of your Ship!"

FRANTIC PASSENGERS.

We with the Captain have no wish to quarrel,  
 Though we must own we find his song immoral.

CAPTAIN (with melancholy resignation).

Ah! you behold in me the child of chances,  
 The victim of untoward circumstances.

(He issues further orders through the pipe communicating with the Engine-room.)

Orders must be obeyed! (A tremendous crash heard.)  
 Dear me! This clatter?

[The vessel dashes on to an Ice-berg and sinks. The Captain and Frantic Passengers escape from the waves and climb up its sides.

CAPTAIN (calmly surveying the scene).

Ah, well! Apparently this ends the matter!

FINALE OF FRANTIC PASSENGERS.]

Awful! Still, what we expected,

And the Company detected,

Now shall pay for all its crimes.

For our wrongs communicating,

We our case soon will be stating,—

In a Letter to the Times!

[The Frantic Passengers are about to advance on the now defenceless Captain, when the Scene opens at the back and discloses the Diseased Demon of Unwholesome Competition, who, smiling blandly on the struggling Survivors, stretches out a protecting hand over him as Curtain falls.





MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 6. "ALL HARCOURTS."

### STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXIII. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AT MALWOOD, LYNDEHURST.

As you journey down by the London and South-Western Railway, which has brought Salisbury well within two hours of Waterloo, and leaves Hampton Court sometimes an hour and a half behind, you have time to reflect upon the oddity of the appellation of the district whither you are, more or less, hurrying. The natural disposition, in reflecting upon the New Forest, is to imagine a recent plantation, where the young twigs wrestle with each other for space and breadth. But, as you presently discover, the New Forest is really old. It certainly existed in the time of WILLIAM RUFUS (so called on account of the

colour of his hair), who was shot within a few paces of the place where the Squire of Malwood, with finger and thumb gently caressing his generous chin, meditates on the art of governing men. It is, indeed, time that facts were boldly confronted, and, what has for centuries been known as the New Forest, should now be frankly recognised as the Old.

You are thinking of these things as you cross the dewlapped lawn, that spreads itself like a great green apron before the stately towers of Malwood. To the meditative mind, such as that possessed by your host, this is, perchance, the choicest season of the year at which to dwell in the glades of the New Forest. The hand of Autumn has daintily touched the leaves on the immemorial trees, and, behold!





## HUNTING HINTS.

PUT ON PLENTY OF PACE WHEN RIDING AT WATER—AND YOU'RE BOUND TO GET OVER—SOMEHOW.

they glow with colour which it would be difficult to match at LIBERTY'S, in Regent Street. The recent high winds have dealt hardly with the giants of the wood, robbing them of the cherished companionship of the leaves, which now lie strewn in glade and roadway, covering the earth with what, in the distance, looks like a faded Turkey carpet.

Through a long corridor, adorned with heads of deer bought of JAMRACH, and the colossal antlers of the New Forest stag which WILLIAM RUFUS was stalking when he met with the accident above alluded to, your host leads the way to his study. As his tall figure lithely moves over the harsh kamptulicon with a brisk footfall that scorns eighteen stone and sixty-two years, you cannot help being attracted by the picturesqueness of his attire. It consists, to the outward view, of a single garment, once white, which envelops the stately figure from shoulder to heel. About the massive chest the garment is cunningly gathered in pleats, and boldly stitched.

"Ah, TOBY! old friend," says the Squire of Malwood. "I see you are admiring my dress. You recognise the good old English smock-frock? I always wear it down in the country. It combines ease with elegance, and I am told it washes well, though, as yet, I have not put it to the test."

Before the deeply mullioned window, in the study where the Squire of Malwood sits and broods over impromptus that shall scintillate through the House of Commons, there is opened a broad glade of spruce firs, laurels and a row of radiant rhododendra. In the intervals of his interesting political career the Squire of Malwood has found time to carry out a notable idea. Hemmed in by the so-called New Forest he could, as he pleasantly puts it, hardly see the wood for the trees. He has, accordingly, cut out glades in front of the principal windows, and you are glancing down one facing the study, when your host, suddenly dropping into a high-backed arm-chair once the property of the father of ALFRED The Great, tells you the story of his life. Incidentally, and by way of illustrating successive episodes, your host reaches forth his hand, and takes from the serried ranks of books which fill the beetling recesses of the bearded bog-oak book-case a volume of *Hansard*. You notice that there is a remarkable similarity in the contents of the book-case. They are, as you presently learn, all volumes of *Hansard*, or scrap-books stoutly bound filled with newspaper extracts. You observe, that in each volume of *Hansard* pages are here and there turned down, in each case, oddly enough, at a speech delivered by your host, whilst the scrap-books are full of the stored wisdom he has generously distributed in various parts of the country. Your host proposes, if you have nothing else to do, that you should spend the afternoon there, looking through the series of speeches over which the lambent light of wit flashes. But you remember you have an engagement in town, and must think of going.

"But you haven't lunched," says your genial host, his handsome face aglow with the beams of hospitality, too rarely seen in your recent wandering. You admit that you have not yet lunched, but observe (jocosely), that the day is young. Your genial host explains that he always lunches at twelve o'clock, and heartily invites you to follow him. He leads the way, not into the dining-room as you

expect, but out under the antlers of the New Forest stag, through the ancient porch of Malwood, under the brick gables of the old mansion.

"Wait there a moment," he says, and trips off, holding the smock-frock skittishly by the skirt, disclosing a pair of costly carpet slippers guiltless of heel.

Whilst you are musing in pleased anticipation of the coming symposium, regarding it as a favourable opportunity of learning more of the history of the remarkable man who is your host, the Squire of Malwood comes back, carrying a parcel wrapped up in a red and blue cotton pocket-handkerchief. He leads the way by the belt of spruce firs and laurels, crossing and re-crossing the limpid waters of the willow-fringed brook, till you reach a field of magnificent mangel-wurzels, which stretches in illimitable length, till it threatens to impinge on the distant Wiltshire Downs. You begin to think that the question of lunch has escaped your genial host, but are promptly undeceived. The Squire of Malwood scrambles on to a low wall skirting the broad pasture-land, and untying the red and blue cotton handkerchief discloses its contents—a thick chop of bacon, half a loaf, and a crust of Dutch cheese.

"I always lunch here," he says, as you gaze in some embarrassment on the prospect. "Quite the thing in the country, you know. Get up on the wall, and fall to. Got a pocket-knife? No? Always carry a pocket-knife with you. I'll lend you mine in a moment;" and your host produces from a recess in the skirt of the smock-frock a buck-handled steel implement, which he opens, and proceeds to slice the slab of bacon, falling to at his meal with alarming gusto.

On the whole, you decide that it is rather early for luncheon, and your host, still seated on the wall, and working lustily with the buck-handled implement, continues the story of his life, which, somehow, seems to have lost in interest, and you are not sorry when, the crust and cheese having followed the bacon and the bread, your host descends from the wall, and, still gaily chatting, walks with you through the quiet Autumn fields towards the bustling railway station.

**AN HEREDITARY GRAND FALCONER**, who, though provided with a shilling handbook on "the management of the hawk," hoods, claw-bells, and other requisite paraphernalia of his calling, has had, in consequence of the operation of domestic and economic reforms, to relinquish his situation, together with its emoluments, would be glad to hear of some other post, hereditary or otherwise, where he would be expected to discharge duties of a similar light and fanciful character at an equally adequate and satisfactory rate of remuneration. As, though nominally a "Falconer," owing to the fact that in his last place, in consequence of the entire absence of any birds, his acquaintance with the management of the falcon might be regarded as theoretical rather than practical, he is not particular, in seeking another situation, to devote himself to the charge of this particular kind of feathered creature, but would willingly undertake the care of canaries, a few parrots, or even, under certain conditions, a dozen or two of the common domestic fowl. Indeed, for a suitable stipend, which the Advertiser chiefly requires, he would not object to devote his attention to the charge of a collection of white mice, rabbits or guinea-pigs.



UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."  
Le Diable Boiteux.

XI.

"MAD mirth, and sullen misery!  
These divide  
The empire of the night, O shadowy Guide,  
In this colossal city!"  
So I, as on we sped. "Scarcely  
know I which,  
Dulness or wild delirium, poor or  
rich,  
Most earnestly to pity."

"Earnestness always either fogs  
or bores,"  
Chuckled my *cicerone*. "Fashion's  
doors  
Open to every comer,  
Save that. You see 'tis not 'amusing.' No!  
'Twould lend an extra chill to  
Winter's snow,  
And dull the sheen of Summer.

"Not to amuse oneself! That crowning  
curse  
Means excommunication. Power of Purse,  
Brain, Beauty, all are Vanity,  
If they bring not what the world calls 'good  
fun;' [run,  
With that bad form or vulgar farce will  
Though void of taste or sanity.

"These throngs at least amuse themselves!"  
I saw  
A scene to fill a flunkey's soul with awe—  
Gay garments, glittering jewels;  
The raven gloss of swell-cut broadcloth close  
With whirling clouds of satin milk-and-  
rose,  
Rare laces, radiant "crewels."

The walls were wide, the still electric  
sheen, [scene.  
Lay like rose-softened sunshine o'er the  
Bass murmur, treble twitter,  
Mounted in mingled cadences from lips  
Lingering o'er mirthful *mots* and amorous  
quips,  
Amidst the glow and glitter.

"These bacchanals," said my Guide, "are  
truly 'tiled,' [smiled  
"Save to ourselves. The Mænads might have  
Upon such secret orgies;  
Scenes of such varied and voluptuous ease  
Wealth's delf, audacious caterers planned to  
please  
The Cæsars and the Georges.

"There stands the clever caterer of to-day!  
Silenus might have squeezed his winy spray  
On his Bardolphian features.  
Trim-shaven, smartly clad, with a still smile,  
And a subdued half swagger, in the style  
Of Mammon's chosen creatures.

"He schemes, he manages, he understands,  
But lolls with smile-wreathed lips and white  
fat hands  
Against the curtained portal;  
Mercury, Bacchus, Ganymede in one,  
But to these strange Olympians better fun  
Than any old Immortal.

"Purveyor he of fashionable mirth,  
A genial mask, though earthy of the earth.  
You see the clever schemer  
Of tedium-proof amusement serves his kind  
More than dull praters of the March of Mind,  
Or philanthropic dreamers.

"At least they think so, these 'smart' men,  
light maids,  
And frisky matrons. Mirth has many grades;  
That girl there glittering, hectic,



Laughs with hysteria's high and crackling  
laugh,  
Whilst he, her partner, at the *risqué* chaff  
Shakes, well-nigh apoplectic.

"Wine mounts, wit flows, such wit as wine  
evokes  
In souls to which the lightest social yokes  
Are burdens to be lifted.

Laughter with loosened zone is chartered here.  
Different from yon dark slum, whose shadows  
With rare gas-jets are rifted?" [drear  
Different, indeed! I heard the shrill of song  
Crude-burthened raising echoes loud and long  
Of mellow maiden-merriment.  
How curious the response when stealthy skill  
In coarseness on the polished world's good-  
Makes cynical experiment! [will

The fire of passion and the feverish fret  
Of speculation rage. *Bon-mot* and bet,  
Wager and amorous whisper,  
Alternate sound on our ubiquitous ear.  
Regard that girl. When saw you eyes more  
Lips redder, curl-crop crisper? [clear,  
She, one would say, should still be cloistered up  
At home with poetry and her pet pug-pup,  
Her music and her novels.

Yet here she smiles where stage-stars strut  
and flaunt.  
What does young Innocence in a gilded haunt,  
Where Caste in coarseness grovels?

"Caste? Innocence? We must not look too  
close. [rose,  
Some here, scarce roses, have lived near the  
My guide responded drily.  
"The 'aleatic tendency,' you know,  
As ROBERT LOUIS calls it, must have flow  
Or openly or slyly.

"Sense-stir, and Speculation, and the taste  
For the adventurous, move the most chaste,  
And tickle the most prudent.  
In 'proper' breasts oft lurks a craving hot  
For the equivocal—even when not  
Immaculately pudent.

"A curiosity about the ways  
Of the *Déclassées*, in our period, plays  
Its part in 'good' society.  
'Tis so 'amusing,' this half-world, so rife  
With 'incidents' that lend to *ton's* dull life  
Some touch of *chic* variety.

"The gambling-hell and the lupanar? No!  
But ZOLA adds a zest, high play a glow  
To moral tedium vice.  
Think you yon caterer, aiming to Amuse,  
Of scurril Momus does not gauge the use  
And venal Aphrodite?"

"'T WAS A GLORIOUS VICTORY,"—AND  
ADVERTISEMENT!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE read with the greatest interest a letter to your contemporaries from Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, in which that accomplished and patriotic gentleman suggests, that there should be a grand collection of relics in honour of the 75th Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, which is due next year.

As the Lessee of Drury Lane Theatre invited co-operation from everybody, I immediately set to work to pick up mementoes of the glorious victory with—as you will see—some success. It is my desire that the exhibition should be as complete as possible, and if any feeble efforts of mine can contribute to that end, I shall be more than repaid for any trouble I may take in the matter. Subjoined is my first list of exhibits.

Portrait of the Great Duke of WELLINGTON, published some years ago at the selling price of a penny plain, and twopence coloured.

Bronze coin, bearing the head of NAPOLEON THE THIRD. It is a strange fact that this valuable piece has been refused by two omnibus conductors, showing that latent animosity still exists between the English and the French.

Broom carried for many years by the junior crossing-sweeper of Waterloo Place.

Cards used for playing Napoleon. *A propos* of this game, the expression "going nap," no doubt referred to the deposed Emperor's departure for St. Helena.

Set of wheels from a broken-up Waterloo omnibus.

Draft application to the Council of the Royal United Service Institution asking for the loan of the skull of SHAW the Life Guardsman, which has somehow or another found its way into the Museum of that valuable organisation.

Gate of the North Toll-house on old Waterloo Bridge.

*Napoleon's Dream Book*, a cheap and interesting treatise upon Fate, said to have been used by the greatest General of his age before all his victories, proving that his success might have been attributable to the power of witchcraft. Sold even to this day at a penny a copy.

Acting edition of the *Battle of Waterloo*, drama played at Astley's.

Pair of quaint old Wellington boots—an heir-loom.

Card of admission to the "Extra Rooms" at Madame Tussaud's, where "Napoleonic relics" are always on view.

There, Sir; I do not think this bad for a beginning. But why not have other celebrations?

Next year the 824th Anniversary of the Battle of Hastings will be due, when there might be a grand exhibition of boarding-house furniture, in honour of the victory having been gained at a now favourite watering-place. Then we might have the anniversaries of other things—the invention of the umbrella, the discovery of sugar, the first mixing of lobster-salad, and so forth.

Of course the difficulty would be to find a site for the holding of exhibitions appropriate to the celebration of these interesting events.

In the case of the Battle of Waterloo, Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS had a new panorama ready to hand. For all that, I cannot imagine how he came to think of such a clever thing!

Yours truly,

SIMON SIMPLE SIMPLE-SIMON.

Crackup Court, near Puffborough.





UP-HILL WORK.  
 Mr. Punch (to Mrs. London County Council). "CONGRATULATE YOU, MA'AM, ON RETAINING SUCH A CAPITAL CHAIRMAN. HE'LL GET YOU ALONG, IF ANYONE CAN!"



## AN ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

It is an open secret that, should the Austrian idea of putting the Civil Service of the Crown in uniform be adopted in this country, the following dress-regulations will be enforced in the Government offices hereunto referred to:—

**ADMIRALTY. First-grade Officials.**—Cocked hats, blue spectacles, epaulettes, regulation blotting-paper, with inch bullion border and gold-tipped ruler. Gold pen.

**All other Grades.**—A. B. seaman's costume, with chevrons, ink-bottle, and lanyard. Steel pen.

**AUDIT OFFICE. First-grade Officials.**—Cocked hats, green spectacles, epaulettes, regulation blotting-paper with half-inch bullion border, and silver-tipped ruler. Gold pen.

**All other Grades.**—Costume of Audit Ale-brewers' draymen. Steel pens.

**LUNACY COMMISSION. Commissioners.**—Burlesque cocked hats, and heavily bullionned strait-waistcoats. **Secretary.**—Robes of a Barrister-at-Law, with the wig decorated with bits of straw.

**POST OFFICE. First-grade Officials.**—Cocked hats, decorated with Christmas cards, and sample coats, of various patterns. Gold pens.

**All other Grades.**—Postman's uniform of the period, augmented.

**TREASURY. First-grade Officials.**—Cocked hats, cloth-of-gold coats, with guinea-buttons. Waistcoats of various colours, fresh from the Mint die. Pens gold.

**All other Grades.**—Evening dress of the theatrical treasurers, with orders for the Pit and Upper Boxes. Pens steel.

**WAR OFFICE. First-grade Officials.**—Cocked hats, armour from the Tower, condemned maps of the Intelligence Department converted into tail-coats. Blotting-paper, with regulation 3-inch bullion border. Red tape. Gold pens.

**All other Grades.**—Cast-off uniforms of Royal Engineers engaged upon purely civilian work, and therefore not required for service in the Army.



## "A CLEAN BREAST OF IT."

*The Magistrate.* "OH!—YOU ADMIT MAKING COUNTERFEIT MONEY THEN?"  
*Prisoner (airily).* "WELL, THE FACT IS, YOUR WASHUP, THE SUPPLY O' THE GENUINE ARTICLE IS SO EXTREMELY LIMITED, AND THINGS GENERALLY ARE SO VERY TIGHT COMMERCIALLY, THAT A POOR FELLOW MUST DO SOMETHING THESE TIMES TO TURN AN HONEST PENNY!"

## UP-HILL WORK.

*Mr. Punch loquitur:—*

UP-HILL work? To be sure. And, my very dear Madam,

Up-hill's always stiffish whatever the road,

Whether gravel provincial or London Macadam;

But much, very much, to your "Chairman" is owed,

For choosing straight courses and obstacles clearing,

And pulling and hauling with hearty good will.

I congratulate you on the prospect most cheering,

At least for a time, of retaining him still.

If anyone can pull you straight he will do it.

You'll freely admit you're a pretty good weight;

And were you to lose him just now you might rue it,

That's hardly a thing that admits of debate.

And you, Mister ROSEBERRY, *Punch* is delighted

To know you'll remain for a time at your post.

By pitchforks and pelting you'll not be affrighted;

'Tis true English fashion our rulers to roast;

And when a new broom is found making a splutter,

And not so much clearing as raising a dust,

"Olympian" critics, and others, will utter

Some quips which appear, and perhaps are, unjust.

Some L. C. C. doings have roused cynic merriment,

But Councils, like Rome, are not built in a day;

*Mr. Punch* wishes well to the mighty experiment,

And he will take care it is given fair play.

Meanwhile, Ma'am, if you will but just "cut the cackle,"

Some rushers restrain, and some chatterers burke,

Your excellent Chairman his task then may tackle

With every prospect of less "Up-hill Work!"

## THE NINTH.

THE Lord Mayor's Show, arranged by Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD, was a great success, and *Mr. Punch* presents BARNUM Junior with the freedom of Fleet Street. The biggest crowd assembled to witness it that has been seen for some years. LEWIS Le Grand himself sat in a carriage with three City magnates, and tried to look as if he had got there by accident, and his friends were merely "giving him a lift." In the evening the scene in the Guildhall was brilliant. Mr. STANHOPE spoke boldly about national defences when he looked round and saw General ATLAS in a brand new uniform, with a sword by his side, "ready, aye, ready," and Colonel BRIEFLESS, ablaze in scarlet, looking like a County Court Martial, burning to draw pleadings, defend the innocent, or charge a prisoner at the bar. Lord SALISBURY was heavy. He had nothing to say, and said something less than that, as he omitted to propose the Lord Mayor's health, and had to be stirred up again, when he rose in his place and gave the toast as a sort of after-thought. Sir HENRY ISAACS spoke well, clearly, to the point, and, above all, briefly. ARTHUR BALFOUR received a big ovation, and assumed an air of quiet surprise, as if uncertain whether the applause might not have been intended for some one else. Altogether a Notable Ninth.

## Nothing Like Lather.

THE Scentenary of PEARS' Soap was celebrated with a banquet given to Mr. BARRATT, Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK, Bart., M.P., being in the chair. Needless to say that there was a plentiful exhibition of soap on the occasion. The chief feature of the *menu* was of course the cakes of soap. Sir ALGERNON made, as he always does, an excellent speech, and, as if he were at a double wedding, drank the health of "The happy PEARS."





### ANOTHER METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENT.

PATENT NETTING FOR "TAKING MALES ON BOARD" WHEN AT FULL SPEED. A SAVING OF TIME AND HORSES.

### HOW HE MANAGED IT.

(From Our Own Thoroughly Reliable Correspondent at Constantinople.)

"I am told that it is the SULTAN's chief care to give the EMPEROR no opportunity of entering into political conversation with him, and consequently everything is done to keep his German Majesty as much pre-occupied as possible. What would he like to do or see, and what presents would he be pleased to accept from the PADISHAH? As for the EMPEROR, he has already accepted four magnificent Arab or other steeds of snow-white colour, while a variegated pile of precious stuffs has been given to the EMPRESS."

The result of my inquiries as to the reliability of the above paragraph, taken from the telegraphic communication of the representative of the *Times*, that appeared in the pages of that journal on Tuesday last, which you have sent to me with a request that I would either verify or contradict it, I herewith subjoin. Fortunately notes I had already made for my own use came opportunely to my aid, and enabled me fully to endorse and confirm the view of the situation as here suggested by the leading journal.

I had heard from an influential and well-informed diplomatist that the SULTAN's apprehensions were well founded, and that the young German EMPEROR's sole object in paying his visit was literally to "pump" his host upon the several Eastern questions now looming on the political horizon, and that, determined to make himself understood, he had got up a whole string of questions with a Turkish OLLENDORFF that he meant to fall back upon as a last resource, if the SULTAN pleaded, as he was informed it was his intention of doing, his ignorance of French, German, English, Italian, or of any European tongue whatever, so as to avoid the chances of being drawn into a private conversation.

But to resume. Perhaps there is no better method of furnishing you with a precise account of what actually took place on the day of meeting, for instance, than placing before you a page of the SULTAN's scribbling diary, to which, owing to the politeness of an amiable backstairs Palace Official, I have been fortunate enough to obtain access. Here it is *verbatim* :—

"6 A.M.—Am told by my Master of Court Ceremonies that I ought to meet this German Christian Dog, arrayed, if possible, in some one of the military dresses assumed by his own countrymen. Allah is great! but this is a bore. However, I resign myself to the hands of my wardrobe-keeper. I appear, therefore, in a white nightgown, worn under a cuirass, with a dragon's helmet, surmounted by a bed-room candle extinguisher, and in a pair of Jack-boots—(Allah is great! But, oh! these boots are tight!)—that reach up to my hips. Perhaps this disguise may save me five minutes of his conversation. Allah be praised! It has. He has embraced in turn RAHAT PASHA, LAKOUM BEY, and KOUMIS EFFENDI, taking each of them in mistake for me. At length, however, we are introduced. The Christian Dog seems struck with my appearance, as I limp to

### A REAL "GRAIN ELEVATOR."

It is the truth, the reality of Mr. CORNEY GRAIN's sketches that renders them so popular. He never attempts to improve our minds; he tells us what we all knew before, but he puts everything in such a comic light, that he sends us away laughing at our misfortunes and making fun of our miseries. If we were in doleful dumps we would go to Mr. CORNEY GRAIN to raise our spirits. The most recent addition to the Corneycopia is no exception to the rule, and the miseries of moving, the troubles of housekeeping, the irritative quality of relations—and one's relations are perhaps one of the greatest troubles of life—are celebrated in song, sketch, and story, in most diverting fashion. The latest social satire by the popular entertainer is called, *I've taken a House*. It will be certainly found this novelty has "taken the house" at St. George's Hall, and will probably fill it for many nights to come.

L. C. C. PROSPECTS.—When Lord ROSEBURY retires from the Chairmanship of the L. C. C., it is generally feared that they'll make a nice hash of it. It is now certain that if not a hash, there'll be a considerable taste of HAGGIS about whatever they do.

the carriage (Oh! Allah! these boots!); but no sooner are we seated than he immediately begins the conversation, as I knew he would, with 'Well, worthy and well-beloved Second Cousin twice removed, what about Bulgaria?' My only answer is to smile, and shake my head, to indicate I do not understand. He puts the same question in several different languages, but I merely repeat my smile, and continue to shake my head. He then begins his Turkish, and it is time to stop him, so I call an interpreter, and explain that I wish to make him a present. There are two tramway omnibuses passing, and I, on the spot, present him with these,—drivers, horses, passengers and all. I indicate that they shall be sent round to him at the Yildiz Kiosk. The Christian Dog seems pleased, but again begins about Bulgaria. I again smile, but cut the conversation short by saying I must show him my soldiers. He takes to this, and is apparently absorbed in their manoeuvres for several hours. Allah be praised for this! I can evidently keep him quiet with soldiers. But, going home, he begins again about Bulgaria. I again smile, and shake my head, and present him with another tramway omnibus. As I fancy he is going again to begin about Bulgaria, I add that I should like to present the EMPRESS with some trifling memento, and we stop then and there at a haberdasher's establishment, and I order several bales of chintz, curtain fringe, and glazed calico to be sent in to her 'Imperial Majesty' at once, and entered to the 'National account.' Fearing that he is again about to begin about Bulgaria, I tell him it strikes me he has not yet tasted our celebrated 'Ra-hat-la-koum.' He shakes his head. I at once order three tons to be sent round to the Yildiz Kiosk, and also entered to the 'National account.' After warding off Bulgaria by presenting him in turns with a shower-bath, a complete set of bed-room furniture, a handful of unset jewels, a brass band, an iron-clad, and several more tramway omnibuses, all entered to the 'National account,' I at length got rid of the Christian Dog till dinner-time by dropping him at the Bureau of the Minister of War.

"10:30 P.M.—Allah be praised! The Banquet is over, and I have as yet managed to steer clear of politics with the little Christian Dog. He made one attempt, after drinking some of his sour wine from the Rhine with which I had provided him, but I again smiled, and shook my head and said, 'No, no; dinner and politics not good together. Afterwards with the coffee.' But when the time for the coffee came, I hurried him off to see the illuminations. Those were an afterthought. I wondered how I should get rid of him. 'Why not illuminate the Bosphorus?' suggested RIAZ PASHA. A good idea. I gave the order at seven. By ten the whole city was a blaze of lanterns from the woods to the water's edge. Allah be praised! I have just seen the Christian Dog off in a *caïque*. I can now retire to rest in peace. But there is still to-morrow to face. Well, I must give him some more tramway horses; show him some more soldiers. Let him have the run of the barracks. Then he has got to look at the Black Sea. Perhaps, too, he might be induced to run over to Asia



to try for some tiger-shooting. Who knows? However, Allah be praised! one day at least is done. Two more, though, to be got through before he goes! If I can only keep the Christian Dog employed. Well, Allah is great! I must manage it somehow!"

How the SULTAN did manage it is now notorious, for it is well known that the youthful KAISER, whatever else he brought away with him from Constantinople, did not contrive to leave it with a new Treaty in his pocket. The *Times* Correspondent, lolling back-wards gloriously *en prince* in his *caïque* "at the seaward gate of Dolma Bagtché," describes, in glowing and enthusiastic words, the memorable parting, which appears to have been of a cordial and almost touching character. He represents the young EMPEROR as still evidently up to the last trying to get in, through an interpreter, a word about Bulgaria, but being evidently foiled by the impetuous *bonhomie* of his still smiling host, of whom he eventually took leave, "bowing," as the *Times* Correspondent informs its readers, "with much *empressment*, and giving the military salute." So the visit ended, and, spite his apprehensions, ABDUL HAMID kept clear of the much-dreaded political question. The above brief extract from his diary makes it pretty plain *how he managed it*.

## WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING.

"I COME from a Watering Place," said the Moon. "It is not at all a fashionable one, though I believe it is considered healthy for young families. In the Summer, when the visitors come with their children, it is cheerful enough, but just now it certainly has a melancholy appearance. All the larger bathing-machines were penned up together in a yard a long way from the sea, looking strangely monstrous and out of place. There were a few little cabins still standing on the beach, but the canvas which had covered them was stripped off, leaving only the bare, and skeleton-like frames. On the green in front of the sea, two or three donkeys with linen-covered saddles, were huddled together, hanging down their heads dejectedly, and wondering what had become of all the children. No one seemed to be staying at the grand new hotel, where I could see the German waiter busily employed in killing the last bluebottle in the coffee-room window. The waiter, it is true, looked cheerful,—but then he was leaving for London next day.

"All at once I heard a drum being beaten, and, looking down into one of the side streets leading from the Green, I saw the drummer, who was dressed in a long, shabby brown overcoat, reaching to his heels. The people hurried to their doors, for at this season of the year even a drum is an event. Presently the man put down the drum and slipped off his coat, revealing himself in a tight-fitting garment of faded red and black, sewn with tarnished spangles. Next, with great ceremony, he spread a strip of very ragged carpet on the road, and announced that he was 'about to illustrate the extraordinary contortions of which the human body was capable.' He seemed afraid that his entertainment would have no chance there, unless he could impart an improving tone to it. The shapes into which he proceeded to twist himself were really curious. He began by holding his hand high above his head, and kicking the palm with his foot; then he folded himself up into a sort of pin-cushion, and after that he bent backward, until he clasped his ankles, and gazed up at me with a pensive, sombre expression, through his legs. The children, on their way home from school, stopped to look at him, a little timidly, on the side-walk; the tradesmen stood at their shop-doors; the babies stared, though in the wrong direction, from their perambulators; genteel old maids peered furtively over their window-blinds; a railway omnibus passed, and the driver glanced down at the contortionist for an instant, and then instantly turned his head, as if he felt that he would compromise his dignity by betraying any interest. Nobody smiled or applauded, or did more than edge a little nearer, and examine the boneless man suspiciously, evidently thinking that there must be some trickery in his performance.

"The acrobat had an assistant—a nice-looking slenderly made boy, with a kind of sullen patience in his sturdy blue-eyed face; he was not so smartly dressed as his master, for he wore only a red flannel shirt and common corduroy trousers. While the man was preparing for the second part of his entertainment, the boy turned somersaults in a matter-of-fact manner, and nobody took the least notice of him. The second part was intended to show how objects could be maintained in equilibrium under the most difficult circumstances, and this the performer did by balancing on his head a pile of tumblers filled with a very dirty yellow liquid, as he lay on his back and wriggled himself painfully through hoops. During this performance

the boy went round with the hat, and I amused myself," said the Moon, "in noticing the treatment he received. The children, of course, gave nothing—children always are on the free list on these occasions—but they pointed out where a halfpenny that the boy had overlooked was lying, which was the next thing to giving it themselves. The old maids hid themselves in the curtains and did not come out again until he had passed, the greengrocer, who had been looking on the whole time, told the boy that he deserved to be locked up, but the butcher, after teasing him for some little time, at last produced a penny from under his apron.

"The collection was soon made, and the acrobat got up without spilling a drop from the tumblers, though still amidst the most perfect silence. (If you notice, the people who look on at such performances, however much they are delighted, never do betray their pleasure by any demonstration more enthusiastic than a faint grin," remarked the Moon, parenthetically, "perhaps they have a feeling that if they applaud, they ought, logically, to pay.) So the man took down his pile of tumblers, decanted the dirty liquid into a tin can as carefully as if it were some precious elixir, packed glasses, can, and all neatly in a basket, rolled up the carpet, put on the shabby overcoat again, and, shouldering the drum, walked off with a lithe swinging step which had something swaggering and defiant about it, the boy following at a short distance, as submissively incurious as a dog. When the man turned the corner, I noticed that all the briskness went out of his step, and presently both master and boy passed into the shadow and I saw them no more."

## STANZAS FOR SARDOU.

(By a Farce-Writer.)

[A hundred Parisian mothers-in-law have written to M. SARDOU, thanking him for having rehabilitated the much-abused Mother-in-law.]

MONSIEUR SARDOU, they say that your latest new play

Gives a Mother-in-law her due fame;

With your pen you efface all the shame and disgrace

That has hitherto clung to her name.

You have shown she can be very nice, as we see,

And from Paris some Mothers-in-law

A letter indite to express their delight,

That you've not touched them up on the raw.

But, *cher SARDOU*, my friend, how is all this to end?

This strange glorification can't last;

We cannot, it's clear, write a farce over here,

With a nice "*Belle Maman*" in the cast.

Take the "dotty" Old Man, the *Soubrette*—MARTY-ANN,

Or the Guardian given to jaw;

Take the *Ingénue* arch, or the Aunt—all starch,

But leave us bad Mothers-in-law!

## A NEW ACT WANTED.

FOR that admirable playwright, Mr. PINERO, appearing in the chair at the Theatrical Fund Dinner, talking nonsense, and uncommonly dull nonsense, too, a parallel may be found in the description of GOLDSMITH:—

"He wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

Why he should have gone out of his way to attack the Music-Halls is a puzzle to anyone at all interested in the matter. Had it been Mr. W. S. GILBERT, who has recently suffered under a genuine grievance, temporary bitterness against the Music-hall entertainers and entertainments would have been very natural, but what have Music-Halls done to Mr. PINERO? Of course, if a Dramatic Act, better in its way than any of Mr. PINERO's, be passed, and Music-Halls be wisely permitted to play one-act Vaudevilles, and even to go so far as to perform GILBERT AND SULLIVAN's *Trial by Jury* with full chorus, *Cox and Box*, and a few other musical trifles, perhaps Mr. PINERO might condescend to tell the story of *Sweet Lavender* in one Act to music—it would make a very pretty Vaudeville—or, to give us some light little sketch, say *Lords and Commons* compressed, or a rural piece, a tooral-rural piece, as Mr. PINERO would of course style it, which should bring the "scent of the hay across the footlights."

Let the principle of Free Trade be applied, by all means, to the business of the Music-Halls, the limitation being to Vaudevilles.

We should be sorry to see a persecution of the Music-hall people during the reign of PI-NERO. The other NERO was a bit of a musician, and fiddled while Rome was burning. Does PI-NERO, who would look uncommonly well in classic costume, wish to play first fiddle in similar circumstances?

STARTLING APPARITION.—"Reappearance of Professor PEPPER at the Polytechnic!" He vanished fully ten years ago. Is it really our old entertaining friend, Professor PEPPER, or is it PEPPER's Ghost? On the latter supposition, we may inquire if the Polytechnic has a spirit licence?





## ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

MRS. DE VERE TOMLINSON AT HOME. PUZZLES. SMALL AND EARLY.

## THE SHAMROCK PUZZLE.

It is an Age of Puzzles, and one meets  
The Sphinx—a penny one—about our  
streets,

Roving in maddening manner;  
Whilst at our shops she offers you a lot  
Of mystery and muddlement for what  
The Docker calls a "tanner."

Peripatetic Sphinx! Quite a new notion,  
But one which seems to stimulate devotion  
In every puzzle-lover.

This ŒDIPUS a job has found, however,  
Which well might foil the champions, keen  
and clever,

Who "do" the "Pigs in Clover."

The Pigs in Clover? Pooh! A docile lot  
Compared with these. Marbles to coax, or  
shot,

Into the pen together,  
Takes time and patience. But *these* devious  
dodgers

Within *that* centre to make common lodgers  
Strains wit beyond its tether.

Circumgyrating in that Cretan maze,  
They wander in a manner that would craze  
The skillfullest old Collie;  
Whilst to unite them in that Shamrock  
centre!—

The task, old ŒDIPUS, is a tormentor;  
The effort seems sheer folly.

But ŒDIPUS, though aged, is astute,  
And chances with old COCKER can compute.

"Give it up" 's not his motto.

Once he's committed to a certain game,  
Bézique or Solitaire, 'tis all the same;  
Legitimate Whist, or—Lotto!

He'll whirl, he'll twirl, he'll twiddle, and  
he'll tip, [slip—  
This way and that the stubborn spheres may  
They stray, collide, and scatter.  
He mutters, "Patience! I shall get them in  
In time, and if at last the game I win,  
Delay is a small matter!"

## STILL BARNUMMING!

BARNUM—bar none, is the greatest Show-  
man of this or any other age, including all the  
heroes whom GEORGE AUGUSTUS PLUTARCH  
SALA brought together in his effective speech  
last Friday. To what a Barnumic oration the  
old Showman himself treated us! He has  
travelled all over the world, but he never  
wandered further afield, or in more pleasant  
paths, than when he mounted his hobby and  
took us over so much of his old ground.

Forty-five years ago ALBERT SMITH  
wrote in *Bentley's Miscellany* a paper en-  
titled, "A Go-a-head Day with BARNUM."  
The article wound up by saying:—"As we  
expressed our fatigue at supper, BARNUM  
said, 'Well, I don't know what you call work  
in England; but if you don't make thirty  
hours out of the twenty-four in Merekey, I  
don't know where you'd be at the year's end.  
If a man can't beat himself in running, he'll  
never go a-head; and if he don't go a-head,  
he's done.'" The Great BARNUM is appar-  
ently as active in 1889 as he was in 1844.  
He is as enthusiastic on the wrong side of  
eighty as he was on the right side of forty.  
If he has not beaten himself in running, he  
has allowed no one to beat him. He has caught  
most people, but the old bird himself has never  
yet been caught. If you look in just now  
at Olympia, you will find him up to time and  
smiling, and going a-head more than ever.

## CHRYSANTHEMUM.

"Its Japanese name signifies 'the Queen of  
Flowers,' and 'O-KIKU-SAN' (Chrysanthemum) is  
a designation common enough for a Japanese girl."

SHE 'd eb on hair and almond eyes,  
She looked at me in mild surprise;  
The "foreign devil" then had come.

I sighed—it was in far Japan—  
And murmured, "Sweet O-KIKU-SAN,  
Be mine, my own Chrysanthemum!"

She smiled, and though of course she heard,  
She only understood one word,

And so the smiling lips were dumb;  
She knew I called her "Queen of Flowers;"  
I gazed each day for several hours  
Upon my quaint Chrysanthemum.

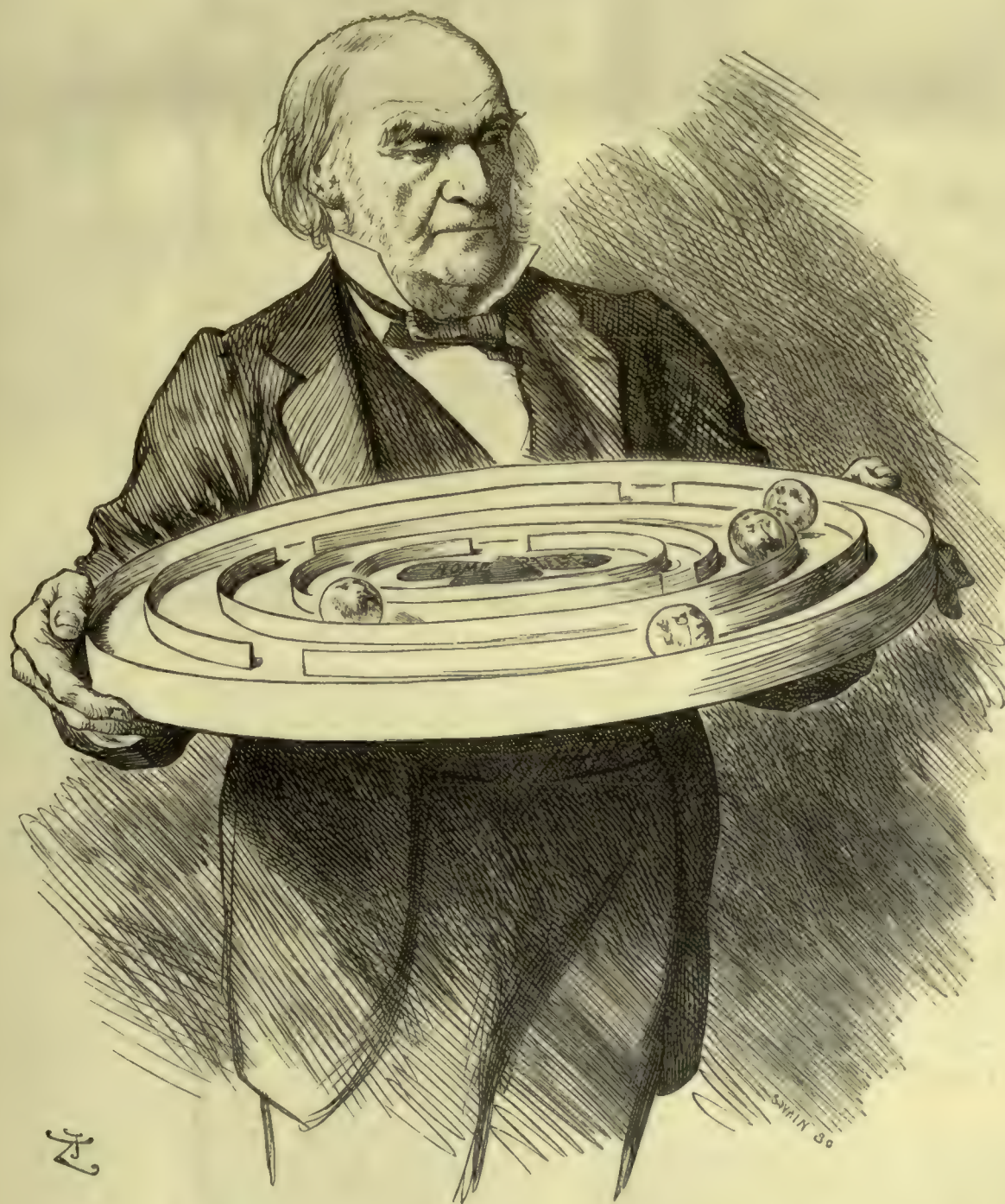
I set myself to try to please  
This fascinating Japanese;

I even played the native drum.  
She laughed, and clapped her tiny hands;  
At last, I thought, she understands  
My ardent love—Chrysanthemum.

But ah! they married her. A swell  
Of noble birth bore off my belle,  
And I was left exceeding glum;  
And still a melancholy man,  
In memory of O-KIKU-SAN,  
I wear the gold Chrysanthemum!

SOFT ROZE AND TOAST.—Our toast is "MARIE  
ROZE—her health!" We are very glad to  
hear that Madame MARIE ROZE has entirely  
recovered from the effects of her fall. The in-  
cident may be summarised thus,—for there  
must always be something of the summary  
about a Roze,— "MARIE ROZE; MARIE fell;  
MARIE ROZE up again, and her foothold on the  
ladder of public favour is firmer than ever."





## THE SHAMROCK PUZZLE.

"I THINK I SHALL GET 'EM ALL IN,—IN TIME!"









### HUNTING HINTS.

HOW TO RETAIN POSSESSION OF YOUR HORSE AFTER A FALL—A SALMON REEL AND LINE IS THE VERY THING!

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE plots of some of Mr. W. S. GILBERT's Plays, collected in a volume called *Fogerty's Fairy and other Tales*, told as stories necessarily lose much in the narrative form, except in the case of *Fogerty's Fairy*, which gains by the process. One of the shorter sketches, called *Little Mim*, is, as Mr. Sam Weller said of Mr. John Smaulker's conversation, "Werry pretty;" but the gem of humour in the book is a short passage in *Maxwell and I*, descriptive of the performance of a couple of Acrobats in a



Music-hall show. This is immensely funny. In his satirical paper on *Authors, Actors and Audiences*, the Author makes some good common-sense observations on the distinction between the work requisite for even the very best adaptations and for the production of a genuinely original play. On a cognate subject, *Our Dramatists*, in *The Fortnightly*, I agree with a great deal that Mr. GEORGE MOORE writes. From a literary point of view, the article is unworthy of Mr. GEORGE MOORE, while as to acquaintance with the subject, if he knows any more than he has here written, he has not given us the result of his knowledge. Perhaps he is reserving his force. He justly praises *The Middleman*, but has not put his critical finger on its weak point, which was spotted in Mr. Punch's columns.

I see it stated a publisher has in hand some work of the late Miss AMY LEVY the authoress of *Reuben Sachs*, a book of undoubted cleverness, and as remarkable, in its way, as was *As in a Looking-Glass*. Yet, as in *A Babe in Bohemia* and *Dr. Phillips*, only the seamy side of Jewish life is represented, but of its nobility of mind, its fidelity, its unsectarian, and truly catholic charity, of which we have daily proof, we read absolutely nothing. As a rule of romance, given a Jew or a Jesuit, and the author is bound to make him more or less of a villain. There is a tide in novel-writing, and perhaps we are on the turn when the original idea will occur to some one to give us a Jew whose conduct puts Christians to shame, and a Jesuit who, like the man in the song, "Cannot tell a lie if he were to try."

There should be a new Court appointment made immediately—

"Mistress of the Robins," and Lady LINDSAY should be invited to fill it. Stern Naturalists have said rude and unkind things about our picturesque red-waiscoated friend, but Lady LINDSAY glorifies him to his heart's content. She tells us what the poets have sung about him, she shows how he has entwined himself in our nursery lore, she paints his portrait in delightful pictures, and she sings graceful songs in his praise. All these good things are to be found in a charming volume called, *About Robins*. (ROUTLEDGE.) It might as well have been called, *All About Robins*—because the talented authoress has left nothing for anyone else to say on the subject. The book is excellently got up—if on a shelf, everyone will wish to get it down—and "robinism" pleasantly pervades it. The blithe little birds flourish on the cover, chirp on the frontispiece, and flutter throughout the pages generally. A dainty volume, which everyone will like for a Christmas present if he can get it.

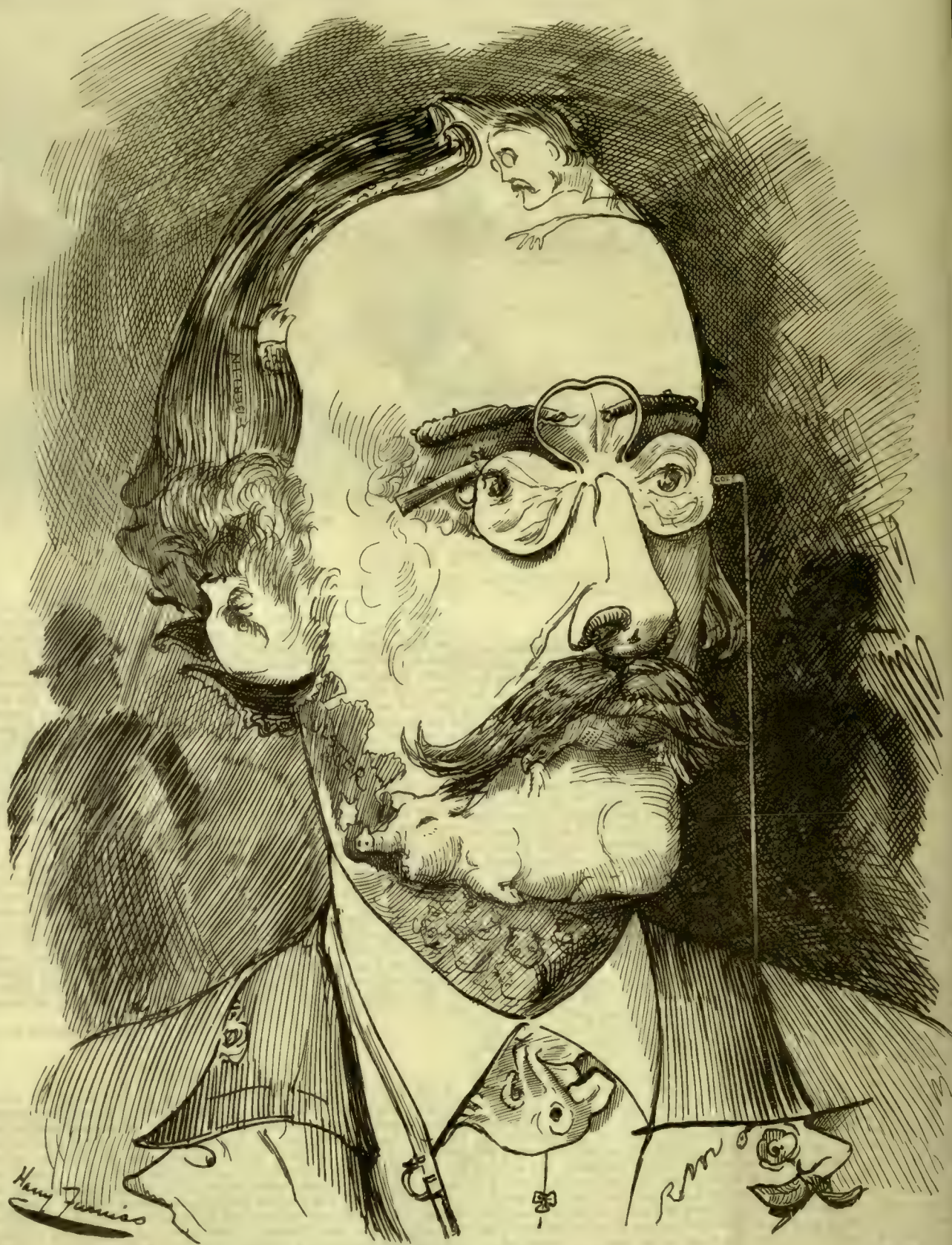
My faithful Co. writes:—"I have recently been revelling in research. That benefactor of the human race, Mr. JOSEPH FOSTER, has added another magnificent volume to his already considerable reference library, in the shape of the *Gray's Inn Register*, which gives from the earliest date the admissions to the Hon. Society up to 1889. Besides this mass of valuable information, the entries in the Marriage Register of Gray's Inn Chapel are also furnished. The index to the names of the students is simply admirable—as clear as crystal, and as easily understood as A B C. Mr. JOHN FOSTER deserves well not only of his county but his country. His *Men at the Bar* is also first-rate. In this last work, it is scarcely necessary to add, he leaves Folk Lore to describe law folk.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

### GREAT ART STREET.

BOND STREET should change its name to the above at once. Mr. Punch says so, and the L. C. C. should see that the excellent notion is at once carried out. A capital little Show has been opened at the Fine Art Society of Studies for Pictures. Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Professor LEBROS, Messrs. STACEY MARKS, G. D. LESLIE, ALMA TADEMA, Professor RUSKIN, E. J. POYNTER, and C. C. SETON are among the most notable contributors thereto. A charming collection of pictures of the modern Dutch and French Schools is now on view at Messrs. DOWDESWELLS, and an interesting Exhibition is that of the American and Colonial pictures in the Burlington Gallery. There never was such a street for pictures as Bond Street. By all means let it be christened Pictorial Place—or, better still, Great Art Street, for at all the Galleries they give you an 'arty welcome!





MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 7.



## STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXIV. MR. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR AT 4, CARLTON GARDENS.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR, wending his way across the Horse Guards Parade from a late sitting of the House of Commons, can never reach his home without having his mind attuned to lofty thoughts. Behind he has left a tumultuous assembly, where vulgar hate finds voice in rasping words. TIM HEALY may have been flinging hard sayings at him, or JOSEPH GILLIS may have bent upon him that look of benignant contempt which is harder to bear than spoken words. But as, with long, swinging strides, your host crosses the gritty roadway in the rear of the Horse Guards, and hears behind the silent footfall of the two plain-clothes denizens of Scotland Yard, he always feels the soothing influence of the Duke of York's Column. There, planted advantageously on the crest of a noble flight of steps, uncarpeted, and even unsweped, there rises, sheer and round, the lofty column. On it stands, in solemn loneliness, the figure of the Great Duke, staring out straight before him, as if watching the retreating figures of his famed ten thousand men. As your host lightly skips up the steps, taking them two at a time as if they were Amendments moved by an Irish Member, a strange calm settles over his crewlike fluttered soul. There, under the flaming gaslight of the House of Commons, is hurry-scurry, turmoil, and tribulation. Here is long rest after labour, majestic peace, which may, some day, be his.

You also take the Duke of York's Steps on your way to No. 4, Carlton Gardens, but these sentiments are not appropriate to your case. You think, rather, that the stairway is a little steep, the Steps a trifle frequent, the Monument something of a monstrosity. Arrived at No 4, you are warmly welcomed by one, whose expressive dark eyes, olive complexion, and finely cut features afford abundant evidence of his ancestry. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, though a Cabinet Minister and in control of one of the most troublesome Departments of the State, is still a young man. He looks more like a troubadour than an Irish Secretary, an illusion fostered by the dress in which he receives you. A robe of rich violet velvet is girdled at the slim waist by a rope of silk, wrought in dead gold colour. As he leans with negligent grace, one arm resting on the molten marble mantel-piece, he toys with his left hand with a lyre that reposes on a cabinet filled with the rarest specimens of Majolica and Sévres.

"Not that I play you know," your host says: "but ORPHEUS usually carried a lyre with him. A flute one would suppose would have been more portable. But it was a lyre, and so I keep one handy."

As your host drops the thick fringe of his eye-lids over his expressive eyes, a sad, pained expression comes over his face, as if he were thinking of the lost Romans.

It is from a silver box used by the first Marquis of SALISBURY during a visit to Carlton Gardens many years ago, that the Chief Secretary to the LORD LIEUTENANT extracts a cigarette, which you smoke while he tells you something of a career that has led, step by step, to the highest honour which, in present circumstances, it is possible for an uncle to bestow upon a nephew. You think that whilst he was extracting something he might as well have made it a cigar. But the more varied your experience in life, the more extended your peregrinations, the less sanguine are your hopes, the poorer your expectations.

"La vie est brève:  
Un peu d'amour,  
Un peu de rêve,  
Et puis—bon jour!"

your host hums, gently touching the lyre. You say, "Certainly," though you wish that this tendency to drop into German may be restrained. You find, for yourself, that one language is quite enough to express your full desires, and indeed that the facilities it affords for asking for things considerably outnumber the opportunities for securing them.

You begin to feel that if your host is going to sit and strum the lyre, troling forth what may be German drinking-songs, it will become exceedingly difficult to fill up the allotted space in the forthcoming number.

"How do you get on with Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL?" you ask by way of changing the subject.

"GRANDOLPH," says your host, with a sharp touch on what you believe to be the bass notes of the lyre, "is a very interesting person, though not quite so attractive as he used to be. I remember him very well in the House of Commons in 1880. Indeed, I had some thought at the time of joining his Party. I might have done so, but for an unfortunate habit he had contracted when delivering a speech of audibly interpolating a request that one would go and fetch him a glass of brandy-and-water. GORST did not mind, and WOLFF, with his spectacles and his diplomatic look, was able to invest the mission with an air of respectability. But I didn't care for it; and so we broke off our relations."

From this point your host, still vexatiously toying with the lyre, proceeds with the story of his life. He went into business very



## ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

"WHAT, GUS! LEAVING THE OFFICE ALREADY? WHY, IT'S HARDLY FOUR!"

"WELL, GOVERNOR, A FELLOW MUST GET WESTWARD IN TIME TO DO THE ARCADE, YOU KNOW."

early, being appointed President of the Local Government Board on the first opportunity his uncle, the MARKESS, had of distributing offices. Previously he had dabbled in Literature, and his *brochure* on *Philosophic Doubt* received the signal honour of being ordered to be read in all the Churches. In 1887, on the resignation of Sir M. H. BEACH, he was appointed CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND. "And now," he says, "as LEONIDAS of Tarentum hath it—

"On the shining point of PALLAS' spear  
I perch, a warlike grasshopper."

As he moves across the thick pile of Turkey carpet, with here and there a rug of rich colour toning it up, you cannot help thinking, as you look at his lithe figure, that the simile is quite apt. Oddly enough, his long strides take him clear out of the room, and, after waiting awhile, and there being no sign of his return, you pick your way out past the tangle of nasturtiums, geraniums, marigolds, and fuchsias, which half hides a large window on a level with the ivy-clad portico, and so gain the street. The window is partly open, and, as you pause, you hear the jingle of the lyre, and a familiar voice, that sings,—

"La vie est vaine:  
Un peu d'espoir,

Un peu de haine,  
Et puis—bon soir!"

## HARDING'S ANNUALS.

WHAT are "hardy annuals?" Chrysanthemums? Don't know! Don't care! At any rate when chrysanthemums blow HARDING'S Annuals show. This year there is a braver exhibition than usual at 45, Piccadilly. The Temple Show is all very well, but HARDING'S beats it in colour and variety. All kinds of novelties in the way of Christmas Cards may here be seen—all produced by British artists and British workmen. Fishing, yachting, coaching—in fact no cardinal point of sport is omitted—graceful, pretty, sentimental—especially appealing to the *cardiac* region—grateful, comforting, exhilarating—as essence of *cardamoms* should be. Go and look at 'em now we have shown you the way, and doubtless you'll very much enjoy this refection of "cards and wáy." Ha! ha!!



## THE MOAN OF THE STATION-MASTER.

SPECIAL Instructions! Yes! oh yes! They come in a ceaseless stream; They haunt my nights like the floods and frights that filled poor *Clarence's* dream.



Special! There's something sardonic now in the very sound of the word. I'm sore and sick. That accursed "click" seems the only sound I've heard Since—when? Since I heard it last in my sleep, if you call a nightmare sleep

From dawn till dawn, and from night to night the hours fly fast, or creep, But it's all one round, and the fretful sound of the needle seems to mark The pulse unseen of that dull machine, my life, through day and dark.

Special Instructions, another batch! And my walls scarce hold the space For another "Note." How the papers float sometimes in this dingy place Before my eyes in the lamp's dull glow, when the winter nights are drear, And the rattle of rails, and the drag of wires are the only sounds I hear Above the wail of the restless wind—like me, it knows not rest, That wandering sorrow, that vagrant voice of a thing with toil oppress'd. It is only a dingy shanty this, with its poster-patched drab walls, A sordid stage for the tragedy of one of Toil's tired thralls. Tragedy? That's an imposing word, a touch too high; and yet, Is death by dagger a loftier thing than death from fever and fret? 'Tis more "dramatic," I grant you that; but the harpies of classic Fate Could hardly harry a man much worse than the thought of a train too late, Or a way-bill wrong, or a signal missed, or a grievance or complaint Not duly noted, although they'd tax the soul of a patient saint, These petty grumbles, and trivial taunts, and muddled moans all round. No wearier pest than the fussy fool who grumbles without good ground!

Long hours; indeed, it would puzzle me much to say when my work is done. (No doubt the Directors would tell you a different story—but that's their fun!) But all day long, and every day, I must bear the worry and weight Of responsibility undefined, and duties 'tis hard to state. Only if anything should go wrong, from a train to an old maid's cat, Or a lamp let out, or a ticket lost, I am certain to hear of that. Yes, Railwaydom is a wondrous thing! Does the Public know or care, What lies behind the blessing and boon of comfort and cheap fare, O'er which they cackle complacently? Has it any feeling or thought For my long, long day in this dreary den, tired limbs, and brain o'erwrought? The "System" stands with its myriad hands, like old Briareus, and serves The general need, and the huge routine from its course so seldom swerves Good folk forget that those countless "hands" hold lever, light, and pen, Are the hands, indeed, of no giant machine, but of living suffering Men! So the work is hard, and the pay is small, and each unit fills his place On Engine, or Station, or Signal Box; who troubles to scan his face For the lines of care and worry and wear that my wife can see in mine, A Station-Master for twenty years on the Hurry-and-Harry-'em Line? Time-Tables, Way-Bills, Special Notices,—those are the things I read, Not the sort of Railway Literature you recognise, indeed, Fair lady there with the languid air, and the last Sensation Novel. No time for HAGGARD or BESANT, Ma'am, in this poster-umbered hovel! Flurry and worry, fever and fret, long labour, petty strife, 'Tis these, Ma'am, that make up—and mar—a Station-Master's Life!

## ROBERT ON EPPING FOREST.

AFTER a rayther long xperience, I shoold say if there ever was a hard-working set of Gennelmen as devoted theirselves to the performance of their werry harduous dooties for the good of the Public with an amount of henergy and detumination never hexelled, it must be the Epping Forest Committee of the Grand Old Copperashun of the City of London.

Take, for instance, their larst xpedition there. What did they care about the Fore-Cast in the Morning Papers—which is amost as often rite as it is rong—a saying as it was a going for to rain, why nothink, so off they set by the 10 o'Clock train, quite hurley in the morning, as fur as Lowton, and then jumping merrily into the carriages a waiting for 'em off they drove to all the warious pints of the butiful Forest where deppytations of the Local Swells was a waiting for 'em, to surgest warious himprovements as wood make it, if possibel, ewen more butifuller than it was afore.

With their jolly thick boots, and their ekally jolly thick Gaiters, and their grey friz Coats, and their little round Afs, and their jolly thick sticks, they looked more like a Band of Robbing Hood's Men than Forest Werderers—witch I bleeves means sumthink green, tho that was about the larst culler as anyboddy as knowed 'em wood apply to sitch a jovial set. And tho the Sun favoured them with just a gleam or 2 to welcome 'em at starting, it soon came on to rain Cats and Dogs. What did they care about the rain who had their work to do, and hunder the watchful eyes of their first-class Chairman, and their fust-class Superintendent; so they worked away, as only Londoners can work, till "the Sun set, and hup rose the yellow Moon," as the Pote sez, and then, as they coodn't see their ands afore 'em, much less behind 'em, they went away to their warious homes rejoicing over a hard day's work thorowly well done.

And now cums the staggerer for the Copperashun libellers. "How often," asks these snearing ninny's, "did they stop for refreshment? Probably at ewery place where improvements was wanted, and at werry great xpanse." Ah, that's all as they knows about it. For it did so appen, as I herd one on 'em say yesterday, that all they had to support 'em in their long day's work was a Lunch! but such a Lunch as praps was never ekwalled for both habundance, and helegance, and warm-artedness. "Ah, and at a pretty xpanse," says the grumblers aforesaid. No, my noble but stingy Swells, nothink of the sort, for it was all a free gift from one of theirselves, who lives there; and, jest to shew the sort of Gennelmen as they has among 'em, this same horspitable Werderer, and his ekally horspitable Brother and Werderer, had acshally bort and paid for out of their hone pockets, no less than twelve and an arf acres of privet land, which they has presented to the Grand Old Copperashun for them to hadd to the five or six thowsand acres of Epping Forest, as they held afore, for the helth and enjoyment of the People, with all its butiful Mountings, and all its butiful Walleys, and its thousands of Trees, and its millions of Blackberrys, and its Thicketts, and its Thinnings, and its Arnt Sallys, and its Donkeys, and its Coker Nuts, and everythink else as is necessary for their pure Publick Enjoyment, and hartistick wreckwreation!

Ah, them's the sort of rich peepel as I admires! The more's the pity as there's so preshus few on 'em will foller such grand xampels. But never mind, let the rich and liberal ones keep on pegging away, and the rich and stingy will be compelled to foller suit if only for werry shame. I owerhead, too, what a jolly sell one of the Werderers, who is a Tea Totaller, pore fellow, played off on this same hard-working Committee a year or 2 ago. He invited 'em all to Lunch, and a werry good Lunch it were, with, aperiently, lots of Champagne on the Table, to which, it being a jolly hot day, they in course helped theirselves plentyfully in Tumblers, and took good drafts of it, and before they cood stop theirselves found out it was that fearful mixture called Rarsberry Champagne! The effect was so awful upon their unfortunit hinsides, being, in course, not accustomed to such xtrornary productions, that they wun and all with wun acord, when proceeding on their journey, ordered the Coachman to pull up at the fust Pub, and there they restored their usual equeilibrium with glasses of hot Brandy and Water all round! A sollem warning, I takes it, never to play not no tricks with that most himportant part of our hanatermy, the hinterier.

ROBERT.

A WEAK POINT.—SIR,—I am not a Theologian, but if I am, without knowing it, I'm as good as any other Theologian. Protestants always triumphantly attack the POPE's Infallibility. Everyone knows what a bull is. It's a blunder, a mistake. Now, Sir, I'm going to bring forward one argument which will destroy once and for ever the whole doctrine of the POPE's Infallibility. If their Holinesses are infallible, they can't make blunders, can they now? "Certainly not," says Father TOM. "Well, your Rivrence," says I, "consult your history. Haven't the Popes all along made any amount of 'bulls'?" And with that I turned on my heel, whistling, "*Boyne Water*," and left His Rivrence bothered entirely.

NE PLUS ULSTER.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and there will be no exception.

Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule



"HISTORY MADE EASY."

If you pay a visit to Messrs. AGNEW'S Gallery in Bond Street, you will find that history is no longer a study, but a delightful recreation. You will shake your fist at the dry historians, who



taught you in your youth with their pens, and you will hail with joy the accomplished gentlemen who instruct you with their pencils in the present day. "The pencil speaks the tongue of every land"—and there is no reason that it should not relate the history of all nations. When the pencil is wielded by two such artists as Sir JAMES LINTON and Mr. JAMES ORROCK, history becomes very pleasant indeed, and the recital of the life of MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, most delightful to experience. The principal actors in the life of the unfortunate Queen have been admirably depicted by Sir JAMES LINTON, who has rarely done anything better than the twelve portraits and the picture of the "Abdication of Mary Queen of Scots." Among the portraits especially notable are the "Earl of Moray," "Mary Seton,"

"Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley and King of Scots," "Mary Stuart Queen of Scots," and "Mary Beton." The scenery in this eventful history has been conscientiously painted in over a hundred drawings by Mr. JAMES ORROCK: "Bolton Castle," "Falkland Palace," "Peterborough," "Linlithgow Palace," "Jedburgh Abbey," "Criffel from the Solway," "Dunblane Cathedral," are among the many bright examples that will gladden the eye of the lover of art and student of history. Altogether it is a delightful exhibition. Sir JAMES LINTON and Mr. JAMES ORROCK, have set a good example. It is to be hoped other teachers will follow in their footsteps, for most people will prefer to learn history from a hundred good pictures than a dozen dry volumes.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. XII.—THE PLAINATIVELY PATHETIC.

A MUSIC-HALL audience will always be exceedingly susceptible to Pathos—so long as they clearly understand that the song is not intended to be of a comic nature. However, there is very little danger of any misapprehension in the case of our present example, which is as natural and affecting a little song as any that have been moving the Music-Halls of late. The ultra-fastidious may possibly be repelled by what they would term the vulgarity of the title,—*"The Night-light Ever Burning by the Bed"*—but, although it is true that this humble luminary is now more generally called a *"Fairy Lamp,"* persons of true taste and refinement will prefer the homely simplicity of its earlier name. The song only contains three verses, which is the regulation allowance for Music-hall pathos, the authors probably feeling that the audience could not stand any more. It should be explained that the "tum-tum" at the end of certain lines is not intended to be sung—it is merely an indication to the orchestra to pinch their violins in a *pizzicato* manner. The Singer should either come on as a serious Black Man—for burnt cork is a marvellous provocative of Pathos—or as his ordinary self. In either case he should wear evening dress, [with a large brilliant on each hand.

THE NIGHT-LIGHT EVER BURNING BY THE BED.

First Verse.

I've been thinking of the home where my early years were spent,  
'Neath the care of a kind maiden aunt, (Tum-tum-tum!)  
And to go there once again has been often my intent,  
But the fare is so expensive that I can't! (Tum-tum!)  
Still I never can forget that night when last we met:  
"Oh, promise me—what'er you do!" she said, (Tum-tum-tum!)  
"Wear flannel next your chest, and, when you go to rest,  
Keep a night-light always burning by your bed!" (Tum-tum!)

Refrain (pianissimo).

And my eyes are dim and wet;  
For I seem to hear them yet—  
Those solemn words at parting that she said: (Tum-tum-tum!)  
"Now, mind you burn a night-light,  
—'Twill last until it's quite light—  
In a saucerful of water by your bed!" (Tum-tum!)

Second Verse.

I promised as she wished, and her tears I gently dried,  
As she gave me all the halfpence that she had: (Tum-tum-tum!)  
And through the world e'er since I have wandered far and wide,  
And been gradually going to the bad! (Tum-tum!)

Many a folly and a crime I've committed in my time,  
For a lawless and a chequered life I've led! (Tum-tum-tum!)  
Still I've kept the promise sworn—flannel next my skin I've worn,  
And I've always burnt a night-light by my bed! (Tum-tum!)

Refrain.

All unhallowed my pursuits,  
(Off to bed I've been in boots!)  
Still o'er my uneasy slumber has been shed (Tum-tum-tum!)  
The moderately bright light  
Afforded by a night-light,  
In a saucerful of water by my bed! (Tum-tum!)

Third Verse. (To be sung with increasing solemnity.)

A little while ago, in a dream my aunt I saw;  
In her frill-surrounded night-cap there she stood!  
(Tum-tum-tum!)  
And I sought to hide my head 'neath the counterpane in awe,  
And I trembled—for my conscience isn't good! (Tum-tum!)  
But her countenance was mild—so indulgently she smiled  
That I knew there was no further need for dread! (Tum-tum-tum!)  
She had seen the flannel vest enveloping my chest,  
And the night-light in its saucer by my bed! (Tum-tum!)

Refrain (more pianissimo still).

But ere a word she spoke,  
I unhappily awoke!  
And away, alas! the beauteous vision fled! (Tum-tum-tum!)  
(In mournful recitation)—There was nothing but the slight light  
Of the melancholy night-light  
That was burning in a saucer by my bed! (Tum-tum!)

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-SIXTH EVENING.

"HAVE you ever suffered from what the Germans call *Katzenjammer*?" asked the Moon the other evening,—*"you remember*



how I told you long ago about the poor Ant who suffered from a hopeless passion, which I at first took for *Welt-schmerz*? Well, *Katzenjammer* is very like *Welt-schmerz*—only worse. The sufferer creates all his unhappiness himself, and no tortures inflicted by other people could possibly be more cruelly ingenious. Not long ago I saw an unfortunate man who had *Katzenjammer* very badly. I looked through his window and saw him sitting in a comfortable chair by a cheerful fire; the room was most luxuriously furnished,

and I, who have to roll on all night in the cold blue sky with only the stupid little stars for company, quite envied him as he sat there in the warm firelight. But that was before I knew how terribly unhappy he was. He was all alone: none of his friends had come near him, he more than suspected that several of them had decided to drop his acquaintance of late; there was no one, no one in all the world to care for him, which was most distressing. Then he looked at his dog, which was lying stretched out on the hearth-rug. Even the dog didn't really love him! No, he was certain of it. By way of experiment he called to it softly—and the hardhearted animal went on basking, with no response beyond a sleepy grunt! Ah, it was selfish—like the rest of the world; he was alone,—quite—quite alone! And, as he realised this, the poor man leaned his head on his hand and gave a heart-broken sigh, that awoke even the dog. Discovering, by some mysterious instinct dogs have, that his master was in low spirits and needed consolation, he rose and stretched himself, and then came and laid his head on the man's knee, looking up into his face with eyes that spoke too plainly of honest affection to render any further doubt possible.

"You would have fancied that the poor man would have been comforted a little, would you not?—but not at all! He turned away his face with a heavy sigh—more miserable than ever. The dog loved him—that was natural enough—but a dismal conviction had just begun to oppress him, and it almost made him, strong man as he was, cry when he thought of it, and yet it became more and more clear every moment. *He didn't love the dog!* Ah! this *Katzenjammer* is a terrible complaint, and it is only very rude and unsympathetic persons who would mock at it," said the Moon, with real feeling in her voice, and, as she spoke, a cloud hid her face, and Mr. Punch saw no more of her that evening.





### HAIRDRESSING ADONIS

WHO FINDS HIS OWN HEAD (IN THE GLASS) MORE INTERESTING TO STUDY THAN HIS PATIENT'S! THE RESULT IS DISASTER.

### TOILERS OF THE SEX.

ACTING on your orders, I have just completed a round of houses in the slums of East London, in order to find out how poor work-women are housed, and what sort of life they really live.

I began with Paradise Place, Whiteditch, and regret to report that I was here assailed by cries of, "Give us a copper, Gentleman!" emanating from the juvenile population. Passing on, I entered a dilapidated dwelling where resides a band-box maker, named SUSAN M., and knocked at the door of her single apartment. At first she appeared to resent my visit, and inquired with some emphasis, "Who the dickens I was?" My impression is that she took me for the broker's man, as she began to babble of unpaid rent; but being reassured on this score, she was at length—with some difficulty—induced to give me an account of her day's work, which may be of interest to your readers.

"I start working at 3 A.M. Yes, every blessed morning of my life. When do I go to bed? When I can. You may call it eleven, or twelve, or one, if you like; it don't make no odds to me. Don't I feel sleepy in the day-time? Not with seventeen brats to look after. Is my husband in work? No, he's in gaol. How many band-boxes have I to make? I can make as many or as few as I like, but the pay is half a farthing per dozen band-boxes, and find my own card-board, gum, scissors, and thread. How much money can I make in the day? About three-halfpence, working for twenty hours. What do I live on? Weak tea, mostly. Do I give the same to my children? Yes, only weaker. No, I won't join no dratted Union—I'll keep out of the Union as long as I can. I don't care if it's a Trade's Union, or what it is."

As my interlocutress misunderstood, or was even inclined to resent my remarks, I beat a hasty retreat, avoiding as well as I could the yawning holes in the stairs, and getting off with nothing worse than a bad sprain.

The next place I visited was a room in Screw's Rents, Shorechapel. The woman I interviewed supported herself by making waistcoats for the sweaters. How she contrived to support the odours of the place, as well as herself, I cannot imagine. The rain came through the ceiling as I talked; I therefore had to carry on the conversation holding an open umbrella with one hand, and my handkerchief to my nose with the other. She said:—

"No, I am not sixty, though I look it. My age is thirty-five. Yes, it does smell rather bad sometimes. Has the Sanitary Inspector called? No, but the Rent-collector calls regularly, as so did the Parish Doctor when we were all down with typhoid. The man I work for says 'times is hard,' and he can't

afford me more than twopence a waistcoat, and find everything myself, including buttons. I am glad when I make half-a-crown a week, working sixteen hours a day. Thank you for your sympathy, but I'd rather it had been the price of a blanket. Mind you don't fall into the dust-bin at the bottom of the stairs. Who owns these houses? Mr. SCREW—he's on the Vestry. He ought to be on the Treadmill. Don't tell him I told you this, or we shall be turned out. Complain to the Inspector? If he interferes, SCREW 'll turn him out."

Mr. TURNSCREW would seem a more appropriate name. I will (if I manage to escape blood-poisoning, of which I have every symptom at present) continue my investigations in another locality.

[N.B.—This must be seen to.]

### A CLOSING CHORUS AND FINALE.

(Brief Dramatic Cantata produced before an East End Audience with immense success last week.)

["MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS himself visited the locality, and pronouncing the 'dwellings' in their present condition, as 'totally unfit for human habitation,' then and there, had them closed."—Police Reports.]

The Scene represents the exterior of several East End "Model Dwelling Houses," somewhat out of repair. A crowd of haggard, half-starved, ill-clothed and invalided tenants discovered hanging about, who, as the Curtain rises, sing the following Chorus—

#### CHORUS OF SLUM LODGERS.

We are fainting, wasting, worn and weary,  
Fighting with a fate that nothing mends;  
Hid away in alleys dark and dreary,  
Wanting even sympathetic friends!  
'Mid an atmosphere with poison reeking,  
In a stifling room some eight feet square.  
Roofs that let in water, gutters leaking,  
Dust-bins, drainage,—all beyond repair;  
Here we drag out our existence daily,  
Wondering if we can bear much more;  
Yet the Landlord takes his "rents" quite gaily,  
And upon us seems to set some store!  
Let illness come, and one be stricken,  
On one alone the blow will not fall;  
Pent up in here, we're bound to sicken,  
Fever for one means fever for all!  
Yet some perhaps for a change may crave,  
And, willing enough to change their camp,  
Glad to get rest in a parish grave,  
That pr'aps may prove a trifle less damp.  
So life grows drearier day by day,  
And it sinks in squalor as 'neath a curse.  
The Vestry may have its feeble say,—  
Yet things merely move from bad to worse!  
So we, in our chains all helpless bound,  
Strain our eyes in hope to see the end,  
And stretch out hands as we gaze around,  
Beseeching the aid of one kind friend.  
Will he come and cheer us in the fight?  
Will he utter the word to set us free?  
Is there none who will make what's wrong go right,  
And give the Slum Lodger his liberty?

The Good Genius of the Bench appears in a blaze of light.

#### GOOD GENIUS.

There is! At any rate I mean to try,  
My friends. The aid to help you, it is I!

[He waves a Local Act. As he does so, the dilapidated Model Dwelling Houses crumble and disappear, and a Fairy Palace of Working-Men's Improved Modern Sanitary Lodgings rises in their place. The Slum Lodgers, overcome with wonder, fall into attitudes of graceful thankfulness as Curtain slowly descends.]

#### Fusion.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH recommends a "fusion of parties" as the cure for current evils. Well, SIR MICHAEL, if you can secure the diffusion of common sense, an infusion of patriotic unselfishness, suffusion of the party bosom with good feeling in place of spite, and do this with less oratorical profusion, and without creating complete parliamentary confusion, then perhaps your specific may work, but, Mr. Punch greatly fears, not otherwise.





### "IS IT A FAILURE?"

Mamma (their last unmarried Daughter having just accepted an offer). "WELL, GEORGE, NOW THE GIRLS ARE ALL HAPPILY SETTLED, I THINK WE MAY CONSIDER OURSELVES FORTUNATE, AND THAT MARRIAGE ISN'T—"

Papa (a pessimist). "UM—'DON'T KNOW! FOUR FAMILIES TO KEEP 'STEAD OF ONE!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

INSTEAD of MESSRS. BLACKIE AND SONS keeping everything dark, as, if they acted up to their name, they ought to do, they burst into



early advertisement of their Christmas books, and at this time,—it makes one change colour to think of it,—BLACKIE is Reddy, aye, Reddy! Here's *Thorn-dyke Manor*, by MARY C. ROWSELL, who has a very pleasant manner, and a BROOKE to run through this literary pasturage with his illustrations. Then BARING GOULD gives us *Grettier the Outlaw*, and I hope this will result in "bearing"

plenty of "Goold" back to author and publisher. This being a good book for boys, it will not be much of a puzzle to find the good boys for the book.

G. A. HENTY, anything but a Non-Hentity at Christmas time, tells us a capital story about a young Virginian Planter, who served *With Lee in Virginia*. BROWNE's his artist and BLACKIE's his publisher. His *Tales of Danger and Daring* are most fascinating for the youthful reader, and the Brave Baron also has already enjoyed it, seated in an armchair before the only fire to which he cares to expose himself, and that's his own, or a friend's, but not the enemy's.

*The Loss of John Humble*. By G. NORWAY. Sounds like a story by *Uriah Heep*, but quite the contrary. It is all about the Arctic regions. Ugh! So cold! pile up the logs and King Cole for Heaven!

I thank GEORGE PHILIP AND SON for C. R. MARKHAM's *Life of John Davis*, the "navigator," 1550-1605. JOHN DAVIS was an Elizabethan Gent, who discovered Davis' Straits. His descendants are still

distinguished. They have long since got out of the straits. I believe one of them, Miss DAVIS, is the chieftainess of the corps of Lady Guides.

The most useful book-present at Christmas or any other time, is ROUTLEDGE's series of pocket volumes of standard works, which, on account of their durable binding, their size and print, are simply perfect, whether taken up for a few minutes' recreation in the study-chair, or as charming travelling companions. Then there is *Cassell's National Library Series* in paper covers, highly and deservedly praised by JOHN BRIGHT; cheap portable books adapted to almost any pocket.

MACMILLAN's reprints of Miss YONGE's and CHARLES KINGSLEY's Novels would be gratefully received by any one commencing a collection, and are worth tons of ephemeral books which merely glitter for a Christmas season, and then are heard of no more. In these three series I have mentioned there is reading enough for a life-time. I should like to see a re-issue of the best French works, selected, in the original language, not translations, brought out in the style that Messrs. ROUTLEDGE have published their pocket-volumes. What chances the present generation has of becoming acquainted with the pick of universal Literature, at a very small outlay, which were denied to those who can now call themselves Mediaeval.

FISHER UNWIN publishes *How Men Propose*, by AGNES STEVENS. This work has evidently been a labour of love.

*Rambles in Bookland* (ELLIOT STOCK). Mr. W. DAVENPORT ADAMS has, if I mistake not, been our agreeable companion aforesaid in the by-ways of this pleasant country. He is a good guide, and we are glad to be once more "personally conducted" by him. He never stays in a place too long; he gives us plenty of change—no end of variety. He takes us to out-of-the-way spots; he lets us rest when "so disposed;" he gossips pleasantly as we go along, and we never feel dull in his society. We can cordially recommend intending travellers in "Bookland" to take one of these "through tickets" without delay, especially as by this system they are able to break their journey at twenty-eight different places, if they feel so inclined.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.





### 'FEATHERS OR FUR?'

"WHAT 'VE YOU GOT!" "COCK PHEASANT!" "NONSENSE, MAN! IT'S A RABBIT."  
 "WELL, P'RAPE IT IS—ANYHOW I KNOW I'D 'IT SOMETHING!"

### JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

#### FIRST ENTRY.

MUCH the rummiest product of Nineteenth Century are its "Governors." Name perhaps rather a mistake, because in most cases they "reign but don't govern." Mine doesn't, anyhow. Offers a good deal of gratuitous advice, however.



Bound in Calf.

"What you ought to do," he remarks, "now that you have left College and are looking about for an opening somewhere, is to gain success in life by steady application."

My reply is, I fancy, rather able.

"Steady application!" I exclaim. "I have applied steadily twice a week for the last two months to various Govern-

ment Departments for a first-class berth, and nothing's come of it." "Now I think of it," the Governor suddenly says, after a pause; "I know old TIM GREGORY, of the Expropriation Department; I'll give you a line to him. He's pretty high up the tree there. Perhaps he'll be able to give you a lift."

Sounds rather promising. The institution of the Governor may be worth preserving, after all! Stroll towards Whitehall.

Am pretty well-known by this time at Expropriation Office. Consequently Usher, or Door-keeper, or whoever he is, whom I tipped at Christmas, admits me into the Presence before my proper turn. Intense indignation excited thereby in breast of individual with large red muffler, who looks like a bosun's mate, or skipper of a North Sea fishing smack run up to town for a holiday.

We hear his loud expostulations (as if he were hailing a passing vessel through a speaking-trumpet) echoing down corridors till we turn a corner and lose the sound. Ask friendly Usher who the gentleman is. "That old fogey?" he replies. "Don't know, and don't care. Let 'im bellow!"

Feel, though I am glad to be admitted first, that I can understand mental attitude of people who call these Ushers jacks-in-office. But why "Jack?" Go up no end of steps. Usher used to this sort

of mountaineering. I'm not. If Governor's friend would provide me with a lift just here, it would come in useful.

"Old TIM GREGORY" turns out to be not half a bad chappy. Gives me comfortable chair to sit down in while he reads the letter. TIM is a bit of a wag, it seems. Says, at end,

"Your father writes that he hopes if I can't see you now, I'll give you an appointment for some other day? It strikes me, young man, that's just what you do want—an appointment—eh? Ha, ha!" And TIM laughs at his own joke.

I admit the accusation, readily. A wild idea crosses my brain. Is TIM GREGORY going to crown my aspirations? Picture him rising from his seat, coming towards me with benevolent aspect, placing a hand on my shoulder, and saying in a broken voice:—"For the sake of my long friendship with your esteemed father, I will give you an appointment, and at once. A valuable one, too, beginning at £700 a year, and rising to £1500; when will you be ready to take it up?" As a matter of fact, this is what Mr. TIM says:

"Appointments are rather scarce nowadays. Of course, I have no power whatever to get anybody anything. It all rests with the heads of the Department, especially Sir ALEXANDER—Sir ALEXANDER SANDISON, you know. In this Department," TIM continues pleasantly, "interest does a lot. But interest not what it was; same thing in Money Market, eh? Ha, ha! You should have influence with SANDISON—interest with our Principal, you know, ha, ha, ha!" TIM pulls himself up abruptly in his fit of merriment, and asks me—

"Are you a Scotchman?" I admit that I am not.

"Ah, that's a pity!" he ruminates. "Sir ALEXANDER's Scotch, and these Scotchmen hang together so. We," he whispers, with a hoarse chuckle, winking,—"we here often wish they would all hang together, like this,"—and he compresses his windpipe temporarily by adjusting a bit of window-cord round it, and pretends to be choking. Rather unofficial, perhaps, but amusing.

"Got any friendly M.P. who'd make things hot for our Chief in the House, and so get you a berth?"—he goes on.

"No," I reply, and reflect what a traitor in the Expropriation camp TIM is to try and "make things hot" for his own Chief!

At end of our interview he tells me he'll be sure to let me know when the next vacancy occurs, and "he'll mention my name to Sir ALEXANDER."



"A pity," are his last words, "a great pity you're not Scotch."

I begin to feel that it is, although the feeling is not patriotic. Wonder, on the way downstairs, if they say—"A great pity you're not English"—when a Scotch fellow tries for an appointment of any kind at Edinburgh?

Passing a door, hear somebody inside getting what sounds like an official "wiggling." "Didn't know who the gentleman was?"—a stern voice is saying. "Did you ask?"

"No, Sir, I didn't"—is the reply, and I at once recognise the tones of the friendly Usher who let me in before the indignant sea-captain—"expectin' as 'ow the gent 'isself would have giv' me his card, if so be that?"

"Then let me tell you that the gentleman you kept waiting like that, and treated so disrespectfully, is the Earl of BACCARAT, Lord Privy Seal, and that he has been obliged to go away, not being able to wait any longer. And next time let me advise you, if you want to keep your place!"—Here the door is shut from inside, and I am left to go down the stairs solus.

So the sea-captain with the muffler was the Earl of BACCARAT! Why didn't I let him go in before me? In that case he might have given me a post in the Privy Seal Office. If I'd given place to him, would he have given a place to me? How angry BACCARAT was with that Usher! Perhaps only natural for a Privy Seal to be waxy! Think of going back and repeating joke to TIM, who would appreciate it, I know.

Console myself with a few weeds. Must really think of some new and practical line. Is the Army a "practical line?" But much too old for that.

### ROBERT AT OLYMPIA.

My entrance to the place was just a leetle startling, to begin with. I asked a reel gent at a little winder how much I was to pay, and he sed a shilling; but seeing, I suppose, as I didn't look xactly like a shilling kustomer, he, in the werry kindest manner, gave me a ticket for a reserved seat, which it was No. 54, and which I have kept as a qriosity, for it took me into one of the werry best places in the great Sho, and showed me such sites as I fears I shall never be able to properly describe, and all for a shilling!

Just to begin with, there was 3 Clowns, all in full heavening dress, the same as I wears on grate ocasions, and they tumbled over every seat as they cum near, and got rolled up in the carpets, and had to ohivy their hats all over the place, till the peeple all roared again; but they never moved a mussell, but looked as grave as Churchwardens.

Then we had munkeys a riding races, jist like reel jockeys, except that not one on 'em was guilty of pulling!—stutlin' not! There was helifants by the duzzen a doing of their xercise like reel sojers; Kammels by the score, and thurrow bread hoses by the hunderd, and such races with 'em as makes poor Epsom and the New Market hide their deminished heds and blush! Then we had Nights in Chane Armer, and Nights in Steal Armer, and Nights in Gold Armer, almost by the thowsand! Then there was Faries a flying about the Sealing like werry full-grown Doves! and reel live Ladys a warking on the Sealing with their Heds a hanging down, without not seeming to have no hed ake!

Then, jist by way of contrast, there was most lovely Lady Danzers by the hundred, a dancing about most butiful on the ground, and in such lovely dresses, and so werry becoming, as woud have sumwhat surprized Mr. MACK DOOGALL, of the Kounty Counsel!

And then again, to show how werry shuperior the Amerrycane dancers is to ours, ewery now and then, when the butifully drest ladies was jist a leetle tired of dancing, they all struck up a jolly chorus, and didn't seem the least bit out of breth!

Going out for a few minutes jist to get a little snack for lunch, I wandered into a place I hadn't seen afore, where there was a most bootiful Lady, who looked jist as if she had been out off at her waste! I stood and I stared at her with perfound astonishment, when presently she smiled at me, and took up her fan and fanned herself, for her breathing showed as she was rayther warm. I didn't like to speak to her, becoz I thort praps she didn't kno my tung, and praps it might have been thort rude, as we had not bin interduced. Presently sum other peeple came up, and so, as I thought it right, I left her. I quite ment to see her again, but wot I saw when I got back to my reserved seat, drove her out of my hed, so I shall have to go again, when I quite means to arsk her how she cum for to lose both her legs, and nearly all her body, poor thing!

And now how can I atempt for to describe the most wunderfulest site that hever I seed, and, as I werily thinks, as anyboddy else ewer seed, not ewen an hed Waiter?

Only fancy a percission as doesn't seem not to have no hend, and

consists of lots of regements of soljers, almost all on horseback, and all wearing such lovely suits of most butiful harmer that, when lited up by the Lectrick light, they flashes away like twenty thousand flashes of real lightning; and then lots of splendid gold cars, sum drawn by horses, sum by helefants, sum by Kamels, one on 'em three story high, with a wicked Hemprer at the top, and drawn by lots of horses, and a lady a holding of a large fan of feathers over his hed, a fannin him if he felt ot, and crowds of dancing Ladies, a dancing away in the middle of the road, and singing all the while, and not at all afraid of being run over, and crowds of other swells all in their best close, as tho it never rained in that lucky country, and lots of bands of music a playing away most butiful tunes, tho of course I didn't know 'em, as, unfortunately, I never learned Latin when I was at my Parish Skool, and then, all of a sudden, all the grate City of Rome is dishcovered to be on fire, and I leift in such a state of bewilderment as I didn't recover from till I found I had got into a Pirate Omnibus, who charged me dubble fare, and laried at me into the bargain.

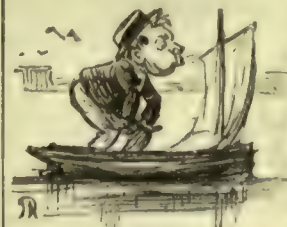
ROBERT.

### BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

TEDDINGTON LOCK.

By Archie Smiler.

'Tis noon, joyous noontide, by Isleworth clock,  
As we speed with the tide up to Teddington Lock.  
So fast and so full is the bountiful flood,  
Forgotten and hidden are shallows and mud.



The sun flashes up from each eddying swirl,  
The trees keep their tresses in crispest of curl;  
Each glance is a laugh, and each word is a song,  
As we strongly and steadily paddle along.  
And the pains of the past and the future we mock,  
As we urge our light shallop to Teddington Lock.

There's a call, like a blackbird's who sits on a branch,—  
The mellow salute of an oncoming launch.  
Our shallop discreetly gets out of the way,  
As it drives through the water all billows and spray;  
And it brays like a donkey, and crows like a cock,  
As it proudly precedes us in Teddington Lock.

Ah! why does my rubicund countenance blanch,  
As I scan the white gossamer gowns on the launch?  
Is it love that thus claims to be honoured at sight?  
Would I woo, would I win, those fair women in white?  
No, gladly I'd sink through the floor of the boat,  
Regardless of whether the rest of us float.  
The sunlight is dulled, there's a nip in the breeze,  
And the curl is gone out of the hair of the trees,  
And the Lock fills as slowly as ever it can  
As I gaze on a waist I no longer may span,  
And the past shakes like jelly at memory's knock—  
I have met my old sweetheart in Teddington Lock!

She sits so serenely unconscious and cool,  
While I feel like a culprit and look like a fool;  
At the blink of her een I am fain to forget  
The captious caprice of the cruel coquette,  
And all our fond follies come back in a flock,  
As I suddenly see her in Teddington Lock.

You may row on the river, or sail on the sea,  
You may sparkle at dinner or five o'clock tea,  
You may revel at Ramsgate, or sulk at Southend,  
You may swagger at Southsea, at Yarmouth unbend,  
You may crush your fine feelings with business cares,  
And blight your romance with political airs;  
But the past springs to light like a jack-in-the-box,  
When you meet your old sweethearts on launches in locks.

### OUT WITH "THE QUEEN'S."

MY DEER FRIEND,—Do they think I like being let out of a cart and frightened to death, by being chivied for miles by mounted men, and hounds that are thirsting for my blood? If anybody is of opinion that I personally enjoy the sport for the sport's sake, or for any sake at all, he is labouring under a delusion and should be first locked up, then let out for a run and be pursued by blood-hounds over a difficult country. What I say is—let all those who take part in this cruel unsportsmanlike sport be sent to—Coventry.

Yours, broken-hardtely, A STRANGE EYE'D DEER.





## NEMESIS.

Inquisitive Old Gentleman. "WHO'S WON?"

First Football Player. "WE'VE LOST!"

Inquisitive Old Gentleman. "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN THAT BAG?"

Second Football Player. "THE UMPIRE!"

## JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

*J'y suis et j'y reste*—for a time. If the poet PENTAOUR could but see Modern Thebes, he would surely discover a new inspiration in Me! How I pity that epical Copt, whom old RAMESES seemed to retain As a general utility rhymester! His subjects lacked business-like brain, His rhetoric's almost Swinburnian sometimes, but wants "ideation," And what OSCAR WILDE calls "Modernity!" Now for complete incarnation

Of that none need look beyond me. Yet I now find myself—with a (Like an earlier JOSEPH) set down by the side of the secular Nile. Extremes really meet in this world; fancy Brummagem, Caucus, and Screw

Meeting Memnon,—or was it Amenophis? Humph! They say *he* The Vocal One was. Always spoke when the rays of the sun smote his lips;

But clearly those priests to our wire-pullers might, had they liked, My,—well, let us say predecessor,—possessed a sly stone in his lap, Which uttered oracular sounds in response to a well-managed tap From the hands of the priests or their myrmidons. Memnon saluted the Sun.

His father. If they'd had the Caucus in Egypt, the Copts had Yes, history truly "repeats itself." Our Grand Old Memnon at home, He of the fine "flowing tide" (don't he wish it may speedily come?) Responds, as his sycophants think, or pretend, to the "quivering touch

Of Titan's ray"—meaning the dawn of Success. But no, Memnon Wire-pullers, political priests, "work the oracle" even at Hawarden.

As once in old Thebes. Humph! An orchid that's cut from an Or lotus-bud culled from Lake Mooris—what much, after all, does it matter?

How little our eager "hear-hearers" can gauge the true drift of our Not Memnon, the son of Aurora, am I, nor Amenophis. No! ["JOE." I am he whom the Caucasite lovingly,—not so long since,—would call But my "brethren" just now are less sweet on me. Fancy 'twas I dug the pit

Into which they have fallen. My coat, many-coloured, they think

Ah! how ancient Egyptian—and Hebrew—analogies crowd on my mind!

But Memnon or not, I am JOSEPH, as some of them some day shall find. My dreams may come true, after all, though my enemies laugh them to scorn.

Meanwhile, I am very well here—anyhow, till the coming of morn Makes it needful again to be Vocal; for that I've the eye of a lynx; But until it is really at hand, I will try the old rôle of the Sphinx! Why, what did I say to the Bakers at Birmingham? "Bread-making now

Is very much like what it was some five thousand or more years ago At the time of the PHARAOHS!" Precisely. And bread-making's not the sole art

That has changed very little since PHARAOH's chief baker was playing his part As a dreamer of dreams. Hawarden's Oracle flouts the Septennial But I fancy 'tis only because he perceives in that popular pact [Aot, Seven years of Conservative fatness. Ah! well, they are not yet run out,

And what may come after who knows? But, I think I know what I'm about. Like—well, like the earlier JOSEPH, the dreamer whose vision came true.

To prepare for the seven years leanness is what, after all, I must do; And Egypt is not a bad place to think over a question like that. And so on the whole I am glad to sit here—where Amenophis sat—Away from the fogs and the fumings; here, where every glance is a feast,

Like Memnon in dignified silence—but keeping my eye on the east!

## Notes by The Lord Mayor's Fool.

GLAD to hear that Alderman VOCE MOORE has once more recovered his *Vox*. After that brutal assault *Voce* was nearly reduced to *Nil*,—not the Sheriff; but in future he must not walk home alone. Alderman SAVORY, as a companion, would sweeten any locality. VOCE looks forward to the companionship. In his best French he puts it neatly, thus, "*C'est vrai et moi*,"—which is, we believe, meant, in international pronunciation, to imply SAV'RY and MOORE!! This is the effect of being a Liveryman of the City!!





JOSEPH IN EGYPT.









Captain Steerer, R.N. "UNSHIP THAT FORREARD BEGGAR, JOHNSON, AND WE 'LL TOW HIM HOME ASTERN!"

## VENEZUELA.

### THE Place to spend a Happy Day!

"United States Consul PLUMACHER sends to Washington from Venezuela a very remarkable report, especially interesting to students of natural history."—*Brooklyn Eagle, and London Papers.*

OF vermin, on a liberal scale, a Variety has Venezuela;  
In fact that favoured land must be A School of Natural History!  
And quite a rising health-resort. Read Consul PLUMACHER's Report!  
The Student starts with being bled By vampires as he lies in bed,  
And he will be relieved to know They'll only tackle his big toe.  
At breakfast time an omelette Of Alligator's eggs he'll get,  
With (he'll grow of the dainty fond) a Cut from the juicy Anaconda!  
And when his morning walk he takes, He'll meet some interesting snakes!  
The Boa, inclined to be "constrictive," But seldom (till annoyed) vindictive;  
The Tiger-snake from "Macanurel" 'Tis easy, from their bite to tell:  
The one is deadly, *savants* state all, The other's fang is merely fatal.  
The *Sobadora* should amuse him, (Especially if it pursues him)  
For when, as cads would say, it "cops" him, That sarpiant sets to work and whops him!  
Its head will superintend the whacking, Its tail, like any horsewhip, smacking.  
To cool the smart our Student soon Will take a dip in some lagoon;  
Though he his fate will surely go to seal, Should he disturb the grim *Gymnotus* eel!  
Uncomfortable too will he be, If spotted swimming by "*Caribe*,"

They're tiny fish, to sharks in greed alike, With double rows of teeth—all needle-like!  
Should he contrive to gain the shore, His mind he'll turn to insect-lore:  
The capture of a Scorpion May yield him scientific fun,  
But cautious handling it will need. (Tis likewise with the Centipede.)  
A casual nip from some Tarantula— To use a hybrid phrase—will "plant you *la*."  
Next, if no accident he dreads, He'll interview the quadrupeds;  
The Peccary, or native hog, When tame, is faithful as a dog:  
If savage, on the contrary, It chivies hunters up a tree!  
Big apes (they term them "*Araguato*") Fill forests with their loud *staccato*.  
There, too, are monkeys "known to BUFFON," And most who furnish, at the Zoo, fun;  
With ardour, too, he will be warming To find *Carnivora* are "swarming,"  
He'll soon acquire, we may assume, a Familiar knowledge of the Puma,  
Distinguishing the faithful Ounces From Wildcats, merely by their pounces!  
But, PLUMACHER, a wicked wag you are, To tell him "*not to mind the Jaguar*!"  
And then, it sounds so braggadocious! To add—"These beasts are *all* ferocious."  
In our prosaically kept isle, We only sport one noxious reptile,  
*Carnivora* we have to go And study at a Wild Beast Show.  
And your report is so instructive, It paints a picture so seductive,  
Our Naturalists will long to meet yours, And see all those eccentric creatures.  
So on a visit they'll determine To Venezuela and its vermin.  
(Punch doesn't know what will become of 'em, But trusts they'll all return—or some of 'em!)

## LATEST FROM THE LAW COURTS.

### (A Spinster in the Box.)

Question. How old are you?

Answer. I really don't know—besides, it's rude to question a Lady.

Q. Will you swear you are under forty?

A. No—but I may be.

Q. Is it not a fact that you will never see your fiftieth birthday?

A. So I have been told.

Q. Have you ever had an offer of marriage?

A. Never—to my knowledge.

Q. Is it not true that you are one of the ugliest of your sex?

A. So it has been said by other Ladies.

Q. Ladies! That is the second time you have used that expression. Will you swear that "females" would not be the better word?

A. Well, perhaps it might.

Q. And you are the sort of woman that would stay in Court during the Besant trial, in spite of Mr. Baron HUDDLESTON's remonstrances, are you not?

A. Yes, I suppose I am.

Q. And can you imagine anyone more degraded or horrible?

A. Well, to be frank with you, I cannot! But there, pray excuse me further attendance, as I wish to see a man sentenced to be hanged!

[The Witness then hurriedly withdrew.]

MEM. ABOUT THE COLSTON BANQUETS.—I would rather dine at the "Dolphin," where one would be expected to drink like a fish—as they do, I suppose, on "The General Porpoises Committee" in the City—than be invited to the "Anchor" to dine with the Anchorites.





### "EXCLUSIVE."

*Our Philanthropist (who often takes the Shilling Gallery—to his Neighbour).*  
'ONLY A MIDDLING HOUSE.'

*Unwashed Artisan.* "AY—THAT SIXPENCE EXTRY, 'RATHER HEAVY FOR THE  
LIKES O' HUZ, Y'KNOW. BUT THERE'S ONE THING—IT KEEPS OUT THE RIFF-  
RAFF!!"

### STATESMEN AT HOME.

#### DCXXXV. THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.

As you descend from your 'bus in Piccadilly, pleased to hand the attendant conductor the penny he modestly demands, you observe on the right-hand side (going up) a high brick wall, once red in hue, but now held in the grip of the smoke of London. Passing between the *jamb*s of a fifteenth century doorway, you find yourself in the great courtyard of Devonshire House. Although the date 1379 still lingers on the principal tower, the mansion, where the heir to the dukedom of Devonshire lives when in town, is not of great antiquity. It stands on the site of Berkeley House, built in 1658 by Sir JOHN BERKELEY, created Lord BERKELEY of Stratton (whence Stratton Street.) Here QUEEN ANNE lived before she died. In 1693, she quarrelled with WILLIAM THE THIRD, and, fearful for her young life, escaped to Berkeley House. Here she dwelt with Lady MARLBOROUGH for sole companion, and your host presently shows you a relic of the staircase, up which, at cockerow every morning, she lightly stole, and gazed across the park towards distant Westminster. Lady MARLBOROUGH, standing at the foot of the staircase, ever put the anxious question, "Sister ANNE! Sister ANNE! Do you see anyone coming?" There is a break in your host's voice as he tells how the years passed, and finally came the Duke of MARLBOROUGH with news that WILLIAM and MARY were dead, childless, and hailed this last member of the Stuart Family, daughter of JAMES THE SECOND and granddaughter of the renowned CLARENDON, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland!

Berkeley House perished in the flames in 1733, and WILLIAM KENT, third Duke of Devonshire, built on it the massive but simple structure in whose low pillared entrance hall you linger. Beyond

### A MEDICAL OWL.

[An Owl has taken up his abode in a tree at Guy's Hospital.]

AN Owl seen at Guy's! We may surely surmise,  
That the bird of Minerva seeks knowledge;  
And comes to the place to find favour and grace  
At the hands of the men of that college.  
They may say, "It's absurd to encourage this bird,"  
Like the hero of *Lear's* famed *fasciculus*;  
But why that should be so we really can't see,  
There are many things far more ridiculous.

No man can deny that, in ages gone by,  
The Owl for his wisdom was famous;  
This bird may aspire, with a clinic desire,  
In medical culture to shame us.  
At the lectures we feel he will *certainly* reveal  
Strict attention, in every attitude;  
With a wink in his eye (Do owls wink, by the bye?)  
When Professors indulge in a platitude.

Minerva we know, in the ages ago,  
Was the patron of physic concoctors;  
Why should not the Owl, as the goddess's fowl,  
Be enrolled on the list of our Doctors?  
Let us see that he gains the result of his pains;  
Make him free of each medical mystery;  
Till we hail *Strix M.D.*, as he sits on the tree,  
To practise,—the first time in history!

### ROD AND (HARD) LINES.

MR. JUSTICE MARK (in giving judgment for himself and Mr. Justice WONTS) said: "This is a case in which we are asked to give our judicial decision as to whether caning is, or is not, a suitable punishment to inflict on boys. A school-master is charged with assault, for having caned a recalcitrant scholar on the hand; and the Learned Counsel for the Defendant naturally asks—If a boy may not be caned on the hand, where may he be caned? What, then, is the ideal punishment we should be disposed to recommend? My learned Brother and myself have come to the conclusion, that if a boy who had offended were made to read twenty pages of the 'Law Reports,' he would never commit the offence again. Flagrant cases of insubordination might involve a perusal of *Coke on Lyttleton*, or even attendance at this Court for a whole day to listen to the proceedings. We—and we think boys as well—would prefer this system to either of the two methods which the Learned Counsel has humorously described as the 'palm-oil' and the 'switch-back' plan. The Defendant is discharged."

is the winding marble staircase at the head of which, upon occasion, your host stands and heartily welcomes Mr. WIGGINS, Mr. JESSE COLLINGS, and other statesmen and luminaries of social life. As the ancient servitor throws open the State Drawing-Room and announces you, you observe your host standing on the costly hearth-rug in the act of yawning. The action is so perfectly coincidental with the opening of the door, that, for a moment, you suspect some cunningly devised connection between the Norman doorway and your host's facial arrangements. But before you leave you have opportunity of observing, that the gesture, so to speak, is distinct from the doorway. Your host is always ready to fill up any pauses in your conversation with a hearty yawn.

SPENCER COMPTON CAVENDISH, Marquis of Hartington, leads you from the State Drawing-Room into the Saloon, calling your attention as you pass to the beautiful ceiling, earliest work of BELLINI. But, before you go, you find yourself enjoying the varied beauties of PAUL VERONESE'S "*Adoration of the Magi*," over the doorway; GIACOMO BASSANO'S "*Moses and the Burning Bush*"; IL CALABRESE'S "*Musicians*"; MICHAEL ANGELO CARAVAGGIO'S "*Barrel-organ*," the musician earnestly regarding the upper windows of a modern house; CIGNANT'S "*Virgin and Child*," and JORDAENS'S "*Prince Frederick Henry of Orange, and his Wife*." You notice the picturesque feeling, quite unusual in this Master, in the arch with the vine-tendril climbing across, and the parrot pecking at it—both dark, against a dark sky, the better to bring out the light on the lady's forehead. You say this to your host, who yawns.

Your host, firmly poising his right hand in his trousers-pocket, his left arm swinging loosely but gracefully by his side, leads the way into the Saloon, where you pause to admire a number of family portraits, by Sir GODFREY KNELLER. Here is the first Duke of Devonshire; and in the courtly curl of the lip, the swift glancing of





MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 8.

the eye, you fancy you discern traces of the lineaments of your genial host. In the Green Drawing-room is one of SALVATOR ROSA's primest pictures—"Jacob's Dream." You have just time to note that the angels ascending and descending are poised upon the ladder

by the power of their wings, when your host suggests an adjournment to the Dining-room. You make a feint of lingering under the Ladder, but, passing on, have time to note that, though the day is wearing towards one o'clock, there is no white cloth on the comfortable



cozy table, which stands erect on four legs, the light from a coal fire flashing here and there adown its mahogany limbs. Your host leads you round the room, pointing out on the walls the various VANDYKES. Here is MARGARET, Countess of Carlisle, and her little daughter; here EUGENIA CLARA ISABELLA, daughter of PHILIP THE FOURTH, of Spain, widow of the Archduke ALBERT; and here Lord STRAFFORD, happily taken previous to his execution, which affords you opportunity of noticing his massive jaw, his curling whiskers, and his haughty brow. Your host will presently take you across the hall into the Blue Velvet Room, where you notice MURILLO's "Infant Moses"—a chubby little boy, seated, proud delight gleaming in his eye at the discovery that he has five toes to each foot. On the opposite wall, GUIDO RENI's "Perseus and Andromeda." Standing under this, while "Joe," the long-haired Maltese terrier, and "Randy," the London waif, curl themselves up comfortably on the hearth-rug, their owner, with a ring of a Grand Master of the Drury Lane Lodge on his finger, tells you the story of his life.

The Cavendish history goes back further than the bold Baron CAVENDISH of Hardwick created in 1603. Since then, there has always been a CAVENDISH in the Commons, and a Devonshire in the Councils of the reigning sovereign. Your host points proudly to the great seal that dangles from his waist, carrying the arms of the Family. You have scarcely time to notice the three bucks'-heads cabossed, argent, when your host calls your attention to the crest, a serpent nowed, proper, supported by two bucks, proper, each wreathed round the neck with a chaplet of roses, alternately, argent, and azure.

"You see, TOBY," says your host, "we were always for Union." You pleasantly suggest, that your host probably does not include matrimonial union. SPENCER COMPTON CAVENDISH, Marquis of Hartington, stares blankly across your head, fixing his regard on the portrait of his ancestor, Lord RICHARD CAVENDISH, painted by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS in the very prime of his power. You are about to explain your joke when the sight of his carriage out among the poplars in the wooded garden reminds him that he is already due at the House of Commons. "Roasted Chestnut" and "Hot Potato" are conveying the future Duke of DEVONSHIRE rapidly South-west, while you, emerging from the walled garden, stand once more on the pleasant pavement of Piccadilly, and hail the returning 'bus.

## FISTS AND CLOVES; OR, THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.

### THE PAST.

THE battered pugilist at length became conscious. For a fortnight he had rambled in his talk in the throes of delirium. His eyes were



Pelican Club.

well as he could minus three-fourths of his teeth. "Has he come?" asked the sick-almost-unto-death bruiser, as "Has he come?" Then entered his patron, who, placing in his hands a bank-note, exclaimed, "You have deserved it, my lad! Six hours' hard fighting with your fists is enough for any one!" "Five pounds!" murmured the nearly dying prize-fighter; and, with a sigh of intense relief, he fainted away for joy!

### THE FUTURE.

The boxer was smoking a cigarette at his Club and sipping a lemon-squash. He paused for a moment to adjust a piece of sticking-plaster, about the size of a three-penny-piece, on the little finger of his left hand.

"Just my luck!" he growled; "just my luck! I always get knocked about when I put on the gloves!"

He lighted another cigarette, and, taking out the gardenia from his button-hole, inhaled its perfume.

"Will DITCHWATER never come?" he continued. "Surely an appointment with me is more important than 'a debate in the Lords.'" At this moment the Duke entered, and, bowing to the boxer, with some hesitation placed in that gentleman's hands a cheque.

"Oh, mi! What's this? Hi! here!" shouted the indignant pugilist. "I was at it with the gloves for nearly seven minutes, scratched my little finger taking 'em off, and you haven't given me more—hang me!—than a thousand pounds!" And uttering an expression of intense disgust, he absolutely swore!

FORTHCOMING WORK.—*The Larks for Lunatics.* By the Author of *The Cunaries for Consumptives.*



"THE LITTLE STOWAWAY."

## A (LAW) COURT LADY.

I LIKE to listen to—well all that sort Of thing one wouldn't hear except in Court. I'm of the class that's "privileged." The Judge Can't turn me out of Court, so I don't budge, But sit to hear wigg'd barristers with three tails Describe what journals call "disgusting details," At which, next day, they scarcely dare to hint. So, being deprived of reading it in print, I go to Court to hear what I can't read, And I enjoy it very much indeed. Yet there may come a day (forbid the thought!) When rudely I may be "ruled out of Court." Public opinion is a strong sledge-hammerer, I may be crushed, and cases heard in *camera*, As was a recent one we know. But then, man, The Baron, bless him! doesn't rule like DENMAN. When there's another like this last, or near it, I, as a lady, hope that I may hear it, And if the Baron's there the sex to chaff, He'll be satirical, and we shall laugh.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(Financial Independent.)

GUILELESS.—The return from your New River Debenture Stock is much too low. Buy a few City of Timbuctoo Waterworks. This Company holds a monopoly from the ruler, and, as a large part of the city is situated some distance from the river, the demand for water is great. The natives certainly use wells at present, but the bad quality of water from such a source is well known, and this fact is merely another proof of the need of a better supply. The capital is only £200,000; and actuarial statements exist showing that, if only the hopes of the promoters are fulfilled, a dividend of 10 per cent. can be paid. These hopes may possibly be exceeded.

FATHER OF A FAMILY.—Sulphates have again been depressed by the bears, but we advise you to hold on. The well-known financier who rules the market has just bought a new country-house, and it is, we think, rightly pointed out that this portends something good.

A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.—We hear well of two Mining ventures. One, the Sweet Hope Mine, has bought a farm, about eight miles west of the famed Josephsburg gold-field. Surveys have shown that the estate is in a direct line with the run of the reef at Josephsburg. The vendors have been generous enough to take £90,000 out of the £100,000 capital in cash, thus leaving the public the benefit of any increment in value. The second is a more ambitious undertaking. Mr. DOEM BROWN, the vendor, has discovered that the Nile, at a certain spot at present kept secret, contains gold in its bed. By a simple process—also a secret—the Nile Diversion Company will divert the river into a new course for a few miles, and thus obtain possession of a rich gold-field. The first issue of capital will be £1,000,000, and is sure to be largely over-subscribed.



An Inquiry for Bar Silver.



## UNFILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."  
*Le Diable Boiteux.*

## XII.

"MANHOOD," my guide remarked,  
 "is a great dower,

The hope of glory, and the prop of power,

In every prosperous nation.  
 O'er its displays, the daintiest critic gloats,

And half its hours a polished world devotes

Unto its cultivation.

"With what results? Our visits of to-night

Upon that question, friend, should throw some light.

In the great Titan tussle  
 Called Civilisation, sense may not refuse

To recognise the ever-growing use

Of nerve and brawn and muscle."

"Incarnate sneer!" I said, "you shoot awry.  
 To doubt the virtues of virility

Were surely sheer insanity.  
 Else what the meaning of the athletic rage,  
 Or that peculiar portent of our age  
 Called 'Muscular Christianity'?"

"The running ground and the gymnasium  
 now

Are adjuncts to the Church. Youth's noble brow

Must sweat—or soul will sicken—  
 If not at labour then, of course, at sport.  
 The boxing-chamber and the tennis-court,  
 The idler's pulses quicken."

"Most true!" rejoined the Shadow. "Come  
 and see

The majesty of muscularity

Crowned in the modern manner;  
 Not with the parsley chaplet of the Greek.  
 A modest champion is as far to seek,  
 Now, as a stainless banner."

A curious scene! Full midnight, and a mob  
 Of moneyed ruffianism! Purse and fob

Well filled and smartly furnished,  
 Broadcloth in sable aces; faces fine  
 Or brutal, flushed with furious zest and wine,  
 Bronze cheeks, like copper burnished.

All eyes concentrate on two brawny churls,  
 Whom diplomats and dandies, "Sports" and earls,

Eagerly scan and measure.

Two coarse athletic animals, whose might  
 Nudely displayed, moves many a brilliant light

Of learning or of leisure.

"This," smiled the Shadow, "is the shrine  
 of Sport!

The monarch Muscle here holds secret-court,  
 In sinew like to languish.

Whilst wealth and culture find delight acute  
 In the achievements of the human brute,  
 Careless of fleshly anguish?"

"It must ennoble manhood to look on  
 In safety, as in days fools fancied gone,

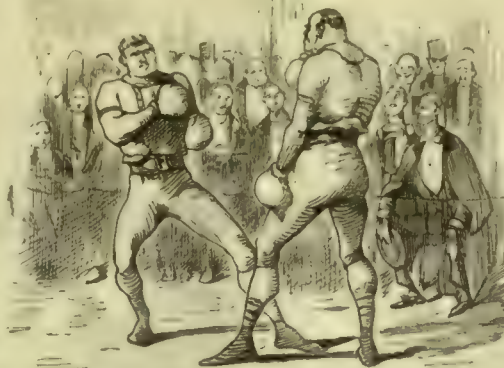
And watch men pound and batter  
 Faces and forms out of all human shape,  
 Whilst they, the well-dressed watchers, bet  
 and gape,

And curse and chaff, and chatter.

"Look at that low-browed peer; no coarser  
 outh [pub.]

E'er 'spread himself' at a low sporting  
 See how his foot face flushes

As one grim gladiator makes strong play,  
 And one, the gentler, vainly strives to stay  
 Brute blows and fierce bull-rushes!



"He howls applause, he whom one swashing  
 blow

From a clown's fist would suddenly lay low.

See there, hard by his shoulder,  
 A vulgar, vulpine visage, smile-wreathed,  
 peers,

And whispers hideous hints into his ears—  
 As base a brute, but bolder!

"Bolder, and, so far, better than the boy  
 Who finds a frantic, yet effeminate joy

In such fierce mutual mauling  
 Of venal ruffianism. There are men  
 Engaged in 'manly' sport in this shy den,

Though like mad Mænads bawling!"

"Mammon and Manhood," murmured I,  
 "appear

The twin divinities of this strange sphere."

"It sees their mutual action,  
 Replied my cold companion. "Mammon rules,  
 Whilst 'Manhood' it bewitches and befools,  
 To their joint satisfaction.

"Ask any keen expert at modern Sport  
 What 'Champions' are. He'll answer in a

sort,  
 If frank, which may surprise you.

That burly brute's a champion—at this game!  
 Exactly how he won, or stole, that fame

Inquire not, I'd advise you!

"At least, not *here*. Sharp words, and blows,  
 come quick

From sleek supporters of the 'Champion'  
 When fearing its exposure. [trick]

Ask awkward questions, and some lurking  
 Of the blood-sucking brood upon your speech

May put most summary closure. [leech]

"Sport? The true sport of all these greedy  
 knaves

Is pigeon-plucking. They are Swelldom's  
 Sycophants soft but sinister; [slaves]

They're panders and purveyors to the mob  
 Of affluent noodles; but those gulls they rob

To whose base tastes they minister.

"Mark those two shiny, silent, black-browed  
 men!

They are the ruling spirits of this den.

Should we their footsteps follow  
 Into their private room, where, without fuss

Of morals or of manners, they discuss  
 Their business brutish, hollow;

"Strange side-lights on the wondrous 'World  
 of Sport,

So popular from clerkdom to the Court,  
 Our darkness might illuminate.

Shall we? Nay, from the task I see you shrink.

Such harpy-souls are a foul seething sink,  
 O'er which 'tis ill to ruminate."

## SASSIETY SMALL-TALK.

(From the "Twopenny Twaddler.")

HER MAJESTY, on her return from Scotland last week, travelled the greater part of the way in a railway carriage. The QUEEN (who is in excellent health) closed her eyes several times during the journey.

It is reported in literary circles that Mr. SMITH is writing a life of Mr. JONES, and that Mr. JONES is engaged on a biography of Mr. SMITH.

The new LORD MAYOR is very popular in the City, and has given great satisfaction to his guests at the Mansion House by introducing turtle soup into the menu of his Lordship's dinners.

The rumours that QUEEN ANNE died some years ago has now received confirmation. This piece of intelligence will be welcome news to the Historical Research and Investigation Society, of which Mr. TOMKINS, the eminent antiquarian, is the respected President.

Next week Monday will be followed by Tuesday, and Thursday be preceded by Wednesday. It has been arranged that Friday and Saturday shall come before Sunday.

We are authorised to state that the announcement made in this column some time since, which we denied, and subsequently confirmed, is entirely devoid of foundation. We shall, no doubt, have more to say on this subject on some future occasion, when the pressure of news on our space is less than at present.

## A CHEAP SCOTCH TOUR.

SEE the Tooth Drawing Exhibition at Messrs. TOOTH'S (why not call themselves "The Teeth" at once?) Gallery in the Haymarket. The Firm should be known as "The Wisdom Teeth," since they rarely if ever make a mistake in their Show. This time it consists of over fifty pictures of the Rivers of Scotland, by Mr. DAVID FARQUHARSON. Notwithstanding the large number, it is astonishing the variety to be found in the Collection. No two pictures are alike; they all have the impress of being painted on the spot, and have no "studio-taint" about them, too often acquired by re-touching a fresh transcript from Nature in a murky town painting-room. They are broadly painted, but with a marvellous knowledge of effect and feeling for colour. There is such a wondrous breeziness and reality about them, that you begin to wish you had come as a Philibeggar in a kilt, ready to have your fling, and after "a wee drappit in the 'ee," reel out again. We present this little notice as a contribution of "Butter Scotch," and advise everyone to at once take the Cheap Scotch Tour, personally conducted by Mr. DAVID FARQUHARSON.

ROBERT DE PARIS.—At the *déjeuner* given by Lord LYTTON to H.R.H. the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, the first item on the menu was "*Cuifs à la Robert*." A certain City Waiter of our acquaintance not unknown to fame looks upon this as "a ninternashnal compliment." "Heggs is Heggs, nowdays," he writes to us; "speshully in Parris, where a 'Uff aller Robert,' must mean a neg as kotes a bob."

REVIVAL OF PUGILISM.—Great Celebration of Boxing Day this year at the Pelican.



WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH IT?  
OR, THE GENEROUS LANDLORD AND THE THREE JOLLY TRUSTEES.

*A Vote of Thanks put in the form of a Ballad.*



THERE was a munificent host  
At the sign of "The Tankard," whose boast  
Was this, that the Poor  
Never turned from his door  
Without having had sip and sup from his  
store,  
And feeling as warm as a toast.  
And oh! what a snug, oozy world it would be  
Were only all Landlords as hearty as he!

The name of mine host was NED GUINNESS;  
He knew what the right use of "tin" is,  
To earn, save, and spend,  
Bless the poor, help a friend.  
And they who dispute the more generous end,  
Must be the most miserly ninnies.  
But oh! what a many starved mouths might  
be fed,  
Were all Landlords as wise and as kind as  
was NED!

And there were three jolly Trustees,  
Who sat with their hands on their knees,  
Like the Postboys of song,  
And they thought, "It seems wrong  
That the Poor should be horribly housed for  
But then we can't do as we please. [so long,  
We would give them snug homes, if we could,  
without doubt;  
Meanwhile, let us call for a tankard of Stout!"

They called for the stout, and they drunk it.  
(There was ROWTON, and RITCHIE, and  
There they sat, these Trustees [PLUNKET)  
With their hands on their knees,  
And they said, "To give labourers sweet  
homes and ease  
Is a very stiff job, and all funk it!"  
"What, all?" cried mine host. "Well, I  
trust that you won't [don't!"  
Talk like that in my house, for I certainly

Then he came from behind his snug bar,  
With a bottle (some say 'twas a jar)  
Of a Pantomime sort.  
And he said (in his sport)  
"Here's a magnum, my boys, not of Cham-  
pagne or Port,  
No, no! something better by far.  
You've heard of a big pot of money, no doubt,  
Well, here's a big bottle of—let us say Stout!"

Those jolly Trustees they all stared;  
To believe their own eyes hardly dared,  
It was such a whopper,  
Pure gold was the stopper.  
Cried, PLUNKET, "Great Scott!" (The re-  
mark was improper.)  
Whilst RITCHIE and ROWTON looked scared.  
But the Landlord laughed loud and cried,  
"Test it, this minute!"  
The great Inexhaustible One is not in it!



"Do I look delusive or shifty?  
Well, Thousands Two-Hundred-and-Fifty  
You'll find there secure,  
And it's all for the poor!  
I have earned a full right to give freely, I'm  
sure,  
By being successful and thrifty.  
There 'tis, boys! You three will make good  
use, no doubt  
For the poor, of this bottle of—shall we say  
Stout?"

Bravo! O munificent host!  
Your magnum is something to boast.  
Magnanimous man,  
You have hit on a plan  
To encourage in giving the many who can,  
And shame those who shrink from the cost!  
A rare pot of money, indeed; all made out  
Of other big pots—of your excellent Stout!

No wonder those jolly Trustees  
Sit struck, with their hands on their knees.  
But each *must* be goose  
If he can't find good use  
For so noble a gift without waste or abuse.  
Mr. Punch will just watch, if you please,  
That big bottle's future. Just now he gives  
honour  
To good EDWARD GUINNESS, its generous  
donor!

"DARNLEY v. MELNOTTE."—Striking names.  
The one recalling the history of MARY Queen  
of Scots, and the other the celebrated Claude,  
likewise the Dame Melnotte, in Lord LYTTON's  
*Lady of Lyons*. Therefore generally inter-  
esting, but specially so to dramatic authors  
and actors, as showing that for once and  
away there is a Judge willing to understand  
theatrical terms and customs, and not above  
observing to Counsel, who was questioning  
Mr. PINERO as to what he has written for the  
stage so as to identify him, that "Mr. PINERO  
required no introduction." This was very  
nice of Mr. Justice MATHEW. A great im-  
provement in courtesy since The Chief  
expressed himself absolutely ignorant of the  
existence of two such celebrities as  
CORNEY GRAIN and CORNY,—no, CONNIE,  
GILCHRIST.



"DE GUSTIBUS," &c.

Doctor. "AND HOW'S YOUR APPETITE?"  
Patient. "I CAN EAT VERY LITTLE, AND DRINK VERY LITTLE—ALL I CAN RELISH NOW  
IS MY PHYSIC!"  
Doctor. "AH, THEN, FOR THE PRESENT, STICK TO THAT!"

# THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE good old ship in Suffolk Street sails on her winter voyage  
with less press of canvas than sometimes, but possibly that canvas  
is of a better quality than usual, and better able to withstand the  
blast of rude Boreas, the critic. Gone are the startlers, with which  
the Whistlerites, the Symphonists, and the Impressionists used to  
deck the walls! Vanished are the Spanish pictures of HURLSTONE,  
the mild landscapes of GOSLING, and the prismatic, half-dressed  
young ladies of WOOLMER, which flourished in this gallery in a more  
remote age. And the good ship—which has weathered many a storm  
—sails pleasantly and smoothly on an even keel. Though the  
number of pictures has been reduced, there are over six hundred  
and fifty works of art—more or less—in the present show. Among  
them may be noted two clever landscapes in Provence by Miss HILDA  
MONTALBA, "Moonlight" and "Planting Potatoes," "Unveiled,"  
by H. T. SCHÄFER, seems to demonstrate that all Mr. HORSLEY's  
expostulations are unavailing: "The Home of the Sea Fowl," by  
HORACE CAUTY, bright, fresh and true; "The Rehearsal," by J.  
CLARK, somewhat sombre in tone, but carefully painted; "A Connois-  
seur," by W. D. ALMOND, full of character; "In the Wake of  
Winter," by F. S. SPENLOVE, a very clever landscape; "Ashore,"  
by F. BRANGWYN, a good sea-story well told. This artist also con-  
tributes a powerful bit of reality, called "Spinning Yarn." "Home-  
wards," by F. C. ROBINSON, is a careful transcript of Nature; "Be-  
trayed," an excellent water-colour, by C. CATTERMOLE; and "An Old  
Romance," by P. H. CALDERON, R.A., is well worth attentive perusal.  
There are a number of excellent sea-pieces by G. S. WALTERS; "The  
Mill Stream," by J. H. SNELL; "When the Sun is Low," by L.  
GRIER; "A Misty Morning," by R. HALFNIGHT, an appropriately-  
named artist to paint such a subject; a clever picture from *Sketches*  
by Boz, by W. H. PIKE (where was I luck?); "On the Loddon," by  
YEEND KING; and others that well merit the attention of the spectator.

# FRENCH HOSPITALITY.

"France has been able to offer her sympathetic hospitality to millions of  
foreigners."—Speech of M. TIRARD.

"SYMPATHETIC hospitality" 's a very pretty word  
For inadequate hotel accommodation,  
O gushing Monsieur TIRARD, don't you think that it's absurd  
To advance a claim like that for your French nation?  
Folks visited your wondrous Exhibition, a vast crowd  
Thronged fair Paris to the end from the beginning;  
But, in more than one hotel, it's universally allowed,  
That they underwent a process known as "skinning."  
There is little doubt you welcomed every nation with good will,  
And we know what great attractions Paris offers;  
But it's hardly hospitality that sends us in a bill,  
Nor do hosts expect their friends to fill their coffers. [Yankee,  
You were welcome to our sovereigns and the dollars of the  
And your Show was worth the utmost we could spend;  
But LUTETIA, for our largesse, might at least, we think, say  
And not boast of hospitality, my friend! ["Thank ye,"

HAUNTED HOUSES.—Typhoid, according to the *Daily Telegraph* re-  
port, seems just now to be the awful spectre appearing in many  
ancient country houses. The only way of laying this Insanitary  
Spectre, is by sending round the Sanitary Inspector.

"SOMETHING IN THE CITY."—It is understood that AUGUSTUS  
DRURIOLANUS, in consequence of his distinguished Pantomime and  
Operatic Spectacular services, and Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD, for his  
noble effort in the cause of artistic effect on Lord Mayor's Show day,  
will be elected honorary members of The Worshipful Company of  
Spectacle Makers.



## ROYALTY AND REVOLT.

*King Arthur and the burden of Royalty—The Coming Mimes.*

THE theatrical thermometer of the Royalty has gone down to freezing-point with *The New Corsican Brothers*. Blame not alone the bard



"Actor, Manager, and Arthur too" (to himself). "My! what a frost!"

MR. CECIL RALEIGH,—whose *Great Pink Pearl* was an ornament to the stage, and who is the author of several good things,—but blame everybody, including Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, who had anything to do with the production of this apparently plotless and witless extravaganza. Perhaps the author was attempting to give us something quite novel, and in this he has succeeded, for it is not within my experience to see ARTHUR ROBERTS absolutely dull, as he was, except for a few moments when he did a bit of his own peculiar comic business, and at another time when he gave imitations of the Music-hall style of vocalisation. This last the audience would have had over and over again, but ARTHUR positively declined. There is no other burlesque actor or actress of note in the piece, and so the whole weight, which SANDOW and SAMSON would stagger under, is on poor ARTHUR'S shoulders.

The Composer, too, has made a mistake, and light, sparkling catchy music is conspicuous by its absence. The compositions may be scholarly, admirable, and all that a musician could wish, but the patrons of *opéra bouffe* and extravaganza know the sort of thing they want, and it's no use giving them German Meyerbeer when they demand Parisian Offenbachian champagne. A Composer who rejoices in the name of SLAUGHTER ought to write killing melodies. The best thing is a Chorus of "Hullo There!" sung by the Members of The Carnation Club. If ARTHUR ROBERTS had, at least, three good comic songs and an eccentric duet, with—well, who is there there to sing it with him? And if the piece were cut down, so as to play from 9.30 to 11, it might have a chance, as, nowadays, a bad start frequently results in a long run and a brilliant finish. But ARTHUR must have two or three strong and talented assistants to pull this coach along.

"LES DEUX AJAX."—There are to be two Pantomimes this year; one of course, "*The Annual*," at Drury Lane, and the other at Her Majesty's.



RECONCILIATION.

"A consummation devoutly to be wished."

The question if left in doubt is, which has "stolen a march" on the other? *Solécisme ambulando*. Perhaps, they may yet come together at the fraternal festivity of Christmas, and, embracing, may exclaim with the two characters in *The Beggar's Opera*, "Brother! Brother! we were both in the wrong!"

## THE HEXLEY-SPUNSER CONTROVERSY.

*The Smoking-room of the Adelphide Club. Time, Afternoon.*

Old Gentleman (turning over recent numbers of "*The Times*"). It's the duty of every English citizen, my son tells me, to study the science of political ethics. And I believe he's right. What's the use of talking about the Land Question, or any other question, until you've got the light of clear, impartial, impersonal inquiry shed upon it. That's what he says, and there's a good deal in it. When two men like HEXLEY and SPUNSER discuss anything, they stick to the point. There are no digressions, no personal recriminations, nothing but calm sober inquiry. Now then, let's begin somewhere in the middle. Never mind the introductory letters.

[Selects any Number of "*The Times*," and reads.]

"SIR,—As Professor HEXLEY admits that his friend A. B.'s dog is white,—as, by implication, he admits white is closely allied to grey,—as he acknowledges the possibility of a shade of grey being mistaken for black by gas-light, I do not see in what respect his views on the compensation for inconveniences caused by compulsory muzzles are other than analogous to my own opinions on the precisely similar point discussed by me in my last letter?"

I had an idea that it was all about the Land Question. Well, I suppose this is a side-issue, or an illustration, or something in that way. Perhaps I ought to have begun a few days back. No matter—I'll just skip a few lines, and go on again.

"And as I have already shown that all difficulties with regard to unearned increment, relative ethics, linoleum, hair-wash, bindles, and speculative diagnosis are fully dealt with in my little book, *The Data of Ethics*, which should be on every man's book-shelves, it only remains for me to point out, that it is the special province of the exact sciences—as Professor HEXLEY himself knows—never to have the same opinion for ten minutes together. I regret that anyone should have supposed that I intended any of my conclusions—which were all of them reasoned truth—to be ever treated as such. At the same time, I fail to see that any one of my theories is any the less practical because it was not intended to work, will not work, and would not be any good if it did. I may, therefore, leave the Land Question, and pass on to a consideration of absolute political ethics."

Land at last! But why does he leave it, especially when he has not yet got there? Of course, he may feel more at home with the—(with the *refers to paper*)—ah, yes, "absolute political ethics."

"If anyone attempted to cure me of some complaint without having previously consulted Professor HEXLEY'S *Lessons on Elementary Physiology*—a treatise which is invaluable to the medical practitioner—I should at once denounce—"

This is all very well, but it's neither Land Question, nor the—the other thing. It almost seems as if the man was—but perhaps it's an illustration. There's no saying—

"—I should at once denounce him as a charlatan. Similarly, Professor HEXLEY might just as well confess that any attempt to solve a social or political problem without reference to one or more of my published works would be madness. In fact, if he will only scratch my back, I am perfectly willing to reciprocate the attention. I have no desire to be combative, and I shall never write any more letters on this subject as long as I live. Professor HEXLEY has only to state his belief that absolute political ethics are a real exact science, and all will be forgiven and forgotten, and I shall continue to recommend his hand-book on physiology. This closes the controversy, as far as I am concerned. If my letter to-day has—as I trust it has—helped to make the great facts of absolute political ethics more clear to your readers, it will not have been written in vain.

"I am, &c.,

HERBERT SPUNSER."

More clear! Why, I know as much about it as I did when I started. Perhaps it's the other man who does the clear, impartial inquiry.

[Selects the Number containing Professor HEXLEY'S reply, and reads.]

"SIR,—After a careful perusal of Mr. SPUNSER'S letter in the *Times* of to-day, I can only reiterate my declaration that I never agree with anybody, except myself. Mr. SPUNSER'S efforts to prove the contrary are founded on an ignorance of history, and his ethical system rests on pure assumption. Mr. SPUNSER said that private ownership in land was originally set up by force or fraud. He stole that out of Rousseau, and I saw him take it myself. I should be ashamed! However, as Mr. SPUNSER, leaving the main issue aside, has put me on my defence, I shall say no more about the Land Question, but simply go for Mr. SPUNSER. His suggestion that patients should be treated by deduction from physiological principles was hardly prudent—addressed, as it was, to a man of my superior attainments. No practitioner, who is sensible of the profound responsibility which attaches to his office, will dream of treating cholera or small-pox by deduction. He would use induction, and, if the patient had both cholera and small-pox, there would be a reduction. There always ought to be a reduction on taking a quantity.



"There is no analogy whatever between medical practice and Mr. SPUNSER's absolute political ethics. Yah! Gar'n! Go home to your mother!

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant, T. R. HEXLEY."

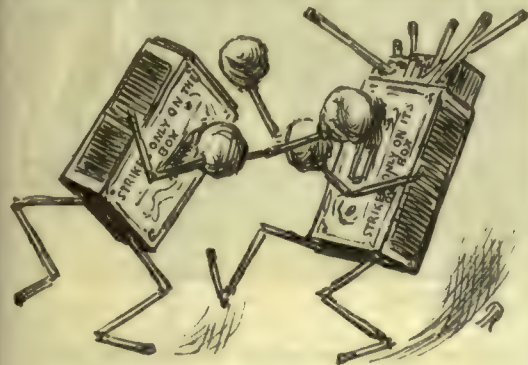
Worse and worse! I wonder if there's any more of it? Oh, yes. Here's another letter from SPUNSER—I thought "the controversy was closed, as far as he was concerned." Then there's another, from SPEXLEY or HUNSER—I mean, HUNSLEY or SPERXER. What's it matter? I'll just glance through it. (Reads.)

"SIR,—It seems to me to be a pity that the discussion which has been carried on in your columns should come to an end before Mr. LAIDLER's able letter has been considered on its merits."

But I never read Mr. LAIDLER's letter. Positive—ladle, comparative LAIDLER. If I'd only had the LAIDLER, of course he'd have helped me. As it is, I'll just leave out that part. Here's a postscript!

"Mr. SPUNSER, in the letter which you publish to-day, says that he learns from me 'that the principles of physiology, as at present known, can never procure for a doctor an introduction to his patient. Nothing of the kind is discoverable in what I have said. Without denying for one instant a close analogy between social and physiological laws, I never asserted that the connection was one of cause and effect. If Mr. SPUNSER were already acquainted with the present relations of physiology and therapeutics, no introduction would be required. You should bow, but not shake hands."

Well, I'm thankful, that's all. No more SPUNSEY and HEXER for me. Where's this week's *Punch*? SPENSLEY and HUXER sounds something like sherry and seltzer. That reminds me—ah, Waiter!



PUGILISTIC REVIVAL.

Matches in Box, and Boxin' Matches.

"SHORT SERVICES."

—The best short Sunday service with which we are acquainted, is that between Dover and Calais, in one of the L. C. & D. Company's newest boats. No Sermon. Collection on board, as usual.

very awkward. I wish I could see my way out of it. (Aloud.) "Provisional Government," indeed? What do I know of it?

*Son of the People.*—If you are still ignorant, we'll soon enough manage to enlighten you. Know, wretched Despot, that your rule is over! The Federated Republic One and Indivisible reigns supreme. You, vile traitor to your country as you are, are deposed!

*The Emperor.* The Emperors of Brazil have ever faced all odds, and yielded only at the last moment to overwhelming force.

[Gets under the table.

*Son of the People.* (pulling him out again).—Ha! miscreant, we had foreseen this, and had taken measures to meet it accordingly. (He gives a signal, upon which the folding-doors of a back drawing-room are flung open, disclosing the guillotine, set up with head-basket and all ready for use.) Now, dare to give us much trouble, and we shall make short work of you. The machine is in excellent working order, as you will soon find out.

[The Mob shout approval.

*The Emperor* (turning slightly pale). Be it so! Struggle is useless. (Aside.) And now for some disguise in which to effect my escape. I must at any rate endeavour to manage this somehow.

*Son of the People* (anticipating his intention). And think not, myrmidon, to escape our watchful eye. A guard is set upon every exit, and the orders are to fire and spare no one! Ha! ha! Beware! Beware! You will find our bite every bit as bad as our bark.

*The Emperor* (making his way hurriedly to the back). If that is the case, and I see no reason to doubt it, the sooner I get out of this decidedly the better.

[Mixes with the crowd, and eventually having shaved off his hair, his eyebrows and whiskers, and assumed a comic red shock wig and disguised himself as a cabman, and borrowed one shilling and ninepence from his Major-domo, finds himself towards the evening hanging about the docks in search of some vessel bound to set sail that same night for Europe, and at length, after hiding himself away on several and getting discovered and warned off, the "Emperor," now with only a few pence in his pocket, succeeds in securing himself in the hold of a second-class collier, and in the midst of privation and confusion, sets sail for Europe as the Curtain falls.

*The Emperor.* Quite so. Pray proceed. (Referring to card.) "Provisional Government!" Then I conclude there has been some change?

*Retired Solicitor.* There has, your Majesty. The fact is the country is no longer an Empire, but a Republic; and you, Sire, I almost regret to have to inform you, but I was commissioned to break the truth to you as delicately as possible, are deposed.

*The Emperor.* Dear me! This is very interesting. Coming, however, of a long line of Royal ancestors, I feel bound, at least, to say that I can "yield only to force."

*Retired Solicitor.* Just so. Your Majesty, we had foreseen this display of your Imperial spirit, and had provided for it. (He whistles. Two Newspaper Editors and another Retired Solicitor, enter, bearing garlands of flowers, which they gracefully entwine about the Emperor.) You see, Sire, thus we hold you in chains. You must confess that you are indeed our prisoner.

*The Emperor* (still smiling blandly). I see. Struggle is useless. And now let us get a Bradshaw, and see what time the first boat starts for Europe.

*Retired Solicitor.* Your Majesty need not trouble yourself. Your passage is already booked; and, to make matters pleasant on the voyage, I have been requested to press your acceptance of this little cheque for £50,000,000.

[Offers it. *The Emperor* (taking it). Thanks, very much. (Moved.) I really shall often think of "poor old Brazil."

[Wipes away a tear. *Retired Solicitor.* Do, your Majesty! And now, is there anything else that you would like. You have only, believe me, to mention it, and your Majesty's wishes—

*The Emperor.* Quite so. (Considering.) Well, no; nothing beyond. Stay; I may as well have the Crown jewels and—the throne?

*Retired Solicitor* (with alacrity). They shall be made up into a neat brown-paper parcel for your Majesty at once.

[And, shedding a quiet tear of joyful gratitude, with his family comfortably around him, and his pockets full of the ready money provided for him by "poor dear old Brazil," the deposed Emperor starts, amid every luxury and comfort, for Europe, as the Curtain falls.

ROSE-LEAVES AND REVOLUTION; OR THE LATEST DEPOSITION.

HOW (ACCORDING TO ALL PRECEDENT) IT OUGHT TO HAVE COME OFF.

The Scene represents the Interior of a Reception-room in the Imperial Palace on the morning of the violent outbreak of a bloody revolution. Barricades are erected in all directions, and the air is dark with the explosion of shells and the hail of flying shot. As the Curtain rises, the Imperial Family are discovered, terror-stricken, and cowering in a corner, while a furious mob of desperadoes, headed by a "Son of the People," bursts into the chamber, and advances on them with threats and imprecations.

*The Emperor* (facing the Mob). Well, ruffians, do your worst! And you, who call yourself a "Son of the People," know that I defy you!

[Attempts to get under the table.

*Son of the People.* And know, too, Imperial Wind-bag! that I am here to beard you in your den, and proclaim as the herald of the proletariat the doom of your accursed house and race!

*The Emperor* (aside). This is

HOW (IN FACT) IT ACTUALLY DID.

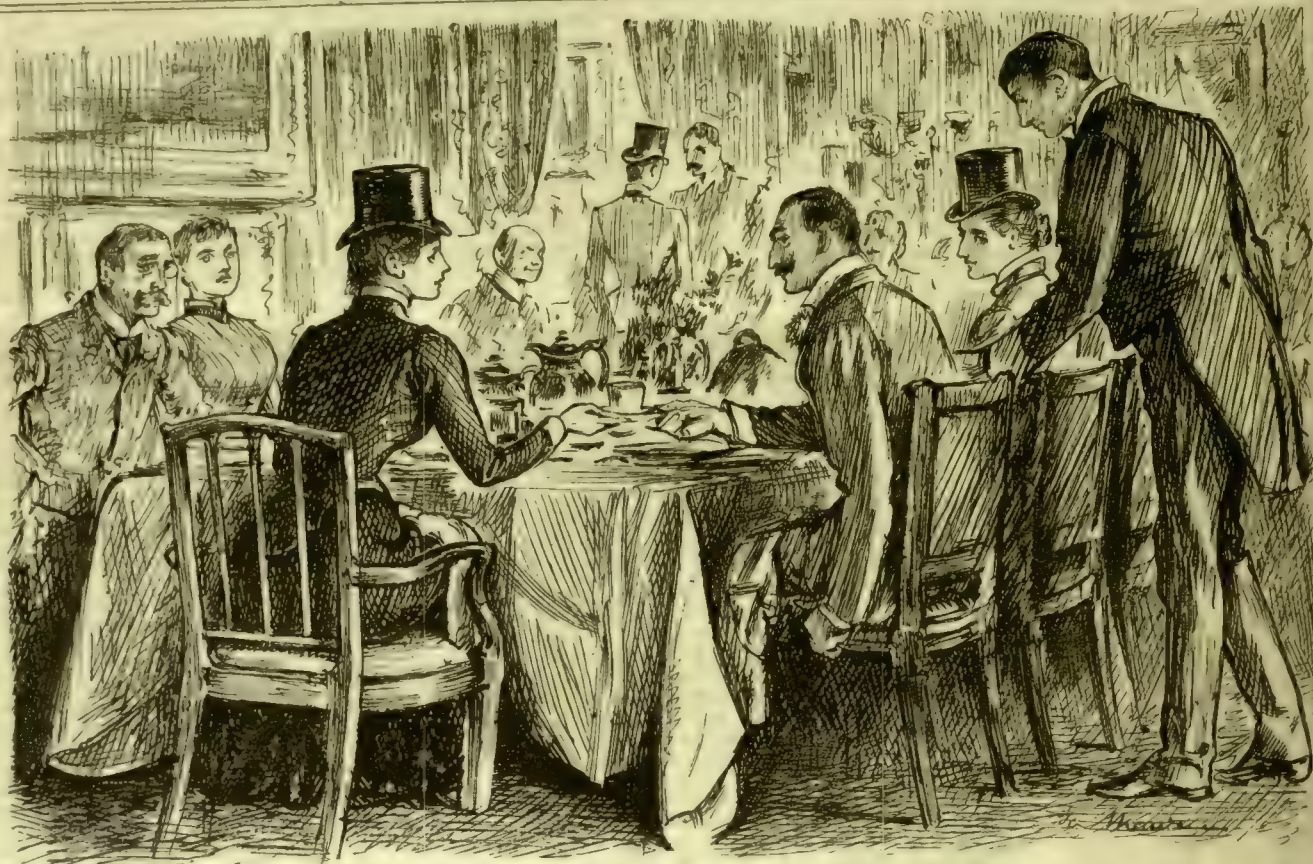
The Scene represents the Interior of an Apartment in the Emperor's summer retreat at Petropolis, on the morning of a change of the Constitution of the Country. There is no outward and visible sign of any unusual commotion, the birds singing sweetly in the sunshine without. As the Curtain rises, the Imperial Family are discovered finishing their simple breakfast quietly, while a Retired Solicitor, arrayed in a red scarf of office, representing the New Government, is ushered into their presence by a Court Official, bowing respectfully.

*The Emperor* (inspecting card which has been handed to him, and reading). "Representative of the Provisional Government." (Smiling blandly.) Excuse me, but I do not quite understand.

*Retired Solicitor.* No, Sire! We hardly expected you would. But we thought the best way of preserving your Majesty from any unpleasant shock, which, I fear, is inevitable under the circumstances, would be for me to call personally and explain matters.

ON COMMISSION.—As it has been suggested to me that some acknowledgment should be made in recognition of the graceful compliment paid by Sir JAMES HANNEN to the untiring industry and conspicuous ability shown by myself and "those others to whom thanks are due," in the management of our part of the Special Commission, I have no hesitation in stating that it is my deliberate opinion that their Lordships will show equal talent in performing what still remains to be done in bringing this historical inquest to a final and satisfactory conclusion. It gives me the greatest pleasure in trusting (with them), that they will discover the truth. When found, I have no doubt the Press will assist in publishing it. I have the honour to bid their Lordships a respectful adieu. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.





### ENGLISH AS SHE IS SOMETIMES SPOKE.

*Hostess.* "YOU ARE LATE THIS MORNING, MONSIEUR ALPHONSE!"

*M. Alphonse (who is fond of English Idioms).* "YES, MADAM, I 'AD ZE MISFORTUNE TO SLEEP OVER MYSELF ZIS MORNING, AND I COULD NOT DESCEND IN TIME!"

### THE NEW CRUSADE.

At last! The anti-human Demon, long  
By aid of mortal selfishness so strong,  
Now stands at bay before the banded league  
Of nations. Ruthless power, or sly intrigue  
Will scarce avail him now to force or foil  
The ranks that close around, or snatch his spoil.  
Insatiate ogre, in the old safe way. [day!  
CLARKSON, you should have lived to see this  
WILBERFORCE, GARRISON, and all great hearts  
Who played far-scattered solitary parts  
Against the common enemy of all,  
In days when Civilisation held the thrall,  
Lucrè's fair prey, and luxury's mere tool,  
When even Christianity sought to school  
The emancipating gospel to the need  
Of haughty indolence and huckster greed,  
How would you in this welcome scene rejoice!  
LAVIGERIE, triumph that your rallying voice  
Has urged the nations to the New Crusade,  
Not against Paynim force but godless Trade!  
Once more the Cross is lifted, not alone  
Against the Crescent as when GODFREY shone  
Amidst the ranks of Europe's Chivalry;  
No gallant Saladin indeed is he.  
'Gainst whom these Christian swords you fain  
would urge;  
The Demon of the Shackle and the Scourge,  
Lowering and shrinking hideously, stands  
Circled and trapped by those cross-hilted  
brands. [base  
Not GOETHE's mocking fiend was black and  
As this vile ogre of the Afrit face,  
Africa's subtle bane and potent blight,  
Last, strongest champion of the powers of  
night;

Still strong, for all those swords, and not yet  
slain;

At bay, but till stretched stark, too sure  
again

To rear his hateful crest in some foul lair,  
And, like an incarnation of Despair,  
Dominate riven hearth and ruined home  
Of those to whom the New Crusade should  
come

Like the cool water-drop of LAZARUS  
To DIVES in his agony. 'Tis thus,  
And thus alone, this fiend may yet be foiled.  
He, quintessential devil, hath despoiled  
Earth's fairest scenes for ages, taking tithe  
Of the poor simple race, who might be blithe  
Even in ignorance, save for that foul foe,  
Whose breath lays hope's most humble blos-  
soms low,

Blasts in their birth the germs of happiness,  
And make of Life a synonym for Distress.  
Now he's at bay, like *Mephistopheles*  
Before the students' cross-hilts. And will  
these,

Civilisation's gathered champions, hold  
The cross, the blade at need, loyally bold,  
Unitedly impregnable, until  
The hideous incarnation of all ill  
Fails utterly before them, fails and falls  
No more to shackle or to scourge his thralls,  
No more to traffic blood for gold, no more  
To strew the sands from tropic belt to shore  
Of the Dark Continent with his dusky  
prey,

Butchered in wrath, or fallen on the way  
Beneath the lash? England looks on with  
hope,

She, the first Champion who dared to cope

With the great Slavery Demon. Not alone  
She standeth now, for Freedom's Guard hath  
grown.

Good Cardinal, and you magnanimous king,  
Who brought your Belgium into the great  
ring

Of exorcisers, *Punch* applauds ye both,  
And hopes no hidden greed, no selfish  
sloth,

Nor calculated callousness of Trade,  
Will eat the heart out of your New Crusade.

"WHAT'S YOUR LITTLE GAME NOW?"—  
All the world's a playground, and everybody  
in it merely  
players, must  
be the obser-  
vation of the



Merry not the  
Melancholy JAKES,  
who with his Son—  
the firm is JAKES  
AND SON—has in-  
vented the indoor  
games of *Tiddledy  
Winks* (he should  
patent *Forty Winks*,  
*Chopsticks*, *Helder*,

a companion to *Nap*),  
and his latest is *The Butterfly Hunt*, which  
can be made a very funny performance, only  
it might have been so much better with  
coloured butterflies, instead of little scraps  
of paper. In indoor exercise nothing yet  
invented has beaten the ancient *Battledore*  
and *Shuttlecock*, which can be made nearly  
as scientific as Lawn-tennis.





## THE NEW CRUSADE.

"The Anti-Slavery Conference opened at Brussels on November 18. All the plenipotentiaries were present."—*Times*.









THE MODERN FOX-HUNTER EQUIPPED AGAINST THE MODERN FENCE.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE industrious SUTHERLAND EDWARDS has given us a delightful couple of volumes about *The Idols of the French Stage*, published by REMINGTON & Co. The chapters dealing with the life and death of the witty SOPHIE ARNAULD are as interesting as they are entertaining. Poor idols! everyone with a history, and all the histories bearing a strong resemblance to each other. In the biographies of men we say, *Cherchez la femme*; but here it is always, *Cherchez l'homme*! Poor talking dolls! worshipped as idols, then shattered or neglected, and the cult transferred to a rival. Charming cynicism is the story of the vestal RAUCOURT, whose virtue brought its own reward, and had its price in the betting-list; and curious, nowadays, when the Curé of St. Roch invites the Company of the Comédie Française to celebrate the tercentenary of CORNEILLE at his church,

to read how Christian burial was refused to so many actresses, even when they had become "reconciled" on their death-beds. BOSSUET's letter *Sur la Comédie* is evidence of the rigorous ecclesiastical rules then in force according to the *Rituel de Paris*. Mr. EDWARDS, in the course of his amusing account of the capricious Soprano, MADAME DE SAINT HUBERTY (afterwards the unfortunate Countess d'ANTRAIGUES, married to a Frenchman who might well have been named Count d'Intrigues) tells us how, on one occasion, being annoyed with the conductor of the orchestra, she declared, that if he appeared in his place at night, "she would undress herself, and refuse to sing her part." Surely Mr. EDWARDS has here inverted the sequence of events. Her refusal to sing, which would be on the stage, must have preceded her act of undressing, which would have been in her *loge*. Still in those days they did odd things.

As usual, Mr. JOHN LATEY, Junior, brings out his Penny Illustrated Christmas Number of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* well in advance of all the others. Miscalled JOHN LATEY, evidently JOHN EARLY. The cover shows travellers be-lated in the snow. Good, this, to begin with. Plum-pudding and turkey await them. JOHN EARLY has written a story with a well worked-up sensation, and FRED BARNARD shows us a struggle between somebody and a

highwayman in the snow—most uncomfortable for both—but somebody gets decidedly the best of it, and consequently the highwayman the worst of it. The Fiery FURNESS ends the Number—which, by the way, is all snow and fire, typically Christmassy,—with hints for TOMMY's dressing-up in the holidays, TOMMY being recommended by the Fiery One to cause great sport to his friends and relatives by trying to look as much like several distinguished persons as possible. Poor TOMMY! And, if he's caught making raids on Grandpapa's linen, and requisitioning collars, in order to look like GLADSTONE, and Grandmamma's cloaks, to look like TENNYSON, and so forth, it will end in TOMMY's getting an extra dressing, which will be the reverse of what the gardeners call a "top-dressing." POOR TOMMY!

## "THE HOO CASE."

To be published, in one volume, with ecclesiastical binding, that is, if anything ecclesiastical can be binding in such a matter, a short history of this important case, to be entitled, *Hoo's Hoo and What's What?* It will be illustrated with snatches of song by T. DIBDIN, a specimen of which, entitled, "*Hoo Cares?*" (*vide DIBDIN's Ballads*, BOHN's edition, p. 91) we place before our readers. It has quite the nautical smack of DIBDIN about it, as one might expect from one who assists in steering the ecclesiastical barque in the Sea of Rochester. Here it is:—

And then when ill-fortune has crowned his endeavours

"Twixt parties the peace to restore,

Well, what if so be if the public he favours

With reasons why, Hoo, and where-for?

Now, bless the kind Bishop who treats with good-nature

Friend, enemy, false or true,

Though oppressed by Hoo cares, he will give a poor creature

His ben'son,—but what cares Hoo?

We do not know when the volume is coming out, but due notice will be given in the *Hoo and Cry*.

THE Anti-Enjoyment-on-Sunday Society might turn its attention to the Sunday 'bus traffic, as represented in a letter to the *Times* of November, 19, by a Director of the Tram Car Company.





MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 9.



### "HANSOM IS AS HANSOM DOES."

(A Ballad of a Police-Court Case, set to the ancient rhyme of "Billy Taylor.")

THERE was a young and Hansom Cabby,  
Which he had a sweet young wife,  
Annoyed by a willin base and shabby,  
Who werry nearly worried her out of her life.

He dogged her footsteps whenever he met her,  
Wrote her many a billy doo;  
But the sweet young wife gave every letter  
To her Hansom hubby fond and true.

So the Hansom Cabby, up to him dashin',  
Descends from his perch,—"Take that!" says he.  
When he'd given the willin a well-deserved thrashin',  
He gave himself into custodee.

And the Magistrate says to the Hansom driver,  
"I can't help applaudin' wot you've done;  
But I *must* bind you over in a fiver,  
To keep the peace to everyone.

"Which, talking of 'peace,' you go to the Adelphi,  
Where there's a melodrama fine;  
You take your wife, and you'll see yourself, I  
Think, as a Hansom Cabman Shine.

"As you know the science of fisticuffin',  
Which the gent can say who felt your knocks,  
The GATTIS may Hansomly admit you for nuffin',  
Or a friend will square up for a Private Box."

THE GOLDEN GIFT.—*Notice to Correspondents.*—As by this time at least a quarter of a million repetitions of the one joke about "pounds" and "Guinness" (guineas) have been made in various forms, of which *Mr. Punch* has received his full share, he hereby gives notice that on and after this Wednesday, Nov. 27, any perpetrator of this joke or anything like it, or anyone attempting to pass it off as original, will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the law.

BRAZILIAN NEWS.—The Revolution in Brazil will make no difference in the price of Nuts, nor in the cost of Crackers for Christmas.

"Quand j'étais roi de Boétie,  
J'avais des sujets et des soldats,"

is the air which the ex-Emperor, who knows his Paris uncommonly well, now contentedly hums to himself.



### THEORIES OF THE TRAINING-STABLE.

"NICE-LOOKING YOUNG GENTLEMAN THAT FRIEND O' YOURS, SIR CHARLES. I SUPPOSE HE'S SOME LORD!"

"YES: HE'S MY COUSIN, LORD RIPPINGTON. HE'LL BE DUKE OF ALL-TOWERS WHEN HIS FATHER DIES."

"AH, I THOUGHT HE WAS SOMETHING OF THAT SORT. BUT IT DON'T DO TO BEGIN MYLORDIN' 'EM TOO YOUNG!"

### STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXVI. LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AT CONNAUGHT PLACE.

THERE is a certain flavour of modernity about the name of the street where Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL resides that abruptly strikes you as you seize the knocker at No. 2. There is, or used to be, an expression common in Ireland which bracketed Connaught with an alternative place of destination. Probably Mr. W. H. SMITH, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, Mr. STANHOPE, and other colleagues of your host in a recent Ministry may have thought of this saying as, upon occasion, they wended their steps towards Connaught Place. But the terrace which your host modestly shares with other eminent persons did not receive its name directly from the Irish province. It was so called after one of the Queen's sons, an accession to the Peerage which goes back but a few years, and stamps the locality with the notion of newness which struck you just now when, as mentioned, you were pulling the bell—signal of your desire to be ushered into the presence of the amiable nobleman who is impatiently awaiting you.

But, though Connaught Place is new, the locality is old, and is connected with some of the most interesting scenes in the social life of London. As you stand with your host at the window of the two-pair back, he shows you the very spot where Tyburn tree spread out its gaunt arms, and dangled its ghastly clusters of fruit. Hither came the condemned, riding in a cart from Newgate, carrying the nose-gay that had been presented to him on the steps of St. Sepulchre's Church, and cheered with the flagon of ale he had halted at St. Giles's to drink. Here came to his death JOHN SHEPPARD, a person singularly unreliable in the presence of portable property. Here came JONATHAN WILD, who, as the Chaplain prayed with him, picked his pocket of a corkerew. Forty years later Mrs. BROWN-RIGG, formerly resident in Fetter Lane, also rode to the corner of what is now Connaught Place, and never more returned.

"You see," says your host, tugging at the overhanging eaves of his moustache, "they used to harbour pleasant company in this neighbourhood. But our occasional visitors were not all drawn from the classes which Mr. SHEPPARD and Mrs. BROWN-RIGG adorned. We had the Rev. Dr. DODD hanged here for forgery; and there was Earl FERRERS, who murdered his steward, and was hanged over there with a silken rope. I often think," continues your host, reflectively, "that the re-introduction of the occasional use of a silken rope in the House of Lords at this day might be attended with consequences conducive to the welfare of the State."

Turning away from what you gather is a favourite place for reflection, and casting a passing glimpse on the distant glades of Hyde Park, where across the wilderness of fern and bracken you see the October sun glistening on the balustraded bridge thrown across the winding sheet of artificial water, where the golden hues of the chestnut contrast with the bright blue of the maple, the piquant pink of the wild cherry, the rare red tone of the beeches, and the blue and amber of the pitiful pine—your host, crossing the paved hall adorned with old oak, African weapons, antlers, and Indian shields, ushers you into the dimly-lighted room where he is wont to compose letters addressed to Lord SALISBURY or to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Seated at a blue-enamelled writing-table, with brass handles pendant to its many drawers, RANDOLPH HENRY SPENCER-CHURCHILL, third son of the seventh Duke of MALBOROUGH, tells you the story of his life.

Except for the charm of his conversation, the lambent play of his fancy, and the acrid solution of his humour, you would say that the narrative is superfluous. The framed documents close to the door commemorate all important epochs in his career. The first is a collection of his speeches delivered in the House of Commons when he still sat below the Gangway, and led to death or victory that remarkable body of statesmen known to contemporary history as the Fourth Party. The second, effectively divided into four panels, contains, in the first panel, his attacks upon Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in connection with the Aston Park Riots; another panel in the same



framework shows his alliance with the Member for West Birmingham against Mr. GLADSTONE. The third embraces proofs of growing distrust in connection with the representation of Central Birmingham. You notice that the fourth is just now a blank. There is another very interesting collection, showing your host's attitude towards the Irish Members at various epochs of his interesting career. This is charmingly diversified.

Your host is delighted to find his versatility appreciated, and, as he lights another cigarette at the massive silver and ormolu electric lamp that stands upon the terra-cotta table at his side, whilst his eye rests upon a picture of Lord SALISBURY, in which the master-hand of REMBRANDT has brought out all the latent strength of character, he muses on the past: "I don't mind telling you, TOBY, old fellow," he says, "that sometimes I regret chucking things over as I did at Christmas, 1886. The fact is it *was* Christmas that did it all. I was thinking of a surprise present for the MARKISS; something, you know, that would make him sit up on Christmas Day in the morning. Turned over in my mind several little projects of the artificial toy order. Then it suddenly flashed upon me, 'Supposing I was to resign?' As you know it proved, nothing could have been more startling or unexpected. I had only been a month or two Chancellor of the Exchequer; I was Leader of the House of Commons; we had had our Cabinet Councils, and settled a good deal of the business of the coming Session. We had squared HARTINGTON and CHAMBER-

LAIN. GLADSTONE's people were divided and disheartened. Everything looked blooming for us, and no Ministry ever anticipated a happier or merrier Christmas.

"Only the morning before I let *My*, SMITH was talking to me about a turkey he had bought—the biggest in the market—and such a plum-pudding! His honest face, beaming with delightful anticipation, was too much for me. Perhaps if I could have managed something by which, as he stuck his knife into the turkey, the bird would have stood up on its hind legs, and flapped what was left of its wings, it would have served; or if I could have conveyed into the plum-pudding a little detonating powder, that would have gone off, as dear OLD MORALITY thrust in the expectant spoon, I might have been satisfied. I thought of these things, and then came the notion of the resignation, which would spoil *all* their Christmas dinners. Once conceived, I could not resist the temptation, and so it came about. It was a tremendous piece of fun; fully equalled my expectations; but it proved rather expensive."

A tear slowly courses down your host's cheek, and, withdrawing from the sight of this sacred sorrow, you pass out on tip-toe, endeavouring, as you walk under the mullioned fanlight, and skirt the site of Tyburn Tree, to concentrate your thoughts upon Sixteen-stringed JACK, hanged here in 1774, for robbing the Princess ANELIA's Chaplain in Gunnersbury Lane. He suffered in a pea-green coat, with an immense nosegay in his hand.

## MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

### NO. XIII.—THE MILITARY IMPERSONATOR.

To be a successful Military Impersonator, the principal requisite is a uniform, which may be purchased for a moderate sum, second-hand, in the neighbourhood of almost any barracks. Some slight



acquaintance with the sword exercise and elementary drill is useful, though not absolutely essential. Furnished with these, together with a few commanding attitudes, and a song possessing a spirited, martial refrain, the Military Impersonator may be certain of an instant and striking success upon the Music-hall stage,—especially if he will condescend to avail himself of the ballad provided by Mr. Punch, as a vehicle for his peculiar talent. And—though we say it ourselves—it is a very nice ballad, to which Mr. McDUGALL himself would find it difficult to take exception. It is in three verses, too—the limit understood to be formally approved by the London County Council for such productions. It may be, indeed, that (save so far as the last

verse illustrates the heroism of our troops in action—a heroism too real and too splendid to be rendered ridiculous, even by Military Impersonators), the song does *not* convey a particularly accurate notion of the manner and pursuits of an officer in the Guards. But then no Music-hall ditty can ever be accepted as a quite infallible authority upon any social type it may undertake to depict—with the single exception, perhaps, of the Common (or Howling) Cad. So that any lack of actuality here will be rather a merit than a blemish in the eyes of an indulgent audience. Having said so much, we will proceed to our ballad, which is called,—

#### IN THE GUARDS!

##### First Verse.

I'm a Guardsman, and my manner is perhaps a bit "haw-haw"; But when you're in the Guards you've got to show *esprit de corps*.

[Pronounce "a speedy core."] *"a speedy core."*

We look such heavy swells, you see, we're all aristo-or-ats, When on parade we stand arrayed in our 'eavy bearskin 'ats.

Chorus (during which the Martial Star will march round the stage in military order).

We're all "'UGHIES," "BERTIES," "ARCHIES,"  
In the Guards! Doncher know?

Twisting silky long moustarches,

[Suit the action to the word here.]

Bein' Guards! Doncher know?

While our band is playing Marches,  
Of the Guards! Doncher know?

And the ladies stop to gaze upon the Guards,

Bing-Bang!

[Here a member of the orchestra will oblige with the cymbals, while the Vocalist performs a military salute, as he passes to—

##### Second Verse.

With duchesses I'm 'and in glove, with countesses I'm thick;  
From all the nob's I get invites—they say I am "so chic!"

[Pronounce "chick."] *"chick."*

It often makes me laugh to read, whene'er I go off guard,  
"Dear BERTIE, come to my At Home!" on a coronetted card!

##### Chorus.

For we're "BERTIES," "'UGHIES," "ARCHIES,"  
In the Guards! Doncher know?

With our silky long moustarches,  
In the Guards! Doncher know?

Where's a regiment that marches  
Like the Guards? Doncher know?

All the darlings—bless 'em!—dote upon the Guards,  
Bing-Bang!

##### Third Verse.

[Here comes the Singer's great chance, and by merely taking a little pains, he may make a tremendously effective thing out of it. If he can manage to slip away between the verses, and change his bearskin and scarlet coat for a solar topee and kharkee tunic at the wings, it will produce an enormous amount of enthusiasm, only he must not take more than five minutes over this alteration, or the audience—so curiously are British audiences constituted—may grow impatient for his return.]

But hark! the trumpet sounds! . . . (Here a member of the orchestra will oblige upon the trumpet.) What's this? . . . (The Singer will take a folded paper from his breast and peruse it with attention.) We're ordered to the front! [This should be shouted]

We'll show the foe how "Carpet-Knights" can face the battle's brunt!

They laugh at us as "Brummels"—but we'll prove ourselves "Bay-yards!"

[Now the Martial Star will draw his sword and unfasten his revolver-case, taking up the exact pose in which he is represented upon the posters outside.]

As you were! . . . Form Square! . . . Mark Time! . . . Slope Arms! . . . now—"Tention! . . . (These military evolutions should all be gone through by the Artist.) Forward, Guards [To be yelled through music]

##### Chorus.

Onward every 'ero marches,

In the Guards! Doncher know?

All the "'UGHIES," "BERTIES," "ARCHIES,"

Of the Guards! Doncher know?

They may twist their long moustarches,

For they're Guards! Doncher know?

Dandies? yes,—but dandy lions are the Guards!

Bing-Bang!

[Red fire and smoke at wings, as Curtain falls upon the Military Impersonator in the act of changing to a new attitude.]

"In omnibus caritas"—most difficult to practise when it's "ful inside" on a wet day, and you're in the company of twelve damp stuffy, stout, irritable and unyielding persons of both sexes.

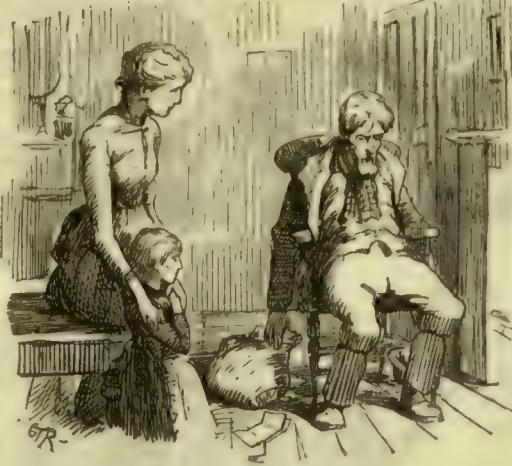


## UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."  
*Le Diable Boiteux.*

## XIII.

"A WORKMAN seeking work he cannot get,  
 Than *ŒDIPUS* or *Hamlet* is a yet  
 More tragic figure." Truly?  
 So says, at least, your soberest platform Sage,\*  
 Who little shares the weakness of the age,  
 To emphasise unduly.  
 "*Hamlet* in fustian! Ah!" the Shadow smiled.  
 "Think you Society would be beguiled  
 To see that sordid drama,—  
 Society, to which the labourer lone  
 In dull suburban suffering is unknown,  
 Well-nigh, as the Grand Lama?  
 "Well, we at least may watch it, if you care  
 For witnessing unpicturesque despair,  
 Undecorated sorrow.  
 This man, no *Œdipus*, knows not to-day  
 How to procure his children food, or pay  
 The landlord's claim to-morrow."  
 I looked into a scantily-furnished room—  
 A lamp's low flame scarce glimmered through  
 the gloom;  
 And yet a certain trimness  
 Of none too tasteful Cockney carefulness  
 Spake in the pictured walls, the woman's dress,  
 Through all its doleful dimness.  
 A head set smartly on, an apron clean,  
 A face not vixenish, though worn and lean,  
 Hair glossy, though dishevelled,  
 These mark the better sort of workman's wife,  
 Who in the humble joys of labouring life  
 For prosperous years has revelled.  
 Revelled in almost radiant content,  
 The well-stocked cupboard, and the ready rent,  
 Materials for gladness.  
 Modest, yet all-sufficing, were her own,  
 And not till now has the poor creature known  
 The sharper pangs of sadness.  
 Now? Well, you see her "Man" is "out of work!"—  
 Menacing phrase, in whose dread meaning  
 Ruin and helpless anguish;  
 To Toil it sounds the tocsin of despair,—  
 Once raise it, and in many a joyless lair  
 Labour unfed must languish.  
 Footsore and faint, from a long foodless tramp,  
 Through miles of City suburb, drear and damp,  
 In leafless, grey November;  
 Her husband has returned. Behold him there,  
 Cowering and shivering in the close-drawn chair,  
 Over the fire's last ember!  
*Hamlet*, in fierce soliloquy near the throne,  
 Larger, more searching, sorrow may have known,  
 Not more complete prostration  
 Of manly energy and struggling hope.  
 They only know it who have had to cope  
 With such a situation.  
 Mile after mile, with ever lessening force!  
 Shop after shop, with voice more faint and hoarse!  
 Still tramping, still appealing!



Picture that daily task for many a week—  
 Rebuffed all round, with ever-paling cheek,  
 And courage still congealing.

"Chance of a job?" The dismal shibboleth  
 Repeated with dropped eyes and bated breath

At entry after entry,  
 Becomes a burdening horror. Now 'tis o'er,  
 Hope's latest portal's shut, and at the door  
 Sullen despair stands sentry.

The shame of it! The once smart-vestured wife  
 Looking appeal that cuts more like a knife

Than any loud reproaches;  
 The hungry children's clamour hardly hushed,  
 Their tear-stained cheeks with ruddy health  
 once flushed,  
 On which the white encroaches.

The half-stripped chamber, and the vacant walls,  
 On which his dizzied glance, despairing,  
 Ay, and that open letter,  
 The angry landlord's last demand! His head  
 Drops o'er his knees. Great Heaven! were he dead,  
 For them were it not better?

"You read that in his eyes, and read aright,"  
 The Shadow said. "Come forth into the night!

Yonder rolls on the river,  
 Fog-hidden, silent, fascination wild  
 For many a soul grief-stricken, sin-defiled,  
 Lone girl, or evil-liver!

"The winter mists hide it, and it hides all,—  
 So dreams, at least, full many a hopeless thrall

Of poverty or sorrow.  
 The fate-scourged soul's surcharged with woe to-night;  
 What if the body, with dawn's breaking  
 Drift down that flood to-morrow?

"The woe, at least, is over, and the strife  
 With the twin harpies of the toiler's life,  
 Hunger and Debt. Who knows them?  
 Not *Hamlet* and not *Œdipus*. They wage  
 Ravaging war upon a pettier stage,  
 These scenes, good friend, disclose

"Spectres unpicturesque! Ambition, lust,  
 Volcanically wreck; these twain, like rust,  
 Silent, and slow, and stealthy,  
 Eat into humble souls; their utter stress  
 Strains not the imposing strugglers in life's  
 press—  
 The wicked and the wealthy.

"The poor to plead for, or to champion want,  
 Strikes your great 'Thunderer' as, 'the  
 sorriest cant'—

And I am not a canter." [small,  
 Murmured the Shadow. "Nay, shopkeeper  
 Artisan out of work, or Sweater's thrall,  
 'Tis better 'form' to banter.

"They're not heroic, are they, friend?—to us  
 Like halting *Hamlet*, fate-scourged *Œdipus*.  
 And are they not protected?

'Freedom of Contract' is their guardian boon,  
 What more, by doctrinaires who dream and  
 (Like *MORLEY*)—is expected? [moon,

"Freedom of Contract! 'Tis delightful fun!"  
 "And what," I murmured, "has that blessing  
 done

For the wrecked workman yonder?"  
 "Well, he contracted—freely—for his rent,  
 (Upon his normal wage how much per cent.  
 That means, let pundits ponder).

"Freedom of Contract, plus that force majeure  
 Which binds the toiling throng in toils [secure—  
 Stern need of shop or dwelling,  
 And narrow limitations of their choice—  
 There breed such bliss as scarce an angel's  
 Were adequate to telling. [voice

"For the results! Friend did you hear that  
 splash?

Poor fool, dull, unappreciative, rash!  
 His idle hands deliver [heart,  
 One o'erstrained head, and one impatient  
 His 'freedom' bids him choose despair's last  
 part—

A plunge in the cold river!"  
 (To be continued.)

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS  
IN WATER-COLOURS.

"OH, WHAT a vast and a varied variety—You see in the Royal Water-Colour Society!" Why shouldn't I say? Why shouldn't I "drop into po'try"? It's nice rimey weather. They wouldn't allow me to do it at the Institute. It's all right here! Fol-de-rol, lol-de-rol, lol-de-rol-liety. Mr. RIDGE, the Keeper, approaches. Looks as if he were about to institute a *de lunatico inquirendo*—says it's rigidly forbidden. Ha! ha! Not bad. But let us be serious. Eh! What! "*The Fleet Saluting!*" Suggests "Kiss me quick, and go!" Nothing of the kind! Charming study of Spithead last August, by Miss CLARA MONT-ALBA, who has at least a dozen capital works in the Gallery. STACY MARKS has some clever pictures. Stay, see MARKS, by all means. Look especially at his "*Lloyd's News*," and his "*Sulphur-crested Cockatoo*." ALFRED D. FRIPP has only one picture. There is no frippery whatever about the "*Stair Hole, Hanbury Down*," but an excellent, an earnest study of Nature, painted at Lulworth. Sir JOHN GILBERT appears, with all his old force and splendour, in "*A Bishop*." Good to look at. Just the man for a see. HERBERT MARSHALL has marshalled his talents mostly in Holland, and only gives us one view of London, namely, "*Westminster Abbey, from Lambeth*." This is so good, that we cannot allow him to go out of London again for a long while. J. H. HENSHALL's "*In Wonderland*," is a clever picture of a pretty little damsel, with a pair of shapely, sable-hoed legs, over the arm of a chair. We cannot help wondering what the little lady's mamma will say when she sees her lolling and dreaming in this fashion. F. SMALLFIELD's pictures, especially *Sadak*, and "*When the Bloom is on the Rye*," show his versatility, and demonstrate that his field of observation is anything but small. "And there are lots more I could name with propriety, That are hung at the Royal Water-Colour Society!"  
 THE WABBLING CRITIC.

\* Mr. JOHN MORLEY, at the "Eighty" Club.





MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR NOVEMBER.



## A WORD FROM THE MOUTH OF THE BOURNE.

Now that the subject of winter resorts is before the world, some account may appropriately be given of that Bournemouth to which so many visitors return. The town seems to have been built in the midst of pine-forests, through which roads have been cut in different directions; and it is significant that every thoroughfare in Bournemouth, with but one exception, is still called a "road." The whole place, as HAYDN, or his librettist, might have put it, is "with verdure clad"; the rich greens of the pine-trees and the firs being, in many places, relieved by the scarlet berries of the mountain ash, or the pink flowers of the rhododendrons. Snowdrops and winter roses may here and there be seen; but the general uniform of the place is green sprinkled with red.

At Bournemouth I was, for the first time in my life—but not, I hope, the last— inveigled into taking up my abode at a temperance establishment. It was not even an hotel—not at least by name—the proprietor of the house being specially forbidden by the terms of his lease from calling it one. He was prevented, moreover, by a clause in this formidable lease from applying for a wine and spirit licence. A feeling of depression comes over the visitor, when on crossing the threshold of the "Imperial," he finds an announcement staring him in the face, to the effect that the proprietor does not possess a wine licence, and is bound not even to ask for one. "All ye who enter here, leave drink behind," the solemn inscription seems to say.

But an hotel, even though it be furnished like a well-appointed private house, and bear no special designation, is still an hotel; and though an hotel-keeper may have bound himself not to apply for a wine licence, this does not prevent him from enabling his customers to order wine from another hotel. A sort of cheque-book is brought to the visitor, who draws for whatever draughts he happens to require; whether for lunch, dinner, or the intervals between regular meals. This plan of ordering wine beforehand might advantageously be adopted at all hotels. It would save delay, and that rushing to and fro on the part of the waiters, which must necessarily take place when wine is ordered only at the moment of sitting down to table.

The rivers of Bournemouth and its neighbourhood are full of fish. The Bourne contains tittlebats; the Avon, near Christchurch, is famous for its salmon—"saumon de Christchurch," as it is called in our London menus; while the Stour, on the other side of Christchurch, is celebrated for its pike—the turnpike—that stands on the bridge by which it is crossed.

In the beautiful cathedral-like church of the village of Christchurch, fine stone architecture and droll wooden sculpture are to be seen; a remarkable example of the latter being an admirably-carved representation of a preacher in the form of a fox, holding forth to a congregation of geese; the duty of the clerk being performed by a crowing cock. In the churchyard I noticed an epigram and an enigma—both excellent. The former is as follows:—

"Live well, die never;  
Die well, live for ever."

The enigma runs thus:—

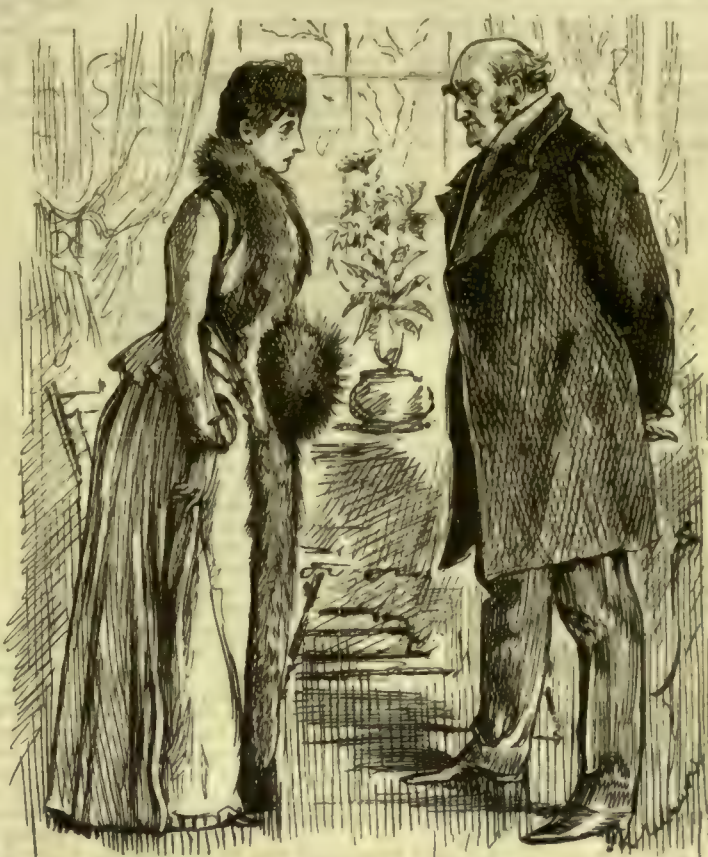
"We were not slayne bvt rays'd;  
Rays'd not to life  
Bvt to be bvrried twice  
By men of strife.

"What rest could th living have  
When dead had none?  
Agree amongst yov.  
Heere we ten are one."

"HEN: ROGERS Died April 17, 1841."

The ancient explanation of this epitaph in the form of a riddle was a most unsatisfactory one—"that ten men having been drowned, their bodies were recovered, and buried together in one grave." What is evidently the true solution has been found by the present Rector of Christchurch, who, starting from the fact indicated by the date, that the re-interment took place during the Civil War, came to the conclusion that Cromwellian troops, in want of bullets, must have dug up the ten bodies with a view to their leaden coffins, and then re-buried them in one common grave.

Boscombe, an interesting suburb of Bournemouth, is remarkable for the fineness of its sea-view and the humour of its inhabitants. At the entrance to its pretty little pier may be read this exhilarating announcement: "Dogs are not allowed on this pier for promenading purposes." I have made a copy of this strangely worded



## CHARITY THAT BEGINNETH NOT WHERE IT SHOULD.

"AND WHAT'S ALL THIS I HEAR, BARBARA, ABOUT YOUR WANTING TO FIND SOME OCCUPATION?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S SO DULL AT HOME, UNCLE. I'VE NO BROTHERS OR SISTERS—AND PAPA'S PARALYSED—AND MAMMA'S GOING BLIND—SO I WANT TO BE A HOSPITAL NURSE."

regulation, and sent it as a rare curiosity to the *Académie des Inscriptions* of Paris. Close to the pier is a lofty sand-hill, absolutely destitute of vegetation; on which some facetious member of the Town Council has caused a notice to be set up, entreating the public to "protect the grass on this slope."

Ultimately, I discovered on the top of the sand-hill, widely dispersed, just thirteen blades of grass; and I have opened a subscription for the exhibition of a second notice which, I propose, shall be in these words:—

If you'd seen this grass before it grew,  
You'd give the gardener all is due.

With a contented mind, a cheerful spirit, and enough experience of musical and dramatic performances, to render an occasional absence from them a pleasant change, one may pass a few days, or even weeks, agreeably enough at Bournemouth. The open sea, the jagged, many-coloured and picturesque cliffs, the golden sands, the green pine-woods, the hedges of laurel and rhododendron, are delightful to the lover of Nature. But no amusements are provided which, to a Londoner, would seem worthy of the name; and in this, above all, lies the inferiority of Bournemouth, as of all other English watering-places, to Nice, Monte Carlo, and the favourite health-resorts of the Riviera.

## THE GOOD MUSICIAN.

POOR dear FREDDY CLAY! No common Clay. Gone from us last week after seven years of suffering. His disposition was as sweet as were his melodies. He had collected about him a band of devoted friends; nothing false or discordant ever fell from his lips, or from his pen; he never made an enemy, and lived in harmony with all who knew him, for all who knew him loved him. I knew him well. *Requiescat!* F. C. B.

THE NEXT POPE.—There can no longer be any doubt of it, the next Pope must be Mr. STEAD, of the *P. M. G.* What title will he assume? Pope LINUS was the immediate successor of St. PETER, so Mr. STEAD, on the strength of his "Letters from the Vatican," might appropriately style himself Pope PENNY-A-LINUS.







## THE ROBIN.

(With apologies to "The Throstle" that sang in October.)

"CHRISTMAS is coming, Christmas is coming.  
I know it, I know it, I know it!  
Goose again, gifts again, peace and good-will again."  
Yes, and the bills again—blow it!

Here's the tailor's—new suit for my younger son WILL,  
Reseating the same, same repeated.  
"Bill, bill, bill, bill!" Be thankful your bill  
Need not be receipted.

"Ice again, frost again, all the pipes burst again!"  
I wish Christmas came in the summer.  
You can't get the plumbers to work, little friend;  
At Christmas you can't get a plumber.

"Beer again, beer, beer, lots of beer!"  
Oh, yes, it's drink that's the reason.  
Christmas is coming, is coming, my dear,  
And I wish you joy of the season.

A GOLDEN BOOK.—The best of all the Christmas Books we've at present seen, the one that comes nearest the true spirit of Christian Christmas is Mrs. MEYNELL's touching story of *The Poor Sisters of Nazareth*, illustrated by GEORGE LAMBERT, and charmingly got up by Messrs. BURNS & OATES. Some years ago GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA powerfully pleaded for the funds of this noble Institution with the best results. Miss MEYNELL's delightful book must touch all hearts and open all pockets.

## A Real Musical Treat.

"Six Song-Stories for Children,"  
Will be to them a joy  
With pictures by HELEN MACKENZIE,  
And music by JIMMY MOLLOY.  
You'll sing them in Christmas play-time,  
The time for cakes, crackers, and apples,  
Though not to be sung in Churches  
You'll always get them at CHAFFELL'S.



BISMARCK COMMITS "THE HAPPY DISPATCH"—  
TO THE POST.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If her name is any indication of the director of her literary talents, Mrs. SALE BARKER ought always to write nautical stories. The children will be as contented with her charming annual as must be ROUTLEDGE, and the SONS of ROUTLEDGE, who put it before them.

*Pepin, the Dancing Bear*, by Mrs. MACQUOID, and illustrated by PERCY MACQUOID. Get it from SKEFFINGTON AND SON (if SKEFFINGTON isn't in, ask the son), and give it to your for-bears for Christmas.

*The Encore Reciter* sounds like a personage who asks twice for whiskey, but it isn't. It's a collection,—most of us dislike collections, but you can put in your modest coin and get something out of it. WALKER. This pedestrian publisher turns out some bright and entertaining books for children. I think if they're lured on to learn the *Reciter* by heart, they will be quite quiet till it is time to return to school, and they can give the recitations there. From JAMES CLARK & Co. comes *The Rosebud Annual*. Blooming again! Examine its leaves. I have to turn on a band of skimmers and a crew of skippers to look into these Christmas books, otherwise the Bold Baron would sink under the task. Alone, he can't do it. But he can guarantee the opinions given by the skimmers and skippers (who "know the ropes") on all they pick out for choice. So the Baron's examining chaplains pass as first-class in one line—here's the line:—Miss A. B. EDWARDES'S *Midsummer Ramble in the Dolomites*—not quite a book for very little children. So don't be misled—Miss (A. B. E.) led—by the sound of *Dolly Mites*. Elder children look out! So for COOPER'S *Leather-Stocking Tales*, and our dear old friend, *The Last of the Mohicans*. Hang it! This must be the very last of the Mohicans! He'd been lagging behind, and has lost his way, because he got out of the company of *The Pathfinder*. That'll do for this week.

As for the Cards, they're pouring in. Old Father Christmas hasn't himself, as yet, left his card with us—at least, the Baron doesn't see anything like his old friend's face in the brilliant flowers, birds, and lovely designs worked out by Messrs. HILDESHEIMER and FAULKNER, for example, with whom he will begin, and, for this week, end. Plenty more to review. The cry is still they come; but I can only notice "here a one and there a one," says, emphatically, the friend of everybody, BARON DE B.-W. & Co.

"A VERY MUCH OVER-RATED PERSON."—The London citizen.

## THE MYSTERY OF A CITY DINNER.

THERE is a curious paragraph amid the rare fashionable announcements of the *Daily News*. It records how a dinner was given at the Albion Tavern, to Mr. J. C. PARKINSON, Mr. EDMUND YATES in the Chair.

"The guest of the evening (we read) was presented by the Chairman on behalf of the subscribers, in a feeling speech, with a handsome service of plate, artistically designed to illustrate the most celebrated characters and incidents in the works of CHARLES DICKENS. The presentation was from Mr. PARKINSON's private friends in acknowledgment of recent public services in connection with an archaeological and philanthropic association, of which Mr. PARKINSON has been a leading member for a quarter of a century."

A flood of questions arises on this. What is the archaeological and philanthropic association thus darkly alluded to? Mr. PARKINSON was, we fancy, once made a Bard or a Druid in connection with the Eisteddfod. Is that it? Why drag in CHARLES DICKENS? and what was EDMUND "feeling" for? His pocket-handkerchief? Not we trust for any stray item in the service of plate subscribed by these insatiable private friends to a hitherto unsuspected Public Benefactor.

A VERY CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—"There have," the *Pall-Mall Gazette* complacently remarks, "been two rather curious instances of journalistic coincidences this week. One is the Cartoon in *Punch*, and the Cartoon in the *Pall-Mall Budget*, both representing Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as the Sphinx. The other, the *Daily News* and the *Pall-Mall Gazette* both adopting the parody form in reviewing Mr. MORRIS'S *Roots of the Mountains*." Not the least curious feature in the coincidence is, that it was a little late. *Punch* is in the London newspaper offices on Tuesday afternoon, the *Pall-Mall Budget* coming out on the following Thursday; whilst the idea of reviewing Mr. MORRIS'S book in the particular form alluded to appeared in the afternoon issue of the enterprising sheet, with much else already familiar in the morning papers.

THE Pigmies of South Africa are, it is said, in a letter to the *Times*, "gradually disappearing." A striking illustration of "small by degrees, and beautifully less."





## A PARDONABLE MISTAKE.

*Young Mother (lately from Girtton). "COME IN, DEAR. EXCUSE ME FOR ONE MOMENT. I'M JUST ORDERING A CRIB FOR HERODOTUS."*  
*Fair Friend (not from Girtton). "OH, THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO CALL DEAR BABY, IS IT?"*

## FRIENDS (?) OF EDUCATION.

A SONG OF THE SCHOOL BOARD.

AIR—"Three Students were travelling over the Rhine."

THREE strangers were travelling downward one day,  
 And together they paused to hobnob by the way.  
 Oh, far might you wander before you would see  
 A grislier group than that terrible Three!

For not the Three Ravens of legend looked foul  
 As these Three with the "mortar-board," "stove-pipe," and cowl;  
 And not the Three Fates, when intent on their thread,  
 Had an aspect more harsh, a demeanour more dread.

There was he of the "mortar-board," pedant austere,  
 With the book and the birch that the little ones fear;  
 The grinder of hearts and the racker of brains.  
 Moloch-service the price of his dubious gains.

The Teacher as torturer, poverty's scourge,  
 Who the lesson would force, and the school-fee would urge.  
 Though poor bairns to his rostrum should hunger-racked come,  
 With the penny that left them all starving at home.

And who is his villanous plump *vis-à-vis*,  
 Of the visage suffused with such sinister glee?  
 That ruddy-faced rogue is Society's curse:  
 His hands ever grope in the fat Public Purse.

Plump hands and prehensile, they grub, and they pick,  
 And, oh, how the gold to those digits will stick!  
 That's Jobbery, thiefdom incarnate is he,  
 And perhaps the worst knave of the rascally Three.

As sly Jerry-Builder he best loves to pose,  
 But that cynical eye, and that fee-sniffing nose,  
 Into everything peer, into everything poke,  
 Where there's a chance of a "job," which he hails as a joke.

And the third of the Three, the strange spectre, and thin,  
 With the cowl, and the bowl, and the skeleton grin!  
 Ah! Pedantry callous, and Jobbery foul,  
 Find companionship fit in the Thing with the Cowl!

"Drink, Gentlemen! Fill up your cups to our Cause!"  
 And they rap on the Board with effusive applause.  
 For the stuff in that bowl is right stingo, you see;  
 And they all love a dip, do those sinister Three.

And these be thy friends, Education! The grub  
 Who would ruthlessly cram the poor famishing scrub,  
 The knave, of whose life base corruption is breath,  
 And—auxiliar of all things, destructive!—pale Death.

Education! O spirit benignant and kind,  
 To the ghouls who dishonour thee canst thou be blind?  
 Not this was the promised Utopian bliss,  
 Of thy kingdom so lately established—not *this*!

Thy task is divine, but 'tis badly begun.  
 Autolycus, Herod, and Moloch in one  
 Appears this new idol that some would set up,  
 To drink childhood's bane in a poisonous cup.

Hath Justice no power—hath Law not a hand,  
 To sweep jocund Jobbery out of the land?  
 'Tis our newest Utopia, and lo! he creeps in,  
 Hob-nobbing with Death, with its menacing grin!

The fumes of those draughts are of deadliest breath,  
 Pedant cruelty, knavish corruption, and Death!  
 Education's a spirit benign, with fair ends,  
 But Heaven deliver her from her new friends!

OLD FRENCH MOTTO FOR CREMER.—"Toy que j'aime." Ask to see the *Grenouille nageuse* at "the Cremeries." Froggee would a swimming go. The Country House of the Cremeries, where the toys go for their spring, must be at "Dollis Hill."





FRIENDS (?) OF EDUCATION.



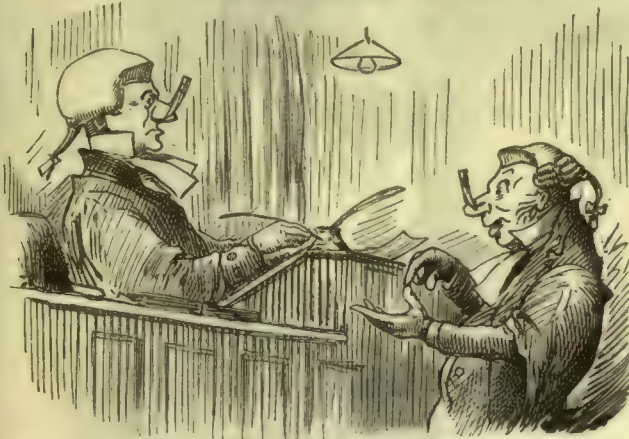




## OUR LAW COURTS.



Lords Justices BOWEN and FRY are prepared to break the windows of the Court, and relieve the asphyxiated Bar.



In order to deaden the sense of smell, second-hand clothes-pegs will be used by the Bench and the Bar.

## THOSE DREADFUL DOCTORS!

SIR,—I am sure that the thanks, not only of rather cautious people, like myself, who take their own little measures for self-protection, but all who give a moment's consideration to the matter, are due to Miss COBBE for calling attention to this deadly scourge working in our midst, the modern disease and destruction-distributing Doctor. Some years since, it was my bitter misfortune to have introduced into my defenceless and unsuspecting household, by one of these secret pests of our existing social system, a virulent epidemic of nettle-rash, of the worst type; and it was this final outrage that roused me to think [out, and carry into execution, the subjoined plan, which, I submit, is the only possible safe method, under existing circumstances, of calling in, and getting the advice of the ordinary medical practitioner. There may be a little trouble involved in carrying it out, and it may not always be easy to come across, especially in a busy neighbourhood, a medical man of a sufficiently scientific bent to induce him, for the accustomed fee, which I never exceed, of three shillings and sixpence, to fall in agreeably with the little extra trouble involved in giving effect to the few precautionary measures which my sense of obligation to myself and family obliges me, when seeking the assistance of my medical adviser, necessarily to adopt. However, such as they are, I have much pleasure in communicating them for the benefit of your numerous readers.

On a case of illness occurring in my household, and the Doctor being summoned by telegraph, a due watch is set for his approach, and, as soon as he comes in sight, he is played upon by a hand garden-engine charged with a powerful disinfectant. On entering by the hall-door, which is opened to him by a couple of servants bearing large lighted torches, giving off volumes of smoke, for the purpose of fumigation, he is enveloped in a large sheet steeped in vinegar and water, and conducted to a conservatory at the back of the house. Here he has to take off his clothes, which are taken from him and burnt, the meanwhile being requested to step into a shower-bath of Condy's fluid, upon emerging from which he dresses himself in a

complete suit of camphorated white linen clothes that have been already prepared for him. He is now finally enveloped in a large but tight-fitting india-rubber waterproof overcoat, buttoned close up to the ears, and having a lighted strymonium cigar put in his mouth, and receiving a last sprinkling of carbolic acid from a good-sized hand-syringe, may be regarded in safe condition to see his patient, and be ushered without further ado into his presence.

Such, Sir, is the "process," by a rigid adherence to which I flatter myself I have as yet managed to preserve myself and the members of my family from the dangers of imported infection. It is true that, nicely as it reads on paper, its practical execution has certainly given rise to several misunderstandings with the various medical men whom I have from time to time called in; one, for instance, strongly protesting against the burning of his clothes, the value of which he ultimately recovered from me by means of an appeal to the County Court; while another bitterly reviled me, because the shower-bath of Condy's fluid had had the result of turning him a rich deep brown colour, that lasted quite a month. Though I tried to explain to him that so far from objecting to this, he ought, on the contrary, rather to hail it as a welcome advertisement to everybody who met him, that *he*, at least, was one of the careful set of medical men, and had been thoroughly disinfected; still, he did not seem to see the matter in this light, and threatened to put the whole affair into the hands of his solicitors. However, whatever happens, I mean to hold religiously fast to my programme, and fully hope and expect to be able conscientiously to subscribe myself as

ONE WHO HAS SUCCESSFULLY COMBATED THE INEIDIOUS GERM.

SIR,—I have followed the correspondence on the danger of the spread of infection by Doctors with interest, but I have not, as yet, come across any suggested specific that equals my own. Mine is simple. I never call in the Doctor at all. Not that I am without medical aid. When ailing, I turn to the advertising columns of my daily paper, and try the first patent medicine that meets my eye. As I am constantly ailing, my recourse to this form of remedial aid is tolerably frequent. Indeed, I may say, I almost live on drugs. My life is, therefore, not quite a happy one. I am often overwhelmed with melancholy; still, as long as there is a self-recommended Pill in the market, I feel I have something to fall back upon, and that, even if it does not entirely agree with me, I may still regard it as a preferable alternative to the visit of the infecting Doctor. At least, you may take this to be both the hope and consolation of one who, spite the gloomy outlook of a somewhat shattered existence, yet believes he may honestly sign himself A MATCH FOR THE DOCTOR.

SIR,—What is all this new-fangled nonsense about the Doctors "spreading infection?" "Do they?" Why, of course they do! But it's all in the day's work. I should like to know what busy practitioner has got time to think of changing his coat, or, for the matter of that, of washing his hands because he has just come from seeing A.'s family who are down with scarlet fever, and has happened then to look in on B.'s family who have only been got hold of by the mumps. Bless my soul, Sir, what are we coming to next, when these sort of precautions are expected of us? Why everyone who is in the swim knows that if it wasn't for a rattling epidemic now and then, we poor, struggling, hard-working practitioners couldn't keep our heads above water. "Spread it?" Of course we "spread it." That's all fair enough, for how should we keep our business up, I should like to know, and get our accounts to look something like ship-shape, when we send them in at Christmas, if we didn't? Anyhow, those have been my sentiments for the last five-and-twenty years, and good sound sentiments too! And it will want something more than all this squeamish and rubbishy talk about "Disinfectants," and Heaven knows what other old woman's tomfooleries, to take the wind out of one who is only too proud to subscribe himself an

M.D. OF THE REGULAR GOOD OLD SCHOOL.

## "KEEP UP THE CHRISTOPHER!"

We hail with satisfaction the news, taken from that invaluable compilation of news called *London Day by Day*, in the *Daily Telegraph*, that Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES, of Brantinghamthorpe, is to be presented by the Electors for the Buckrose Division of Yorkshire "with a memorial of the Parliamentary tie which has existed between them so long." The "Parliamentary tie" we've generally seen round the neck of Mr. SYKES, M.P., in the evening, has been a white one. What better memorial of a spotless record of twenty-three years spent in the service of the Buckroses, than a stock of virgin-white ties? If the Buckroses adopt the notion, Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES can retire into private life, and be known as The White Tie-Coon, X M P.

"HIS NAME HAS PASSED INTO A PROVERB,"—MARTIN F. TUPPER, famed for his *Proverbial Philosophy*, has joined the majority. He was thoroughly in earnest, and said many a true thing in what popularly passed for poetry. He will be remembered as "The Great Maxim Gun" of the nineteenth century.





MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 10.





**"EVERY EXCUSE."**

*Brigson (excited). "HULLO!—THERE GOES A—"*

*His Host (clutching his arm). "GOOD HEAVENS!—YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT THAT FOX?"*

*[Ups with his gun!]*

*Brigson. "MY DEAR F'LLER! WH'-WH'-WHY NOT? THIS IS THE LAST DAY I SHALL HAVE THIS SEASON—AND I—I FEEL AS IF I COULD SHOOT MY OWN MOTHER-IN-LAW—IF SHE ROSE!"*

**STATESMEN AT HOME.**

**DCXXXVII. CHARLES STEWART PARNELL AT AVONDALE.**

SPEEDING in the train to Holyhead, crossing the Channel in the well-appointed boats designed for the Mail Service, landing in Dublin, and passing through Wicklow on the way to Rathdrum, you have opportunity to reflect on the varied experiences that fall to your lot in the task which, impelled by a sense of public duty, you have undertaken. Most frequently your business calls you into communication with the great and the rich. All your men are eminent, and all their houses well furnished. You know most of the Stately homes of England—how beautiful they stand!—have made an inventory of their chairs, their carpets, their line-engravings, and their umbrella-stands. But there is another aspect of the picture, another surface of the medallion; and, as you pick your way across the prickly potato-field that environs the mud-cabin which has descended to the Irish Leader as a feature in his paternal estates, you sternly set yourself to disregard the unusual environments of your company, always ready (as Mr. W. H. SMITH once said) to do your duty to your Queen and your country.

As you draw near to the mud edifice, you discover your host standing in what may be called the doorway, apparently surveying the beauties of the country. At home, among his own people, CHARLES STEWART PARNELL conforms to the habits of the locality. This afternoon he wears a coat in which you recognise the beginning of the dinner-dress which you are accustomed to wear in the higher circles of society in London. It is, perhaps, cut away a little more than usual at the hips, the skirts more decidedly resemble the outline of a swallow's tail, and the collar is a trifle high. But these are details. His breeches are tied at the knee with ribbon, vividly green in hue. Stout brown worsted stockings, a little the worse for wear, cover his shapely limbs, ending in a pair of brogues that have not recently been submitted to the blacking-brush. A waistcoat, half unbuttoned, displays a blue cotton shirt; a high collar, such as Mr. GLADSTONE wears in holiday time, is loosely tied with a kerchief,

green, but not so decidedly patriotic in tone as the ribbons that knot the breeches at the knee. A high hat, with exceedingly small brim, is rakishly set on one side of your host's head, and you do not fail to notice the "cuddy" stuck in the rusty band that confines the base of the crown, and has braved many storms in these lovely Wicklow mountains.

Advancing with hearty *bonhomie*, you hold out your right hand to grasp that of the Irish Chief, and, waving your left comprehensively around the scenery, you remark, with the late poet MOORE:—

*"Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,  
And our hearts like thy waters, be mingled in peace!"*

"Ah, well," says your host, without catching your enthusiasm, "if you are tired with your walk, you had better come inside to rest. You will find it less damp."

You follow your host's example in stooping under the doorway, and find yourself in the outer of the two rooms that seem to compose the mansion. A creeper-clad verandah shades the French window, under which a massive pig reposes at full length, and grunts inquiringly at the entrance of the stranger. A faded Turkey carpet covers the floor. But its proportions are not so exact as to hide from your scrutiny the fact that underneath it lies the mud of virgin earth. On one of the low walls under the smoke-grimed rafters, which have, doubtless, covered many a cheery company, hangs a Bartolozzi engraving of Adam and Eve; portraits of JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR addressing the House of Commons; TIM HEALY in wig and gown, disputing with the Town Clerk of Ephesus, and seemingly getting the better of him; whilst a portrait of Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT in his court dress, does duty for a fire-screen. This last, however, is not sufficiently massive to cover the generous space, over which hangs a bulky cauldron, from which there flutters a breath of inviting steam. As your host draws up to the fire an ormolu and gilt chair (for the day is chill), and rests his feet on the well-worn straw hassock, you adroitly affecting a slight cold, sniff, for peradventure you may make a happy guess at the contents of the



cauldron. But there is nothing recognisable in the way of odour, though you distinctly hear the bubbling sound as of succulent meats.

The Chippendale *dos-à-dos*, which you take at the invitation of your host, was, you presently learn, in the possession of DANIEL O'CONNELL, who presented it to the great grandfather of your host, Sir JOHN PARNELL, who held for many years the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Irish Parliament, and resigned rather than vote for the Act of Union. CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, lightly reaching out his hand towards the low-ridged book-case, enamelled with velvet of dead gold, draws from a receptacle a long pronged iron fork, which he plunges into the cauldron. After an active search, which you follow with keen though dissembled interest, he produces a mealy potato. Placing it, fork and all, on the carpet, at a safe distance from the other resident in the room, prone near the window, whose interest in current events has received a sudden fillip, your host proceeds to take off his coat.

"As you may have read, TOBY," he says, with a pleasant though somewhat chilly smile, "I always take off my coat before approaching a serious question, and I do not know anything that requires nicer manipulation than the peeling of a potato that has been just a little over-boiled. May I offer you some luncheon? No? Perhaps, if you do not care to eat, you would like some refreshment. I can recommend our butter-milk. The Avondale brand is known for miles round the country-side."

You lightly aver that you lunched early, and your host, skilfully holding the potato on the end of the fork, carefully peels it as he proceeds to tell you the story of his life. It is full of interest, illumined here and there, by brief characterisations of the eminent colleagues with whom he has been at work for many years.

"Yes," your host says, in reply to an observation you interpolate, "JOSEPH GILLIS is a very remarkable man. There is about him an air of repose which conceals high aspirations, and far-reaching projects. He is our Chancellor of the Exchequer, you know, and I do not recall any sight more interesting than is to be met with during the Parliamentary Session on any Saturday afternoon—JOSEPH, sitting in his office in his shirt-sleeves, with his spectacles on his nose, going through an account for travelling expenses, which one of the boys has sent in, and in which the keen eye of our Treasurer discovers a tendency to exaggerate disbursements."

You are proceeding to draw your host out with reference to other of his colleagues, when you are interrupted by a voice outside, singing,—

"And if ever a man,  
Stopped the course of a can,  
MARTIN HANEGAN's aunt would cry—  
'Arrah, fill up your glass,  
And let the jug pass;  
How d'ye know but your neighbour's dhry?'"

"Ah! that's MIKE," says your host, "My man-of-all-work. When I have a visitor, he always sings as he approaches, lest he should interrupt the hatching of high treason."

And MIKE entering with a large bundle of letters and telegrams, your host affectionately bids you farewell. You have scarcely quitted the cabin, when CHARLES STEWART PARNELL commences to peruse the correspondence, which bears many foreign post-marks, and contains a pleasing agglomeration of remittances.

### SOMETHING LIKE A MEETING!

PLACE—*Somewhere.* TIME—*Any hour.* THE CHARACTERS—*Purely imaginary.*

*His Majesty (heartily).* Why, my good friend, I am glad to see you. How are you?

*The Pasha.* Very well indeed, Sire. And your Majesty?

*H. M.* Capital! But you mustn't call me that—I am simply a Dom now. I suppose you know what I have been doing?

*The P. (with consideration).* Well, Sire, I have been away so long, that the echoes of the outer world have scarcely reached my ears. Still, I think I can guess. No doubt your Majesty (whose reign extends to Jubilee proportions) has had a glorious time. Possibly you have led armies to victories—defeated your enemies—extended the frontiers of your Empire to twice its original proportions?

*H. M. (slightly disconcerted).* Well, not exactly. (*Frankly.*) Fact is, I have spent a great part of my time in dear old Europe. Try again.

*The P. (after consideration).* Well, then, your Majesty, you have been the cherished of your grateful people's hearts. They have fallen on their knees, and blessed your name.

*H. M. (much amused).* Not a bit of it—they have kicked me out!

*The P. (surprised).* Dear me! That's awkward!

*H. M. (slightly annoyed).* That's all you know about it! Never was better pleased in my life. Infinitely prefer Lisbon to Rio, and shall probably settle in the new hotel they have just opened at Monte Carlo. (*With renewed heartiness.*) But tell me, my friend, what have you been doing?

*The P.* Surely your Majesty has heard?

*H. M. (apologetically).* No, I have not had much time for reading the newspapers recently; but I can guess. (*With enthusiasm.*) A second and improved edition of GORDON, (you have administered countless provinces of the mysterious Soudan with a rule, if not of iron, of kindly tempered steel. Your followers have been devoted to you, and looked upon you as a second father!

*The P.* Well, not exactly. The fact is, my followers did nothing but imprison me, and then put me up again when someone was coming. (*With a tinge of sadness.*) They are most admirable persons and I am devoted to them; but I don't think they treated me quite nicely!

*H. M. (indignantly).* I should say not! Well, you are back again, safe and sound?

*The P.* Yes, thanks to my kind friend, the Explorer. I took a year considering whether I should escape with him, or stay with my people, and then he seemed suddenly to think that we had better both be off. So here I am (*anxiously*); but would you advise me to go back again? Because if you would, I think—

*H. M. (laughing).* No, no! You stay where you are! But have you no news to tell me?

*The P. (eagerly).* I should think I have, your Majesty! Will you believe it? I have absolutely found a new sort of Cactus!

*H. M. (astounded).* No!!! And I am devoted to botany! Pray show it to me at once!

*The P.* With pleasure, your Majesty. (*In a tone of quiet triumph.*) So you find, Sire, my labours have not been quite in vain. But I see your Majesty is impatient. This way, Sire.

[*Exeunt hurriedly to look at the new sort of Cactus.*]

### WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-SEVENTH EVENING.

"Not long ago," said the Moon, "I saw a small country boy who was very miserable. He had just lost his sweetheart, and I can tell you all about it, for I was looking on the whole time. She is a pretty child, with clear eyes and fresh round cheeks, and he is deeply attached to her, and she to him. They used always to walk home from the village school together, and they were to have been married quite soon—but that is all over now."



"The other afternoon I watched the children coming shouting and running out of school as usual, and there was the little girl waiting by the gate in her scarlet cloak until her small lover should join her, as he generally did. Presently he appeared, but he seemed changed, somehow, and did not seem to know exactly what to do. Just as he was about to join her, another boy came up."

"She's my sweetheart now," said the newcomer, "not yours."

"No, I'm not—am I?" said the little girl, indignantly—but her lover made no answer.

"Yes, you are," insisted the other boy.

"He went and sold you to me this afternoon for six brandy-balls—and he can't say he didn't either!"

"Did you?" asked the little girl.

"Well, he wouldn't let me have them no other way," said the boy in a muffled tone.

"There!" cried the purchaser, triumphantly; "now you see you've got to come along with me!"

"Have I got to go along with him?" she inquired.

"I s'pose so," was the sulky reply.

"Now this little girl is a very obedient child, and always does what she is told; so, although she did not like her new sweetheart nearly so well as the old one, she trotted off with him very meekly, for she was sensible enough to see that a bargain was a bargain."

"The deserted lover stood in the lane looking after them, and I saw his eyes beginning to fill with water. 'She might ha' said she was sorry,—she might!' I heard him mutter, 'and them brandy-balls, they didn't seem to have no taste in 'em, neither!'"

"This is only one of the many heart-tragedies that I see almost every night," said the Moon, "and it is not children only, but quite grown-up lovers, who have to give up their love because they are unable to resist the good things of this world, when they find themselves put to the choice. And when a lover is in this most melancholy situation, he is so sorry for himself that there is no need for other people to pity him—and they very seldom do," said the Moon.



## UNFILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."  
*Le Diable Boiteux.*

## XIV. (PART FIRST.)

"LONDON is not *all* lurid, o'en  
 by night;  
 There glow some scenes of  
 gladness and delight,  
 'Midst all its desert dimness.  
 And sombre suffering. Must our  
 steps unseen [ful mien,  
 Haunt only companies of mourn-  
 And scenes of spectral grim-  
 ness?"

Wearying of woeful sights my  
 shadowy guide

I thus addressed. Slow smiling,  
 he replied,

"Good friend, you sought  
 revealing [secrets, those  
 Of night-roofed London's sterner  
 That darkness-lovers from its  
 honest foes

Find interest in concealing.

"They who love darkness rather than the  
 light,

'Because their deeds are evil,' woo the night  
 In this wide-stretching city.  
 It is no chaste Diana gleams upon  
 The lifting lids of young Endymion  
 In London,—more 's the pity!

"You weary of long-suffering loneliness  
 And of gregarious vice, gloomy no less,  
 For all its surface glitter?  
 Friend, this is not the Athenian wood, nor I  
 Its merry Puck. In mirth I cannot vie  
 With that nocturnal flitter.

"There are no mysteries in the truly gay,  
 And honest gladness, open as the day,  
 Needs little night-unveiling.  
 Nocturnal businesses are far from few,  
 Many may intermittent seem, but two  
 Are pauseless and unfeeling.

Pleasure's gay flock to Feed and to Amuse  
 Are Night's twin-tasks. Its revelling Comus-

Still swell in zeal and number.  
 Ever the two keen cravings are awake,  
 For food and fun; the slaves of pleasure break  
 Upon the realm of slumber.

"Look on these shifting scenes!" I looked  
 and saw

A chaos of mad mirth, whose sole fixed law  
 Seemed limitless indulgence.

Here footlights glowed, there dancing jewels  
 gleamed, [streamed,  
 Yonder o'er feeding hundreds gas-jets  
 A ruddy-flamed effulgence.

Venus Pandemos in her every guise,  
 Light-vestured, venal, flew before mine eyes,  
 Flaunting factitious roses.

Here vulgar-bold, there virginal of mien,  
 The one presiding priestess of the scene  
 In swift metempsychoses.

"There," said the Shade, "the Paphian  
 pirouettes

To please the gallery. How the goddess whets  
 The gods' esurient senses!

Pink-hosed, provocative; the arts employed  
 By this cheap siren of the stage are void  
 Of hypocrite pretences.

"Yonder the crafty Cyprian takes the shape  
 Of decent daintiness, which art can drape

To more seductive splendour [lies  
 Than Cnidos knew. How soft the lacework  
 On her chaste breast! How pure those azure  
 Those scarlet lips how tender! [eyes;

"Her portrait, side by side with poets, seers,  
 Royal princesses, local pulpiteers  
 And priests, you'll find adorning



The albums of suburban Philistines.  
 The night-star of Belgravia mildly shines  
 O'er Clapham in the morning.

"Bohemia now with old Boeotia dwells  
 In mutual amity. If gossip tells  
 Tales of Pandemos, verily  
 It is *sub rosa*. How demure she looks!  
 Welcomed in boudoirs, eulogised in books,  
 The Cyprian fares on merrily.

"No mirth in this, my friend? Must all  
 mirth run  
 Like shallow streamlets sparkling in the sun?  
 Fribbles love not the ironic.  
 Would we *could* make pure comedy of Life,  
 But whilst its farce with tragedy is life  
 Laughter will seem sardonic."

*La reine s'amuse!*—the Pandemonian Queen,  
 Whose spirit rules o'er every shifting scene  
 Of this gay panorama.

Dancing or dining, shrilling cynic song,  
 Or lounging, *très décolletée*, through the long  
 Wild wastes of scenic drama.

*La reine s'amuse*—a little; then is led—  
 For goddesses now hunger—to be fed.

Not on Olympian diet;  
 Ambrosial dishes and nectarean draughts  
 Might suit the deities of the bolts and shafts,  
 Lapped in Elysian quiet.

But these would, not subserve *our* Cyprian's  
 need;

Nay, nor support our modern Ganymede  
 (A millionaire, or nearly).  
 Behold his clients thronging half the town!  
 Their cravings to allay, their thirsts to drown  
 In cates and *crus* costs dearly.

Whilst vulgar Venus topos the modest malt,  
 The polished Pandemonian makes assault,  
 With lips of lustrous scarlet,  
 On "beaded bubbles, winking at the brim."  
 What if Amphitryon be a "maasher" alim,  
 Or squat shop-keeping varlet?

What if the banquet at saloon or club  
 Be spread, or laid at restaurant or "pub"?

Aristocratic ichor  
 And proletariat are alike in this,  
 They need to supplement "Amusement's"  
 bliss

With the delight of liquor.

"A contrast this" (the Shadow said), "and  
 foil

To the too sombre worlds of greed and toil,  
 And solitary sorrow!

Here light and laughter wait on Pleasure's  
 Queen. [scene,

Why look to-night behind the glittering  
 Or question the to-morrow?

"The Cyprians flourish, and the Caterers  
 thrive,  
 And eager myriads, in this monster hive  
 Of drones and drudges, cluster  
 Beneath, behind, beyond this dazzling show,  
 Follow me, friend, if you indeed must know  
 The morals of the muster."

(To be continued.)

## LONDON IMPRESSIONISTS.

"FIRST impressions" are 'everything!' would appear to be the motto of these clever but unconventional artists. It is a good motto, but sometimes "Second thoughts are best" is a more useful one. Why not organise another band of painters, and call them the "Second-thoughtists?" If some of the gentlemen who exhibit at the Goupil Gallery would join such a society, they would doubtless achieve distinguished work. "*The Marble Arch*" and "*The City Atlas*," by SIDNEY STARR—who by the way is a bright star in the Impressionist firmament—are full of truth, and have an absolute London tone about them, but they want carrying further—we do not mean out of the Gallery—that is, they require more finish and development, if they are to hang within the range of ordinary eyesight. The same may be said of "*A Spring Evening in the Row*," by GEORGE THOMSON. It is excellent in intention—the artist's intentions are strictly honourable, but they are not sufficiently defined. "*Pretty Rosie Pettigrew*," by P. WILSON STEER—a pleasant steer-eotype of beauty—might be called "*Pretty Rosie Largergrew*," for she appears to be over life-size, but there is admirable colour and masterly brushwork about this picture. "*The Three Public Houses; Morning Sunlight*," by P. F. MAITLAND, is sunny—but was the subject worth painting? The same may be asked with regard to the various Music-hall studies—full of cleverness as many of them are, by WALTER SICKERT. Charming in colour and tone is "*The Cinder Path*," by BEENHARD SICKERT—but we are angry with him for not elaborating his subject. Indeed, most of the pictures of this school give one the idea, that the artist has with enthusiasm dashed off a sketch, then become tired of the subject, and did not think it worth while to trouble himself any farther.

If these works were hung in a gallery, with a rail to prevent the spectator approaching within twenty feet of the canvas, they would be vastly effective. If they are to take the place of ordinary pictures, it is absolutely necessary they should conform, in a degree, to the recognised rules of Art. There is so much talent, so much daring unconventionality, and so much thinking for themselves, about this school, that, when they have sown the wild oats of the palette, and abandoned the Bohemianism of the brush, we shall doubtless find they will give us work that is not only original, but great.

"THE LORD MAYOR WILL OBLIGE AGAIN, GENTLEMEN!"—We have heard of a Dancing Chancellor, but a lyrical Lord Mayor is undoubtedly a novelty. We are glad to hear that his Lordship's brave example is likely to be followed. It is whispered the Town Clerk is an excellent tenor, that the Singing Sheriffs are admirable, that several rare *altis* have been discovered among the Aldermen, that the Common Serjeant is good at a comic song, and that a large number of corolling Common-councilmen have tendered their services. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN is, it is said, hard at work upon a "*Corporation Cantata*," which will soothe the savage breasts of Civic malcontents, and help to promote harmony during the Musical Mayoralty.



## THE MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY.

A NEW SONG TO A VERY OLD TUNE. AIR—"Billy and the Butterfly."



MR. JACKO, the Ape, was a troublesome chap—  
*Hepity, lepity, lee!*  
 And would always be playing up pranks with a map—  
*With a high dumble, dumble, derree!*  
 "Odds bobs!" cried the Ape, as he jumped on a chair—  
*Hepity, lepity, lee!*  
 "The African Map is again hanging there!"  
*With a high dumble, dumble, derree!*  
 So away scrambled he, till at length he did perch,  
*Hepity, lepity, lee!*  
 Near the map, and for something to spoil it did search—  
*With a high dumble, dumble, derree!*

He discovered a bottle of very black ink—  
*Hepity, lepity, lee!*  
 Says JACKO, "Odds bobs! this will do it, I think!"  
*With a high dumble, dumble, derree!*  
 And he snatched up a pen, did this mischievous chap—  
*Hepity, lepity, lee!*  
 To scrawl "Annexation" all over the map—  
*With a high dumble, dumble, derree!*  
 But in writing the Ape met with little success—  
*Hepity, lepity, lee!*  
 But he sputtered the ink, and he made a great mess—  
*With a high dumble, dumble derree!*



And when Mr. BULL came along with a stick—  
*Hepity, lepty lee!* [quick—  
 Poor JACKO the Ape had to move double—  
*With a high dumble, dumble derree!*  
 Odds bobs! cried the Ape, Mr. BULL is a bore—  
*Hepity, lepty lee!* [sore—  
 And he took to his heels, feeling dreadfully  
*With a high dumble, dumble derree!*

## MORAL.

An Ape should not sprawl or spill ink on a  
 map,  
 Though that Ape be a smart Portuguese.  
 Take a hint from friend *Punch*—JACKO,  
 there's a good chap—  
 Or look out for the stick of J. B.

## SOMEBODY'S DIARY.

*Monday.*—Rather pleasant day. Inspected  
 seventeen Regiments of Nigger Infantry. Not  
 quite up to the Tenth, but did fairly well.  
 Coming home, the horses frightened by the  
 massed bands. Escaped with a shaking.

*Tuesday.*—Very agreeable morning! At-  
 tended Durbar of Native Princes. Didn't  
 understand speeches, but clearly complimen-  
 tary. Returning to tiffin, slipped down a  
 precipice. Fell on my feet.

*Wednesday.*—Quite nice! Joined a game  
 of Polo. Lot of swarthy chieftains deeply  
 interested in our proceedings. Illuminations.  
 Horse shied at fireworks. Dismounted un-  
 expectedly. Flustered, but up again.

*Thursday.*—A real good time. Went out  
 tiger-shooting. Found myself under man-  
 eater. Equerry shot him. So nothing more  
 serious than a tumble.

*Friday.*—Jolly fun! Opened new bridge  
 across river (forget name, but something  
 ending, I think, in "pore"), and called it  
 Albert Victor. Just before dinner, slipped  
 into the water. Fished up all right.

*Saturday.*—Went to see some elephants  
 tied up. One fierce old Jumbo charged me,  
 and I had to jump about as if I were dancing  
 the polka! Hot work, but all right in the  
 end. Looking forward to next week's  
 "novelties" with pleased curiosity. One  
 consolation—lots of good subjects for the  
 illustrated papers!

## A FIRST LORD'S SONG.

"Lord GEORGE HAMILTON certainly knows how  
 to blow his own trumpet."—*Pith of Admiral  
 Hornby's Letter to the Times.*

YEH! my boys. Avast! Yeho!

I think when all is said and done  
 That I my trumpet p'raps can blow  
 As forcibly as anyone.

For what is the good of a Naval Lord

Who can't play a trump for himself and  
 the Board?

So when I want to boast of our speed,

Of what's elsewhere done I take no heed,

But quietly quote, without a smile,

Our sixteen knots on the measured mile.

I vaunt our ironclads ready to fight,

And so they are, if they meet a foe,

Of British pluck one can't make light!

No matter, my boys; far away they go!

But show me the subject a First Lord shuns!

Why, would you believe it, my boys, avast!

I'm ready to point with pride to our guns,

And vow they're the best that ever were  
 cast!

And if now and then they happen to burst?

When they do, well, I look out for a squall.

I shan't be the last, I am not the first

To hear that old story told at Whitehall!

So here while I'm in my present place,

I pretty well know what the public needs:

I meet every charge with confident face,

And loyally back up the Navy's deeds!



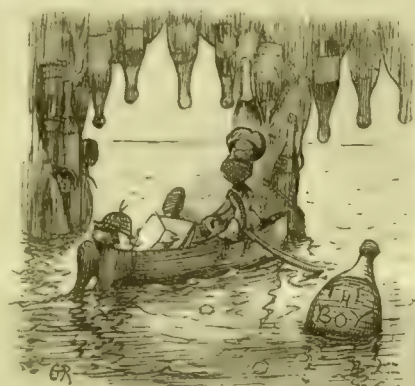
## A 'FINANCIAL CRISIS.'

*Visitor (to her friend, a Transatlantic Cousin, who was trying on new Costume). 'A  
 PERFECT FIT, DEAR!'* *Cousin. 'Ah!—NOTHING TO THE 'FIT' MY HUSBAND WILL  
 HAVE WHEN THE BILL COMES IN, 'DEAR—YOU BET!'*

IN TWO PIECES.—Seldom has the Stage boasted two pieces of such equal merit as *The  
 Gold Craze*, at the Princess's Theatre, and *Madcap Midge*, at the Opéra Comique. They have  
 the same motive—an innocent man accepting the onus of the crime of a guilty one. The  
 heroine at the Oxford Street house is that charming actress, Miss AMY ROSELLE; and in  
 the Strand appears another charming actress, Miss LOUISE LITTA. Mr. J. H. BARNES, in  
 the North, is balanced by Mr. ARTHUR WATTS (as "The Living Skeleton") in the South.  
 Both pieces, too, on their first night, were received with the same public recognition, and  
 they are both likely to secure an equal amount of success. Again, there is a quaint sun  
 in the *Craze*, and a mirth-compelling moon in the *Midge*. The heroine of the first obligingly  
 sings a song, and the heroine of the second as obligingly dances a dance, and plays upon  
 the banjo. What further attraction can be needed? Well, on these occasions, wouldn't  
 it be pleasant if we could have our cigars and coffee, or other beverage, Music-hall fashion?  
 If Mr. PINERO will permit.

LETTS' Diaries of all sorts and sizes. Book-Letts for general use. Domestic Diaries,  
 useful for cooks and housekeepers, may be remembered as the 'Ouse-and-the-'Ome-Letts.





Our Special Artist, Rip Van Drinkle, inspired by the example of another Special on the *I. L. N.*, visits Les Caves de Pommery.



Rip Van Drinkle, O.S.A., is received by the Emperor Rheo Boam, Empress Jerri Boam, Crown Princess Quart, and H.R.H. the Imperial Pint Prince.



View of Rip Van Drinkle's Quarters (Camping out) "the morning after."

## JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

### SECOND ENTRY.

GOVERNOR still curiously anxious that I should "do something practical, at least as a stop-gap." Feel inclined to be disrespectful, and to say—but don't—that I should quite enjoy getting some kind of work "as a stop-gabble."

"Your old Cambridge friend BLOGGINS," he proceeds, "has adopted the scholastic profession—become a schoolmaster at Wantchester, he told me. *Why should not you do the same?*"

Just to pacify the Governor, who is so impervious to reason, I go and call on FLEECHEM and JINKS, the great Scholastic Agency firm, and ask if they have any good berth now vacant at a Public School.

FLEECHEM (or is it JINKS?), who has an oily manner, but a roving eye (an eye that seems to dwell on anybody he is talking to as if he, the stranger, were quite an unimportant feature in the general landscape) begins to read out from a ponderous tome some of his "places."

"Ah!" he says—"I've got something here that I think will suit you. It's a first-class place—a sort of prize of the profession—and I shouldn't mention it to everybody."

I express suitable gratitude, and he goes on—"Wanted—by the commencement of the Summer Term, in a capital school on the salubrious Lincolnshire Coast, a Master of high character and good attainments. The Master will be required to live with the Principal, to take the boys to Church on Sundays, and to play the usual games on week-days." FLEECHEM looks up, fixes his eye for a moment on the leg of an adjoining chair, and asks "what I think of it?" I don't think much of it.

"Lincolnshire?"—I ask. "I don't know of any celebrated school on that coast. Are you sure it's a Public School?"

"Oh, yes," replies FLEECHEM, cheerfully, "quite public. Any boy can go to it. Never knew the Principal refuse any boy yet"—and he grins.

"And such a wife!" he adds. "Between ourselves, Principal manages school, wife manages Principal. I would back that woman"—says FLEECHEM in a burst of confidence—"to sail as near to the wind in victualling her kids as anybody in England. I mean," he goes on hastily, feeling apparently that he has been a trifle over-candid—"she is economical. That's all."

Ask, chiefly as matter of form, because I feel sure that this sort of thing won't do for me—

"What is the—em—salary?"

FLEECHEM rubs his hands together greasily, and replies, "Forty pounds per annum, and all found."

"Thanks!" I say, rising.

"Not taken by the place?" asks FLEECHEM, in genuine surprise.

"Not a bit. Taken in by it, rather," I answer.

FLEECHEM seems huffed, and asks politely but firmly for the usual fee for registering my requirements—which I find is five shillings. Query—Didn't the poet (uncertain which) refer to FLEECHEM when he remarked that "Something accomplished, somebody done," had earned his night's repose?

## LUXURY FOR PAUPERS.

"At the Chester Board of Guardians yesterday, a discussion took place as to whether, in view of the Christmas dinner, it would be advisable to allow the inmates to have knives to cut their meat. It was explained, that at present the paupers had to tear the meat to pieces with their fingers and teeth... The Rev. O. RAWSON proposed, that they should buy knives and forks... Mr. CHARMLEY, farmer, opposed the proposal... The motion to hire knives and forks on Christmas Day only was put, and carried by thirteen votes to TEN."—*Standard*, December, 5.

Of the Chester Board of Guardians we are the Upper Ten,

The fair noblesse of Chester, and the cult of VERE DE VERE;

And we're conscious of our lavishness—we're deeply conscious—when

The paupers get their dinner at the closing of the year.

With open hospitality we give those beggars meat—

Real meat and genuine gravy—but our noble souls are vexed

When a democratic party votes them forks with which to eat, [next!

As if the brutes were duchesses. They'll give them tooth-picks

Why can't they live like dogs? It's that which keeps the numbers down,

Makes starving women drown themselves before they'll ask our

And serve them right for sinful pride—yes, let the beggars drown,

Or let them take their food like dogs, and tear, and scratch, and yelp.

In the blessed Christmas season we give them actual meat,

What they can want with knives and forks is more than we can see.

We are the Upper Ten, and they're the dirt beneath our feet,

And the dirtier we make them the prouder we shall be.

"LA TOSCA."—The Ecclesiastical Scene in the First Act ought to delight all artistic members of the Church and Stage Guild, if this confraternity still exists. It is the perfection of scenic art. Of the play and its performance I must postpone sending in my little account (such a seasonable phrase!) until I have quite recovered from the effect of supping full of dramatic horrors, and having such a lot of BEERE the last thing at night. *The Man's Shadow* is at the Haymarket, but the Man shudders at the Garrick. A weird success, and the *mise-en-scène* simply perfection. More, anon.

YOUR CRITIC ON THE EARTH.

RAPHAEL TUCK gives us a feast of Christmas Cards, a regular good Tuck-in. The newest thing in SOCKL AND NATHAN's store are the autograph cards. The autographists have not been very happy in their quotations.

GRIFFITH, FARRAN, OKEDEN, AND WELSH, form a quartet of publishers who have produced "*Sing me* (it should have been 'us') *a Song!*" Music by SCOTT GATTY. Too good for ordinary nursery use.



"Mr. GLADSTONE was evidently deeply touched by this spontaneous outburst of almost personal affection. He stood with hands folded, head bent down, and legs quivering."—Extract from Picturesque Report in "*Daily News*" of Mr. Gladstone at Manchester, December 3.

(The italics are ours, and the attempt to illustrate the situation, our Artist's.—ED.)



## MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

## PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

MR. PUNCH need hardly remind his readers of his zealous and unremitting efforts in these pages to raise the tone of Music-hall entertainments, and render them the powerful instruments for good which they are so eminently capable of becoming. It is with some humiliation that he confesses that those efforts have up to the present produced no particular results; the ballads and ditties compiled by him for Music-hall artists of every grade of talent have not hitherto been thought worthy of their consideration; no composer has set them to undying harmonies,—and, as a necessary consequence, no vocalist has tried their effect upon a public which in truth is anything but exacting.

Why this has not been done is not for *Mr. Punch* to say, though he may be permitted to hazard some solutions. The “lion comiques” and the “lady series” doubtless felt that the songs were too long to be committed to memory without a mental strain to which they were not justified in subjecting themselves; they may have felt, too, with much reason, that these so-called “model” ditties were not essentially superior either in literary merit or attractiveness to those by the aid of which they have conquered the popular ear. Or they may even have suspected—how unjustly those who know *Mr. Punch* will decide for themselves—that beneath these innocent ballads lurked some treacherous design to invest the Muse of the Music-Halls with irreverent ridicule. Lastly—though this is almost too wild a supposition to be seriously entertained—it is just possible that they may not have read *Mr. Punch's* poems.

Whatever the true-cause of this apathy may be, *Mr. Punch* does not intend to abandon his efforts just yet, and he purposes still from time to time—though possibly at somewhat longer intervals—to offer his little ballads in the hope of eventually finding a sympathetic and appreciative interpreter. But a larger, a more ambitious scheme has lately been engaging *Mr. Punch's* energies—a scheme of which the possibilities are too immense to be gauged at present. The origin of the idea was simple, as are the origins of all great ideas. It so happened that one evening recently, *Mr. Punch* witnessed at a certain Music-Hall that celebrated realistic Sensation Sketch, *The Little Stowaway*. Praise of this grand regenerative production is superfluous; has it not received the sanction and warm approval of the London County Council—to say nothing of less qualified judges of Art, Literature, and Morals? Let it suffice to say that, when *Mr. Punch* saw the little Stowaway settling the stern Captain of the New Zealand liner comfortably in a deck-chair, fortifying him with sherry and cigarettes, and then singing for his edification a marvellous description of the various characters to be encountered in a London “doss-house”—he felt the deep impression made upon the most careless in that audience by the simple truth, the vivid realism of this single incident; he realised, as he had never realised before, that it is dramas such as these for which the democracy have so long been pining. Music-hall audiences are not really frivolous—they are fully as earnest, as fond of seeing virtue rewarded, and vice punished, as their brethren in the Pit and Gallery of the Adelphi—only they like to see it all done well under the half hour, and they prefer their drama veiled in the idealising mists of tobacco-smoke. The tyranny of the law has baffled this yearning of theirs in all but a very few Music-Halls; but these arbitrary distinctions will soon be swept away, and then upon the variety stage will dawn the sun of a new and yet more glorious Elizabethan era!

Who will be the Marlowe of the Music-Halls, the Beaumont and Fletcher of the “Vital Spark,” the Shakspeare of the Sensation Sketch?

It has been borne in upon *Mr. Punch* that he is the person destined to accomplish this lofty mission. He is moral, instructive, and entertaining; he believes heart and soul in the Music-Hall as an instrument of social reform; he is conscious of a fund of latent dramatic talent which has hitherto been denied an outlet. And, with such endowments, he has not thought himself entitled to shrink from the task, however arduous he may find it, of providing the audiences of the Music-Halls of the near future with dramatic fare suitable to their intellectual and moral requirements.

He has accordingly great pleasure in announcing that he is already engaged in preparing a series of Moral Musical Interludes and Improving Sensation Sketches, which will shortly make their appearance in the pages of *Punch*, and which, it is fondly hoped, will find an abiding home upon the Music-hall boards.

In his first attempt he has been content to follow the lines of the brilliant original to which he has already referred, but, as constant reproductions even of the noblest model end by becoming monotonous, he will in future essay a less ambitious flight, though he ventures to assure his readers that morality and instruction will ever be found the guiding principle of all his pieces. The chief difficulties of course, are—first, that the dramatist is limited to time, and cannot, therefore, observe the unities as strictly as he would wish; next, that the male or female comedian for whom, of course, each sketch must be principally designed will insist upon having the

lion's share of the business, and also upon introducing a song and dance somewhere in the dialogue. This is natural enough, but it does hamper the action. However, these obstacles have all been satisfactorily met and overcome, in *Mr. Punch's* first Moral Sketch, the title of which will be:

## THE LITTLE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

A GRAND SENSATIONAL MUSICAL REALISTIC SKETCH IN TWO SCENES. Ask for it, and see that you get it.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Now that everyone is thinking of the adventures of STANLEY, MR. HOLT HALLETT's “*A Thousand Miles on an Elephant*,” is particularly *à propos*. This feat beats the record, and both the author and his bearer are to be congratulated on having performed a journey that has yet to be rivalled. MR. HALLETT in a pleasant manner treats of a subject of the greatest national importance. Another work without which no gentleman's library can be considered complete (to quote a hack phrase, which, however, on this occasion, is entirely appropriate), is MR. JOSEPH FOSTER's *Alumni Ozoniensis*, 1715—1886. In four handsome volumes the author gives the Matriculation Register of the University, alphabetically arranged, revised, and annotated. It is worthy to rank with the other books of reference from the same pen, and this is praise indeed.

Boys and girls home for the Christmas vacation will have plenty to read. MR. FRASER RAE has produced *Maygrove*, which as it is described as a family history, should be welcome in the home circle. MR. FREDERICK J. CROWESE gives his *Advice to Singers*, that can but add to the harmony of the evening's entertainments. Miss ALICE WEBER tells “a Nineteenth Century story” in a book, which as it is entitled *For Auld Lang Syne*, is rather suggestive of the past than the present. That shade may be mixed with sunshine, the talented author of *Molly Bawn*, sadly recounts *A Life's Remorse* in the regulation three volumes of the circulating library. Mrs. BURNETT SMITH (*née* ANNIE SWAN), tells a Scotch story, which she appropriately “lays at the feet” (see Dedication), of the “Duchess-Dowager of ATHOLE.” It is to be hoped that her Grace will pick it up, and use her hands to turn over the pages, which, as the authoress observes, she (the D.-D. of A.) “knows was writ amongst the silent hills.” Perhaps we may have a companion novel some day, from the same pen, composed amongst the noisy valleys, consequently more valuable. Mrs. A. C. DICKER has compiled “*A Romance of the Isle of Wight*,” under the title of “*A Cavalier's Ladye*,” with a final “e” which carries us back to the quaint spelling of those ignorant folks the Roundheads. The heroine, *Mistress Judith Dyllington*, (with the “y”) has many pleasant little chats with CHARLES THE FIRST, which will be full of interest to the general reader. MR. HENRY FRITH (a good literary and artistic name) tells two tales of adventure called *The Opal Mountain* and *The Captain of Cadets*, which should delight, not only Master TOM, but also Messrs. JACK and HARRY. That friend of early manhood, MR. G. MANVILLE FENN, under the modest title of *Three Boys*, immortalises those talented individuals “the Chiefs of the Clan Maokai.” The illustrations to this stirring history are full of spirit, and one, representing the effect of “stepping upon a loose stone,” must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. Another book, that will be loved by the same class of readers, is *The Fortune of Quittentune* (a name that is perhaps not familiar to everyone), as its author has already bestowed upon an admiring world two popular works, called respectively, *Shadowed by Guilt*, and *The Dead Alive*.

Yet another record of adventure is *The Diamond Hunters of South Africa*, which conjures up a vision of a chase of the most brilliant description. ERIC; or, *Little by Little*, is “a tale of Roslyn School” that suggests that “the pleasantest time of our lives” is not always entirely *couleur de rose*. MR. WALFORD, by calling his novel, *A Sage of Sixteen*, does not disappoint expectation. His story concerns “a little duck,” and some rather vulgar seasoning. In *Her Own Way* the talented authoress of *Unclaimed* proves that she can write a worthy companion sketch to that exquisite idyl of hers, *The Red Herring*. Although there is so much of Ryle in Mrs. BURTON's *Annabel*, there is nothing to make one seriously angry. That the heroine, a child, does not die in the final chapter, need not cause lasting regret, if it be clearly understood that she is not to survive in the pages of another volume. Finally, there are the Christmas extra numbers of the *Illustrated*, the *Graphic*, *Truth*, *the World*, the *Queen*, the *Sporting and Dramatic*, the *Ladies' Pictorial*, *cum multis aliis*, which must bring delight to mankind in general, and the British Public in particular. To *Mr. Punch's* own popular *Almanack* it is, of course, not necessary to allude, as everyone possesses it.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & CO.





## HINT FOR THE SKATING SEASON.

THE ADVANTAGE OF HAVING A DUTCH NURSERY-MAID.

## RESCUED!

"I am in perfect health, and feel like a labourer of a Saturday evening, returning home, with his week's work done, his week's wages in his pocket, and glad that to-morrow is the Sabbath."—*Mr. H. M. Stanley's Letter to the Editor of "The New York Herald."*

WELL through, and welcome, old friend! Such a labourer seldom returns

To tell us the tale of his toil, and to look for his wage and his rest. But little we know of it yet, but the heart of the chilliest burns, And the pulse of sympathy beats in the timidiest stay-at-home breast.

The voyage of *Maeldune*, in the Laureate's mellowest song, Is as nought to the terror and toil of the voyage that *you* have achieved.

O traveller stout and sagacious, O leader, lusty and strong, Who twice the Dark Continent's dangers have braved and its captive relieved.

When you "gathered your fellows together," like *Maeldune*, three years ago, Did you dream of the ills and the horrors that waited for you on the way?

The woes of that Congo forest, the fever that laid you low, And all those terrible throes in the wastes around Wadelai? Did you dream—but what if you did? There is nothing in dreaming to daunt

A spirit that's set upon duty, a heart that is bold to dare. Not the flight of the poison-tipped arrow, the fever's feculent haunt, Or the slow insidious taint of that dreadful Yambuyan lair.

But we who await you at home, *we* dream, with a shuddering dread, Of the clustering cannibal dwarfs, of the sufferers bloated and scarred,

Of the men who as skeletons strode, of their comrades who sank down dead,

In hundreds out of the hosts who so bravely wandered and warred; Of the gallant murdered BARTELOT, of JEPHSON menaced with death,

Of the last surviving officer of the brave Banalya band,

And the terrible story he told that could make even *you* catch your breath;

Of BONNY snatched from death, and of EMIN saved—by your hand. We dream of the waded swamps, of the sun that scorched like a flame, Of the maddening throes of fever, the palsy pangs of thirst; And through all the perils you fought, and through all the horrors you came,

And now like the sun from shadows, again on our view you have burst

With your burden patiently borne, though it fretted a spirit like yours,

With the end of your efforts achieved, and good store of knowledge beside;

The reward of the pluck that dares, of the patience that calmly endures;

And we welcome you back with joy, and will hail you at home with pride!

Rescued! You well may be glad of the peaceful Sabbath of rest That lies before you at last, that no labourer ever yet earned More manfully, patiently, well. Brave EMIN, the goal of your quest,

Will lend his tribute, be sure, to the courage that never turned Before the trials of danger, or those of a long delay.

More wearying yet, perchance, to a resolute soul like you. But here you front us, at last, fit, gallant, and even gay,

With your head that's erect, though white, and your story so strange, but true!

You have quenched your thirst with blackberries under the burning line;

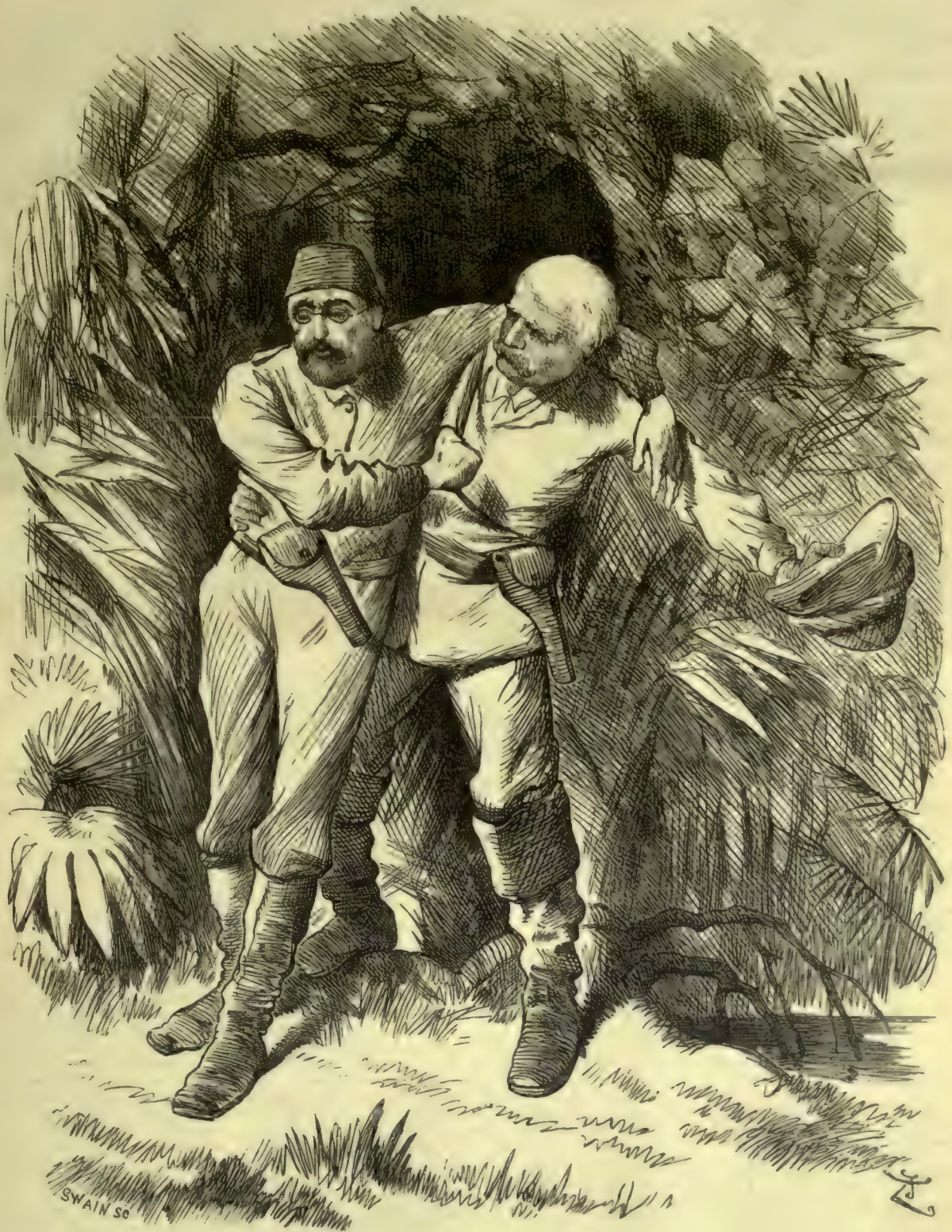
The Mountains of the Moon of the poets you've seen and know; You bring the last flower of knowledge from the region strange, yet fine,

Where Ruwenzori, the Cloud King, sits robed in eternal snow. Hail and bravo, brave STANLEY! Your *Punch*, who knows you of

Welcomes you now and thus, back from that terrible land; [old, And when your foot next touches our shores *he* will not be slow

To follow these welcoming words with the clasp of a welcoming hand!





RESCUED !







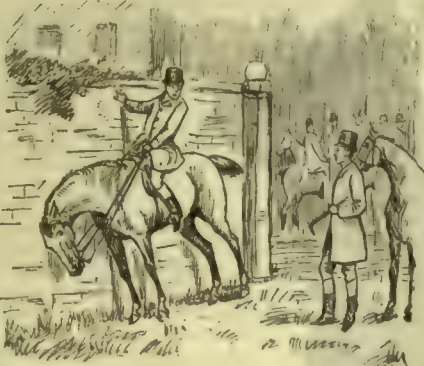
## I GIVE LITTLE TITTUP A MOUNT.



"Don't mind her; it's only her play,—she's really perfectly quiet."



"Yes, she always did hate wheelbarrows."



"Ah! I expect she's got a fly on her."



"Don't pull at her,—let her make her own pace."



"She's a wonderful performer,—nothing standing can stop her."



"No,—she never did like water."

## THE PLAYGROUND IN THE AVENUE.—(BY OUR LITTLE BIT OF A CRITIC.)

HOME for the Holidays? Yes! But no Pantomimes yet. So Uncle BULGER said he would take us to the "Playground in the Avenue," which turned out to be a theatre, after all. It was full of children. And there were children on the stage performing a merry piece called *The Belles of the Village*. And, strange to say, they seemed to enjoy doing it, as much as we enjoyed looking at them. How we laughed, and how they looked as if they would like to join in the laughter too. Only the Conductor tapped on his desk, and shook his white wand at them sometimes, to keep them in order. How we revelled in Mr. FITZGERALD'S music to Mr. FOSTER'S happy rhymes, and how we nodded our heads and tapped our feet to the rollicking old English melodies which Grandmamma is so fond of playing sometimes. Didn't FRANK METROP look just like Old Nurse's grandfather, as *Gideon*? Didn't we admire LIZZIE PRIMER as *Phoebe Bumpus*, and BESSIE GRAVES as *Ruth Ashton*? How we delighted in FRED ALLWOOD as *William Green*, and vociferously encored his horn-pipe! Were we not charmed with LIZZIE DUNGATE, ANNIE FIEBER, and BESSIE COLMAN, who pretended to be *Squire Fairfield*, *Captain Plume*, and *Sergeant Pike*? And did we not laugh loudly at ALFRED BOVILL, who looked a real crusty old man as *Beadle Bumpus*? Something like Papa when he cannot find his gloves before he is going out in the morning. Besides all this were the Two ROSES. ROSE BEGARNIE—"a ROSE by any other name," said Uncle B., "could not dance as well, unless it were ROSE KILNER, and she was certainly marvellous in her grace, finish, and dexterity." Besides this, there were watchmen, gipsies, villagers, haymakers, fairies, bright dresses, pretty ballets, and merry choruses. We were sorry when it was over, and felt inclined to ask M. MARIUS "for more," only Uncle BULGER promised to take us somewhere to dine, and however good the Play may be, it never does to be late for dinner.

## TOMMY ON MUSEUMS.

As a Mausoleum  
To a palace of chasten'd fun,  
Is the British Museum  
To charming South Kensington.  
You go to the former  
With people you rather bar,  
Who wax no warmer,  
However agreeable you are;  
Whose venom'd wonder,  
If you lightly open your lips,  
Like fossil thunder,  
Shivers your fine-spun quips.  
And even more so  
If you honestly venture to say  
That a batter'd torso  
Would look much better away.

When you have gulp'd your  
Comfortless coffee or soup,  
You scan the sculpture,  
Single, or posed in a group;  
And dust of mummy  
Has got such a hold on your brain,  
That you think your tummy  
Will never be cheerful again,  
And you wonder however  
The lauded sculptors of old,  
Undoubtedly clever,  
Such soulless studies could mould.  
But, thank goodness,  
The insects no longer recline  
In their camphor'd woodness  
And creepy spirits of wine.  
For fusty antiquities  
Are joyous as April's gales  
To the crawling Iniquities,  
Horrid with nippers and scales.

But at Kensington straightway  
A delicate charm is spread,  
From the entrance gateway  
Till you dream of it all in bed.  
The people you go with  
Are so conducive and fair,  
That you'd like to show with  
Them always, and everywhere.  
With their happy chatter,  
Their fancies pretty and keen,  
And laughs that flatter  
The happy silence between;  
Their sun-bright faces,  
And girlhood's dignity sweet,  
Like Grecian Graces  
Out for a godlike treat.  
The dainty grill-room  
With culture and comfort shines,  
And you find you've still room  
For further viands and wines.  
And your waist grows tighter  
In a bountiful moonled way,  
And eyes are brighter,  
And brighter the things we say.

O musty mummies,  
O classical dignity cold,  
O soulless dummies  
Of Orient empires old!  
Here gem and statue,  
Panel and carved shrine,  
Are looking at you  
With sympathy all divine.  
No cardboard, nor camphor,  
No moth-fretted ghosts of beasts,  
And the long-dry amphor  
Is gay with remember'd feasts.  
And I give my graces  
Their pick of jewel and gem,  
Of priceless laces  
And picture and diadem;  
And their sunny faces  
Are dearer than all of them.

WE can recommend KATE GREENAWAY'S  
*Book of Games*—not yet played out.





MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 11.



## A FORECAST—SAY, FOR THIS TIME NEXT YEAR.

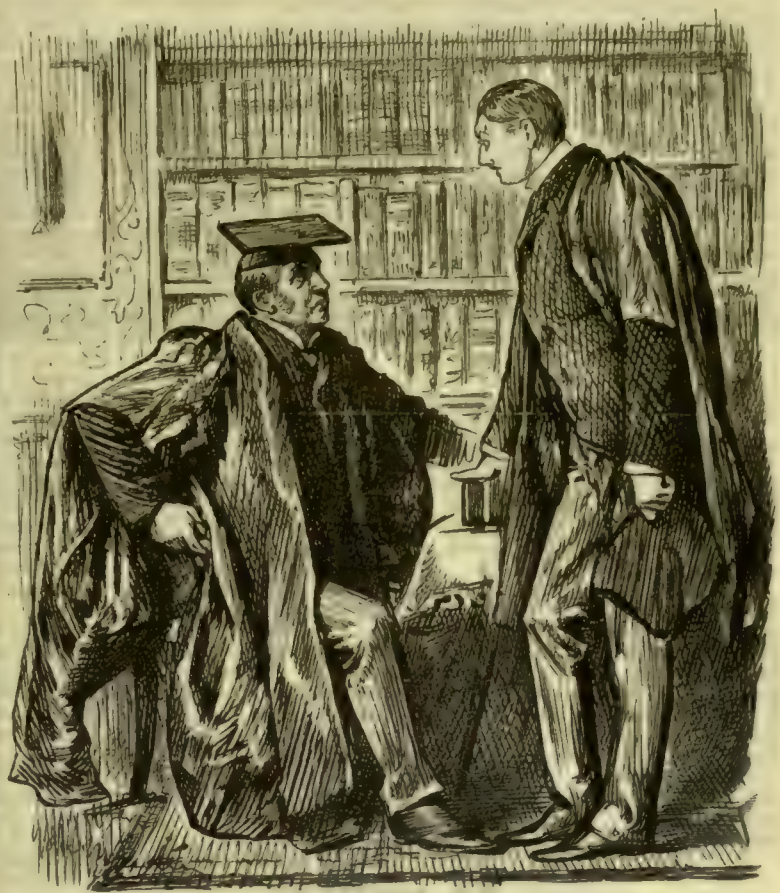
THE agitation of the Curates for an annual stipend of not less than £300, has culminated in their determination, arrived at yesterday afternoon, to abstain from visiting their respective Churches and doing duty on Sunday next. It is said that 7000 Vicars and Rectors who are in sympathy with the movement have intimated their intention of manifesting it by also joining the lock-out. There are other matters under dispute beyond the mere question of pay. "One Service a week, one Sermon a month!" has now become a party cry. It is calculated that 15,000 churches of the Establishment will therefore not open their doors to their congregations next Sunday.

The Legal Profession, following in the footsteps of the Church, has struck for higher fees; and the Judges, forced by the pressure put on them by leading Queen's Counsel, have joined the "Amalgamated Lawyers' Union." A Solicitor, who was caught yesterday seeing a client who had managed to evade the notice of the local pickets, was denounced as a black-leg, and hooted by a mob of yelling Attorneys, who followed him with threatening gestures till he eventually made his escape into Chancery Lane.

The Medical Profession has not been slow to be influenced by the general strife of the Church and Bar; and yesterday, at a mass-meeting, held outside Guy's Hospital, it was unanimously decided that the three-guinea fee should be the minimum, and that all medical men should join in a general lock-out forthwith, declining to see any patient at a lower rate. It was further agreed that these terms be presented in the form of an ultimatum to the Committee of Invalids, who have hitherto conducted negotiations on the part of the general public, and represented them in the matter.

There was some talk last night of the probability of a strike in both the Houses of Lords and Commons. This will probably startle Society into an endeavour to find some means of adjusting the disputes between Capital and Labour other than that supplied by an immediate recourse to obstructive combination.

BLACKIE AND SON give us, among other publications, *The Hermit Hunter of the Wilds*. Beautiful title! Fancy a "Hermit Hunter," and fancy "the Wilds,"—OSCAR included. It is by GORDON STABLES, which sounds horsey. It is full of novel adventures, and STABLES has not been fore-stalled.



## THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MAY I HAVE AN EXEAT FROM MONDAY TILL WEDNESDAY—TO ATTEND THE FUNERAL OF MY GREAT AUNT!"

"OH—A—OF COURSE YOU MUST GO; BUT, I CONFESS, I WISH IT HAD BEEN A NEARER RELATIVE!"

## STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXVIII. MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AT HIGHBURY, MOOR GREEN, BIRMINGHAM.

THE limpid waters of the River Trent, finest trout-stream in the Midlands, rush impetuously through peaty meadows to fertilise the land where, twenty years ago, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN set up his ancestral home. Except, perhaps, on Sunday afternoons, when the turgid tide of Birmingham pours its thousands along the broad highway, or when crowds assemble to witness Marquises and Dukes repairing in gilt carriages to dwell for awhile with your host, there are few more tranquil spots in England than the broad expanse of low-lying pasture-land which girdles Highbury, bounded in the distant North by the Derbyshire Hills, and on the South by the thickets of the great Metropolis of the Midlands.

In the busy world, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is known as a great Parliament man, a trusted guide in political campaign, a Statesman towering among his peers. At home, in the quiet glades of Highbury, he puts aside the garb and the habits of thought of the man of the world, and lives the sweet and simple life of the English country gentleman. As he saunters down the walk, eager to meet you, you notice his stalwart form clad in a close-fitting velvet coat with a low-crowned serviceable hat, the tanned gaiters well-rubbed on the saddle-side, bearing evidence of many a well-ridden field. In his hands he carries a riding-crook, with which he lightly beats off the yearning leaves of the lingering maple, which, blushing red at the memories of wanton Autumn, still linger in the lap of Winter.

Highbury has been in the CHAMBERLAIN family for more than three centuries. The mansion bears in its many-sidedness evidence of the strong individuality of successive sires. As your host with a shrill "view Halloo!" lightly jumps across the grassy moat, he points to a beeting barboian, on which to this day in the strong sunlight may be discerned the motto of RICHARD DE CHAMBERLAYNE, who lived in the spacious times of Queen ELIZABETH, and oddly enough

formed a close connection with the CECIL family, renewed in these later times by a still more illustrious scion of the Warwickshire race. The noble avenue of elms that faces the back portico was planted in a single day by JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, who came over with WILLIAM and MARY, and who took such a bold stand against his Royal master and friend when WILLIAM of Orange hesitated to yield to the popular demand that he should disband his Dutch Guards, and disperse the regiments of French fugitives who hustled British citizens in the precincts of the Court of St. James's.

The scent of many flowers comes in from the old-time garden as your host, ascending the rustic staircase, takes you past his study-window into the parlour, separated from the dining-room only by heavy tapestry curtains, on which is inwrought by hands long chill the story of the taking of Namur. Seated in this boudoir-like room, with its walls distempered in pale fawn colour, a frieze of faded green running below the corniced ceiling, and the floor coyly covered with blue-green felt, you have time to notice the portraits which lend grace and dignity to the walls. They are all family portraits.

"The party in the parlour, I call them," says your host, pleasantly, looking round; "all silent, and all—framed."

There is Mr. KENRICK, M.P., one of JAN STEIN's finest works; POWELL WILLIAMS, M.P., in VANDYCK's earlier manner. (Notice the delicacy with which the back of the hand is limned.) Perhaps the most interesting picture in the collection is the portrait of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS. This is a pastoral piece, the graceful figure of the Hon. Member being discovered softened by the misty perspective of three acres. He is wrapped in purple, with a garland of mingled corn and poppy hanging pendulous from his neck. His right hand rests gently on the neck of a cow—the cow by PETER PAUL RUBENS.

"I always feel at home here," your host says, standing with his legs astride on a handsome Persian rug, by the marvellous marble mantle-piece. "There is no one to contradict me. I am a person of few prejudices and of no strong likes or dislikes; but I must admit to a desire to have things go exactly as I fix them. You can



do anything you like with me if you only let me have my own way. But if you come to set up your notions in contradiction of mine, I will not answer for the consequences. How sweet it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! Here," he continued, glancing round at the portraits of the party, "we are all one; and that one is Me."

Alderman JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., throws himself on to the low-seated ottoman, quaintly and conveniently fitted with three-century-old Dutch tiles, and, lighting an eighteenpenny cigar, whose blue smoke curls quaintly upwards through the chill November sunlight that falls indiscriminately on Welsh dower-chests, corner cupboard boards blackened with age, Persian rugs, and Lisle posset-pots, tells you the story of his life. Retiring from the sordid cares of business whilst still a comparatively young man, your host, firmly fixing his eyeglass, resolved to devote himself to public affairs. Entering the Town Council, he rapidly rose to the dizzy heights of the Aldermanic grade, and thence stepped lightly into the Mayor's chair. His boundless ambition, not satiated even with this, led him still onward, till he reached the House of Commons, and so passed by leaps and bounds into the position of a Cabinet Minister. Your host passes lightly over his triumphs in the Senate, and only modestly touches on his admission to the charmed circle of the Gentlemen of England, and to intimate acquaintance with Marquises, Dukes, &c. His heart, untravelled, fondly turns to home, and he prefers to talk of his daily life in these quiet glades. He is evidently prouder of the magnificent field of mangel-wurzels that skirts the carriage-drive than of "The Unauthorised Programme," and cares more for the flock of Hampshire sheep browsing on his green pastures than he does for all the clauses of the Bankruptcy Bill.

"Sometimes, TOBY," your host says, "I think of leaving London to itself, and letting the world rattle round without me. I am sick of the turmoil, and sorry to see great people going wrong because they have declined my advice. When the buzz of the applauding multitude rings loudest in my ears, I turn with fondest regard to this quiet spot. TEMPLE, still in the prime of life, retired to Sheen to cultivate roses. Why should I not withdraw to Highbury to look after my mangel-wurzels, and dwell unthwarted and uncontra-dicted among my own party?"

There is a far-away look in the eyes of your host, which, perhaps unconsciously, rests upon the doorway, and, taking the hint, you make your adieux, leaving the Squire of Highbury brooding over his half-formed resolutions.

## AMONG THE AMATEURS.

### No. I.—ANTICIPATION.

SCENE—The Smoking-room of a Country House. Month, November.

Time of day, 11:30 P.M. The usual furniture and fittings—easy chairs, sofas, light and sporting literature. A large table, loaded with drinkables, stands in a convenient place; a cheerful fire blazes in the grate; the air is scented with tobacco-smoke. Round the fire are seated four

guests—Lord SURBITON, the host, Captain HARDRUP, a sporting soldier, Mr. H. T. PENFOLD, a sporting literary man, Mr. DIGBY MASON, a man of the world, and BILLY WINTHROP, a newly-fledged Barrister, who finds that the cares of his profession permit him occasionally to indulge in a little shooting. In a remote corner four other guests, Amateur Actors, particular friends of Lady SURBITON's, herself a "distinguished Amateur," are discussing, with many gestures, a subject of apparently the gravest import. Two of them, The Hon. BUCKSTONE BOLDERO, and Mr. TIFFINGTON SPINKS, elderly and experienced Amateurs; the other two, CHARLIE GUSHBY, and HARRY HALL (usually known



as "Music" HALL, from his devotion to Comic Songs), are still comparatively young.

Captain H. (laying down the "Sportsman" with a yawn). I see Aristocrat's gone back to 20 to 1. Never can make out what the fellows in that stable are after. It's a poor business, backing horses. (Drinks.) Where do you shoot to-morrow, SURBITON?

Lord S. The Warren to-morrow. We may get a stray pheasant, too. You held pretty straight to-day, HARDRUP.

Captain H. Yes, pretty fair. But, dash it! you know we ought to have had two more guns to cover the ground. Why didn't GUSHBY and BOLDERO turn out? They were rigged out to the nines in patent Norfolk jackets, and boots and gaiters that would have made your keeper green with envy. What have they been up to all day?

Mr. Digby Mason. My dear HARDRUP, do you mean to say you really don't know? Why, they told us last night they hadn't got their great scene in the Second Act of *Heads or Tails* quite perfect.

As soon 'as I heard that, I knew they wouldn't come out to-day. My wife told me they were at it in the drawing-room the greater part of the morning. But just look at them now.

[At this moment SPINKS and GUSHBY, who are supposed to be rivals for fame in refined comedy, have quarrelled, and turned their backs on one another. The other two are endeavouring to make peace.]

Penfold. Good heavens! did you ever see anything so ridiculous? But they're like that all day long. First, BOLDERO bores you to death with his confounded imitations of TOOLE; then that idiot HALL sings you out of your senses with ARTHUR ROBERTS and water—precious poor water, too; next, when you're trying to get off a letter or two, that confounded young GUSHBY tells you he wants to consult you about a matter of life and death, which turns out to be merely the question whether he or SPINKS ought to take the leading part in the comedy they're going to play at Windbury, and, last of all, old SPINKS, who ought to know better, comes and tells you that dramatic criticism is a lost art, and that if everybody had his deserts he would be making £100 a week at the Haymarket at this moment. You can't get away from an amateur. I've been trying to do it for ten years, and I've failed miserably. They haunt you worse than any ghost I ever read about.

Lord S. Come, come, they're not quite so bad as all that. And after all, they're very obliging.

Billy W. Oh! dashed obliging. The other day HALL wanted me to sing a comic duet with him, and it turned out that I was to be kicked twice in each verse, and in the last to be chucked off the stage. No thank you. I'd rather go before old FIELD in Chambers any day of the week. [They drink, and puff cigars. Conversation continuing in remote corner.]

Tiffington Spinks. Well, I've only one thing to say. I've played that kind of part for the last twenty years. Now, honestly, BOLDERO, how is it possible that anyone can know the business better than I do? The idea's absurd. KENDAL's all very well, and perhaps WYNDHAM might manage it; but even they are both machine-made—that's what they are.

Gushby. Well, BOLDY, you heard what Mrs. DASHWOOD said last week? Why, there wasn't a dry eye in the house when I played it. The housemaid cried so much she couldn't see to dust the furniture for two days, and the butler was carried out of the room in convulsions. However, I don't mind. Do what you like. I only thought you ought to know.

Boldero (perplexed). Quite right, and I'm much obliged to you, of course. Still (with a wink to GUSHBY), I think SPINKS ought to play it. You must take *Tom Tibbity*; there are some first-class lines in that, and you'll do it better than any amateur of the day. As for the Pros, there isn't one of them could get near you.

Gushby (soothed). Very well; I'll do what I can. What's HALL to do?

Hall. Oh, I've written up that scene in the Third Act, and brought in a song, which must fetch 'em. This is how it goes:—

(Sings). "The Boy in Buttons he said to me,

'What is the meaning of O.D.V.?

If O.D.V. isn't all my I,

Why, blow me tight, but I'd like to try,

What would happen if I was to make se free

As to ask for a tumbler of O.D.V.?"

"Says I to the Boy in Buttons, 'Lor,  
Whatever on earth do you take me for?  
You'd better be careful and stick to swipes,  
Or you'll see some stars and suffer some stripes.

For I know it's a case of U.B.D.—

—d if you ask for a tumbler of O.D.V."

Boldero } (ecstatic). That's simply splendid; HALL, you're a  
Spinks } genius.  
Gushby }

Captain H. (with more candour than politeness). Well, I'm blessed if I can listen to all that tommy-rot any longer. I'm off. Good-night, SURBITON. [Lights candle.]

Billy W. (shortly). Wait a bit, I'm with you. [Lights candle. Penfold.]

Mason. } So am I. Good night, SURBITON. [Both light candles.]

Lord S. (As the host, sotto voce). I call it mean of you chaps to desert me. However, good-night.

[Exit WINTHROP, PENFOLD, MASON, and HARDRUP to bed. Lord SURBITON sinks to sleep on a sofa. The Four Amateurs continue their discussion until, owing to the drowsiness of three of the party, the fourth begins to talk about himself exclusively, when they rise, 2 A.M., awake their host and retire.]

*The Demon Cat*, by C. W. COLE and W. RALSTON, and let out of the publishing-bag by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co., is an account of the awful misdoings of a cat on board a man-of-war. Messrs. COLE and RALSTON forget that the cat has been banished from Her Majesty's Service.



## UNTILED: OR. THE MODERN ASMDEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."  
*Le Diable Boiteux.*

## XIV.

## (PART SECOND.)

"AMUSEMENT," said the Shadow, "is a lure

"That subtly snares and saps the sage and pure."

The tag sounds Puritanic.

The sort of saw, devoid of worldly wit,

Shaped by morality in a cold fit,

Or virtue in a panic.

"Perhaps. The preacher perched above the throng,

Like the bland singer of ideal song,

Is vacuously moral, Vapidly virtuous, knowing

little more

Of facts that round him like a maelstrom roar

Than childhood with its coral.

"But so Amusement's eager devotees Miss half its meaning; zealots on their knees

Before the common Dagon, Have little care to glance behind the shrine.

Who thinks to test the dregs of the bright wine

Which flames in Pleasure's flagon?"

"But you, you wish to see beneath the mask. The inner world of those who seem to bask

In sunny public favour Is a strange spectacle. Behold you churl

Scolding, yet leering, at that trembling girl, The scene hath an ill savour.

"Beringed, broad-neck'd like a puff-adder, he, A bullying satyr; scarcely nymph-like she;

Unas are not too numerous, Nor lion guardians, here. Poor and yet pure?

Lone, yet too proud to be a pander's lure? The notion is too humorous.

"So she would think, that other prosperous dame,

Whom fame and wealth make callous now to shame.

Soft rugs, and the loud rattle Of hands applaudive make amends for much.

It is so hard to shun the smirching touch In life's thick-fuming battle.

"Poverty that would keep untarnished plumes But cannot; swaggering wealth, drunken

with fumes Of flattery, that cares not

For pinions soiled, both meet us here. No more!

This region charity loves not to explore, And cynic malice dares not.

"But pretty faces flushing o'er the wine That wanton wealth pours out at beauty's

shrine, With readiness so sinister,

Or wearied limbs in garrets lone disspread, Or wandering spectres flushed unholly red,

These are strange things to minister

"To sleek Respectability. Youth's frank joys,

The honest mirth of blameless girls and boys, The ease of cultured leisure,

And recreation of tired sons of toil, All good! But must Amusement's trade

make spoil Of souls, the wrecks of Pleasure?

"Yon smooth-faced boy is dying, drugged to death

By dissipation's pestilential breath. The girl who bends above him,



Red-lipped and ashen-cheeked, to-night must fling

Tired limbs in dances lewd, and smirk, and sing.

Her misery is—to love him.

"And she, the siren with the face as soft As her heart's hard, and her eyes cold, how oft

Her victim lying yonder [fooled! Blent blandishment and mockery have be-

Poor dupe, to dream such harpies could be schooled

By service to grow fonder!

"Light-footed as light-hearted steps she forth, [worth,

Silk-shrouded, jewelled, wrapped in furs of Into a crested carriage. [taph,

'Dead,—oh, poor donkey! That's her epitaph. 'twixt a shallow sigh and crackling laugh.

She hopes for a 'swell' marriage.

"That—or, if foiled by fate or some odd fluke,

Ducats sometimes are better than a duke, 'Yes, when the duke's a duffer!'

You hear her hissing *not* to her home slave, The pale-faced mother who her wrath must

brave, And her coarse chidings suffer!

"Amusement is—amusing, is it not? Its world-ward face is bright, with scarce a

blot

To prove the foul infection That lurks within. The world might show

disgust,

Were all its tyranny, its greed, its lust, Bared to minute inspection.

"There's a poor, mangled, maimed boy-acrobat.

Little conceived the careless crowds who sat With half-voluptuous thrillings

Of terror, as mid-air he twirled and tost, What, when the tale was summed, it really

cost

To gather in their shillings."

And I saw beaten boxers, bruised and sore, A weary waiter, bullied by a boor,

Eyeing the clock-face eagerly;

Trim-vestured girls, with trembling limbs, who stood [food

Tending proud dames; pale lads on zestless Feeding at midnight meagrely.

And wan-faced waifs, ill-clad and furtive-eyed, [pomp and pride

Writhing through scented throngs where Wait upon wealth and beauty,

Scoutling swift-footed like wild forest things, In search of the scant prey such prowling

To lowly jackal-duty. [brings

I followed painted faces writhed with mirth, To homes compared with which the fox's earth

Is refuge sweet and cleanly.

I watched the way of sin, and saw the wage Wherewith the sordid spectre of the age

Rewards its dupes so leanly.

Closed doors and lights extinct hid not from me The horrors of the garish haunts of glee,

Where Pleasure plumes and prances

Like a masked Mors amidst a festal throng, And Mammon grabs the price of Suffering's

And Folly's frenzied dances. [song,

"Enough!" I cried. The Shadow strangely smiled:

"The raiser of Life's curtain is reviled By Pleasure; even Pity [due:

Reproves, and doubts. Amusement is man's Ay,—purged from the foul taint whose

wrecks bestrew

The purlieus of the City!"

## CHRISTMAS AS IT IS TO BE IN CHESTER WORKHOUSE.

(Dedicated, without Respect, to the Magistrates of a County of Cheese-separators.)

THE hungry paupers were assembled ready to tear their food to pieces in the good old fashion sanctioned by precedent. There had been a rumour that a clerical innovator had suggested that the Guardians of the Poor should purchase knives and forks for the use of the inmates of the Union: but the story had been accepted as a *canard*. It was well known that the love of economy amongst the Members of the Board outweighed sentimental considerations. Possibly this report had been spread by the appearance of a paragraph in the *Macclesfield Courier*, headed, "A Disgraceful Arrangement in Chester Workhouse," in which a meeting of the Chester Board of Guardians had been chronicled. In the pages of the popular provincial print in question it had been related how the paupers had to tear the meat to pieces with their fingers and teeth; how the Clerk had said that, after witnessing the spectacle last year, he had gone away disgusted; and, lastly, how a farmer had declared that he often enjoyed his meals without any knife and fork—with the apparent result that a compromise was accepted. But that was only what a newspaper had printed, and who shall estimate the accuracy of the Press?

So the expectant paupers waited for their food as beasts wait for *theirs* at the Zoological Gardens! There was a pause, and then came the succulent fare that has made the Unions of Old England the admiration of the civilised world. The hungry inmates prepared to dig their fingers into the meat as per usual, when an authoritative voice bade them restrain their impatience until knives and forks had been passed to every inmate! Astonishment reigned supreme. So a distinction was at length to be drawn (on Christmas Day) between human beings and beasts of prey! Who would have thought it?

"No," replied an official, when the banquet was over, in answer to a question that had been put to him, "this is the exception to the rule. These knives and forks are *not* to be retained, but are to be returned immediately. By a vote of thirteen to ten it was decided by the Chester Board of Guardians to hire them for the occasion!"

SHAKESPEARE ON GAS STRIKE.

"Put out the light—and then —" ?—*Othello*.



## EXCELSIOR — THE LATEST SCHOOL-BOARD "STANDARD."



Taxes and Rates were rising fast,  
As through a burdened City passed  
A man who bore, with clenched thumb,  
A Standard, with the legend rum,  
Excelsior!

His brows were black; his eyes beneath  
Through "gig-lamps" flashed, like sword  
from sheath,  
And like a fearsome fog-horn rung  
The sound of that too well-known tongue,  
Excelsior!

(The true significance of that sound  
Was simply "Ten Pence in the Pound!"  
And all too well the listeners knew  
It meant fresh turn of the Rate-screw:  
Excelsior!)

In ill-built Schools he saw the blight  
Of sewer-gas slaying left and right,  
The Jerry-Builder spectral shone,  
But still he yelled in strident tone—  
Excelsior!

"Try not *that* path," the Old Sage said,  
"Dark lowers the tempest o'er your head  
Of public anger far and wide."  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior!

"O stay!" the Maiden said; "do rest!  
London is weary of your quest.  
You've raised that Standard far too  
high!"

He answered, with a winking eye,  
Excelsior!

"Beware the Public's awful wrath,  
At what lies crushed in your mad path!"  
This, the Rate-payer's last appeal,  
A voice replied, with brazen squeal,  
Excelsior!

(His finish doth not yet appear,  
But when that cry the Public hear  
*Punch* fancies it will soon be found,  
They kick at "Ten Pence in the Pound."  
Excelsior!)

THE HEALTH OF LONDON.—The approach of "Russian Influenza" is dreaded, but Londoners are still more apprehensive as to the effects of the Gas-strike Fever.



## THE DUKE'S LESSON.

*Little Economic Tragi-Comedy (with a moral) now in process of active Rehearsal.*

## ACT I.

*Interior of a Study in a West-end Ducal Mansion after breakfast during the progress of a recent noted struggle between Capital and Labour. Enter a Philanthropic Duke and his Private Secretary.*

*Philanthropic Duke (after giving directions for the disposal of his daily correspondence). And now there remains only this application for these labourers on strike.*

*Private Secretary. Your Grace would surely scarcely like to see your name figuring on a list where it might be supposed to countenance the insubordination of the masses?*

*Philanthropic Duke. Ah, no; there you mistake the whole subject. My exalted position does not blind me to the necessities and rights of my fellow men. Capital can be a great tyrant, and Labour can only contend against it with the weapon of combination.*

*Private Secretary. But is your Grace sure, in the present instance, Labour has a practical grievance to complain of?*

*Philanthropic Duke. No, I confess I have not gone into the rights and wrongs of this particular question; but, looking at the matter as a whole, I have a firm conviction that the movement of the masses to protect their interests by combined action merits the support, practical as well as moral, of all reasonable men. Send them a cheque for fifty pounds.*

*Private Secretary. With your Grace's name?*

*Philanthropic Duke. Certainly. They are welcome to any influence in may bring them.*

*Private Secretary. Very well, your Grace.*

*[Writes cheque, and leaves Philanthropic Duke in a state of complacent satisfaction that he at least is "marching with the times" as the Curtain falls.]*

## ACT II.

*Interior of the Drawing-room of a West-end Ducal Mansion during the arrival of guests invited to dinner. A couple of night-lights on the mantel-piece supply the sole illumination to the room. Philanthropic Duke discovered standing on the rug with his back to a feeble fire of kitchen chairs.*

*Philanthropic Duke (addressing guests). I am sorry to give you such a dim and cold reception, but the last ounce of petroleum has been used, and though we have given three-and-sixpence a-piece for kerosene candles, the Duchess tells me we have had at last to fall back upon these night-lights, as you see, and I think we have arrived at our last box. When that is finished, we shall have nothing before us but impenetrable darkness.*

*[Falls into a gloomy reverie.]*

*The Duchess (brightly). I am afraid I must ask you all to put up with such a cold dinner as we have been able to secure from the ham-and-beef shop round the corner—(murmurs),—owing to our inability to secure any further fuel for the kitchen fire.*

*[Enter Servant, with a coal-scuttle of broken bedroom furniture, with which he replenishes the feeble flame in the grate.]*

*Philanthropic Duke. The kitchen fuel exhausted? Surely it cannot be! (Addressing the Servant.) Have you used up all the balusters?*

*Servant. We have, your Grace.*

*Philanthropic Duke. And pulled up, and surreptitiously purloined the wood pavement, as I directed, in front of the house, both ways, for twenty yards?*

*Servant. Yes, your Grace; until the police objected. We then utilised the dustbin, all the basement doors, and managed to keep in up to luncheon with the nursery toys, and a few of your Grace's old walking-sticks, but we are now breaking up the spare-guest bed-chamber furniture, and when that is done, we shall have to commence on the dining-room chairs, or the empty drawers in the private bureau in your Grace's study.*

*[A few revolver shots heard without.]*

*Philanthropic Duke. Ha! The Postman, in the unlighted streets, again set upon by gangs of marauding tramps. (Enter Secretary with a letter. Duke addressing him.) Well. Let us hear what it is?*



## WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

*(He has kindly painted in the Sky of an Amateur Friend's Sea-piece.)*

*Distinguished Critic. "THE SEA'S CAPITAL, MY DEAR FELLOW; BUT THE SKY'S—WELL—AMATEURISH, YOU KNOW!"*

*Secretary (referring to contents). Only an application for a subscription in support of the present Strike.*

*Philanthropic Duke (hysterically). What? Have they had the impudence—?*

*Secretary. You see your Grace lent the influence of your name to support the last movement, and as your Grace also expressed your conviction that the combination of labourers to protect their interests, "merited the support, practical, as well as moral, of all reasonable men," I thought, perhaps, that another cheque—*

*Philanthropic Duke (seizing it, and tearing it into a thousand bits). You did? Well—that is how I subscribe to the struggle of Labour against Capital this time (scatters the fragments), at any rate. It may be that months of this are before us, and that I am, even now, entertaining my guests with the illumination of my two last night-lights. Be it so. If I have had my lesson, and it has been a sharp one, I am determined that it shall not have been entirely in vain! You will find me no more "marching with the times."*

*[Left facing the solution of the "economic situation," with a smile of gloomy triumph on his countenance, as Curtain descends.]*

A HINT TO REEDERS.—The GERMAN REED's Entertainment is now "with Verger clad." The Verger has plenty of pretty music, and is well put on the stage, but *The Verger* scarcely verges on the brilliant successes associated with the Gallery of Illustration, St. George's Hall. In the principal part Mr. ALFRED REED is amusing, although the rôle is not quite in his line. Miss TULLY and Mrs. ARTHUR LAW again are pleasing. Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, who gives an account of how he took a house, is as genial and entertaining as ever, and takes the House every night. As his fund of humour is limitless, it is safe to predict that the new song he announces for Boxing Day will be quite as welcome as any of its predecessors, at least, so thinks  
YOUR GALLERY REPORTER.

## EPIGRAM ON THE EPIDEMIC.

*Strictly Confidential.—To H.I.M. The Emperor of RUSSIA. "All Europe dreads your Russian Influence, CZAR." (Signed) RUSS IN URBE.*



## MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

## No. I.—THE LITTLE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*The Little Crossing-sweeper.* By the unrivalled } Miss JENNY JINKS.  
Variety Artist  
*The Duke of Dillwater* . . . . . Mr. HENRY IRVING.  
(Specially engaged; Mr. Punch is sure that he will cheerfully  
make some slight sacrifice for so good a cause, and he can easily  
slip out and get back again between the Acts of the "Dead  
Heart.")  
*A Policeman* . . . . . Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON.  
(Engaged, at enormous expense, during the entire run of this piece.)  
*A Butler* (his original part) . . . . . Mr. ARTHUR CECIL.  
*Foot-passengers, Flunkies, Burglars.*—By the celebrated Knockabout  
Quick-change Troupe.

SCENE I.—*Exterior of the Duke's Mansion in Euston Square by night. On the right, a realistic Moon (by kind permission of Professor HERKOMER) is rising slowly behind a lamp-post. On left centre, a practicable pillar-box, and crossing, with real mud. Slow Music, as Miss JENNY JINKS enters, in rags, with broom. Various Characters cross the street, post letters, &c.; Miss JINKS follows them, begging piteously for a copper, which is invariably refused, whereupon she assails them with choice specimens of street sarcasm—which the Lady may be safely trusted to improvise for herself.*



*Miss Jenny Jinks* (leaning despondently against pillar-box, on which a ray of lime-light falls in the opposite direction to the Moon).

Ah, this cruel London, so marble-arted and vast,  
Where all who try to act honest are condemned to fast!

*Enter two Burglars, cautiously.*

*First B.* (to Miss J. J.). We can put you up to a fake as will be worth your while,  
For you seem a sharp, 'andy lad, and just our style!

*[They proceed to unfold a scheme to break into the Ducal abode, and offer Miss J. a share of the spoil, if she will allow herself to be put through the pantry window.]*

*Miss J. J.* (proudly). I tell yer I won't 'ave nothink to do with it, fur I ain't been used

To sneak into the house of a Dook to whom I 'aven't been introduced!  
*Second Burglar* (coarsely). Stow that snivel, yer young himp, we don't want none of that bosh!

*Miss J. J.* (with spirit). You 'old your jaw—for, when you opens yer mouth, there ain't much o' yer face left to wash!

*[The Burglars retire, baffled, and muttering. Miss J. leans against pillar-box again—but more irresolutely.]*

I've arf a mind to run after 'em, I 'ave, and tell 'em I'm game to stand in! . . .

But, ah—didn't my poor mother say as Burglary was a Sin!

*[Duke crosses stage in a hurry; as he pulls out his latch-key, a threepenny-bit falls unregarded, except by the little Sweeper, who pounces eagerly upon it.]*

What's this? A bit o' good luck at last for a starvin' orfin boy!

What shall I buy? I know—I'll have a cup of cawfy, and a prime saveloy!

Ah,—but it ain't mine—and 'ark . . . that music up in the air!

*[A harp is heard in the flies. Can it be mother a-playin' on the 'arp, to warn her boy to beware? (Accestruck). There's a angel voice that is sayin' plain (solemnly)]*

"Him as prigs what isn't his'n,

Is sure to be copped some day—and then—his time he will do in prison!"

*[Goes resolutely to the door, and knocks—The Duke throws open the portals.]*

*Miss J.* If yer please, Sir, was you aware as you've dropped a thruppenny-bit?

*The Duke* (after examining the coin). 'Tis the very piece I have searched for everywhere! You rascal, you 've stolen it!

*Miss J.* (bitterly). And that's 'ow a Dook rewards honesty in this world! *[This line is sure of a round of applause.]*

*The Duke* (calling off). Policeman, I give this lad in charge for a shameless attempt to rob, *[Enter Policeman.]*

Unless he confesses instantly who put him up to the job!

*Miss J.* (earnestly). I've told yer the bloomin' truth, I 'ave—or send I may die!

I'm on'y a Crossing-sweeper, Sir, but I'd scorn to tell yer a lie!

Give me a quarter of a hour—no more—just time to kneel down and pray, *[me away.]*

As I used to at mother's knee long ago—then the Copper kin lead *[Kneels in lime-light. The Policeman turns away, and uses his handkerchief violently; the Duke rubs his eyes.]*

*The Duke.* No, blow me if I can do it, for I feel my eyes are all twitching!

*[With conviction.]* If he's good enough to kneel by his mother's side, he's good enough to be in my kitching!

*[Duke dismisses Constable, and, after disappearing into the Mansion for a moment, returns with a neat Page's livery, which he presents to the little Crossing-sweeper.]*

*Miss J. J.* (naively). 'Ow much shall I ask for on this, Sir? What! Yer don't mean to say they're for me!

Am I really to be a Page to one of England's proud aristocra-see?

*[Does some steps.]*

*Mechanical change to SCENE II.—State Apartment at the Duke's. Magnificent furniture, gilding, chandeliers. Suits of genuine old armour. Statuary (lent by British and Kensington Museums).]*

*Enter Miss J., with her face washed, and looking particularly plump in her Page's livery. She wanders about stage, making any humorous comments that may occur to her on the armour and statuary. She might also play tricks on the Butler, and kiss the maids—all of which will serve to relieve the piece by delicate touches of comedy, and delight a discriminating audience.]*

*Enter the Duke.*

I hope, my lad, that we are making you comfortable here? *[Kindly.]*

*Miss J. J.* Never was in such slap-up quarters in my life, Sir, I'll stick to yer, no fear!

*[In the course of conversation the Duke learns with aristocratic surprise, that the Page's Mother was a Singer at the Music-Halls.]*

*Miss J. J.* What, don't know what a Music-'all's like? and you a Dook! Well, you are a jolly old juggins! 'Ere, you sit down on this gilded cheer—that's the ticket—I'll bring you your champagne and your cigars—want a light? *[Strikes match on her pantaloons.]* Now you're all comfortable!

*[The Duke sits down, smiling indulgently, out of her way, while she introduces her popular Vocal Character Sketch, of which space only permits us to give a few specimen verses.]*

First the Champion Comic Steps upon the stage;

With his latest "Grand Success." Sure to be the rage!

Sixty Pounds a week he Easily can earn;

Round the Music-Halls he goes, And does at each a "turn."

*Illustration.*

Undah the stors in a sweet shady dairl,

I strolled with me awm round a deah little gairl,

And whethaw I kissed har yaw'd like me to tairl—

All golden her hair is, She's a Queen of the Fairies, And known by the name of the lovely MARIAH,

She's a regular Venus, But what passed between us, I'd very much rawthah you didn't inquiah!

Next the Lady Serio, Mincing as she walks;

If a note's too high for her, She doesn't sing—she talks,

What she thinks about the men You're pretty sure to learn,

She always has a hit at them, Before she's done her "turn!"

*Illustration.*

You notty young men, ow! you notty young men!

You tell us you're toffs, and the real Upper Ten,

But behind all your ears is the mark of a pen!

So don't you deceive us, you notty young men!

*Miss J. J.* (concluding). And such, Sir, are these entertainments In which Mirth and Refinement go 'and-in-'and! *[grand.]*

*[As the Duke is expressing his appreciation of the elevating effect of such performances, the Butler rushes in, followed by two flurried Footmen.]*

*Butler.* Pardon this interruption, my Lord, but I come to announce the fact

That by armed house-breakers the pantry has just been attacked!



Duke. Then we'll repel them—each to his weapons look!  
I know how to defend my property, although I am a Dook!  
Miss J. (snatching sword from one of the men in armour).  
With such a weapon I their hash will settle!  
You'll lend it, won't yer, old Britannia Metal?

[Shouts and firing without; the Footmen hide under sofa.  
Let flunkies flee—though danger may encircle us,  
A British Buttons ain't afraid of Burglars!

[Tremendous firing, during which the Burglars are supposed to be  
repulsed with heavy loss by the Duke, Butler, and Page.

Miss J. 'Ere—I say, Dook, I saved yer life, didn't yer know?  
(A parting shot, upon which she staggers back with a ringing scream.)  
The Brutes! they've been and shot me! . . . Mother! . . . Oh!

[Dies in lime-light and great agony; the Footmen come out from  
under sofa and regard with sorrowing admiration the lifeless  
form of the Little Crossing-sweeper, which the Duke, as Curtain  
falls, covers reverently with the best table-cloth.

### A NIGHT AT THE GARRICK.

I'VE scarcely recovered from the effects. It's thrilling. I speak  
of *La Tosca*. The *mise-en-scène*, as I have already said, from first



Two Sorts of Beere—Draught Porter, and a little Stout.

to last is perfect. Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON has never done anything  
better, or half as well. Of course, he has been in training for it for  
some months past, and it was quite natural that the *Profligate* should  
at last develop into that awful scoundrel, *Scarpia* *Scarpia*. There

was once upon a time a Music-hall song,  
whereof the burden was, "If ever there  
was a d—d Scamp," and if ever there  
was, then *Scarpia* is the man. His  
manner is perhaps a little too hard;  
the make-up is rather too much of the  
undisguised-villain-style of melo-dra-  
matic colouring, and he is not suf-  
ficiently soapy and shiny. Still he is  
quite bad enough, and bad is his best.

It is mighty difficult for those who  
have seen SARA to forget her, and to  
judge Mrs. BEERE's performance fairly  
and "without prejudice." She lacks  
the magnetising, purring, and feline  
caressing tone and action of SARA; but,  
on the other hand, Mrs. BEERE's passion  
is irresistible, and her scene with *Scar-  
pia* will probably draw all London.  
Perhaps her height and build tell  
somewhat against her in the tender  
love passages, though as she is in love  
with a painter in oils—or in aiales, as  
he works in church—"size" would  
present no difficulty. She rivets the  
attention of the audience, and no one  
"breathes again" until the play is  
done, and Mrs. LA TOSCA BERNHARDT-  
BEERE is well over the ramparts.

Mr. WALLER, as the painter *Cav-  
aradosi*, is very good, but not suf-  
ficiently appreciative of *La Tosca*'s spooniness. Perhaps what  
appeared to me as a defect in Mrs. BEERE's performance may be  
partially owing to *Cavaradosi*'s comparative frigidity.

Mr. HERBERT WARING, as the fugitive *Angelotti* (all good names),  
is excellent. He has a short life and a merry one, disappearing

early in Act III. down a well; well in it, and well out of it. Miss  
LECLERCQ is majestic as the Queen,—quite a Christmas number  
of *The Queen*, she is so fine  
and large,—and Mr. GILLIE  
FARQUHAR would look the  
very beau idéal of an Italian  
nobleman, if he didn't hap-  
pen to bear a strong resem-  
blance to a state coachman.  
But looks are not everything,  
and, being a nobleman, he  
acts as such, and his per-  
formance affords the only  
relief to the piece.

Miss BESSIE HATTON is a  
sprightly Gennarino. But,  
of all the minor characters,  
the one that struck me most  
was Mr. CHARLES HUDSON  
as *Schiarrone*, the Police  
Agent. He is always after  
*Scarpia*; and after *Scarpia*  
he is the most remarkable  
personage in the play. He  
has only about twelve  
lines to say, but a lot to  
think, and enough to do.  
How he does it is something  
to see.

To my mind, the adapters,  
Messrs. GROVE and HAMILTON, have strengthened the motive and  
heightened *Scarpia*'s villainy by uniting *Cavaradosi* and *La Tosca*  
in the bonds of wedlock. The secret marriage may be a concession to  
the English public, but the device seems to me to give a pathetic  
touch to the sufferings of the unhappy pair which is absent from  
SARDOU's drama. The HARE of Garrick is to be, and has been,  
congratulated!

(Signed) JACK-IN-THE-BOX.



A Painter in Aisles (with a little Church-  
and-Stage Guilding).

### Robert Browning.

BORN, MAY 7, 1812. DIED, DECEMBER 12, 1889.

IN mid-winter, in the silent songless snow-time,  
Your last song, all gallant glee,  
Flashed upon us—and while yet we gladly listened,  
Low you lay in sunny Venice that you loved so,  
Singer free!

England loved you, though your song was oft mistaken,  
For your Muse, scarce trim, was true.  
Nothing hopeless, nothing maudlin or unmanly,  
Nought of sick erotic hot hysteric drivell  
Came from you.

One who never wooed the night, but loved the daytime,  
Never doubted dawn would break,  
Never dreamed delirious dim narcotic visions,  
Never culled pale flowers of sin in Stygian meadows.  
Sleep—to wake!

You at noonday, in the struggle of men's toil-time,  
Gave us song to strengthen, cheer:  
Now you sleep, but not your fame; the world you wakened  
Will not let your memory die, but hold it ever  
Sweet and dear!

THE NEWEST GALLERY.—Sir EDWARD LEE must have the credit  
of having discovered this Gallery at 207, Regent Street, and, though  
the newest as a picture exhibition, it is really one of the oldest in  
London. It was at one time, if we mistake not, the Cosmorama  
Rooms, and diligent students of *Ackermann's Repository* may pos-  
sibly find a graphic picture of its interior, with the usual number  
of elegant ladies in short waists, and exquisite gentlemen in high  
stocks, and deep-collared blue swallow-tailed coats. This Gallery,  
which is now called the Victoria, was probably originally built by  
NASH, and ought to have been known as The Nashional Gallery, if  
the title had not already existed. The exhibition of humorous and  
grotesque works of Art here assembled is a very good one.

### Sir Frederick's Latest.

BRAVO, bravissimo! Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON,  
Your speech on Spanish Art's a very great 'un.  
You spoke of Moorish influence in Spain.  
Well as 'twould all of us delight again  
To hear a speech like this, and spoken thus,  
It has a "More-ish influence" on us.





### SOCIAL INSINCERITIES.

*His Lordship (vociferously, with the rest). "BRAVA! ENCORE! BEAUTIFUL! GO ON! I COULD LISTEN ALL NIGHT!"*  
*(Aside to Footman.) "JUST SEE IF MY CARRIAGE IS COME. LOOK SHARP!"*

### A PLAGUE OF DARKNESS.

"A PLAGUE o' both your Houses!" So  
 The Public's tempted to exclaim,  
 With victimised *Mercutio*,  
 Scarce pausing to apportion blame  
 Too nicely.

When the heart's hot 'tis hard to reason  
 wisely.

But Justice must, perforce, make pause,  
 Not leaning to this side or that,  
 But weighing with clear glance the Cause.  
 Hot temper never yet begat

Cool fairness.

*Punch* would adjust the public scale with  
 squareness.

A plague of darkness o'er the land  
 Seems hovering in these dismal days;  
 Unwisdom, wrath, on either hand;  
 And these who blame and those who praise  
 Each party,

Can hit on no agreement just and hearty.

Passion is purblind, power is rash,  
 And "banded Unions persecute;"

When Capital and Labour clash  
 If sober equity sits mute

'Tis pity!

Cimmerian darkness soon may shroud our  
 City.

Dimness within and dark without!

A pretty prospect for mankind!

Must danger front us all, and doubt,  
 Because the few are fierce or blind?

Impunity

Cannot be theirs, these foes of the community.

Shrewd plans of Power 'gainst Labour's  
 throng,

Reprisals fierce of banded Toil,  
 The commonweal must not so wrong,  
 Or make the commonwealth their spoil.

Here is the moral:—

Not *thus* the squabblers must fight out their  
 quarrel!

For round the lists, like birds of prey,  
 Hover the gaol-birds of our streets;  
 The ruffian-brood that dreads the day  
 Dark's chances with effusion greets.

Lower its curtain,

And hap what hap, *their* gain at least is  
 certain.

When honest men—though fools—fall out,  
 The rogues—though curs—will claim their  
 own.

The Public must not dwell in doubt;  
 The Plague of Dark must not be thrown  
 O'er our Metropolis,

Whilst stubborn Unions fight with shrewd  
 Monopolies!

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.—At the Munster  
 Winter Assizes, before Mr. Justice MURPHY,  
 as reported in the *Times*, last Friday, the  
 Foreman of the Jury in one case told his  
 Lordship that they couldn't agree, but that  
 they were eleven to one, and that "with  
 that one juror they had used every possible  
 argument." *Aud alteram partem*: perhaps  
 the twelfth juror declares that "he never  
 saw eleven such obstinate pig-headed men in  
 all his life." But what were the arguments?—  
 shillelaghs?

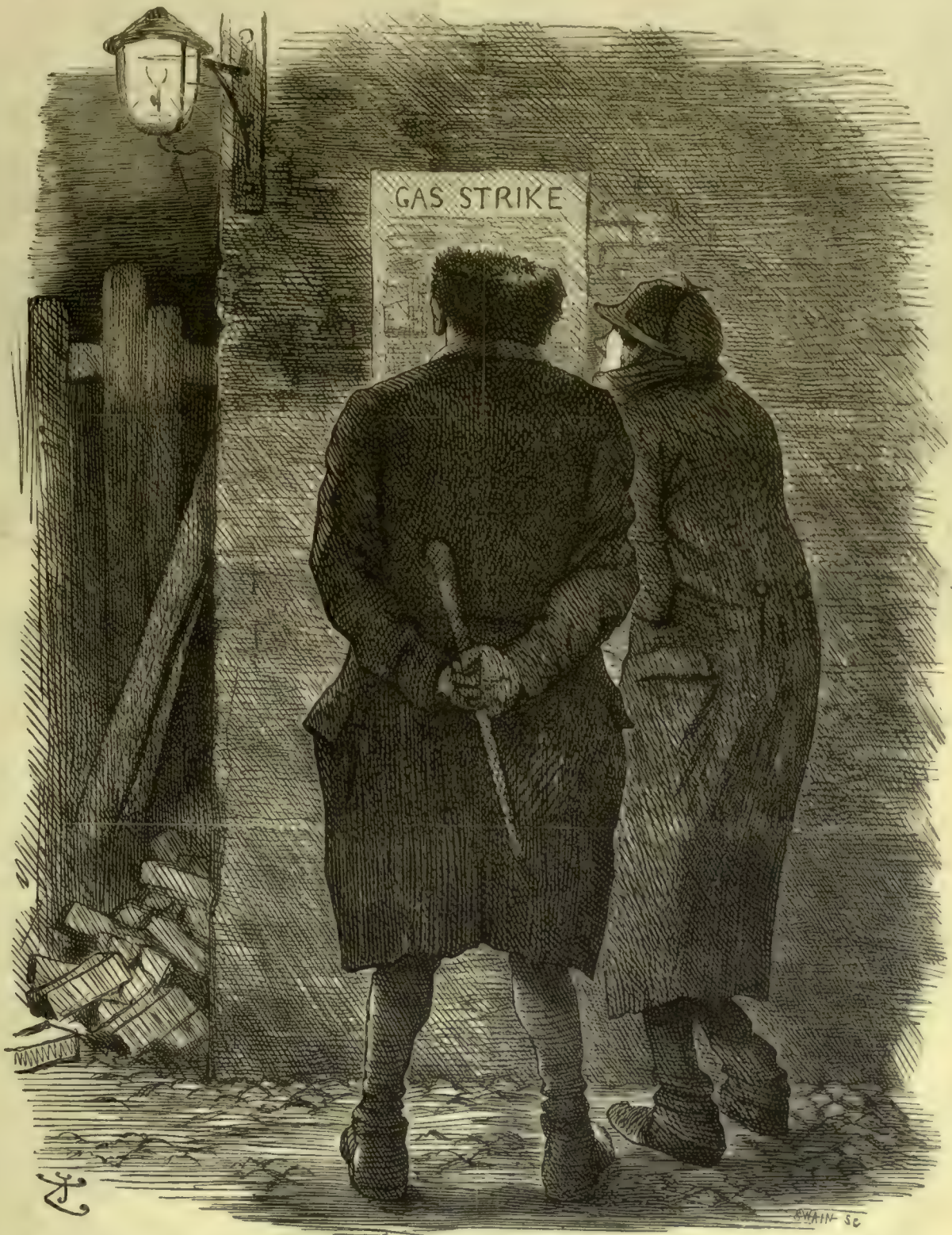
### ON THE WESTMINSTER PLAY-GROUND.

WE are glad to see that the Westminster  
 Authorities have turned over a new leaf in  
 their playbook, and, patronising Irish industry,  
 have given us the *Andria* of TERENCE.  
 It is a delightful work, admirable and im-  
 mortal. TERENCE was a true Milesian, and  
 flourished his shillelagh and pen at the time  
 of the first institution of Donnybrook fair,  
 where at that time shows of all sorts were  
 highly popular. His *Andria*, first called  
*Merry Andria*, was founded on his own novel  
 of *Handy Andy*. TERENCE was a Nationalist  
 at heart, but being a piece-loving subject, he  
 never mixed himself up with any domestic  
 plots, but borrowed them all from abroad.  
 Under the name of MADDISONIOS MORTONOS,  
 he wrote *Bófos naí Kófos*, which, strange to say,  
 has never yet been produced on the classic  
 boards of Westminster. Of course the *Andria*  
 was played in the original Irish, and all the  
 points were taken up and cheered to the echo.  
 A more enjoyable evening than that spent at St.  
 Peter's College, Westminster, last Thursday,  
 it would be impossible to imagine. No false  
 note, nothing to jar—not even the jar of whis-  
 key. "Hold your jar," says I, "till I take a  
 drink to the health of my ancestor, Mister  
 TERENCE, and more power to his elbow!" O  
 mince-pilot, 'twas a fearful night. And the  
 next morning!—No matter. Bother the three  
 R's, give me the three L's—"L.L.L." and  
 plenty of it. That was the poetess for me, who  
 signed herself L. L. L.\* Next year, if you  
 please, Sir, I'll do the Westminster play  
 again.

TERENCE MR.

\* Some mistake. Probably L. E. L.—ED.





## THE THREATENED PLAGUE OF DARKNESS.

BILL SIKES (to ARTFUL DODGER). "I SAY, OLD PAL,—WHEN HONEST MEN FALLS OUT, ROGUES COMES BY WHAT AIN'T THEIR OWN. BLESS'D IF THEY AIN'T BEEN AND SETTLED IT!"

ARTFUL DODGER (*disgusted*). "SETTLED BE BLOWED! I DID THINK AS WE SHOULD HA' HAD A CHANCE!"









"Hi, Sir! CONFOUND YOU, MIND MY HAT!"

### A SEASONABLE DITTY.

*By Stepmiakney.*

A MONTH ago I had a cold,  
And when my family I told,  
They all exclaimed, "Oh, rubbish!"  
And all the solace that I got  
Consisted in a treatment hot,  
Hot-groggy, and hot-tubbish.

My symptoms met with jeer and scoff;  
They heard unmoved my plaintive cough,  
And told me, void of pity,  
Instead of staying warm at home,  
'Twould do me far more good to roam  
As usual to the City.

The self-same symptoms—only slight—  
Are radiant with the lurid light  
Of the new epidemic,  
And now that Turnham Green is "down,"  
They swathe me in my dressing-gown,  
And proffer potions chemick.

Obedient to affection's call,  
To depths of huskiness I fall,  
In tremulous cadenza;  
What though a native cold they jeer,  
They treat with mix'd respect and fear  
A Russian Influenza.

A while ago, without remorse,  
A slighter cold would mean divorce  
*A toro necnon mensâ;*  
But the whole household now hangs round,  
Conciliated by the sound  
Of Russian Influenza.

'T would hurt their feelings, should I say  
A word of going out to-day;  
So, free from business trammels,

To peaceful eve from cosy morn,  
I will the study-doors adorn  
With ASPINAL's enamels.

Though sweet these restful moments are,  
In years to come the light catarrh  
Will sigh "*Che farò senza*  
Those tender cares that lent a charm  
To all the sudden wild alarm  
Of Russian Influenza?"

"UP TO DATE."—The title of Lord TEN-  
NYSON's new poem, *Demeter*, was, of course,  
suggested by the Gas Strike.



### IN THE LAW COURTS.

Draughting ought to be done in Chambers—not in  
Court.

### A BALLAD OF THE THREE YEARS' SYSTEM.

*By Hans Sachspensbanger.*

Look at the braw pianny  
Stannin' agains' the wa':  
See till the wee bit manny  
There where our shadows fa';  
The wood is as bright as a tallat-glass,  
The keys are ebon and ivorie,  
The sconces shine like the beaten gowd;  
Was never so braw a pianny.

Fifteen shullin' a month I paid,  
Three times over the months cam' round;  
Suns of summer have warmed ma hoosie,  
Snaws of winter have hid the ground;  
Leaves in the autumn-fog hang dripping,  
Eaves wi' the chatter o' birds resound.  
But, whether the day break late or airly,  
Ilka month as the day cam' round,  
The mairchant ca'd for his fifteen shullin',  
Fifteen shullin'—nearly a pound!

And ilka month a sair doot vexed me,  
An' rived ma heart wi' a dolefu' pain:  
Would I play the worth of my fifteen shullin',  
Or spare what some day would be my ain?  
Weel, I compromised wi' ma braw pianny  
And played it aiblins once in a moon,  
An' oh, but the music was caller hearin'—  
Fifteen shullin' a tune!

Now I look it close, and polish it daily,  
An' I'll hand it down to posteritie,  
An' I'll tie it up wi' a strict injunction  
That nobody ever shall touch a key.  
For I pinchit sair, and I savit dourly  
To pay the siller as months cam' round,  
An' now I hae earnit the whole pianny  
Never again will I waste a sound.

APPROPRIATE SONG FOR THE CHRISTMAS  
WAITS.—"Yule remember me!"





MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 12.





### "LITERA SCRIPTA."

*Wooer.* "OH, MISS—OH, LAVINIA! MAY I NOT STILL HOPE?—OR IS YOUR CRUEL REJECTION OF MY SUIT FINAL AND IRREVOC——"

*Spinster (firmly).* "YES, MR. BROWN, I SERIOUSLY DESIRE YOU WILL REGARD IT SO."

*Wooer.* "THEN, DEAREST, MAY I ASK YOU"—(producing the materials from adjacent writing-table)—"TO—AH—PUT IT ON PA-PAR! I SHALL FEEL SAFER!"

### STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXIX. THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ARTHUR WELLESLEY PEEL, M.P., AT SPEAKER'S COURT.

AN equipage belonging to the commodious and well-appointed line of the London Road Car Co. lands you at the bottom of Parliament Street on your way to the Palace of Westminster, of which Speaker's Court occupies a favoured corner. The insular prejudice of the conductor declines to accept the French penny you casually offer him, and the little controversy that arises affords you opportunity of endeavouring to attract the attention of the courteous police stationed at this point. If the House were in Session and you looked like a Member of Parliament, they would stop the traffic, so that you might pass unhurt and unspashed across the road. In the recess you must needs make your way across as well as you can, and so pass through Palace Yard, deserted by all save a remnant of the flock of pigeons, who sadly walk round and round the stony pavement wondering where are the oats of yesteryear?

Passing under a low massive archway, you enter a quiet courtyard, at which, on this chill December day, the sun coldly stares. Facing you is the Speaker's house, the front door bearing in old English letters a mediæval legend requesting callers not to ring unless an answer is required. You boldly ring, and displaying your credentials are ushered into a long room with deeply embrasured windows looking forth on the stately Thames, with the ruddy frontage of St. Thomas's Hospital in the middle distance. The room in which you stand is comparatively modern, but a thrill passes through your slim well-proportioned figure as you reflect that it stands upon the site of the Palace inhabited by your ancient Sovereigns from early Anglo-Saxon times till HENRY THE EIGHTH moved up the street to Whitehall. Here EDWARD THE CONFESSOR entertained the Norman cousin who was to succeed him, and here he died on the 14th of January, 1066. WILLIAM RUFUS built the Hall, STEPHEN erected the Chapel, to which finishing touches were given by EDWARD THE THIRD. EDWARD THE FIRST was born and EDWARD THE FOURTH died almost

within arm's reach of the violet velvet mantelboard on which you lean, as these great thoughts fill your mind. In the yard fronting Westminster Hall, through which you lately passed, PERKIN WARBECK was set a whole day in the stocks. WILLIAM PRIM here stood in the pillory, branded on both cheeks, and lost his left ear. Here the Duke of HAMILTON, Lord CAPEL, and HENRY RICH, Earl of Holland, were beheaded by the Cromwellians; and not far from here stood the Painted Chamber, where the High Court of Justice sat for the trial of CHARLES THE FIRST, and where CROMWELL and HENRY MARTIN, signing the King's death-warrant, incidentally inked each other's faces.

There were several other things you were going to think of in connection with the historic pile, when the door is suddenly flung open, and an attendant, entering and standing just inside, with his back to the wall, roars at the top of his voice—

"MR. SPEAKER!"

Then you perceive your host advancing towards you in wig and gown, the train of the latter upborne by a respectable genial-faced young page, some fifty-five years of age. Before the SPEAKER marches the Sergeant-at-Arms, with the Mace on his shoulder. You are about to advance and greet your host, when the person in the doorway, uplifting once more his strident voice, bellows forth—

"Hats off, Strangers!"

You are growing a little bewildered, when Mr. ERSKINE drops the Mace with a heavy thud on the Chippendale table by the window, with its wealth of Lowestoft China, and its choice bits of Majolica and Sèvres. The SPEAKER lightly pirouetting, withdraws his skirt from the grip of the page, and motioning you to a seat somewhat abruptly (as you think) tells you the story of his life.

The Right Hon. ARTHUR WELLESLEY was born the younger son of Sir ROBERT PEEL, second baronet, the well-known minister, and father of the all-round statesman who recently contested a southern borough. Educated at Eton and at Balliol, your host was from his birth predestined to political life. Entering the House as Member for Warwick in 1865, he was speedily promoted to the Secretaryship of the Poor Law Board, and so passed, by easy and natural stages, to



the Chair he, in this Twelfth Parliament of QUEEN VICTORIA, fills with dignity and grace.

"And now, Mr. SPEAKER," you say, taking out your note-book—a choice volume bound in satin of dull gold, with red-edged leaves and electro-plated clasps, the gift of a gratified gentleman in the fancy stationery line whom you recently interviewed—"it is very rarely one gets the opportunity of a really quiet talk with you. If you permit it, I will utilise the present occasion, to ask you a few questions. Which Member of the House do you like most, and which is your particular abomination? Do you prefer Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT when he is on the humorous tack, or when he addresses himself seriously to business? How do you regard the probable permanent effects upon the moral conduct of the House of the little asides of Mr. W. H. SMITH? What is your private opinion of JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR? Do you think Mr. GOSCHEN a graceful speaker? Which of the Clerks at the table do you like best? Do you take fuller delight in the way Mr. ERSKINE retires from the table when he has removed the Mace from the table, or do you prefer the jauntier style of Mr. GOSSET? Do you mean to retire, and if so, when? What title will you take when you go to the House of Lords? Do you ever steal forty winks whilst Lord GEORGE HAMILTON is expounding his policy at the Admiralty? What do you take to eat and drink when you retire for the customary ten minutes in a night's debate? Do you *really* only get a chop, or do you bring in stale buns and nibble them behind your three-cornered hat? Do you—"

"Order! order!"

Looking up, you observe that the SPEAKER is on his feet, the Sergeant-at-Arms, bowing three times, advances towards the table, removes the Mace, shoulders it, and marches forth. The SPEAKER abruptly turning from his chair stalks out at the other door, and you find yourself somewhat suddenly alone. Your reverie is broken in upon by another outburst from the strident voice, which calls at the open door,

"Who goes home?"

No names are mentioned, but you arrive at the conclusion that this remark is probably thrown at you, and accordingly you withdraw, and as you pace Palace Yard, disturbing the groups of meditative pigeons, you ponder upon the strange ways and customs in the household of the SPEAKER.

### ROBERT ON PRESENT TIMES.

WE'RE a living in rather rum times we are, wen the soles of the grinning workman is almost a kicking the eels of the Hi and Mity, as some great Philosopher once said was a coming for to pass.



As a instance in pint: we has all the men—striking at their Masters, and a settling how long they will work, and how much they will kindly take; and now we're told as we ain't to have no coles all this winter, and no gas light at nites, unless the Stokers gits all as they wants!

Well, this is all werry startling to a respectabel and contented Hed Waiter, as hasn't no idear of striking, 'coz why? 'coz he ain't quite such a fool as to quarrel with

his bred and butter and setterer in hopes of gitting it just a little bit thicker and a little bit buttery, but with a chance of losing the lot.

But now cums the werry rummest part of the hole matter. Jest at the werry time as I shoold think as the werry hiest of our publick gennelman wood have been a showing by their xtra dignefide conduct how werry much they was shocked at the conduct of the lower

### TWO PHASES OF GOLF.



"FORE!"



"'HIND!"

horders, I finds 'em a condesending to do sitch things as was never done in the werry harrystocraticest times as ewen I remembers! The xampels is so numerus that I scarce know where to begin, but I will commense with the werry hiest as a thurrow staggerer.

Let anybuddy try his werry best to hunderstand the shock to my conservative feelings when I abslutely seed with my own estonished eyes, the Rite Honnerabel the LORD MARE leave his chair at a public dinner, and sit hisself down to a Pianny forty and sing and play a rayther lowish song about a Miss PEGGY on a humpbacked Kar. I never seed a Kar myself, but BROWN, who is partly a Irishman, as he's been wunce to Glassko, says it's the same as a nansum cab. So I makes out wun werse of his Lordship's song to run summut as follows:

"I'd rayther be in a nansum cab

With PEGGY by my side,

Than in my hone smart coach and four

With my Lady for my Bride!!"

What my LADY MARESS thinks of them sentimens it isn't for a pore Hed Waiter to say, but nothink can prewent me a thinking, and wat I thinks I wisely keeps to myself.

Then see what follers. Why I aeshally hears a stately Alderman, who was wunce a stately Lord Mare, a starting off the wulger old chorus, "*For he's a Jolly Good Feller!*" and this too as the LORD MARE's reward for his singin! And so hinfekshus is bad xampel, that, at that werry same dinner, ewen a Criminel Judge made 2 little jokes! and was werry properly well larfed at for his panes!

Time passes on for about a week, and then, at a rayther big dinner, a werry respectabel tho' jewvenile Common Councilman finishes a werry loud speech by asking all the grinning compny the follering striking question, and in poetry too:

"Where is the man with sole so dead

Who never to hisself has sed,

What a Fool I've been?"

And insted of simperthising with the poor consence stricken Gennelman, they all larfs and shouts out, Here! Here!

I passes over the sad spektakels of Aldermen in Penny Omnebusses, and Deputies in Penny Botes, and content myself with hobserving in sorrow, and in conclusion, that if our great leaders will not set the people better xampels of dignerty and self respec, we shall sum on us live to see the day when mere Strike Leaders will be figgering as Lord Mares, and Stokers as Aldermen, and praps ewen Blacklegs as Hed Waiters!

ROBERT.

### A Strong Entertainment.

SAMSON and SANDOW were pretty strong men, But at the Empire, 'twixt eight and ten, They are burlesqued till with laughter you'll cry, "O Brothers GRIFFITHS, how 's that for high?"

A MYTHICAL PERSON: EMIN PASHA.—Why this fuss about a man who does not exist? There's no *M* in "Pasha."



## JUSTICE ABROAD AT HOME—AND AT HOME ABROAD!

## AT HOME.

SCENE—Interior of a Coroner's Court. Languid audience. Proprietor—responsible-for-death accommodated with a chair.



Coroner (concluding speech). I am sure, Gentlemen of the Jury, that you could not possibly have come to any other conclusion, and I congratulate you upon your verdict. That the accident was purely accidental is self-evident, and if the respected Proprietor might have made regulations causing that accident to be less likely to happen (as your rider would seem to suggest) why, no doubt that fact will have in the future due weight with him. Of course, we must all feel sympathy with the widows and orphans of the deceased, and it is gratifying to think that they will rest satisfied we have done what lays in our power to assist them. I have now much pleasure in declaring this inquiry at an end.

[Exeunt omnes. Proprietor—responsible-for-death, lolls in his brougham comfortably home to partake of a well-cooked dinner.]

## ABROAD.

SCENE—Interior of a Criminal Court. Excited Audience. Proprietor—responsible-for-death standing in the Dock.

Judge (concluding speech). I am quite sure, Gentlemen of the Jury, that you could not possibly have come to any other conclusion, and I congratulate you upon your verdict. That the so-called accident could have been prevented is self-evident, and it is to be hoped that the lesson you have read to the disgraced and ruined Proprietor will have its due effect. We all sympathise with the widows and orphans for their great loss, but they will be consoled by the thought that, through your action, they have been avenged. The Court stands adjourned.

[Exeunt omnes. Proprietor—responsible-for-death being carted off to prison, there to undergo a long spell of penal servitude.]

## OLD PUNCHKIEL'S PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1890.

It is with no light heart that Old PUNCHKIEL enters upon his solemn duties of enlightenment and warning. The Stellar voices are less definite this year than he could wish, and he has had the greatest difficulty in making out what the dickens it is they do mean. However, a Prophet that respects himself would scorn to hedge, and Old PUNCHKIEL issues his predictions as usual, merely reminding searchers after truth that stars will play the fool occasionally.

**January.**—Mars retrograding before Taurus into the 1st House of Saturn will prove a subject for profound study, for it is certain to be followed by a public inquiry into the efficiency of our Army, which will be the subject of much discussion in the newspapers. Persons engaged in philosophical research or the sale of cats' meat whose birthday anniversary falls on or near the 14th, are warned to beware of over-indulgence in pastry.

**February.**—The Sun is with the Infortunes, and meets with opposition from Saturn, so that little warm or cheerful weather can be expected. The sign Pisces rules Putney, Peckham, Peebles, and Little Pedlington, and social upheavals of an alarming nature may therefore be expected at all these places, with earthquakes of varying degrees of violence. On or about the 14th, there will be a notable display of Coloured Satirical Portraiture. Persons born on the 29th, in either 1785, 1802, 1841, or 1869 (especially if the Moon was in the second decanate of the sign ♋ at their birth) will have no particular reason for congratulating themselves.

**March.**—At the vernal ingress Mercury, progressing in the sign Gemini, will bring trouble on Moscow and Margate. At Teddington, the luminaries will be in the midheaven, and the London County Council will accordingly be the scene of intense excitement, personal remarks being freely interchanged. Single ladies, whose birthday anniversary falls on or about the 4th or 5th inst., will obtain heavy damages in any action for breach of promise of marriage, unless born in any year previous to 1842.

**April.**—Mars entering into his own lion will create considerable surprise in those unused to such phenomena, and may affect the funds unfavourably on more than one Continental Exchange. The sign Taurus rules Ireland, and a further development in Home Rule may be looked for. In the latter part of this month, Jupiter becomes stationary in Cancer, and afflicts the Beadle of a well-known and popular Arcade, who is warned to beware of shell-fish. The 1st is fortunate for practical jokers. The 21st is an evil day for hatters

born on or about the 8th of November, whose ascendant, or Moon, held the 14th degree of Aquarius; they should have a care of accidents by steam-circuses and tight-ropes.

**May.**—Saturn progressing in the meridional degree of West Brompton will render this month memorable in English History. At the new Moon Mercury is in the ascendant, accordingly we shall soon hear of an improvement in the weather, and the outbreak of German measles amongst the Ojibbeway Indians. Saturn retrograding in ♌ brings trouble on the Emperor of CHINA, who will suffer from a cold in the head. The trade and commerce of Bognor will be considerably augmented. There will be trouble in Tooley Street.

**June.**—Jupiter is now in benefic aspect with the Moon, and forming the trine aspect with the Sun, thereby benefiting Brentford and the Bahamas. In either Boulogne, Westward-Ho, Oban, Tenby, or Timbuctoo, there will be serious émeutes, the military having to be called out. Conspirators in Cyprus and the Isle of Wight will become daring. In Kamschatka, there will be trouble with the Dervishes. Towards the close of the month Saturn re-enters the sign Aries, and proceeds to disturb and afflict Huntingdonshire, and Westbourne Grove. The Akond of Swat will be in danger.

**July.**—The stationary position of Venus on Scorpio is of evil omen to all who are fond of sitting out of doors, and Venus making a hasty transit to the house of Virgo, occults the Moon and brings disaster upon many popular places of entertainment. Neptune also afflicts persons at the seaside who go out in sailing vessels immediately after lunch. Saturn is in quartile with Mars, which infortune is about to transit the place of the Moon at the birth of a celebrated Low Comedian, who will do well to accept the warning. About this time a new comedy will be produced at a *Matinée* at one of the principal London theatres.

**August.**—Mars and Saturn are now afflicting the horoscope of a well-known umbrella-manufacturer, causing great perplexity and trouble to certain Continental Powers, and some confusion in Camberwell and the vicinity. The warrior-angel of Mars may put in an appearance. Prussia feels the effects of the presence of Uranus in her ruling sign, but gains to some extent by the conjunction of Jupiter with Mercury; the funds will droop on the London Stock Exchange, and bad eggs will be hatched in great abundance. Foreign questions will be very difficult of solution.

**September.**—Saturn reaches the opposition of the place of the Lunar Eclipse of last May, and brings further trouble on the Shetland Islands. The Sea-Serpent will be heard of again, and several topics of great social interest will be discussed at some length in the correspondence-columns of the daily newspapers. Beyond this the voices of the Stars are silent for this month.

**October.**—As the benefic Jupiter is in the 1st decanate of the 7th house, and speeding through the sign of Pisces at the New Moon, we may anticipate earthquakes in Cappadocia, Paphlagonia and Primrose Hill. Persons who go out shooting during this month without previous experience of firearms, will bring home big bags, but are warned to act prudently and use a small size of shot.

**November.**—The numerous configurations of Venus in her conjunctions with Mars are the chief astrological features of this month, and fan the flame of fanaticism at Faversham, Freshwater, Folkestone, and Friesland. There will be street demonstrations on or about the 5th, to express abhorrence of an abominable act of treachery by a well-known public character. The ruling powers of several London Music-Halls will find it hard to weather the storm. There will be a serious strike among London Housebreakers, who will demand shorter hours of labour, freedom from police interference, and a larger share of the profits of their industry.

**December.**—The passage of Uranus from the sign Aries into Capricornus will, it is to be feared, keep the School Board very busy, and the total eclipse of the Sun at the moment of ruling the 10th House in quartile aspect with Uranus, Saturn being in the ascendant, may have an injurious effect upon many eminent pawnbrokers and ventriloquists. However, Old PUNCHKIEL does not wish to take too gloomy a view of the future, and trusts that he may have invested the message of the Stars with too serious a significance. This is really all he can possibly undertake to prophesy for the money.

## THE BOND STREET ART-ERY.

"CHANGE of scene is as good as change of air!" Therefore going to DOWDESWELLS' is as good as a trip to Monte Carlo—for they are always changing the scene at this Gallery. The latest change is "Some Places of Note in England," by BIRKET FOSTER, which includes about fifty drawings by this artist, in his best manner. If we had space we would write on this subject at length, but we have not; so, although this notice is about BIRKET FOSTER, we're forced to burke it. Ha! ha! In addition to these, you will find a series of drawings in silver-point—full of grace and delicacy, by C. SAINTON, and a collection of clever pictures, by W. A. BREAKSPEARE, illustrative of TENNYSON'S poems. He must be a clever artist who would splinter a lance with BREAKSPEARE. This artist should take for his motto, "Breakspearentia does it." He! he!!





Leahy Sanderson sent at 8 a.m. Dec 17. 89.

MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR DECEMBER.



## PUNCH'S PRIZES.

WHAT a Christmas Return! How the hall-lights burn upon juvenile faces expectant and jolly,  
Whilst Materfamilias, bland and unbilious, stands, arms akimbo, beneath the green holly.

And Paterfamilias *Punch* comes *crunch, crunch*, up the snow-cumbered steps with his dog and his gingham;  
The herald of Prizes of all sorts and sizes,—it taxed a capacious four-wheeler to bring 'em.

The "Growler," you know, is out there in the snow, where the many-caped Cabby is stamping and puffing,

And trying with care to sum up his big "fare," which, with so many parcels and packages stuffing

The stuffy inside, very carefully tied up in every description of brown-paper polygon,  
Claims calculation. The bairns' jubilation will last e'en when Yule-Tide is over, and holly gone.

For only consider, each valorous bidder for Christmassy purchasers' liberal patronage,

Caters, in sooth, for all stages of youth, mature manhood's fancy, and likings of matron age.

Oh, the wild joys of Books, Pictures, and Toys! MARCUS WARD's many marvels, TOM SMITH's bon-bon Crackers, Dollie Dimple's fine Dresses, which every girl blesses, the parcels, so cheap, and the prizes,—“such whackers!”

Of the English Toy Manufacturing Co. That reminds one of *Truth's* mighty Toy Exhibition,

With its vocal donkeys, and climbing monkeys, and dollies of every dress and description;

O happy children of the new generation, to whom Toyland's wonders are familiar matters!

What a world of pleasure when, o'er each rare treasure, the rich child triumphs or the poor child chatters!

Now, Cabby, trundle up another bundle! Here be Games galore. Messrs. A. N. MYERS

Send "Military Chess," which you lads will confess might tax Lord WOLSELEY and such high-flyers,

Were they only boys again, and turned hands to toys again. Then WRIGHT & Company, who are far from wrong in it,

Send a game called "Rings, or Table Archery," which you'll like, no doubt, when you find you're strong in it.

But "Flitterhens" verily you will greet right merrily. It's a sort of a Drawing-Room Table Lawn Tennis.

And though for children it is probably intended, it a capital game for grown women and men is.

GOODALL's game, "Our Ship," take your *Punchy's* tip, is well worth trying, whilst their stationery

May be commended; and their "Savoy Calendar" with Gilbertian quotations is amusing, very.

As to Books, there's a lot. Mr. DAVID STOTT sends the *Essays of Elia*, in compass tiny;

But although compact, 'tis a pleasant fact that the type is clear, and the paper shiny.

The *Grey River* (from SEELEY & Co.) is really an *édition de luxe*; therein many an etching

By MORTIMER MENPES makes Old Father Thames e'en at dirty Deptford extremely "fetching."

DOUGHTY's *Friesland Meres* (SAMPSON LOW) appears an account of a Voyage in a Norfolk wherry

Through the Netherlands, and one understands from its pleasant pictures that the trip was merry.

W. W. LLOYD, who has been employed *On Active Service*, has given an account of it.

A Soldier's life suggests stir and strife, and the author seems to have seen "any amount of it."

CASSELL's *Magazine of Art* plays a leading part in artistic matters, and deserves its popularity.

And—but there, friend Cabby, 'twould be almost shabby to keep you longer at this season of Charity

Whilst I tell the tale, for which time would fail, of all the Books and the Toys of the Season.

Have a glass of toddy? Almost every body will consider it harmless, if 'tis supped in reason.

Now, boys and girls, as the white snow whirls, let us close the doors, and discuss at leisure

Each Yule-Tide treasure that your *Punchy* brings you, with paternal pleasure it were hard to measure!

## THE FICTION OF THE SEASON.

*Ancient and Modern.*

YESTERDAY'S GENIALITY. (1869.)

THE room was decorated with holly and mistletoe! The children danced, while their elders shouted with merriment! Neighbour greeted neighbour, and relative shook relative warmly by both hands! The spirit of the season was unlimited amiability! The portraits of the ancestors glowed in the ruddy flicker of the Yule log, and the ancient armour sparkled and shone in the soft light of scores of wax candles. Here was played a game of Blind Man's Buff, there a venerable dame told many a weird old legend to a throng of open-mouthed curv-headed listeners. Outside the Hall, the red-nosed carol-singers made night melodious with sweet songs of other days; while the bells in the church hard-by pealed out joyous strains in honour of the coming day. As midnight tolled away the last minutes of December 24, the master of the house, raising high a glass of steaming punch, drank the health of everyone, and wished them joy!

And thus was Christmas celebrated!

TO-DAY'S DYSPEPSIA. (1889.)

The room was empty, save where an unpaid bill marked the season of the year. The children had gone supperless to bed, and their elders were some weeping, others

grinding their teeth with impotent rage. Neighbour out neighbour, and relative struck relative out of their respective wills. The spirit of the season was unlimited discontent. The portraits of the ancestors long ago sent for sale to Wardour Street remained neglected under a pile of miscellaneous lumber, and the ancient armour was in their close vicinity. Here was played the game of distraint for rent, there an unpaid and venerable laundress told many an unpleasant story to a throng of idling, open-mouthed servants. Outside the house the blue-nosed roysterer fought it out with the policeman, making night hideous with his yells and imprecations; and the bells in the church hard-by appropriately tolled out the expiring moments of a day that had begun, continued, and ended in misery!

As midnight approached, and the 25th of December took the place of the 24th, the master of the house, who had been concocting a dose of subtle poison from the red and white berries of the holly and mistletoe, raised it to his lips, drank it, and expired!

And thus was Christmas celebrated!





## "SCENES OF OUR CHILDHOOD."

'Tis the voice of the Clown, who's of course HARRY PAYNE,  
Who will come to the front with, "We're here once again!"  
And welcome the Boxing Night crowd  
in the Lane.



His services long may old Drury retain;  
But, if the good old "Comic Scenes"  
don't remain,  
The public and PAYNE will have cause  
to complain,  
For Pantomime's certainly not on the  
wane.  
The man who asserts it we'd reckon  
insane,  
Much madder by far than was Hamlet  
the Dane.  
We hope that in DRURICOLANUS's reign  
He'll give us much pleasure and still  
much more PAYNE;

For we're not of those who think clowning inane,  
Good clowning we mean, and so we would feign  
See four "Comic Scenes" 'stead of two at the Lane.  
To public and manager 'twould be a gain,  
Tho' how, we are now at a loss to explain;  
For details and facts are so dry in the main,  
Like a pony that hasn't been out in the rain.  
Perhaps, a sly hint from the Lord Chamberlain,  
Or a wink or a nod from Sir PONSONBY-FANE,  
And if the next Pantomime then should contain  
The scenes of our childhood which dormant have lain,  
We shall not have written this doggerel in vain.

## UNLIMITED WATER-LOO.

*Bogus Place, E.C.*

SIR,—Having received a Circular from the Secretary of the "Waterloo Exhibition of Relics and Trophies" (a display which, taken with a Panorama, of the greatest possible interest to every True Briton, should form, as no doubt it will, a combination of unrivalled attractiveness) inviting contributions to the Collection, and with an eye to securing the Special Season Ticket promised to every Exhibitor, I have quickly rubbed up my historical associations, and have provided the Committee with the following "items," that, I think, you will admit ought to obtain ready acceptance.

1. An authentic likeness of the great Duke in the shape of a China Bed-room Candle Extinguisher, handsomely gilt, with eyebrows, whiskers, and cheeks picked out in appropriately striking and showy colouring.

2. Twenty pairs of Bluchers, in very fair condition (secured from an East-End Bootmaker), supposed, one of them, to have been worn by the great Prussian General, possibly at the battle itself, and the others during the succeeding occupation of Paris.

3. Plan Model of the disposition of the contending forces at the representation of the battle on the stage of Astley's Theatre in 1837, when the British Army (including WELLINGTON and his Staff) numbered eight and one Comic Irishwoman, and the last charge of the French Imperial Guard was conducted by seven supers, exclusive of NAPOLEON himself and a Low Comedy Drum-Major.

4. Authentic account furnished by the executors of General PICRON (*who heard it himself*), of the celebrated retort of NAPOLEON to MOLLY the Comic Irishwoman referred to above, when in reply to her styling his Imperial troops "a set of low Black-guards," he delivered himself of the memorable phrase, "Madame, the Guard never yields: it only retires."

5. Autographs and hitherto unpublished letters of both NAPOLEON and WELLINGTON. N.B. As (*this, of course, in strict confidence*) I furnish these entirely myself, it will be seen at once that they must prove quite an unprecedented novelty, and, therefore, an attraction, in any collection of the kind.

6. Relics of the great battle. *Again N.B. (in confidence)*. I get these manufactured on the spot at Bruxelles, and as they are supplied to me by the dozen, you will see at once, what a valuable addition I can guarantee the Exhibition from this source alone.

7. Crumbs collected from the first Waterloo Banquet, preserved by the Grandson of a Waiter present on the occasion.

The above, Sir, are all the "items" that at the present moment occur to me, but I think you will confess that, if considered suitable attractions for their "Spacious Lounge" by Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS and his co-directors, they will not fail to afford additional gratification to the general public, and in so doing will fittingly have earned a Special Season Ticket for the Exhibition of the Relics and Trophies of that glorious and never-to-be-forgotten victory of the British Army, Waterloo, for yours enterprisingly, ONE WHO WASN'T THERE.

## JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

THIRD ENTRY.

On my homeward way reflect that if all trades fail, that of a Scholastic Agent might offer a modest competency. Has fate in store for me a partnership with FLEECEM—also with JINKS? Wonder vaguely if JINKS is a second FLEECEM, only more so. If FLEECEM is the show man of the establishment, what *must* JINKS be like?

As I am making an educational day of it, decide after lunch to call on one or two old College chums who, I know, have "adopted the Scholastic Profession," as the Governor says. It being their holidays, I may find them in Town—BLOGGINS among the number.

Old BLOGGINS, a thoroughly good sort, but rather an ass, I used to think, tells me he is making a clear five hundred a year at Sherborough, "without counting private pups, which is extra."

"Then you get no end of jolly rides over the downs," he goes on. Nice of BLOGGINS to say "you." Makes me feel as if I were already in the educational swim, and not a rank outsider. Better to be an out-rider (or rider out on the Sherborough Downs) than an out-sider! Fancy old BLOGGINS riding! Begin rather to wish I were in old BLOGGINS's shoes—or rather old BLOGGINS's saddle.

So far he has not mentioned the actual work of the profession.

"Do you like the business?" I ask.

"Rather! Boys jolly little cubs. Only I can't see them very well, I'm so short-sighted. Kept in the wrong boy for two hours one day—didn't find out mistake till afterwards," BLOGGINS chuckles.

"Work hard?" I inquire.

"Oh, tolerably," he replies, as if this were an unimportant consideration. "And there are such jolly long holidays!"

I leave BLOGGINS in contented (and selfish?) enjoyment of his five hundred, and go on to another friend, who has already blossomed into a keeper of a hostel (why "hostel"? *Query*—affected?), and educational swell at the ancient academy at Rugbow.

I put the usual leading questions.

"Jolly place, Rugbow," he replies. "No end of rook-shooting near. And fishing. Damp and cold? Oh no. Hard work? Well, you can make it hard, you know, if you like." Here he winks knowingly. "And the best of the trade is, *the holidays are so jolly long!*" *Mem.*—Most popular feature about work of "Scholastic Profession" (Governor again) seems to be the unrivalled opportunities given for *not* working at it.

Tell the Governor in the evening that "there seems no opening in the scholastic line." He replies that "*that* is no news to him, because," he adds, with unnecessary sarcasm, "by my account, the present is a close time in all the professions."

And this after I have tramped about all day and got nothing!

## THE LASS OF FASHION.

A LADY Correspondent who wishes to write for a Society journal is good enough to ask us what style she should adopt. We can only counsel our fair friend to make as free a use as possible of the

favourite words in the Society journalist's vocabulary—such as "function," "frocks," "bravery," "bloom," and, above all, "smart." "Smart" was formerly employed only by servant-girls in reference to their finery. But now the mistress and all her surroundings are "smart"—the people she visits, the people who visit her, all that is worn at an entertainment, and the entertainment itself. Of whatever lunch, dinner, ball, or general reception, our amiable interrogator may have to speak, let her always call it a "function." It must be a "smart" function, moreover, and must be attended by "smart" people. The Ladies present must not wear dresses, but "frocks," and they may be effectively described as appearing in "all the bravery" of silks and satins. If any of them carry bouquets, the flowers of which these bouquets are composed must be called "blooms." Our charming questioner must never say, in a direct manner, that Mrs. SMITH (for example) wore a blue gown; she must remark that Mrs. SMITH "looked well in blue." But, above all, let her, too, be "smart."



AGENDA.—The *Athenæum* says, that a novel feature in the *Windsor Peerage* will be the omission of the ladies' ages. The book ought to be called the *Windsor Non-age*. A man is as old as he feels, a woman as old as she looks. Why does not some enterprising publisher bring out a volume illustrated with ladies' photographs, with particulars of their marriage portion, and call it the *Dot-age*. That would certainly come "as a boon and a blessing to men."



## ODE.

*On the Pleasure arising from Ginger-cake.*

SKYLARK, that dost the morning wake  
Up in the pearly heights of dawn,  
Or when its daedal splendours break  
In streaks of empyrean brawn,  
Be not so proud, thou canst not make,  
As CHLOE can, a ginger-cake.

O thou fleet-footed fawn,  
That through the glade dost lightly take  
Thy dappled way, and scarcely shake  
The dewdrops from the lawn,  
Be not so proud; thou canst not make,  
As CHLOE can, a ginger-cake.

O beefen herds of browsing steak,  
That sweeten all the air around,  
Rich milk you give, and many a pound  
Of butter, fresh as primroses;  
You cannot make a ginger-cake  
As CHLOE can, with perfect ease.

O chanticleer, who flapp'st thy wings  
Before the watchful lark upsprings  
And sound'st thy clarion, ere the flakes  
Of the on-rushing daylight's foam  
Whiten the fields where the stars roam,  
Thou ken'st of many mystic things  
But not a whit of ginger-cakes,  
Which golden-headed CHLOE makes.

O nightingale, that trill'st thy pearly note,  
While yet the Easter breezes coldly blow,  
Gargling with tender song thy strained throat  
Melting the moonless night with raptured  
woe,

And charming all the budded bower,  
Though all around thee is in flower,  
Yet cooking is, proud bird, beyond the  
warbler's power;

And CHLOE makes delicious cakes,  
Albeit, as yet, she hath not charmed a bower.

Not, Cake, from greedy love of thee,  
The bard is fain thy praise to sing,  
But that all Nature's minstrelsy,  
All woodland craft of foot and wing

All magic of the budding spring,  
All that most moves that inner love,  
Which thrills to tokens from above,  
Unite in this their praise to bring  
To amber-headed CHLOE's feet—

Like her, they pretty are or sweet.

Like her, they make a world of joy  
When winter stings, or wasps annoy,  
In this on common ground they meet—

Yet, not transcending Nature's plan,  
They cannot make a ginger-cake,  
And CHLOE can.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Allan's Wife, and Other Stories*, Mr. RIDER HAGGARD brings together his old puppets, *Hunter Quatermain*, *Sir Henry Curtis*, and *Captain Goode*, and the result is *Allan's Wife, and Other Stories*, of which the first one, which gives the title to the book, is far and away the best, being full of sensational effects and scenes of the weirdest Riderest Haggardest imagination. Capital book.

*Randolph Caldecott's Sketches*—Published by SAMPSON LOW & Co. Highly recommended by the faculty. Those who are interested in the black-and-white art, will find any amount of material for study in this collection, which has been carefully and lovingly made by Mr. HENRY BLACKBURN, who has written a short but valuable introduction. Before CALDECOTT settled down to his own delightful style, he had imitated LEECH, DOYLE and GAVARNI. There is a scene before the Magistrate in a Police Court which might have been an early LEECH, when he was illustrating ALBERT SMITH's works; the DOYLE-like outline etchings are evident at once. The



## AT SIR LOVELACE MASHINGTON'S, M.D., &amp;c., &amp;c.

*First Patient (in the hat).* "AND WHAT DID SIR LOVELACE SAY TO YOU, DEAR?"

*Second Ditto (in the bonnet).* "HE TOLD ME I REQUIRED VERY CAREFUL WATCHING, AND THAT HE MUST SEE ME THREE TIMES A WEEK FOR THE NEXT FEW MONTHS. AND YOU!"

*First P.* "OH, HE SAID THAT CHANGE OF CLIMATE WAS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY, AND THAT I MUST START FOR NEW ZEALAND AT ONCE."

Scotchman in the sketch representing the types of the three nationalities might be from the pencil of GAVARNI, and even the influence of the comicalities of SEYMOUR and HOOD are recognisable. "Banking Days in Manchester" is distinctly LEECH. "My Show Day," might be the work of a French artist, and "Races on the High Road," reminds one forcibly of RICHARD DOYLE's sketches abroad. There are very few purely and simply CALDECOTT, and among them are "The Three Huntsmen," and the poetic etching on the last page of all, placed appropriately and with a touching reverence, on the last page of all that ends this gifted artist's short-lived history. Were the book four times its price, which is the modest sum of Two-and-Six, it would be worth the money. "Buy it," says the Baron.

*A London Plane Tree.* There is an indescribable sadness pervading this last volume of verses by the clever young author of *The Romance of a Shop and Reuben Sachs*. The author was evidently a Londoner, loving London as only a true Londoner can. On every page there is evidence of what admirable work AMY LEVY would have achieved; and in connection with her early death there is a touching realism about the very last line in the volume—"On me the cloud descends."

Anxiously do we wait for the appearance of MONTAGU WILLIAMS's *Reminiscences*, which are to be ushered into the world by Messrs. MACMILLAN. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

P.S.—The Baron, who has to do a considerable amount of scribbling while journeying by road, by river, or by rail, has hitherto used the simple pencil, or a useful and invaluable patent one with long lasting lead. But lately he has been using the Fountain Pen, and, as long as it keeps itself in good order, there is no doubt of its superiority over any pencil, and general utility from the travelling scribe's point of view. The Baron doesn't feel justified in pronouncing the Fountain Pen absolutely perfect. But it is the best of its kind within his experience. What has to be invented is a small handy writing-pad, which can be firmly grasped in the left hand, and give sufficient margin for resting the right hand while writing in train or cab. "The Author's Paper-Pad" is near it, but not the thing. Something thicker is required, an inch or so less width, and with three times the quantity of sheets in each pad. At present, of this pad it may be said, "Pad's the best," and the Baron has found it remarkably useful.

THE CYNIC'S CHRISTMAS.—A holly mockery.





### THE WORST OF "A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING!"

*Laura.* "Oh, CHARLOTTE, HOW DREADFUL! THERE COMES YOUNG MR. MARSHALL, WALKING WITH YOUR HUSBAND! I'VE JUST, RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HIM, ASKING ME TO BE HIS WIFE—AND I HAVEN'T MADE UP MY MIND WHETHER TO ACCEPT HIM OR NOT!"

### "GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS!"

(*At Sea in His Own Bowl.*)

*Mr. Punch.*

THE Wise Men of Gotham who sailed in a bowl,  
Were boobies beyond all compare;  
But, Good Father Christmas, you worthy old soul,  
What do you, friend, *dans cette galère*?  
The weather is stormy, the billows run high,  
The horizon looks bodingly black;  
Don't you think you had better, old bottle-nose, try  
And see if you cannot put back?  
That Bowl, for a jorum of Punch, is all right;  
But viewed as a bark, its security's slight.

*Father Christmas.*

You do not suppose, my sagacious old friend,  
That I'm tumbling out here from pure choice?  
'Tisn't pleasant, and goodness knows how it will end,  
But in it I'd hardly a voice.  
What's come to humanity, hanged if I know!  
They welcomed me warmly of old.  
Though I came as a rule in the season of snow,  
Faith, nought but the weather was cold.  
The Yule log burned briskly, all doors were set wide;  
Now—look at me, tossed up and down on this tide!

*Mr. Punch.*

Humph! Pride, Party Spirit, Political Strife,  
Social Prejudice, Greed and Class Hate,

Are making a pretty nice mess of our life,  
And playing the deuce with the State.  
But I didn't expect to see you in this swim,  
You popular, pleasant old boy!  
The sea's precious choppy, the distance looks dim,  
Your voyage you cannot enjoy.  
If they treat you like this, set adrift in a squall,  
It will serve them quite right if you don't come at all.

*Father Christmas.*

Oh, I shall be true to my task, and my time,  
But the Season of Peace and Goodwill  
To spoil in this way is a folly and crime.  
(*Ste-a-a-dy, bowl! I begin to feel ill.*)  
What with furious politics, scandals, and strikes,

There seem general ructions all round;  
Whilst mortals are snarling like quarrelsome tykes,  
What use for the Yule-bells to sound?  
Though their meaning of course is the same now as then:  
'Tis Peace upon Earth and Goodwill unto Men!

*Mr. Punch.*

Peace?—with all the nations and classes at war!  
Goodwill?—in a world full of hate! [car  
Old friend, if your bowl were Bellona's own  
You couldn't look more out of date.  
Those long-billed white storm-birds that hover above  
Are as friendly to you as mankind:  
The raven men seem to prefer to the dove,—  
O idiots angry and blind!

In spite of my wisdom, in spite of your cheer,  
Their folly and wrath cloud the close of the year.

*Father Christmas.*

Well, well, it is something to greet you again!  
I shan't give up hope, nor will you.  
There are one or two things to alleviate pain,  
Though the general outlook seems blue.  
I hear Charity's voice o'er the roar of these waves,  
Like the sound of the bell-buoy at night;  
The Love that inspires and the Labour that saves  
Are not yet quite dead,—no, *not quite*.  
They *don't* treat me well, my dear *Punchy*,  
but still [will!  
My message to Man shall be Peace and Good-

### FATHER CHRISTMAS SEEN FARTHER.

So the children of Stranraer, educated by the Local School Board, are not allowed to have a holiday on the 25th of December! At a meeting of six members of this learned body, the question was put to the test of a division, when three representatives voted one way and three the other. Then the Chairman gave his casting vote, with the result above recorded! Who would not like to know this genial person at home at this merry season of the fast expiring year? Fancy the holly and the mistletoe, and the mince-pies and the plum-pudding! Stay, though, as the social reformer is a Scotchman, he probably has an effectual substitute for the usual Yule-Tide characteristics (deccrative and edible) in Thistles!





“GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS!”

(AT SEA IN HIS OWN BOWL.)







## STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXL. THE LORD CHANCELLOR AT 4, ENNISMORE GARDENS, S.W.

As you walk eastward skirting Hyde Park, and are temporarily lost in admiration of that priceless canopied monument raised to the memory of the PRINCE CONSORT, you reflect upon the fitness of things that marks your mission. In undertaking the last chapter of the first series of *Statesmen At Home* (back numbers and complete volume to be had on application to the publisher), you congratulate yourself on the, you may perhaps say, skilful manner in which you have led up to the very pinnacle of human greatness. You have passed through various stages, and at length you reach the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR. Beyond this, save you touch the skirt of Royalty, you can no further go. Your host of to-day is the First Judicial Officer of the Crown, the first Lay Person of the State after the Blood Royal. He is created neither by writ nor patent, but by the mere delivery of the Great Seal into his custody. In like manner the act of taking away the Seal by the Sovereign determines the office.

Presently, as you sit with your host on the miniature Woolsack cosily cornered by the over-hanging eaves of the baronial fireplace in the well-proportioned dining-room, he cites a well-known case which shows how convenient this peculiarity of his high office might on occasion be. In that manner so familiar in the Law Courts and in the High Court of Parliament—a medley of grace and humour with the lightest touch as of softest zephyr—he laughingly recalls an incident which befel on the very threshold of his parliamentary career. Returned Member for Launceston, after suffering from the strokes of envy at various other constituencies unsuccessfully wooed, he at last came up to the Table of the House of Commons to take the Oath. Asked in ordinary form to produce the return to the Writ, SIR HARDINGE GIFFARD (as your host then was), dived in the breast-pocket of his coat, expecting to find the document there. But he found it not, and, the cynosure of the eyes of a crowded House, conscious of stopping its proceedings, he hunted in every pocket for the missing and necessary document. After a scene of growing hilarity on the part of a reckless Opposition, it was found under the Bench where the newly elected Solicitor-General had been seated before being called to the table. You have heard a shrewd judge of current events state his opinion that the incident, trivial as it might appear, had a marked influence upon the future career of the even then not youthful Solicitor-General. It was felt that a man with such infinite miscellaneous resources in and about his garments, such an armoury of pocket-knives, such a collection of bits of string, such numerous handkerchiefs, such an infinitude of scraps of paper, would never at any crisis be found lacking. You are glad to mention this favourable comment.

"Ah!" says your host, an ingenuous blush mantling his countenance, "you are always too good to me, TOBY, dear boy. Still I think it is just as well that neither writ nor patent is required in the matter of the creation of Lord Chancellor. It would not have done for me to come up and not be able to find my patent when demanded."

The LORD CHANCELLOR's table is littered with letters and telegrams, Flemish buffets are tenanted by a collection of Dutch pottery, and through the folding doors you catch a glimpse of the picture gallery with its unique collection of predecessors in office. There is a mezzotint in remarkable preservation of ARFASTUS (sometimes called HEREFAST), Chaplain to WILLIAM the CONQUEROR, and Bishop of ELMHAM, who was the first Lord Chancellor, having received, in 1067, the Seal which at this moment dangles from the watch-fob of your host. There is JOHN MORETON, Archbishop of Canterbury, temp. 1487, first of a succession of prelates, who also held the office of Lord Chancellor. The dark face of THOMAS MORE, first Lay Lord Chancellor, looks with softened expression on his illustrious successor of to-day. There, too, is FRANCIS BACON, EDWARD HYDE, Earl of CLARENDON; SIR FRANCIS NORTH, Lord GUILDFORD; Lord JEFFRIES of sanguinary memory; SIMON, Lord HARCOURT, forbear of a greater man who shines in the Victorian Age; GORDON and THURLOW, and ELDON and ERSKINE, LYNCHURST and BROGHAM, CHELMSFORD and CAMPBELL—they all stand in line in the far-reaching gallery. As your host leads you adown the list you almost fancy that they do obeisance to a greater than any.

The *svelte* figure of your host is most familiar in the public eye in the performance of his functions as procorator of the House of Lords and President of the Highest Court of Appeal. No happy stranger who has witnessed from the Gallery of the House of Lords the stately tread of your host as he marches in procession to the Woolsack can ever forget it, nor does there fade the memory of his gracious presence when, the Woolsack reached, he flings himself upon its broad bosom, and looks as if he were about to tell their Lordships the story of his life. But these ceremonial duties form only a portion of the mighty power wielded by HARDINGE STANLEY GIFFARD, first Baron HALSBURY, Lord High Chancellor of England. The office having, as mentioned, been in early times filled by ecclesiastics, the Lord Chancellor became keeper of his Sovereign's conscience, and, by an odd coincidence, he concurrently exercises general superintendence as Guardian over infants, idiots, and lunatics. He has the appointment of all Justices of the Peace in the Kingdom, is Visitor in the Sovereign's right of all Royal Foundations, and is patron of all Crown livings under the value of twenty marks.

"A great responsibility for a family man, TOBY, is this unlimited patronage. One always tries to do his best, but there are bickerings within and contumely without which modify the satisfaction with which one hears that a Crown living has fallen in, or that a desirable place in connection with the Courts of Justice is vacant."

Your host is still talking of the drawbacks of his high position, when the sight of his carriage reminds him that he is already due at the House of Lords. You thread your way through the wealth of furniture—the Empire Candelabra

in old bronze and ormolu, the enormous Georgian dish in *repoussé* work, the row of venerable matchlocks from the Kremlin, the copies of *Songs before Sunrise* in handmade paper, the Welsh dower-chests, the corner cupboards blackened with age, the Persian rugs now a little faded, and the Lisle posset pots—with difficulty avoiding contact.

"Very pleasantly crowded here," you say, by way of adieu.

"Yes," says your host. "I am, above all things, a family man, and whenever a place is vacant, I lose no time in filling it up to the best advantage."

[END OF SERIES I.]

## "HANSOM IS AS HANSOM DOES!"

Notes of Exclamation by Our Mud-larky Contributor.



## MIND HOW YOU SHOOT!

(Mr. Punch's Friendly Tip to the Strikers.)

"ALL of a row, Bend the bow,

Shoot at the pigeon and kill—the crow!"

So goes the old doggerel. Labour take heed!

For a moral for you may be found in this screed.

All of a row, you may freely combine,

And bend Union's bow, and shoot all in a line.

But, bowmen, beware lest you shoot in the dark

Of impetuous passion, and hit the wrong mark.

Combination is good; and, to better your lot

A rational Strike may be called a "good shot."

But to blaze out all round, or to shoot the wrong bird

May prove to be something much worse than absurd.

Against the Monopoly pigeon arrayed,

All of a row You may bend the bow,

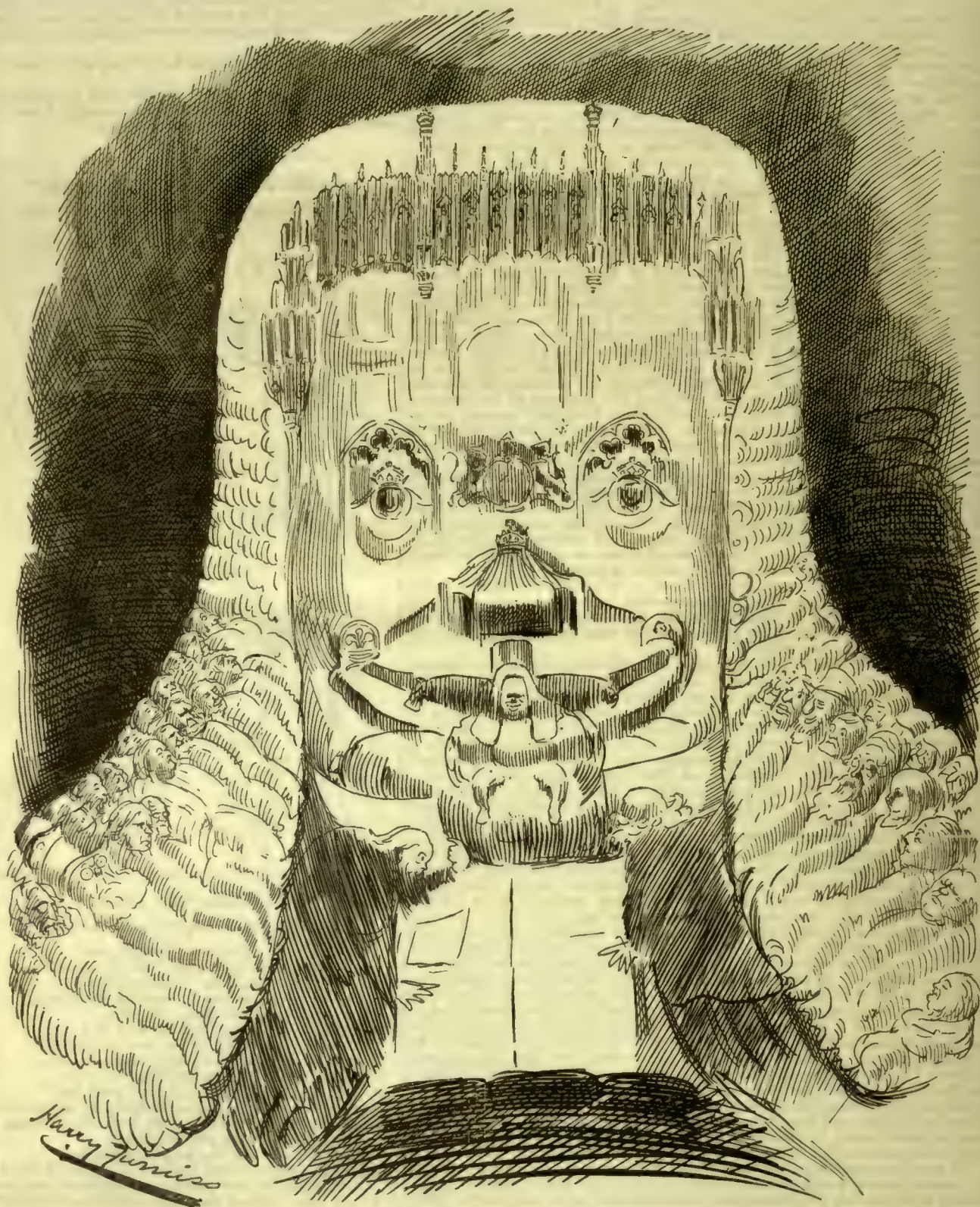
But mind you don't wing 'other bird.—British Trade!

If to make wages high you sound Commerce bring low,

You'll have "shot at the pigeon and killed the crow!"

ARTIN PASHA, commissioned by the Palace party at Constantinople to get rid of the Foreign Postal Department, has found the whole affair a very disarting business.





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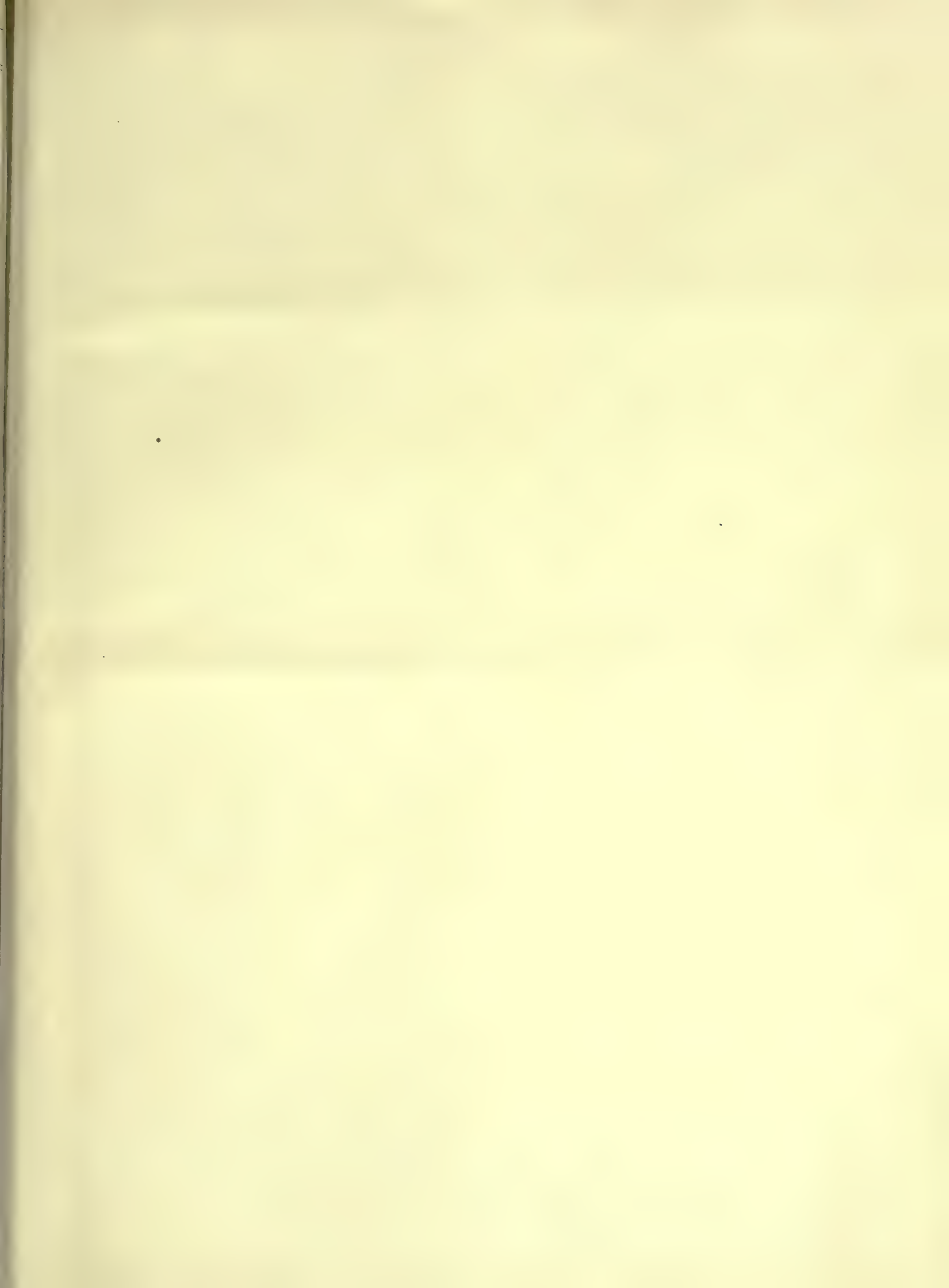
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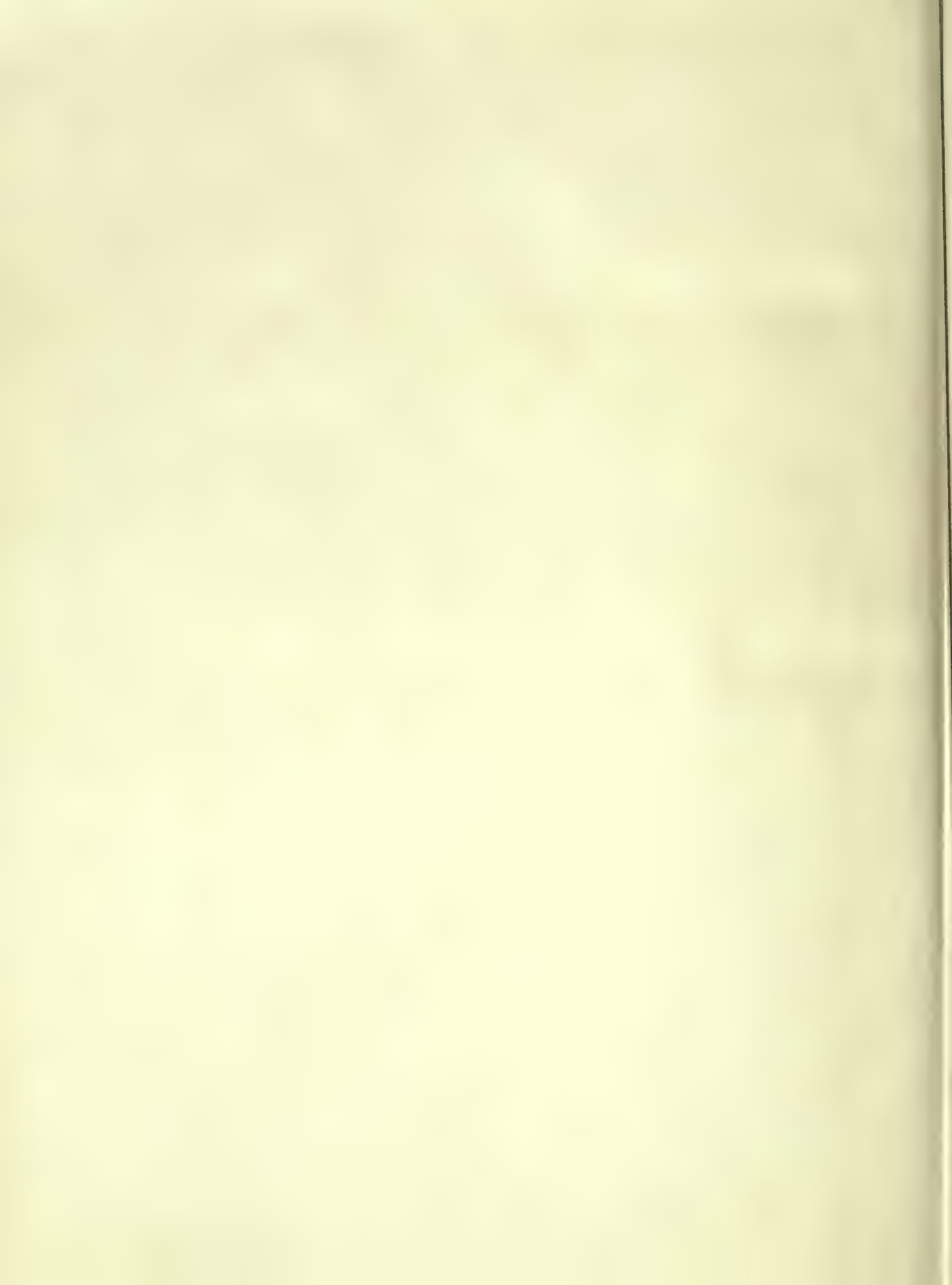






















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